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The Phoenix Library.

London: Printed by Petter, Duff, and Co.
Crane Court, Fleet Street.

THE
PHŒNIX LIBRARY:
A SERIES
OF
ORIGINAL AND REPRINTED WORKS,
BEARING ON THE
RENOVATION AND PROGRESS OF SOCIETY,
IN
Religion, Morality, and Science.

SELECTED BY J. M. MORGAN.

LONDON:
CHARLES GILPIN, 5, BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT.

MDCCCL.

**London: Printed by Petter, Bux, and Co.
Crane Court, Fleet Street.**

EXTRACTS

FOR

SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES

IN AID OF

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS TRAINING.

SELECTED BY J. M. MORGAN.

"How does my glowing heart expand at the opening prospect which has this moment filled my imagination—to behold a great and mighty nation, known of old to appreciate with equal skill the glory of powerful enterprise and the silent joys of domestic life, intent upon the welfare of the rising generation; establishing the honour and happiness of those who shall one day attend in their place; securing to their country her glory and her liberty, by a moral elevation of her children."—PESTALOZZI'S *Letters*.

LONDON:

CHARLES GILPIN, 5, BISHOPSGATE WITHOUT.

MDCCL.



PREFACE.



THE following extracts were selected for an institution designed to assist a system of education, in which prizes, emulation, rewards, and coercion, were to be superseded by purer, more powerful, and more enduring motives, arising from the culture and regulation of the affections.

In procuring books for reading exercises, it was difficult to find any entirely free from sentiments at variance with the moral culture of the pupils. Throughout some of the most celebrated passages drawn from Shakspeare and other distinguished poets, revenge, or a love of military glory, is the predominant passion. Of this description, the speech of young Norval, in Home's tragedy of "Douglas," is perhaps one of the least objectionable, and is by far the most frequently recited; yet even this leaves upon the opening mind an unfavourable impression. When recurring to the days of our youth, and recollecting the feelings aroused by this animated speech, if we

attempt to analyse them, what do we discover? Enthusiasm excited by the glittering images, the pomp and circumstance of war—the thirst of applause—an ardent desire for a conspicuous theatre of action, and a distaste for the ordinary and quiet avocations of domestic life—a restless anxiety for that enviable and dangerous distinction which one only in ten thousand could attain, and a contempt for those useful but equally honourable pursuits to which the nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine might be destined. The tendency of all compositions for youth should be, to generate, not a desire for the most exalted station, but a disposition that will confer dignity even upon the humblest.

An attempt has been made to accomplish this object in the following compilation; which, it is presumed, is equally adapted to schools of both sexes, as well as to private families. It is offered as an auxiliary to many selections containing some excellent rules for recitation; and while those works instruct in the just delivery of sentiments, the present volume ventures to indicate the sentiments that should be encouraged. Although the chief attention has been given to the moral influence of the passages extracted, care has been taken, when several were found conveying the same ideas, to select those of most merit in point of composition.

Instead of separating the prose from the poetry, it has been found more convenient to divide them according to the peculiar subjects to which they refer. The advantage resulting from such an arrangement is, that if the parent in a family, or the conductor of a school, be desirous of urging the necessity of greater attention to any particular duty—that of early rising, for instance—each of the children is directed to read aloud a different extract under that head, until the whole, if not too numerous, have been repeated: the opinions of some of the greatest characters are thus brought to bear upon the subject. The anecdotes, for the same reason, are distributed according to the sentiments and conduct they are calculated to illustrate.

An objection is not unfrequently advanced against the paternal education advocated and adopted by Pestalozzi, that boys are thereby disqualified for struggling with future difficulties, for defending themselves against the designing, and maintaining their rights in society. To inure them early to the troubles and contentions of the endowed public schools, disciplines them, it is urged, for the conflicts and disappointments of life, and inspires them with a manly spirit. While such opinions prevail, and such feelings are engendered, we must not be surprised at the inefficacy of religious precepts and the slow progress

of moral improvement in society. To those who avow these opinions, and yet profess Christianity, it might be thought sufficient to remind them of the inconsistency of a mode of training so repugnant to the mildness and forbearance exhibited in the life of its great Exemplar—who “united all that was simply grand and peacefully heroic ;” and to imitate whom no sacrifices should be considered too costly. A little examination, however, will serve to convince us, that not only will no sacrifices be involved, but that the greatest benefits, in every respect, will be derived from a generous forgiveness of injuries, and by the uniform practice of benevolence. This disposition, so far from being incompatible with manly energy of character, is its best and only durable support.

The physical and moral courage displayed by many of the philanthropists and missionaries, who have broken through the gloom of the dungeon or the darkness of ignorance, was not acquired in the arena of a public school,—where the moral gladiators, with some distinguished exceptions, have been fitted rather to prolong the reign of War, of Duelling, and of Caste, than to bring the tone of public opinion into harmony with the law of love. Thus it is that each generation inherits and transmits the errors of its predecessor, and customs totally

irreconcilable with humanity and religion are perpetuated and sanctioned by the most distinguished and influential characters. The laws of God are made to bend to those of men—to those very laws which men themselves, while compelled by the tyranny of public opinion to obey, condemn as the relics of a barbarous age.

The highest authority confirmed by experience assures us, that if we “train up a child in the way he should go, when he is old he will not depart from it;” and experience also assures us that if we train up a child in the way he ought *not* to go, in that way, with few exceptions, will he persevere to the end. It is in vain to teach children one principle, if they are to be trained in another; but when both teaching and training contribute to self-exaltation, the result must be such as is every day witnessed and deplored. Can it for a moment be doubted, that if the precepts of religion were permitted to have their due influence in all that concerns the education of youth, that a state of society widely differing from the present would speedily arise?—that the next generation would abolish every pernicious custom, conserve with more tenacity that which was truly valuable, and examine without prejudice every projected improvement? This simple but comprehensive Reform in Education, in its begin-

ning, its progress, and its end, would be hailed by all as a blessing to mankind; nor would its influence upon society at large be so slow as upon first view might be imagined, since indications of its commencement could not be made—nay, the idea could scarcely be suggested in the Legislature by any eminent character, without exciting the best sympathies of the country.

J. M. MORGAN.

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PESTALOZZI.

THOU master of the infant mind! thou tutor of the
heart!

How bland, how beautiful thy skill!—for love was all
thy art.

'Twas thine to touch the thrilling chord in every little
breast,

And prove that if we master *that*, with ease we tone
the rest.

The proud, the spoil'd, and the deprav'd, alike around
thee came

For aid, when thou wert poor thyself, and all unknown
to fame.

Devoid of friends, devoid of funds, no other wealth
was thine

Than that of thy seraphic heart—an all-exhaustless
mine!

There, deep and pure, the glowing ore of real riches lay;
There burn'd a spark of that bright beam that gave
creation day;

For, when the golden glow of light came beaming from
above,

And woke and warm'd a world to life, it was the smile
of love:

Beneath its melting influence the sparkling fountain
sprung;

The flowers gave forth their balmy sweets; the birds,
rejoicing, sung;

And thus, in bosoms cold and dark, did Pestalozzi
move
The slumb'ring or perverted spark, by tenderness and
love.

Mothers! when in your gentle arms your new-born
babes are press'd,
And all the deep, deep pulse of love is present and
confess'd—
Think, Pestalozzi's power reform'd the beggar's injur'd
child;
The proud man's ill-taught offspring warm'd to feelings
soft and mild;
E'en the young culprit, who had learn'd the world's
depraving part,
He made a creature kind and good; and love was all
his art.
A sweeter, surer, easier task than his 'tis yours to do.
Ye have your uncorrupted babes, in life and feeling new;
No weeds have *ye* to pull away, ere ye can raise the
flower—
The passive, plastic creatures lie devoted to your power.
O consecrate ye to the task—the holiest on earth;
And mould bright beings, who shall make all others
bless their birth;
Till, over all the alter'd earth, rejoicing man shall feel
That woman's sense and woman's worth secure the
common weal.

MRS. M. L. GILLIES.

EXTRACTS
FOR
SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.



EARLY RISING.

THE DIFFERENCE OF TWO HOURS IN THE MORNING.

THE difference between rising every morning at six and eight o'clock in the course of forty years (supposing the person should go to bed at the same time he otherwise would), amounts to 29,000 hours, or 3 years, 121 days, and 6 hours ; so that it is just the same as if ten years of life were to be added, from which we might devote eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds in knowledge or virtue, or the dispatch of business. This calculation is made without any regard to the bissextile, which reduces it to 3 years, 111 days, and 15 hours ; and at eight hours a-day will want about a month of ten years.

MORNING AIR.

There is something in the morning air that, while it defies the penetration of our proud and shallow philosophy, adds brightness to the blood, freshness to life, and vigour to the whole frame ; the freshness of the morning air, by the way, is, according to Dr. Marshall Hall, one of the surest means of health.

If ye would be well, therefore—if ye would have your spirits dancing gladly like the April breeze, and your blood flowing like an April brook,—up with the lark—the “merry lark,” as Shakespeare calls it, which is “the ploughman’s clock,” to warn him of the dawn—up and breakfast on the morning air, fresh with the odour of budding flowers, and all the fragrance of the maiden spring ;—up from your nerve-destroying down bed, and from the foul air pent within your close-drawn curtains, and, with the sun, “walk o’er the dew of yon high eastern hills.” But we must defend the morning air from the aspersions of those who sit in their close, airless studies, and talk of the chilling dew and the unwholesome damps of the dawn. We have all the facts in our favour that the fresh air of the morning is uniformly wholesome ; and, having the facts, we pitch such shallow philosophy to those who have nothing else for a foot-ball.

READING GOOD AUTHORS IN THE MORNING.

Those morning haunts are where they should be, at home ; not sleeping or concocting the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring—in winter, oft ere the sound of any bell awaken men to labour or devotion ; in summer, oft with the bird that first rouses, or not much tardier, to read good authors, or cause them to be read, till the attention be weary, or memory have its full fraught ; then, with useful and generous labour preserving the body's health and hardiness, to render lightsome, clear, and not lumpish, obedience to the mind, to the cause of religion, and our country's liberty.

BEAUTIES OF THE MORNING.

Awake ! the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us ; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How Nature paints her* colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.

MISERY OF MORNING SLEEP.

Falsely luxurious, will not man awake,
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy

The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour
To meditation due, and sacred song?
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life,—
Total extinction of th' enlighten'd soul :
Or else, to feverish vanity alive,
Wilder'd and tossing through distemper'd dreams ;
Who would in such a gloomy state remain
Longer than Nature craves, when every Muse,
And every blooming pleasure, wait without
To bless the widely-devious morning walk ?

WILL OF MR. JAMES SERGEANT.

In the will of the late Mr. James Sergeant, of Leicester, is the following clause relative to early rising:—"As my nephews are fond of indulging in bed in a morning, and as I wish them to improve the time while they are young, I direct that they shall prove, to the satisfaction of my executors, that they have got out of bed in the morning, and either employed themselves in business or taking exercise in the open air, from five o'clock every morning from the 5th of April to the 10th of October, being three hours each day ; and from seven o'clock in morning from the 10th of October to the 5th of April, being two hours every morning, for two

whole years; this to be done for some two years during the first seven years, to the satisfaction of my executors, who may excuse them in case of illness, but the task must be made up when they are well; and if they will not do this, they shall not receive any part of my property."

VALUE OF TIME.

TIME AN ESTATE.

An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto, that time was his estate; an estate, indeed, that will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be overrun by noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than use.

THE VALUE OF TIME.

The proverbial oracles of our parsimonious ancestors have informed us that fatal waste of fortune is by small expenses—by the profusion of sums too little singly to alarm our caution, and which we never suffer ourselves to consider together. Of the same kind is the prodigality of life: he that hopes to look back hereafter with satisfaction upon past years, must learn to know the present value of single minutes, and endeavour to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground.

TIME, THOUGH MOST PRECIOUS, LEAST PRIZED.

Time, the most precious of all possessions, is, commonly, the least prized. It is, like health, regretted when gone; but rarely improved while present. We know it is irrevocable, yet throw it wantonly away. We know it is fleet, yet fail to catch the current moment. It is the space of life; and while we never properly occupy its limits, we nevertheless murmur at their narrowness. It is the field of exertion; and while we continually leave it fallow, we yet sorrow over our stinted harvest. The most listless are, however, those that are most ready to cry, "What is life?"—as the Chinese, who, unable to wind up the watch, threw it aside, exclaiming, "It is dead." Energy knows that time, like the invested talent, pays a large per-centage on its employment. Dr. Johnson and Godwin both speak of the sufficiency of time, and have given immortal evidence to attest the truth. Erasmus, it is recorded, composed "The Praise of Folly" on horseback, during a journey in Italy. Of such men we may say, as the poet does of Shakspeare, that

"Panting Time toils after them in vain."

They gain on his march, and he never overtakes

them : it is the sluggard he passes with contempt, and leaves to oblivion.

“I measure life,” says Mrs. Barbauld, “by life’s employment.” By such admeasurement, many minors have earned the meed the centenarian has missed. Few of the great works of genius have grown amid luxurious and abundant leisure : they have, in general, been the product of laborious effort in the intervals of less congenial toils ; during the pauses of dull drudgery, enjoined by necessity and exacted by avarice, they have been elaborated amid neglect, anxiety, and privation. They that have spread light through the world, had often scarcely oil for the lamp by which they worked : they that have left imperishable records of their mind, had often to support the body, and gave forth the incense in which knowledge is embalmed in self-consuming flames !

All that have obtained for themselves great and permanent reputation, have won and secured it by patient and persevering labour,—by treating time, not as a waste land, fit only for the stubble and the goose, but as a true estate, of which no corner is to be left uncultivated. Locke carried his note-book in his pocket, to catch the scintillations of even common conversation : Pope employed the wakeful moments of the night. They felt as did Arnault, when he replied to the objec-

tion of Nicole, who, on a new work being proposed, said, "We are now old, is it not time we should rest?"—"Rest!" exclaimed Arnault, "have we not all eternity to rest in?" Hear how Hazlitt, in the green vigour of his genius, speaks to us from his grave:—"The more people do, the more they can do. He that does nothing, renders himself incapable of doing anything. While we are executing one work, we are preparing ourselves to undertake another." He that neglects time, time will neglect. The idler, like the idiot, stands in the lowest scale of humanity—morally considered, even lower; for indolence wastes, but imbecility wants: the one abandons himself, the other has been abandoned. The stream of time is fraught with golden sand; but it flings to the idler nothing but its froth, and he falls "like the fat weed in Lethe's stream," without ever having flourished.

"TAKE CARE OF MINUTES, HOURS WILL TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES."

In short, be curious, attentive, inquisitive as to everything: listlessness and indolence are always blameable, but at your age they are unpardonable. Consider how precious and how important for all the rest of your life, are your moments for these next three or four years, and do not lose one of them. Do not think I mean

that you should study all the day long ; I am far from advising or desiring it : but I desire that you would be doing something or other all day long, and not neglect half hours or quarters of hours, which at the year's end amount to a great sum. For instance, there are many short intervals in the day, between studies and pleasures ; instead of sitting idle and yawning in those intervals, take up a book. I knew once a very covetous man, who used frequently to say, "Take care of the pence ; for the pounds will take care of themselves." This was a just and sensible reflection in a miser. I recommend to you to take care of minutes ; for hours will take care of themselves. I am very sure that many people lose two or three hours every day, by not taking care of the minutes. Never think any portion of time whatsoever too short to be employed : something or other may always be done in it.

Nor do I call pleasures idleness, or time lost, provided they are the pleasures of a rational being. There are a great many people who think themselves employed all day, and who, if they were to cast up their accounts at night, would find that they had done just nothing. They have read two or three hours mechanically, without either attending to what they read, and, consequently, without retaining it, or reasoning upon

it. Thence they saunter into company without taking any part in it, and without observing the characters of the persons, or the subjects of the conversation; but are either thinking of some trifle, foreign to the present purpose, or, often, not thinking at all,—which silly and idle suspension of thought they would dignify with the name of absence and distraction. They go afterwards, it may be, to the play, where they gape at the company and the lights, but without minding the very thing they went to—the play.

Pray do you be as attentive to your pleasures, as to your studies. In the latter, observe and reflect upon all you read; and in the former, be watchful and attentive to all you see and hear; and never have it to say, as thousands do of things that were said and done before their faces, “that truly they did not mind them, because they were thinking of something else.” Why were they thinking of something else? and, if they were, why did they come there? The truth is, that they were thinking of nothing. Remember to do what you are about, be that what it will; it is either worth doing well, or not at all. Wherever you are, have (as the low, vulgar expression is) your ears and your eyes about you. Listen to everything that is said, and see everything that is done. But then keep all these observations to yourself,

for your own private use, but rarely communicate them to others. Observe without being thought an observer ; for otherwise, people will be upon their guard before you.

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

Time is the only gift or commodity of which every man who lives has just the same share. The passing day is exactly of the same dimensions to each of us, and by no contrivance can any one of us extend its duration by so much as a minute or a second. It is not like a sum of money, which we can employ in trade, or put out to interest, and thereby add to or multiply its amount : its amount is unalterable. We cannot make it “ breed ;” we cannot even keep it by us. Whether we will or no, we must spend it ; and all our power over it, therefore, consists of the manner in which it is spent. Part with it we must ; but we may give it either for something, or for nothing. Its mode of escaping from us, however, being very subtile and silent, we are exceedingly apt, because we do not feel it passing out of our hands like so much told coin, to forget that we are parting with it at all ; and thus, from mere heedlessness, the precious possession is allowed to flow away as if it were a thing of no

value. The first and principal rule, therefore, in regard to the economising and right employment of time, is to habituate ourselves to watch it.

SIN NOT WEAKENED BY OLD AGE.

I know scarce anything that calls for a more serious consideration from men than this ; for still they are apt to persuade themselves that old age shall do that for them which, in their present fullness of strength and youth, they have not the reason, nor the heart, to do for themselves. Whereas the case is directly the reverse ; for nothing will grow weak with age, but that which will at length die with age, which sin never does. The longer the blot continues, the deeper it sinks. Vice, in retreating from the practice of men, retires into their fancy.

TIME LOST, AN IRREPARABLE LOSS.

Those who know the value of human life know the importance of a year, a day, and even an hour ; and these, when spent amid the full enjoyment of the vital functions, of how much importance to our whole existence ! It is, therefore, an eternal and irreparable loss, when time is not enjoyed as it ought.

“GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS.”

The precept applies to the improvement of time. No one resolves deliberately on sinking years, or even months, in utter idleness and unprofitableness. And yet the waste even of years is no uncommon thing in human life. (A little carelessness in scattering will baffle much carefulness in accumulating.) They go in fragments. The years are spent in weeks or days, and the days in hours, and the hours in minutes. We reckon twenty-four hours to one day; but when we speak of the day in reference to man's voluntary power over it, its disposability for purposes of improvement or enjoyment, a very large deduction must be made. Taking away the seasons of rest and food, and passing from place to place, even those whose circumstances give them most command over their time, have only a day of little more than half that amount. Their loss of an hour a-day is a loss of nearly a month a-year—a loss of almost five years in a life of sixty. But, with the great majority, the day which they can command is only a fraction of this. Their time is necessarily sold for the purchase of the means of physical support. They have brought bread with it, and it is gone. Their day, their profitable and disposable day, for intellectual and moral purposes, is seldom more

than three or four hours ; and in wasting only half an hour each day, they fling away ten years out of their threescore and ten, should they have so many. A few calculations of this sort would make them as astonished as the disciples were at the baskets which their fragments filled.

There are quite as surprising things in nature as in miracle ; and they both enforce the same moral admonitions, and warn us against despising fragments. Gather them up : if nothing should be lost, surely not time, the most precious of all, and the most hopelessly irrecoverable when once it is wasted.

TIME NOT TO BE RE-BOUGHT:

Time is the season and opportunity of carrying on of any work, and for that reason is one of the most valuable things ; and yet nothing is more wastefully spent, and more prodigally squandered away by a great part of mankind, than this, which, next to our immortal souls, is of all other things most precious ; because, upon the right use or abuse of our time, our eternal happiness or misery depends. Men have generally some guard upon themselves, as to their money and estates, and will not with eyes open suffer others to rob and deprive them of it ; but we will let anybody, almost, rob us of our time, and are

contented to expose this precious treasure to everybody's rapine and extortion, and can quietly look on whilst men thrust in their hands and take it out by whole handfuls, as if it were of no greater value than silver was in Solomon's days, no more than the stones in the street. And yet, when it is gone, all the silver and gold in the world cannot purchase and fetch back the least moment of it, when perhaps we would give all the world for a very small part of that time which we parted with upon such cheap and easy terms.

TIME LOST NEVER TO BE REGAINED.

Every man who has some ideas of order and economy, or even obeys the instinct of self-interest and self-preservation, allows not a piece of gold, or even of silver, to escape from him without knowing pretty nearly what becomes of it, and he employs it only to procure something agreeable or useful. When a piece of money has been expended or lost, that expense or loss can be made up by a happy combination of circumstances, or by exertion. But when a fraction of the current coin of time called a day is lost, who can retrieve it? who can compensate us for having allowed it to pass by without any agreeable or useful result, —or, as is too often the case, for having wasted it

by plunging, through heedlessness, imprudence, levity, or the impulse of the passions, into an abyss of misfortunes?

DR. FRANKLIN'S ARRANGEMENT OF HIS TIME.

Dr. Franklin drew up the following plan for the regular employment of his time ; examining himself each morning and evening as to what he had to do, what he had done, or what he had left undone ; by which practice he was better able to improve his future conduct :—

MORNING.—The question, What good shall I do to-day?

Hours.—6, 7, 8. Rise, wash, and address Almighty God : contrive the day's business, and take the resolution of the day ; prosecute the present study ; and breakfast.

9, 10, 11, 12. Work.

1, 2. Read, or look over my accounts, and dine.

3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Work.

8, 9, 10. Put things in their places ; amusement ; supper ; examination of the day ; address the Almighty.

11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Sleep.

EVENING.—The question, What good have I done to-day? what have I left undone which I ought to have done?

A steady perseverance in *some plan* for the arrangement of our time, adapted to circumstances, cannot fail improving our general conduct of life, and rendering us better members of society, and better Christians.

MAXIMS.

He who will thrive must rise at five.

One hour's sleep before midnight is worth two hours' sleep after midnight.

He who does not rise early never does a good day's work.

The employment of time alone can make it valuable ; we multiply it by activity. The art of employing time is only the art of being happy.

He that lies in bed all a summer's morning loses the chief pleasure of the day : he that gives up his youth to indolence undergoes a loss of the same kind.

INTELLECTUAL PURSUITS.

TASTE FOR READING.

If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and should be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, or the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it, of course, only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher office, and surer and stronger panoply, of religious principles,—but as a task, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man; unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history, with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of

all nations,—a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is hardly possible but the character should take a higher and a better tone, from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilisation, from having constantly before our eyes the way in which the best-bred and the best-informed men have talked and conducted themselves towards each other. There is a gentle, but perfectly irresistible, coercion, in a habit of reading well-directed, over the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct, which is not the less effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of. “It civilises the conduct of men, and suffers them not to remain barbarous.”

UTILITY OF DIARIES.

If autobiography was undertaken with a view to the benefiting society by a candid self-dissection,—if the writer would play the part of a liberal and enlightened demonstrator, exhibiting the moral phenomena of his character, for the aid of ethical science,—autobiography would be the most valuable part of literature. But, as Cardinal

de Retz has remarked, false modesty and false glory are the stumbling-blocks of those who write their own lives ; people in general think too much, or too little, of themselves. In all that regards personal, mental, and political advantages, few persons make an under estimate ; but of their power of usefulness, by means of individual exertion in behalf of humanity, still fewer think enough. We are too apt to believe the world made for us, not that we are made for the world. If the philosophy of atoms applies to anything, it is surely to moral science. No particle in the social compound can be inconsequent or indifferent to the moral analyser ; nor can he, however humble in his vocation, be without value, even though comparatively as dust in the balance,—since that very dust may assist in swaying the beam of human happiness.

As moral inquiry is, of all other subjects of inquiry, least advanced, yet most essential, I wish that, with a view to it, autobiography was cultivated, especially by the very young, as a private exercise. A review of the feelings, impressions, and circumstances of childhood, generally passed over as frivolous, is really most interesting and important. It is curious to perceive how eagerly humanity looks beyond, how little into itself. The economy of the bee, the construction of a bird's

nest, the wing of a blue-bottle, have been examined and watched with an unwearied attention to minutiae that places the zoographer, as an inquirer, far above the metaphysician : it is the reproach of the latter that he is a theorist, dealing abundantly in abstract, but little in practical knowledge. Till the adoption of the systems of Dr. Bell and of Joseph Lancaster, it was the error of education that boys were not taught by boys, but by men ; and now, in examining the first elements of humanity, the aid of the young beings, in whom they exist and are developing, is not made sufficiently available. In the few instances where retrospection takes place, it is usually at an advanced time of life, when the period of infancy has been thrown into shadow, and is intercepted by too many of the ever-shifting scenes of the subsequent acts of the drama.

THE SPIRIT OF INQUIRY INNATE.

The passion for inquiry has not only been implanted in all human beings, but care has been taken to surround them by continual excitement, to call it forth, and keep it alive. Mystery is a magician that can invite more with a whisper, than power with all its pleaders, or ambition with all its advocates, ever gained. Hearts dead to them are

alive to him : they tempt less with what they display than he by what he conceals. Has all that the learned have held forth withdrawn one philosopher from the pursuit of facts yet unrevealed? has all the known world satisfied the traveller that saw a chance of penetrating regions yet unexplored?

A settled pursuit is essential to happiness, but none engage in a pursuit without an incentive ; in the spirit of inquiry, object and ardour is supplied at once. Incited by that spirit, man has cleft the mountain, and emboweled the mine : rent treasure from the rock, and discovered it in the desert. To this spirit kingdoms and colleges are in debt for such names that, like Newton, Herschell, and Sir Humphrey Davy, have gemmed their annals.

But curiosity, like every other principle in the imperfectly constituted mind of man, though capable of guiding him to the highest good, continually makes him diverge into the meanest evil. It has lifted the veil from secret science, and called forth cloistered truth ; but it has dragged to light the masked murderer and the midnight marauder,—has descended from ministering at the shrine of science to serve at the sacrifice of guilt. It knows a descent even yet more debasing—for the detector of delinquency, in a measure, serves society, since he

may lead to the reform of the offender, or give a check to future outrage; but what plea or palliative can be found for him, who, mean as he is mischievous, steals with stealthy step upon the unwary, who unfolds the letter not meant for his eyes, who worms into the confidence of the unsuspecting, for the poor privilege of learning that which it imports him not to know, and which, when learned, is of little or no value to him? Can this paltry passion, which caters for greedy gossip and idle scandal—can it be a leaf of that mighty tree which has born such noble fruit?—Yes: a withered, blighted leaf—shaken from the proud branches as unworthy of neighbouring its perfumed blossoms and golden fruit, it forms some of the refuse of the moral soil, runs idly-active along the dust, deforming the path it traverses.

What a study is here! Behold the same principle in its might and meanness—in its immensity and its minutiae. That which led Columbus over unexplored seas, has placed the petty discoverer at the secret drawer!—that which has lifted the telescope to the grandest luminaries and remotest stars, has directed the eye and the ear to the key-hole of the closet and the dungeon! Such is humanity—at once grand and grovelling!

It is not *what* are the powers any being may possess, but *how* they are employed, that is the

great question ; since the humblest, well applied, are better than the highest, ill directed. It is through disregard of this truth, that we continually behold beings, originally worthy of the Deity, devote themselves to a demon ; take the best gifts from the bounty of the Almighty Father, to transmute them into the basest tools for the service of a malignant fiend ; with suicidal madness fling themselves from the heights of honour, virtue, and happiness, to herd with ignorance and vice in the depths of misery.

ADVANTAGES OF APPLYING EARLY TO INTELLECTUAL
PURSUITS.

There is not a greater inlet to misery and vice of all kinds, than the not knowing how to pass our vacant hours. For what remains to be done, when the first part of the lives of those who are not brought up to any manual employment has slipped away, without an acquired relish for reading, or taste for other rational satisfactions?—that they should pursue their pleasures? But, religion apart, common prudence will warn them to tie up the wheel as they begin to go down the hill of life.

Shall they, then, apply themselves to their studies? Alas ! the seed-time is already passed ; the enterprising and spirited ardour of youth being over, without having been applied to those valuable

purposes for which it was given, all ambition of excelling upon generous and laudable schemes quite stagnates. If they have not some poor expedient to deceive the time—or, to speak more properly, to deceive themselves—the length of a day will seem tedious to those who, perhaps, have the unreasonableness to complain of the shortness of life in general.

When the former part of our life has been nothing but vanity, the latter end of it can be nothing but vexation. In short, we must be miserable without some employment to fix, or some amusement to dissipate, our thoughts; and as we can neither command amusement in all places, nor relish it at all times, there is an absolute necessity for employment. We may pursue this or that new pleasure; we may be fond for a while of a new acquisition; but when the graces of novelty are worn off, and the briskness of our first desire is over, the transition is very quick and sudden from an eager fondness to a cool indifference. Hence there is a restless agitation in our minds, still craving something new, still unsatisfied with it when possessed; till melancholy increases as we advance in years, like shadows lengthening towards the close of day.

How much otherwise is it with those who have treasured up an inexhaustible fund of

knowledge ! When a man has been laying out that time in the pursuit of some great and important truth, which others waste in a circle of gay follies, he is conscious of having acted up to the dignity of his nature ; and from that consciousness there results that serene complacency which, though not so violent, is much preferable to the pleasures of animal life. He can travel on from strength to strength,—for, in literature as in war, each new conquest he gains empowers him to push his conquests still further,—and to enlarge the empire of reason. Thus he is ever in a progressive state—still making new acquirements, still animated with hopes of future discoveries.

MENTAL PLEASURES MOST LASTING AND SATISFACTORY.

The following applies no less to the reflecting man than to the poet :—

What is that keeps men in continual discontent and agitation ? It is, that they cannot make realities agree with their conceptions,—that enjoyment steals away from among their hands,—that the wished-for comes too late,—and nothing reached or acquired, produces on the heart the effect, which their longing for it at a distance led them to anticipate. Now, fate has exalted the Poet above all this, as if he were a god. He views

the conflicting tumult of the passions ; sees families and kingdoms raging in aimless commotion ; sees those inexplicable enigmas of misunderstanding, which frequently a single monosyllable would suffice to explain, occasioning convulsions unutterably baneful. He has a fellow-feeling of the mournful and joyful, in the fate of all human beings. When the man of the world is devoting his days to wasting melancholy, for some deep disappointment,—or, in the ebullience of joy, is going out to meet his happy destiny ; the lightly-moved and all-conceiving spirit of the poet steps forth like the sun from night to day, and with swift transitions tunes his harp to joy or woe. From his heart, its native soil, springs up the lovely flower of wisdom ; and if others, while waking, dream and are pained with fantastic delusions from their every sense, he passes the dream of life like one awake, and the strangeness of incidents is to him a part both of the past and of the future.

THE MORAL BENEFIT OF READING.

We mix in the festive and serious scenes of Shakspeare, are admitted into the Paradise of Milton, examine the arguments of Locke, study the demonstrations of Newton, or view the wonders

of Nature, as displayed by the accurate descriptions of Linnæus and Buffon, of Pennant and Shaw.

These, and numerous others, are the pleasing subjects which may occupy the attention of him who is fond of reading; and one of the strongest and most honourable proofs of their excellence is, that they have been eagerly embraced in all ages by those who had various gratifications at their command, and who were at full liberty to choose such as were most agreeable to their inclinations. Surely, if we consider the state of independence they create, the variety of entertainment they afford, the length of time they may be pursued, the ease with which they may be procured, and the innocence with which they may be indulged, no pleasures can fairly be compared with these.

And still more happy he, who improves upon these pleasures by deriving *moral* benefit from his reading! Thus the passions are soothed, the temper is divested of petulance and asperity, the benevolent affections of the mind are improved, are rendered more ardent; and while he enjoys various resources in private study, he is gradually rendering himself more extensively estimable, as an entertaining companion, an agreeable friend, and an intelligent member of society.

ASTRONOMY ENLARGES THE MIND.

Almost all its conclusions stand in open and striking contradiction with those of superficial and vulgar observation, and with what appears to every one, until he has understood and weighed the proofs to the contrary, the most positive evidence of his senses. Thus, the earth on which he stands, and which has served for ages as the unshaken foundation of the firmest structures, either of art or nature, is divested by the astronomer of its attribute of fixity, and conceived by him as turning swiftly on its centre, and at the same time moving onwards through space with great rapidity. The sun and the moon, which appear to untaught eyes round bodies of no very considerable size, become enlarged in his imagination into vast globes,—the one approaching in magnitude to the earth itself, the other immensely surpassing it. The planets, which appear only as stars somewhat brighter than the rest, are to him spacious, elaborate, and habitable worlds—several of them vastly greater, and far more curiously furnished, than the earth he inhabits, as there are also others less so; and the stars themselves, properly so called, which to ordinary apprehension present only lucid sparks or brilliant atoms, are to him suns of various and transcendent glory,—

effulgent centres of life and light to myriads of unseen worlds: so that when, after dilating his thoughts to comprehend the grandeur of those ideas his calculations have called up, and exhausting his imagination and the powers of his language to devise similes and metaphors illustrative of the immensity of the scale on which his universe is constructed, he shrinks back to his native sphere; he finds it, in comparison, a mere point—so lost, even in the minute system to which it belongs, as to be invisible and unsuspected from some of its principal and remoter members.

TASTE FOR SCIENTIFIC INQUIRY.

A mind which has once imbibed a taste for scientific inquiry, and has learned the habit of applying its principles readily to the cases which occur, has within itself an inexhaustible source of pure and exciting contemplation: one would think that Shakspeare had such a mind in view when he describes a contemplative man as finding

“Tongues in trees—books in the running brooks—
Sermons in stones—and good in everything.”

Accustomed to trace the operation of general causes, and the exemplification of general laws, in circumstances where the uninformed and uninquiring eye perceives neither novelty nor beauty, he

walks in the midst of wonders : every object which falls in his way elucidates some principle, affords some instruction, and impresses him with a sense of harmony and order. Nor is it a mere passive pleasure which is thus communicated. A thousand questions are continually rising in his mind, a thousand subjects of inquiry presenting themselves, which keep his faculties in constant exercise, and his thoughts perpetually on the wing ; so that lassitude is excluded from his life, and that craving after artificial excitement and dissipation of mind, which leads so many into frivolous, unworthy, and destructive pursuits, is altogether eradicated from his bosom. It is not one of the least advantages of these pursuits (which, however, they possess in common with every class of intellectual pleasures), that they are altogether independent of external circumstances, and are to be enjoyed in every situation in which a man can be placed in life. The highest degrees of worldly prosperity are so far from being incompatible with them, that they supply additional advantages for their pursuit, and that sort of fresh and renewed relish which arises partly from the sense of contrast, partly from experience of the peculiar pre-eminence they possess over the pleasures of sense, in their capability of unlimited increase and continual repetition, without satiety

or distaste. They may be enjoyed, too, in the intervals of the most active business; and the calm and dispassionate interest with which they fill the mind renders them a most delightful retreat from the agitations and dissensions of the world, and from the conflict of passions, prejudices, and interests in which the man of business finds himself continually involved. There is something in the contemplations of general laws which powerfully persuades us to merge individual feelings, and to commit ourselves unreservedly to their disposal; while the observation of the calm, energetic regularity of nature, the immense scale of her operations, and the certainty with which her ends are attained, tends irresistibly to tranquillise and reassure the mind, and render it less accessible to repining, selfish, and turbulent emotions. And this it does, not by debasing our nature into weak compliances and abject submission to circumstances,—but by filling us, as from an inward spring, with a sense of nobleness and power which enables us to rise superior to them, by showing us our strength and innate dignity, and by calling upon us for the exercise of those powers and faculties by which we are susceptible of the comprehension of so much greatness, and which form, as it were, a link between ourselves and the best and noblest benefactors of our species,

with whom we hold communion in thoughts, and participate in discoveries which have raised them above their fellow-mortals, and brought them nearer to their Creator.

THE POWER OF LITERATURE.

Anecdotes illustrating the devotion with which knowledge has been pursued under the pressure of severe penury, or other forms of worldly misfortune, are evidences, not of the calamities to which literature has a peculiar tendency to expose its votaries, but rather of the power with which it arms them to conquer and rise superior to calamities. Students, and authors, and men of genius, have had their share of adversity with others ; but few others enjoy their peculiar advantages, if not for warding it off, at least for bearing up against it. The man who is most to be pitied under misfortune, is he whose whole happiness or misery hangs upon outward circumstances. The scholar has sources of enjoyment within himself, of which no severity of fortune can deprive him. Hence, a man who is truly in love with philosophy will often think but lightly of sufferings and privations which would to another be almost intolerable. If his body be in want, his mind is stored with riches. When Erasmus was a poor student at Paris, he

was, indeed, very anxious, to be a little richer; but, almost in rags as he was, it was not a fine or even comfortable raiment after which he principally longed. "As soon as I get money," says he, in a letter to a friend, "I will first buy Greek books, and then clothes." "It is the mind," says Shakspeare, "that makes the body rich," and so the young scholar felt: it was not the clothes, he knew, but the Greek books, that were to bring him anything permanent, in the way either of enjoyment or distinction.

RATIONAL AMUSEMENT.

The love of literature has prevailed from very early times among the inhabitants of the remote island of Iceland. There, the way in which the evenings of their long winter are spent, furnishes a most agreeable contrast to the miserable pot-house debauchery which fills up the leisure of too many uncultivated Englishmen, and proves the value of well-regulated knowledge, as an auxiliary to virtue. A distinguished traveller, who spent a winter in Iceland, has described a winter evening in an Icelandic family as rendered instructive and pleasing in the highest degree, by the prevailing love of useful knowledge among all ranks.

As soon as the evening shuts in, the family

assemble, master and mistress, children and servants. They all take their work in their hands, except one who acts as reader. Though they have very few printed books, numbers write excellently, and copy out the numerous histories of their own island. The reader is frequently interrupted by the head of the family, or some of the most intelligent members, who make remarks and propose questions, to exercise the ingenuity of the children or servants. In this way the minds of all are improved to such a degree, "that," says my informant, "I have frequently been astonished at the familiarity with which many of these self-taught peasants have discoursed on subjects which, in other countries, we should expect to hear discussed by those only who have devoted their lives to the study of science." Let me not omit to add that the evening, thus rationally and virtuously begun, is, by these well-instructed people, closed with an act of family devotion.

INTELLECTUAL IMPROVEMENT.

Hope ! when I mourn, with sympathising mind,
The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind,
Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see
The boundless field of rapture yet to be ;
I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan,
And learn the future, from the past, of Man.

Come, bright Improvement ! on the car of Time,
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime ;
Thy handmaid Art shall every wild explore,
Trace every wave and culture every shore.
On Huron's banks, where tigers steal along,
And the dread Indian chaunts the dismal song ;
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk,—
There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray,
And shepherds dance at summer's opening day ;
Each wandering genius of the lonely glen
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men,
And silent watch, on woodland heights around,
The village curfew as it tolls profound.

TO A DAISY.

Bright flower, whose home is everywhere !
A pilgrim, bold in Nature's care,
And oft, the long year through, the heir
 Of joy and sorrow,
Methinks that there abides in thee
Some concord with humanity,
Given to no other flower I see
 The forest thorough ;—
And wherefore ? Man is soon deprest,—
A thoughtless thing ! who, once unblest,
Does little on his memory rest,
 Or on his reason :

But thou wouldst teach him how to find
A shelter under every wind,
A hope for times that are unkind,
And every season.

THE REFLECTING BOY.

From his sixth year the boy of whom I speak,
In summer, tended cattle on the Hills ;
But, through th' inclement and th' imperilous days
Of long-continuing winter, he repaired,
Equipp'd with satchel, to a school that stood
Sole building on a mountain's dreary edge,
Remote from view of city, spire, or sound
Of minster clock ! From that bleak tenement
He many an evening, to his distant home
In solitude returning, saw the Hills
Grow larger in the darkness, all alone
Beheld the stars come out above his head,
And travell'd through the wood, with no one near
To whom he might confess the things he saw.
So the foundations of his mind were laid :
In such communion, not from terror free,
While yet a child, and long before his time,
He had perceiv'd the presence and the power
Of greatness ; and deep feelings had impress'd
Great objects on his mind, with protraiture
And colour so distinct, that on his mind
They lay like substances, and almost seem'd

To haunt the bodily sense. He had receiv'd
A precious gift ; for, as he grew in years,
With these impressions would he still compare
All his remembrances, thoughts, shapes, and forms ;
And being still unsatisfied with aught
Of dimmer character, he thence attain'd
An active power to fasten images
Upon his brain ; and on their pictur'd lines
Intensely brooded, ev'n till they acquired
The liveliness of dreams. Nor did he fail,
While yet a child, with a child's eagerness
Incessantly to turn his ear and eye
On all things which the moving seasons brought
To feed such appetite,—nor this alone
Appeas'd his yearning : in the after day
Of boyhood, many an hour in caves forlorn,
And 'mid the hollow depths of naked crags,
He sate ; and even in their fixed lineaments,
Or from the power of a peculiar eye,
Or by creative feeling overborne,
Or by predominance of thought oppress'd,
Even in their fixed and steady lineaments,—
He trac'd an ebbing and a flowing mind,—
Expression ever varying !

RETROSPECTION.

Is there who, when long years have pass'd away,
Revisits in his manhood's prime the spot

Where stray'd his careless boyhood, not in trance
Of recollection lost, feels silent joy
Flow in upon his heart? Whatever cares
Enthrall his weary spirit, let him feel
The gale upon his cheek that whispering waves
The well-known tuft of trees, and dimples slow
The recollected stream, thought's busy train
Shall glance like pictur'd shadows o'er his mind;
Each airy castle of enthusiastic youth
Shall dawn upon his fancy, like the towers
That sparkle in some forest of romance;
Each shade of circumstance that mark'd the scene
Of young existence, touch'd with fairy tint,
Sheds beauty not its own:—that life of hope
And generous expectation, when the man
Was teeming in the boy, and the young mind,
Pleas'd with its own exertion, acted o'er
Each future impulse, and put forth the germs
Of native character. It cannot be,
Unless his heart is deaden'd by the touch
Of that mere worldliness which hugs itself
In a factitious apathy of soul,—
Unless, in vain and vacant ignorance,
He wondering smiles at those high sympathies,
Those pure, unworldly feelings, which exalt
Our nature o'er the sphere of actual things,
Which lend the poet's gaze its ecstasy,
And bid the trembling note of music steal

Tears down the listener's cheek ;—it cannot be
But his whole heart must soften and relent
Amid these peaceful scenes,—but the deep griefs
Which Time has stamp'd upon his furrow'd brow
Must for a moment smooth their thoughtful trace,
And ev'n the long remorse wild passion leaves
Rest from the goading of its secret sting.
Scene of my boyish years ! I now disown
These natural feelings. Let me rest awhile
Here on this grassy bank ; beneath these elms
Whose high boughs murmur with a leafy sound
That sooth'd me, when a child :—when, truant-like,
Of the dull chime that summon'd me afar
Nought heeding—by the river wave I lay,
Of liberty enamour'd, and the Muse.
As yon grey turrets rest in trembling shade
On its transparent depth, the days long past
Press on awaken'd fancy,—when averse
From sport I wander'd on its loneliest banks,
Where not a sound disturb'd the quiet air
But such as fitly blends with silentness—
The whispering sedge—the ripple of the stream—
Or bird's faint note ; and not a human trace,
Save of some hamlet-spire in woods immerst,
Spoke to the sight of earth's inhabitants.
Then I have rush'd prone from the topmost bank,
And given my limbs to struggle with the stream,
And, midst those waters, felt a keener life.

How soft thy milky temperature of wave,
Salubrious Thames ! associate with delight
Thy stream to thrilling fancy flows, when faint
I languish in the sun-blaze ; and with thee
Ingenuous friendships, feats of liberty
That reck'd not stern control, and, gravely sweet,
The toils of letter'd lore, and the kind smile
Of him who even upbraiding could be kind,
On sooth'd remembrance throng. I would not feign
A fond repining which I did not feel ;
I would not have the intermediate years
Roll back to second infancy, nor live
Again the life that haunts my memory thus
With sweet sensations ; for the simple child
Is all unconscious of his pleasant lot :
His little world, like man's vast universe,
Is darken'd by its storms ; and he, like man,
Creates his own disquietudes and fears ;
And oft, with murmurings vain of discontent,
Or bursts of idle passion, personates
His future part ;—the character of man.
No : 'tis the cant of mock misanthropy,
That dwells on childish pleasures, which the child
With light insensibility enjoys,
Or rather scorns ; while on his eager view
The future prospect opens, still in sight,
Still ardently desired. The Power all-wise
Alike to manhood and to infancy

Has dealt the dole of pleasures and of pains ;
And manhood has its toys, its happy dreams,
Its gay anticipations, ev'n as youth.
Not with a sigh of mournful vain regret
I visit these green haunts, this placid stream ;
But, while the scene to memory's retrospect
Reflects th' illusive tint which fancy throws
Upon the distant past, Hope too expands
Her gilded prospects,—and the future smiles
With colours indistinct, but beautiful
As the dim clouds, by gleams of daybreak ting'd
Ere the red sunrise paints the mountain's brown.
I so am framed, that no depressing gloom
Has power to damp my shaping energies :
But still, as when a child, my glance can dart
Bright o'er the illumin'd future, and create
Its own ideal world of hope and joy.

ANTICIPATION.

Most pleasant is that rural dwelling-place :
The eye that rests upon it is refresh'd
By that cool, vernal greenness ; by that lawn
Of level herbage, and those trees that high
Rear their arch'd branches o'er the shaded roof.
Not wild in savageness of solitude
The circling scene : yet sylvan quietude
Breathes o'er those thickets, and those upland
fields ;

'Twixt whose declivities a stony brook
Creeps bubbling through the tangled underwood,
And gleams in distant sunshine ; the dim smoke
Of the far city, with the landscape clear
Not unharmonious blends. I love the sight :
Nor from the lake and forest would exclude
The distant tower. The clouds that vapoury rise
From human habitations,—they recall
The busy interest of the living scene,—
Letters and arts, the social intercourse
Of wit,—the cheerful countenance of man.
I would not bury in a hermit vale
The feelings and the sympathies that link
Man to his fellows, nor invoke the woods
To breathe their language, and the senseless rocks
To answer me, when I may hear the voice
Of fellow-beings, and by woman's smile
Soften the temper's harsh asperities.
I would not sit recluse, till the worn mind
Preyed on itself, and cheerfulness was shunn'd
As an unwished intruder, No ;—to me
The city and the hum of multitudes
Teem with a stronger interest of delight
Than scenes, however fair, of solitude,
Where trees are our companions, and the clouds
Our sole intelligencers. Wherefore, then,
Does the wreath'd wood-vine round the cottage
porch

Seem lovely?—'Tis the sacredness of home
Invests it with a charm. I there may sit
With children round my knees; and find at
length

That for which long I sighed—the careless ease
Of freedom, and an independent will.

The turmoil of a tost and wandering life
Has weigh'd upon my spirit: I have long'd
To throw my limbs beneath the canopy
Of some green oak, and at the hillock's foot
View the clear brooklet, gemm'd with sunbeams,
glide

Among the stones of moss; for there the gaze
Roves unconfined,—midst mountains, woodlands,
rocks,

The broad horizon, and the rounding sea,
Freedom is *felt*; but let the city smoke
Wreath its dark vapour on the distant air.

And now, at length, the bliss of certain hope
Preys on my thought like some unquiet thing.
Yes, were I pent in murkiest walls; were mine
To hear no music but the clash of wheels;
Saw I no moonshine silvering the deep blue
Of yonder arching heavens, but the dim light
Of lamps that glimmered through the smoky
mist,—

Were it my home, I there should centre all
Of peace and beauty, of content, of joy.

Not that I lightly deem of Nature's scenes,
Which on the painter's eyes, the poet's mind,
Beam inspirations. He, in whom I live
A second life, child of my youth, shall know
The scenes of Nature; and his foot shall climb
The mountain, and shall print the Ocean's shore;
His ear shall drink the melody of birds,
And flocks,—of winds, and rills, and whispering
boughs;
His eye shall gaze the sunset's ruddy light,
And grow enamour'd of the gliding moon;—
And thus to him shall solitude become
A season of all pleasantness, and thoughts
Of virtue steal through beauty on his heart:
And he shall bear within himself a spell
To soothe each grief, and every bliss refine—
A nameless and inseparable charm
Of lonely joy.

But never shall he find
The cot a cloister, nor the flowery field
A wilderness. From them he shall return
With keener zest to scenes of varied life,
And mingle with his kind. His reason thus
Shall kindle, and his faculties discern
Vice in its native horror. Wisdom thus
Shall be his guard; and in the walks of men
The lessons of experience shall be found,
That midst the woods and fields are sought in vain.

HAPPINESS OF THE IMAGINATIVE MAN.

O blest of Heav'n, whom not the languid songs
Of Luxury, the siren ! not the bribes
Of sordid Wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant Honour, can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store
Of Nature fair Imagination culls,
To charm th' enliven'd soul ! What, though
not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the height
Of envied life ; though only few possess
Patrician treasures, or imperial state,—
Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures, and an ampler state,
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp—
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column, and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the sculptur'd gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him the Spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds ; for him the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wing ;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,

And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unprov'd. Nor then partakes
Fresh pleasure only ; for th' attentive Mind,
By this harmonious action on her pow'rs,
Becomes herself harmonious : wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspir'd delight ; her temper'd pow'rs
Refine at length, and ev'ry passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
On Nature's form, where, negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that Eternal Majesty that weigh'd
The world's foundation—if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye—then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her gen'rous pow'rs ?
Would sordid policies, the barb'rous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear ?
Lo ! she appeals to Nature,—to the winds

And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons ;—all declare
For what th' Eternal Maker has ordain'd
The powers of man : we feel within ourselves
His energy divine ; He tells the heart,
He meant, He made us to behold and love
What He beholds and loves, the gen'ral orb
Of life and being,—to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men,
Whom Nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse ; grow familiar, day by day,
With His conceptions ; act upon His plan ;
And form to His the relish of their souls.

THE BEAUTIES OF THE MIND.

The Rose, the sweetly-blooming Rose,
Ere from the tree it's torn,
Is like the charms which Beauty shows
In Life's exulting morn.

But, oh ! how soon its sweets are gone !
How soon it withering lies !
So, when the eve of Life comes on,
Sweet Beauty fades and dies.

Then, since the fairest form that's made,
Soon withering we shall find,
Let us possess what ne'er will fade—
The beauties of the Mind !

THE HONEY-BIRD.

It is a little lovely thing,
Ever on its wandering wing ;
Peering with its piercing look
Into every woodland nook ;
Seeking where the wild bees dwell,
And store the sweet and secret cell ;
Only tarrying where it meets
With the fragrant honey-sweets.

Like this bird, I'd have sweet Lou.,
Only seeking sweetness too ;
Looking into ev'ry heart
For its brighter, better part.
Like this bird, she often may
Find the moral honey lay
Hid in poor and common places,
Amid homely dress and faces :
For 'tis not the gayest flowers
Shed most sweetness through their bowers ;
And, when bloom is gone and past,
Fragrance lingers to the last.

While Louisa seeks for sweets
In the breast of all she meets,
Let her try to make her own
Free of faults,—a honey-throne
Where other honey-birds may come,
And feel and find themselves at home ;

Find a hoard of honey there
Worthy of a home so fair.

They that love on faults to dwell,
And tales of dull unkindness tell,
Are like that one, if such there be,
Who loves not sun, but clouds to see ;
Who, when he walks in Nature's bowers,
Will choose the weeds, and leave the flowers ;
Who sings a sad, not soothing, strain,
And pleasure quits, to hold on pain.
If the honey-bird could speak
With its little, active beak,
It would tell him, " Do like me :
Where honey's *not*, I *pass* the tree."

ON THE DANGER OF INTEMPERATE PLEASURE.

A Dervise entered the shop of a confectioner : the master, to regale the holy man, presented him with a bowl of honey ; but scarce had he uncovered it when a legion of flies made a descent upon it : the confectioner took up a fan to disperse them, when such as had posted themselves on the edge of the bowl easily escaped, but those who, more greedy, had precipitated themselves into the middle, caught by the tenacious honey, could not take flight. The dervise, plunged into deep meditation, viewed this with an attentive eye ;

recovering from his deep reverie, he fetched a deep sigh, which the confectioner in surprise asked the reason of. "This bowl," said the dervise, "is the world, and these flies are its inhabitants: they that lodge on the rim of it resemble prudent persons, who, prescribing bounds to their desires, do not madly immerse themselves in pleasures, but rest content with tasting them; the flies that rushed into the middle of the bowl represent such as, giving a loose to their inordinate appetites, abandon themselves without restraint to every species of voluptuousness. When the angel of death, traversing with rapid motion the surface of the earth, shall shake his wings, they who have stopped on the edge of this world will, free and unencumbered, take their flight towards a celestial country; but such as, enslaved by their passions, shall have plunged themselves into the poisoned bowl of sensuality, will sink deeper still, and be precipitated into the abyss."

SENTENCES.

Men lay out all their understanding in studying to know one another, and so no man knows himself.

Improve rather by other men's errors than find fault with them.

DILIGENCE AND PERSEVERANCE.

EVERYTHING MUST BE ACQUIRED.

Well-being and happiness are not an inheritance of which we take possession from the hour of our birth, and which we are destined to enjoy at our ease: they are to be searched after with unwearied assiduity. We enter into life destitute of everything but simple existence. All that we enjoy in our passage through life are acquisitions: they are the results and the rewards of our own diligence and care, or communicated by the diligence and care of others.

THE ACQUISITIONS OF DILIGENCE.

It is wonderful how much is done in a short space, provided we set about it properly, and give our minds wholly to it. Let any one devote himself to any art or science ever so strenuously, and he will still have leisure to make considerable progress in half a dozen other acquirements. Leonardo da Vinci was a mathematician, a musician, a poet, and an anatomist, besides being

one of the greatest painters of his age. Michael Angelo was a prodigy of versatility of talent,—a writer of sonnets (which Wordsworth has thought worth translating), and the friend of Dante. Salvator was a lutenist and a satirist. Titian was an elegant letter-writer, and a finished gentleman. Sir Joshua Reynold's Discourses are more polished and classical than any of his pictures. Let a man do all he can in any one branch of study, he must either exhaust himself and dose over it, or vary his pursuit, or else lie idle. All our real labour lies in a nut-shell. The mind makes, at some period or other, one Herculean effort, and the rest is mechanical. We have to climb a steep and narrow precipice at first: but after that the way is broad and easy, where we drive several accomplishments abreast. Men should have one principal pursuit, which may be both agreeably and advantageously diversified with lighter ones.

HABIT OF FORETHOUGHT.

A regular habit of looking beyond our immediate situations is justly considered the parent of all laudable enterprises. But the habit *must* be regulated, and strictly regulated, or it will become the source of miseries and crime. The secret for its regulation may be shortly expressed. He who pursues a future happiness, prosperity, or honour

by the right path, does not chase away the good in his possession, nor neglect the duties which lie before him ; but he endeavours to shape them by slow degrees to that model of perfection which his feelings or reason have set up. On the other hand, he who views some distant object of desire without connecting it with his immediate object of desire, without connecting it with his immediate obligations, neither attains the blessings within his reach, nor approaches a single step to the ideal good : he has cast away the link which connects the present with the future.

PERSEVERANCE IN READING.

You are inclined to flatter me when you compare my application to yours ; in truth, I am not half so assiduous as you, and I am conscious I waste a deal of time unwittingly. But in reading, I am upon the continual search for improvement ; I thirst after knowledge, and though my disposition is naturally idle, I conquer it when reading a useful book. The plan which I pursued, in order to subdue my disinclination to dry books, was this, to begin attentively to peruse it, and continue thus one hour every day ; the book insensibly, by this means, becomes pleasing to you ; and even when reading Blackstone's

“Commentaries,” which are very dry, I lay down the book with regret.

How pleased should I be, Neville, to have you with us at Nottingham! Our fireside would be delightful. I should profit by your sentiments and experience, and you possibly might gain a little from my small bookish knowledge. But I am afraid that time will never come; your time of apprenticeship is nearly expired, and, in all appearance, the small residue that yet remains will be passed in hated London. When you are emancipated, you will have to mix in the bustle of the world, in all probability, also, far from home; so that when we have just learnt how happy we might mutually make ourselves, we find scarcely a shadow of a probability of ever having the opportunity. Well, well; it is in vain to resist the immutable decrees of fate.

TRUE PHILOSOPHERS.

They who found the study of some branches dry and tedious at first, have generally become more and more interested as they went on; each difficulty overcome gives an additional relish to the pursuit, and makes us feel, as it were, that we have, by our work and labour, established a right of property in the subject. Let any man pass an evening in vacant idleness, or even in

reading some silly tale, and compare the state of his mind when he goes to sleep or gets up next morning, with its state some other day, when he has passed a few hours in going through the proofs, by facts and reasoning, of some of the great doctrines in Natural Science,—learning truths wholly new to him, and satisfying himself, by careful examination of the grounds on which known truths rest, so as to be not only acquainted with the doctrines themselves, but able to show why he believes them, and to prove before others that they are true—he will find as great a difference as can exist in the same being—the difference between looking back upon time unprofitably wasted, and time spent in self-improvement: he will feel himself in the one case listless and dissatisfied, in the other comfortable and happy: in the one case, if he do not appear to himself humbled, at least he will not have earned any claim to his own respect; in the other case, he will enjoy a proud consciousness of having, by his own exertions, become a wiser and therefore a more exalted creature.

To pass our time in the study of the sciences, in learning what others have discovered, and in extending the bounds of human knowledge, has, in all ages, been reckoned the most dignified and happy of human occupations; and the name of

Philosopher, or Lover of Wisdom, is given to those who lead such a life. But it is by no means necessary that a man should do nothing else than practise known truths, and explore new, in order to earn this high title. Some of the greatest Philosophers, in all ages, have been engaged in the pursuits of active life; and an assiduous devotion of the bulk of our time to the work which our condition requires, is an important duty, and indicates the possession of practical wisdom. This, however, does by no means hinder us from applying the rest of our time, besides what Nature requires for meals and rest, to the study of science; and he who, in whatever station his lot may be cast, works his day's work, and improves his mind in the evening,—as well as he who, placed above such necessity, prefers the refined and elevating pleasures of knowledge to the low gratification of the senses,—richly deserves the name of a True Philosopher.

One of the most delightful treats which science affords us, is the knowledge of the extraordinary powers with which the human mind is endowed. No man, until he has studied philosophy, can have a just idea of the real things for which Providence has fitted his understanding,—the extraordinary disproportion there is between his natural strength, and the powers of his mind and the force

he derives from them. When we survey the marvellous truth of Astronomy, we are first of all lost in the feeling of immense space, and of the comparative insignificance of this globe and its inhabitants. But there soon arises a sense of gratification and of new wonder at perceiving how so insignificant a creature has been able to reach such a knowledge of the unbounded system of the universe—to penetrate, as it were, through all space, and become familiar with the laws of Nature at distances so enormous as baffle our imagination—to be able to say, not merely that the sun has 329,630 times the quantity of matter which our globe has, Jupiter $308\frac{9}{10}$, and Saturn $93\frac{1}{2}$ times; but that a pound of lead weighs at the sun 22 lbs. 15 oz. 16 dwts. $8\frac{3}{4}$ grains!—at Jupiter 2 lbs. 1 oz. 19 dwts. $1\frac{20}{43}$ gr.!—and at Saturn, 1 lb. 3 oz. 8 dwts. $20\frac{1}{11}$ gr.! And, what is far more wonderful, to discover the laws by which the whole of this vast system is held together, and maintained through countless ages in perfect security and order. It is surely no mean reward of our labour to become acquainted with the prodigious genius of those who have exalted the nature of man above its destined sphere, when, admitted to a fellowship with these loftier minds, we discover how it comes to pass that, by universal consent, they hold a station apart, rising over all the Great Teachers

of mankind, and spoken of reverently, as if Newton and Laplace were not the names of mortal men.

THE AGE FOR ACQUISITION.

How is it that there are so many, who, as they advance in life, do not advance in moral worth, in useful influence, or even in personal enjoyments? There should be, and there might be, an harmonious progress. The improvability of a character, throughout the whole of our mortal being, depends materially upon what is done at that critical time when the boy passed into the man. He then opens, or seals up, the fountains whose ever-flowing and expanding streams should refresh him through all the wildernesses of life. He has then opportunities for acquiring knowledge, and for framing his faculties to habits of activity, which will never occur again. It is sad to think of him, as so trifling away that period, that his resources will be ever diminishing; that, if he shall possess wealth, it will only minister to animal indulgences, or the gratification of vanity; that, if his situation shall confer influence, that influence will have no enlightened and beneficent aim; that the faculty of constant improvement, the dearest blessing of the highest minds, will in him have become defunct; that years hence he will only be living in

the worthless present; that the intellect of the age will pass him by; that when he is old, there will be nothing in him, for which the young, who shall then be, will seek his society, and treasure his sayings, and crave his guidance, and desire his approbation, and do him reverence in their hearts. Look forward, look forward, youth of this congregation; and redeem some time to prepare for coming time, for a coming eternity. Train your intellects to diligent exercise and useful acquisition; and your feelings to devotional acts, and kindly charities; read, study, reflect, contemplate the end for which God created you, and determine on its realization.

THE DIGNITY OF CALM PERSEVERANCE.

There is something peculiarly pleasing to the imagination in contemplating the Queen of Night, when she is wading, as the expression is, among the vapours which she has not power to dispel, and which, on their side, are unable entirely to quench her lustre. It is the striking image of patient virtue, calmly pursuing her path through good report and bad report, having that excellence within herself which ought to command all admiration, but bedimmed in the eyes of the world, by suffering, by misfortune, by calumny.

PROGRESS OF TRUTH.

Long time unheeded, in the ground
The fruitful seed may lie ;
And many a season, in its round,
May seem to pass it by.

And when, at length, the plant puts forth
Its first small tender leaves,
It still may seem of little worth :
No eye its growth perceives.

Yet, fed by sun, and rain, and dew,
Its branch shall surely spread,
Till all with praise and wonder view
Its fair and stately head.

MENTAL DISCIPLINE.

What may be done in changing the appearance and character of man, may be seen every day in this country. Look at a set of young recruits for the army,—lubberly lads, many of them just taken from the plough : see them months after, with a firm step, and a head upright,—and compare the change of one of them who, in process of time, becomes a serjeant of the guards. Is there more difficulty in the moral and intellectual progress of a lad, who, at the age of nine, begins and

goes through a state of discipline described in the preceding pages? In the one case, the action is chiefly on the body; in the other, on both body and mind. Every recruit does not become a serjeant; nor will every one of our young scholars become a teacher: but, in their different degrees, every one will be better for the discipline that he has gone through.

DILIGENCE NECESSARY IN ALL PURSUITS.

If you take an extensive survey of the world, you may remark, that nothing great or laudable, nothing splendid or permanent, can be effected without the exertion of diligence. Are not the pleasures of fortune, the fruits of industry, the acquirements of learning, and the monuments of glory, to be referred to its animating influence? Behold the student engaged in poring over the volumes of knowledge by his midnight lamp, and stealing his hours of study even from the season of repose; mark the peasant roused by the dawn of the morning to pursue his daily toils along the furrowed field; repair to the manufactory of the artificer, and, amid the various divisions of labour, observe with what alacrity all the sons and daughters of industry are plying their respective tasks; or visit the crowded haven, where the

favourable gales call the attention of the vigilant mariners; and you will remark that the whole scene is life, motion, and exertion. In these various situations, in every nation of the globe, from the ardent and enterprising sons of Britain, to the myriads who people the empire of China, you may observe that the principle of diligence, like the great law of creation which causes the planets to perform their invariable revolutions, pervades each busy scene, and, throughout the universe, actuates the race of men for some useful purpose.

DR. FRANKLIN'S MORAL CODE.

The great American philosopher and statesman, Benjamin Franklin, drew up the following list of moral virtues, to which he paid constant and earnest attention, and thereby made himself a better and a happier man :—

Temperance.—Eat not to fulness: drink not to elevation.

Silence.—Speak not but what may benefit others or yourself: avoid trifling conversation.

Order.—Let your things have their places: let each part of your business have its time.

Resolution.—Resolve to perform what you ought: perform without fail what you resolve.

Frugality.—Make no expense, but do good to others or yourself; that is, waste nothing.

Industry.—Lose no time: be always employed in something useful: cut off all unnecessary actions.

Sincerity.—Use no hurtful deceit: think innocently and justly; and if you speak, speak accordingly.

Justice.—Wrong none by doing injuries, or omitting the benefits that are your duty.

Moderation.—Avoid extremes: forbear resenting injuries.

Cleanliness.—Suffer no uncleanness in body, clothes, or habitation.

Tranquillity.—Be not disturbed about trifles, nor at accidents common or unavoidable.

Humility.—Imitate Jesus Christ.

A GOLDEN RULE.

Industry will make a man a purse, and frugality will find him strings for it. Neither the purse nor the strings will cost him anything. He who has it should only draw the strings as frugality directs, and he will be sure always to find a useful penny at the bottom of it. The servants of industry are known by their livery; it is always *whole* and *wholesome*. Idleness travels very leisurely, and poverty soon overtakes him. Look at the *ragged slaves* of *idleness*, and judge which is the best master to serve.

HARD WORK.

When we read the lives of distinguished men, in any department, we find them almost always celebrated for the amount of labour they could perform. Demosthenes, Julius Cæsar, Henry IV. of France, Lord Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton, Franklin, Washington, Napoleon,—different as they were in their intellectual and moral qualities,—were all renowned as hard workers. We read how many days they could support the fatigues of a march; how early they rose, how late they watched; how many hours they spent in the field, in the cabinet, in the court; how many secretaries they employed;—in short, how hard they worked.

BENEFITS OF MENTAL EXERTION.

Call now to mind what high capacious powers
Lie folded up in man; how far beyond
The praise of mortals, may the eternal growth
Of Nature to perfection half divine
Expand the blooming soul? What pity, then,
Should sloth's unkindly fogs depress to earth
Her tender blossom, choke the streams of life,
And blast her spring! Far otherwise design'd
Almighty wisdom; Nature's happy cares
The obedient heart far otherwise incline.

Witness the sprightly joy when aught unknown
 Strikes the quick sense, and wakes each active
 power

To brisker measures : witness the neglect
 Of all familiar prospects, though beheld
 With transport once ; the fond attentive gaze
 Of young astonishment ; the sober zeal
 Of age, commenting on prodigious things.
 For such the bounteous providence of Heaven,
 In every breast implanting this desire
 Of objects new and strange, to urge us on
 With unremitted labour to pursue
 Those sacred stores, that wait the ripening soul,
 In Truth's exhaustless bosom.

INWARD SPRING OF ACTION.

——— It is our will
 Which thus enchains us to permitted ill.
 We might be otherwise—we might be all
 We dream of—happy, high, majestic :
 Where is the love, beauty, and truth we seek—
 But in our minds ? And, if we were not weak,
 Should we be less in deed than in desire ?

SIMILE, FROM FERDOURSI.

Bright thoughts, and sparkling language, unex-
 press'd,
 Conceal'd or slumbering in the human breast,

Are like a diamond lodg'd within the mine,—
Darkness and dross its dazzling beams confine;
Withdrawn from thence, its liberated ray
Blazes abroad and emulates the day.

THE YOUNG LINNÆUS OF TORNEA.

In recommending natural science to the rising generation, Professor Smith has observed, that “in Sweden natural history is the study of the schools, by which men rise to preferment, and there are no people with more acute or better regulated minds than the Swedes.”

The anecdote now about to be related will show the way in which the love of such pursuits affected a young and friendless Swede, who, like Linnæus, prosecuted his scientific researches with unabated ardour in the midst of every disadvantage.

At Tornea, at the northern extremity of the Gulf of Bothnia, Dr. Clarke, the celebrated traveller, met with this interesting youth, of whom he has given the following account :—

“We had sent to the apothecary of the place for a few jars of the conserved berries of the *rubus arcticus*. They were brought by a boy without either shoes or stockings, who, having executed his master's orders, began to cast a longing eye towards the books of plants which we

were engaged in turning over, being then busied in arranging our specimens, — when, to our astonishment, he named every one of them as fast as they appeared, giving to each of them, with great accuracy, its Linnæan appellation. This extraordinary youth, with whom we soon became better acquainted, was the dutiful son of a poor widow named Pyppon, living at Uleabag, who, having bestowed upon her child the best education her circumstances could afford, had placed him as an apprentice to this apothecary. The apothecary had himself a turn for natural history, but did not choose that his little pupil should quit the pestle and mortar for the pursuits of botany and entomology: “it interrupted,” as he said, and perhaps very truly, “the business of his shop.” The consequence was, that this young Linnæus carried on his studies unknown to his master, concealing his books and plants, and rising every morning before three o’clock, that he might snatch a few stolen hours from the duties of his profession, and dedicate them to inquiries which had already qualified him to become his master’s instructor. If he found in his barefooted rambles a new plant or a new insect, he was compelled to hide it in his hat, and thus bear it to his hidden museum. It fell out, however, that his master discovered his boxes of insects; and these he after-

wards allowed him to place in his shop, because they attracted the notice of customers, and gratified his master's vanity, who always exhibited them as of his own collecting. They had been thus exhibited to us. This curious example of the power of genius rising superior to all circumstances, and overwhelming every obstacle, in one so young and friendless, induced us to take some pains in prevailing upon his master to allow full scope to the bent of his inclination; and many were the pretences upon which we sent to the shop, that our young philosopher might be made happy by bringing what was required. Upon one of these occasions we told him that a plant rather rare, the *sonchus sibiricus*, was said to grow in the neighbourhood of Tornea, but that we had failed in our endeavours to find it. The words were scarcely uttered, when he ran off as fast as his legs could carry him, and soon returned, having in his hand two or three specimens of the plant."

THE OCCUPATION OF LEISURE HOURS.

In modern times the celebrated Sir William Jones afforded the world an example for the occupation of leisure hours. All his philosophical and literary studies were carried on among the duties of a toilsome profession, which he was, neverthe-

less, so far from neglecting, that his attention to all its demands upon his time and faculties constitute one of the most remarkable of his claims to our admiration. But he was from his boyhood a miracle of industry, and showed, even in his earliest years, how intensely his soul glowed with a love of knowledge. He used to relate that, when he was only three or four years of age, if he applied to his mother, a woman of uncommon intelligence and acquirements, for information upon any subject, her common answer was, "Read, and you will know." He thus acquired a passion for books, which only grew in strength with increasing years. Even at school his voluntary exertions exceeded in amount his prescribed tasks ; and Dr. Thackeray, one of his masters, was wont to say of him, that he was a boy of so active a mind, that if he were left naked and friendless on Salisbury Plain, he would, nevertheless, find the road to fame and riches. At this time he used frequently to devote whole nights to study, when he would generally take tea or coffee to prevent sleeping. He had already, merely to divert his leisure, commenced his study of the law ; and it is related that he would often amuse and surprise his mother's legal acquaintances by putting cases to them from an abridgment of Coke's Institutes, which he had read and mastered.

In after life his maxim was, never to neglect any opportunity of improvement which presented itself. In conformity with this rule, while making the most wonderful exertions in the study of Greek, Latin, and Oriental languages, at Oxford, he took advantage of the vacations to learn riding and fencing, and reading the best authors in Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and French,—thus, to transcribe an observation of his own, “with the fortune of a peasant, giving himself the education of a prince.”

PERSEVERANCE.

“I recollect,” says Sir Jonah Barrington, “in Queen’s County, to have seen a Mr. Clerke, who had been a working carpenter; and when making a bench for the session justices at the Court-house, was laughed at for taking peculiar pains in planing and smoothing the seat of it. He smilingly observed, that he did it *to make it easy for himself*, as he was resolved he would never die till he had a right to sit thereupon; and he kept his word. He was an industrious man—honest, respectable, and kind-hearted. He succeeded in all his efforts to accumulate an independence; he did accumulate it, and uprightly. His character kept pace with the increase of his property, and he lived to sit as a magistrate on that very branch that he shaved and planed.”

GENIUS AND INDUSTRY.

Whilst we believe that education is the greatest gift that can be conferred on a human creature, we are not sanguine enough to expect that its more general diffusion will increase the number of men of genius. There is a perversity in human nature which makes us relax our efforts at the moment when they might be rewarded with the most splendid success. It does not follow that a shepherd-boy, who passes his long day on the side of a hill, and who acquires the principles of mechanics, or forms for himself a plan of the stars, shall make proportionate advancement if full opportunity of study be afforded to him.

Nor does it follow that a young man who teaches himself to read by the light of a shop-window in the street, shall become a learned man when admitted to libraries and encouraged by applause.

We do not think the illustration a correct one, which represents the scholar as like the weary traveller who plods on contentedly through woods and over irregular ground which conceal the prospect, and who faints when he has ascended to the top of the hill and sees the whole extent of the road before him.

The truth seems rather to be that energy of mind, like strength of body, must be acquired by exercise, and that the consciousness of desert in encountering difficulties, must be felt, to enable us to accomplish any great work. Sir Joshua Reynolds has happily expressed this :—

“It is not uncommon to see young artists, whilst they are struggling with every obstacle in their way, exert themselves with such success as to outstrip competitors possessed of every means of improvement. The promising expectation which was formed on so much being done with so little means, has recommended them to a patron, who has supplied them with every convenience of study; from that time their industry and eagerness of pursuit have forsaken them; they stand still and see others rush on before them.

“Such men are like certain animals, who will feed only where there is little provender, and that got at with difficulty through the bars of a rack, but refuse to touch it where there is an abundance before them.”

From this it appears to be essential to success that a young man should study to acquire confidence in his own powers. This is a condition of mind entirely different from conceit: it exhibits itself in no vain boasting, but essentially consists in a secret resolution to make great efforts, by

persevering industry, to gain the object of his ambition.

We believe that young men would entertain these notions oftener, if they were not deterred by an erroneous fancy of what belongs to genius. They think that such exertions as we recommend belong only to a plodding fellow, whilst the man of genius does everything by a sudden act which costs him nothing.

This is an unhappy mistake. All our eminent men have been distinguished by fixing upon some great object, and possessing themselves with such a lively conception of it that it has led them on through years of toil.

SENTENCES.

Although men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner does not know of.

A man may be great by chance, but never wise, or good, without taking pains for it.

With all your learning, know yourself.

ANGER.

RESTRAINT ON THE TEMPER EASY THROUGH HABIT.

Those who yield themselves up to the influence of irritation are guilty of familiarity offensive to the dignity of affection and friendship, and hence fatal to their existence ; they inflict wounds (under the impulse of emotion, often transitory as it is violent) that are not easily healed, and seldom without leaving a scar ; the utterer forgets the sarcasm, the utterance of which has relieved his feelings ; not so the individual on whom it has fallen like a caustic, and to whose memory it long clings in torture. The petty cares of life prove more fatal to unity than the severe shocks of fortune ; the latter appeal to the nobler principles of our nature, the former attack our passions, impulses, and habits. Danger and distress make us combine our powers, and reciprocate support ; but the bands which calamity can thus tighten, some poor opposition, some trifling neglect or infliction in a point of opinion, will often loose. Self-respect, and respect for those we love, would

oppose barriers to the tide of hostile feeling, and forbid it to overflow the boundary of our own breasts. When the infirmity of constitution moves us to anger, there is a stir in the breast; let us, when we feel this stir, pause, and instead of speaking to the offender, speak to ourselves,—ask what it is moves us,—how it may best be met. Anger, thus suppressed, breaks and scatters in our own bosoms; not only does it do no mischief beyond, but it teaches a lesson of self-control and self-knowledge. We learn to know of what these ebullitions are made—how much better they are restrained than indulged; and so restrained they will cease to arise, for a stream will not flow where it finds no outlet. This may appear inconsistent with the warmth and enthusiasm that makes part of the character of our affections. Let the experiment be made. Courtesy is an ingredient in human intercourse with which no communion, however intimate, ought to dispense: where love is, it acts as a preservative; where it is not, as a substitute. In the latter case,—one, unfortunately, too frequent,—it affords the means of supplying the hiatus created by indifference, of repressing the indications of disgust, the ebullitions of irritability, or the rudeness of contradiction. It acts like those artificial aids we yield a bad climate, which, though they do not render it enjoyable, at least make it

endurable. The restraints imposed by politeness have a moral value, and are as eligible to adoption at home as abroad. If we cannot expel, we may repress, those elements of our character that are inimical to quiet and comfort; and thus, though it is certain none can command happiness, all may, in a great degree, avoid misery. But so paradoxical is human conduct, that it may constantly be observed, that individuals make the greatest sacrifices to stand well with the public crowd, to whom they are as *nothing*; and refuse the slightest sacrifices for the private few, to whom they are, or might be, *everything*.

IRRITABILITY IS CHILDISH.

To be angry about trifles, is mean and childish; to rage and be furious, is brutish; and to maintain perpetual wrath, is akin to the practice and temper of devils: but to prevent, or suppress, rising resentment, is wise and glorious, is manly and divine.

ANGER PREVENTED BY ENLARGED VIEWS.

A false conception of facts is sufficient to account for most of the cruel enmities in the world, both between nations and individuals. How often do we see this hostile disposition existing between two men, both of whom every impartial

judge knows to be actuated by the worthiest motives, and of whom, perhaps, neither would be much to blame for his conduct, if his adversary were such a man as he takes him to be ! In such instances we have just cause to regret too great an irritability of temper, too suspicious and jealous a disposition ; or, perhaps, to wish that the parties possessed more good sense, and less narrow and prejudiced minds. But the more closely we study the circumstances of the case, we shall be the more disposed to acquit them of that intentional injustice, and of that pure vindictive malice, which they impute to each other, and which the world is likely, on a superficial view of the subject, to impute to both. If mankind were universally possessed of more enlarged and just understandings, everything else in their character remaining as at present, little would be wanting to complete the order and harmony of society. And hence some have been led to imagine that vice and folly are only different names for the same thing.

ANGER UNNATURAL TO MAN.

You tell us, anger is natural to man : but nothing is more natural to man than reason, mildness, and benevolence. Now, with what propriety can we call that natural to any creature, which

impairs and opposes the most essential and distinguishing parts of his constitution? Sometimes, indeed, we may call that natural to a species, which, being found in most of them, is not produced by art or habit. That anger is, in this sense, natural, we readily grant; but deny that we therefore cannot, or may not, lawfully extinguish it. Nature has committed to our management the faculties of the mind, as well as the members of the body; and, as when any of the latter become pernicious to the whole, we cut them off, and cast them away,—in like manner, when any of our affections are become hurtful and useless in our frame, by cutting them off we do not in the least counteract the intention of Nature. Now such is anger to a wise man. To fools and cowards it is a necessary evil; but, to a person of moderate sense and virtue, it is an evil which hath no advantage attending it. The harm it must do him is very apparent. It must ruffle his temper, make him less agreeable to his friends, disturb his reason, and unfit him for discharging the general duties of life in a becoming manner.

In reality, it is much easier to keep ourselves void of resentment, than to restrain it from excess when it has gained admission; for if reason, while her strength is yet entire, is not able to preserve her dominion, what can she do when her enemy

has in part prevailed, and weakened her force? To use the illustration of an excellent author, we can prevent the beginnings of some things, whose progress in time we cannot hinder: we can forbear to cast ourselves down from a precipice, but, if once we have taken the fatal leap, we must descend, whether we wish it or no. Thus the mind, if duly cautious, may stand firm upon the rock of tranquillity; but if she rashly forsake the summit, she can scarce recover herself, but is hurried away downward by her own passion with increasing violence.

BANISH REVENGE.

Banish all malignant and revengeful thoughts. A spirit of revenge is the very spirit of the devil; than which nothing makes a man more like him, and nothing can be more opposite to the temper which Christianity was designed to promote. If your revenge be not satisfied, it will give you torment now; if it be, it will give you greater hereafter. None is a greater self-tormentor than a malicious and revengeful man, who turns the poison of his own temper in upon himself. The Christian precept in this case is, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath;" and this precept, Plutarch tells us, the Pythagoreans practised in a

literal sense,—“ who, if at any time, in a passion, they broke out into opprobrious language, before sunset gave one another their hands, and with them a discharge from all injuries, and so, with a mutual reconciliation, parted friends.”

REASON AN INWARD MONARCH.

Every man hath a kingdom within himself: reason, as the princess, dwells in the highest and inwardmost room; the senses are the guard and attendants on the court, without whose aid nothing is admitted into the presence; the supreme faculties (as will, memory, &c.) are the peers; the outward parts and inward affections are the commons; violent passions are rebels, to disturb the common peace.

GOOD RESOLVES.

It is a terrific thought, but an incontestable truth, that although the habits of the body perish with the body, the habits of the soul survive in the soul.

A profound sense of this fearful truth made the good Archbishop Tillotson live, even to old age, in watchful and unceasing warfare against those evil impulses of the mind and heart, which, if not conquered while our powers of resistance are efficient,

will grow with age, and ripen in decay. The following *secret resolutions*, found in his desk after his death, and written at the age of sixty-six, mark out to *middle age* an exercise from which it never should repose, and which must be extended to every form of vice :—

“ *Resolutions :*

“ Not to be angry with *anybody*, upon *any* occasion ; because all anger is *foolish*, and a short fit of *madness* ; betrays us to great indecencies ; and whereas it is intended to hurt others, *the edge* of it turns upon *ourselves*. We always repent of it, and are, at least, more angry at ourselves by being angry at others.

“ Not to be peevish and discontented : this argues littleness of mind.

“ To use all gentleness towards all men, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves.

“ Whenever I see any error or infirmity in myself, instead of *intending* to mend it, to resolve upon it *presently* and *effectually*.

“ To read this every morning before I go to pray.”

GOVERNMENT OF THE THOUGHTS.

You esteem it a dreadful thing to be obliged to live with persons who are *passionate* and *quarrelsome*. You undoubtedly judge right : it is

like living in a house that is on fire. Dismiss, therefore, as soon as may be, all *angry* and *wrathful* thoughts. They canker the mind, and dispose it to the worst temper in the world, that of fixed malice and revenge. Never recall the ideas, or ruminate upon past injuries and provocations. This is the *amusement* of many in their solitary hours ; but they might as well play with cannon-balls or thunder-bolts. They may work themselves up to distraction ; to hate everything and everybody ; and to have the temper and disposition of the *Destroyer* himself. Anger may *steal* into the heart of a wise man ; but it *rests* only in the bosom of fools. Make the most candid allowances for the offender : consider his natural temper : turn your anger into pity : regard him as ill of a very bad distemper.

FOLLY OF REVENGE.

There is no man doth a wrong for the wrong's sake, but thereby to purchase himself profit, or pleasure, or honour, or the like ; therefore, why should I be angry with a man for loving himself better than me ?

KIND INTERPRETATIONS.

I before mentioned several considerations which render it probable that there is much less vice or

criminal intention in the world than is commonly imagined, and that the greater part of the disputes among mankind arise from mutual mistake and misapprehension. Every man must recollect many instances in which his motives have been grossly misapprehended by the world ; and it is but reasonable for him to conclude that the case may have been the same with other men. It is but an instance, then, of that *justice* we owe to others, to make the most candid allowances for their apparent deviations, and to give every action the most favourable construction it can possibly admit of. Such a temper, while it renders a man respectable and amiable in society, contributes, perhaps more than any other circumstance, to his private happiness. “When you would cheer your heart,” says Marcus Antoninus, “consider the excellencies and abilities of your several acquaintances ; the activity of one, the high sense of honour and modesty of another, the liberality of a third, and, in other persons, some other virtue. There is nothing so delightful as virtue appearing in the conduct of your contemporaries as frequently as possible.” Such thoughts we should still retain with us.

SUPPRESSION OF ANGER.

It is a useful expedient to suppress, as far as possible, all external signs of peevishness or of violence.

So intimate is the connexion between mind and body, that the mere imitation of any strong expression has a tendency to excite the corresponding passion; and, on the other hand, the suppression of the external sign has a tendency to compose the passion which it indicates. It is said of Socrates, that, whenever he felt the passion of resentment rising in his mind, he became instantly silent; and I have no doubt that, by observing this rule, he not only avoided many an occasion of giving offence to others, but added much to the comfort of his own life, by killing the seeds of those malignant affections, which are the great bane of human happiness.

EXCELLENT GOOD-SENSE RESPECTING ILL-TREATMENT.

Without knowing particulars, I take upon me to assure all persons, who think they have received indignities or injurious treatment, that they may depend upon it, as a matter certain, that the offence is not so great as they themselves imagine. We are in such a peculiar situation, with respect to injuries done to ourselves, that we can scarce any more see them as they really are, than our eye can see itself. If we could place ourselves at a due distance (that is, be really unprejudiced), we should frequently discern *that* to be in reality

inadvertence and mistake in our enemy, which we now fancy we see to be malice or scorn. From this proper point of view we should likewise, in all probability, see something of these latter in ourselves, and, most certainly, a great deal of the former. Thus the indignity or injury would almost infinitely lessen, and, perhaps, at last come out to be nothing at all. Self-love is a medium of a peculiar kind; in these cases it magnifies everything which is amiss in others, at the same time that it lessens everything that is amiss in ourselves.

DR. WATTS.

Dr. Watts was of so extremely mild a disposition, that, when reproached by a friend for not having severely reprimanded a man who had done him a serious injury, he exclaimed, "I wish, my dear sir, you would do it for me."

FRIENDLY MONITOR.

Athenodorus the philosopher, by reason of his old age, begged leave to retire from the court of Augustus, which the emperor granted him; and as Athenodorus was taking his leave of him, "Remember," said he, "Cæsar, whenever you are angry, you say or do nothing before you have repeated the four-and-twenty letters of the alpha-

bet to yourself." Whereupon Cæsar catching him by the hand, "I have need," says he, "of your presence still;"—and kept him a year longer.

EVENNESS OF TEMPER.

Madame Necker relates the following anecdote of M. Abauret, a philosopher of Geneva:—It is said of him that he had never been out of temper; some persons, by means of his female servant, were determined to put him to this proof. The woman in question stated that she had been his servant for thirty years, and she protested that during that time she had never seen him in a passion. They promised her a sum of money if she would endeavour to make him angry: she consented; and, knowing that he was particularly fond of having his bed well made, she, on the day appointed, neglected to make it. M. Abauret observed it, and the next morning made the observation to her,—she answered, that she had forgotten it: she said nothing more, but, on the same evening, she again neglected to make the bed; the same observation was made on the morrow by the philosopher, and she again made some excuse in a cooler manner than before. On the third day he said to her, "You have not yet made my bed: you have apparently come to some

resolution on the subject, as you probably found that it fatigued you. But, after all, it is of no consequence, as I begin to accustom myself to it as it is." She threw herself at his feet, and avowed all to him.

ANECDOTE OF CARDINAL MAZARIN.

Cardinal Mazarin was one day walking up and down his room while dictating a letter to his private Secretary, for whom he had a great affection. After repeating each sentence in succession, he said, "Conclude thus:"—at the same time turning to the Secretary, found that he had fallen asleep, having written the first sentence only. He gave him a box on the ear; when the Secretary, starting up, returned it rather severely,—"Well," said the Cardinal, "now we are both awake, let us proceed with the letter."

SIR EARDLY WILMOT.

A gentleman, who had filled many high stations in public life with the greatest honour to himself, and advantage to the nation, once went to Sir Eardly Wilmot in great anger at a real injury that he had received from a person high in the political world, which he was considering how to resent in the most effectual manner. After

relating the particulars to Sir Eardly, he asked, if he did not think it would be manly to resent it? "Yes," said Sir Eardly, "it would doubtless be manly to resent it, but it would be godlike to forgive it." This, the gentlemen declared, had such an instantaneous effect upon him, that he came away quite another man, and in a temper entirely altered from that in which he went.

A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH.

When Sir Matthew Hale dismissed a jury, because he was convinced that it had been illegally chosen to favour the Protector, the latter was highly displeased with him; and when Sir Matthew returned from the circuit, Cromwell told him in anger that he was not fit to be a judge: to which all the answer he made was, *that it was very true.*

THE RIDER NOT ALWAYS WISER THAN HIS HORSE.

Two gentlemen were riding together, one of whom, who was very choleric, happened to be mounted on a very high-mettled horse. The horse grew a little troublesome, at which the rider became very angry, and whipped and spurred him with great fury. The horse, almost as wrong-headed as his master, returned his treatment with

kicking and plunging. The companion, concerned for the danger, and ashamed at the folly of his friend, said to him coolly, "Be quiet, and show yourself the wiser creature of the two."

PATIENCE.

It is recorded, that an emperor of China, once making a progress through his dominions, was accidentally entertained in a house in which the master, with his wives, children, daughters-in-law, grand-children, and servants, all lived together in perfect peace and harmony. The emperor, struck with admiration at the spectacle, requested the head of the family to inform him what means he employed to preserve quiet among such a number and variety of persons. The old man, taking out a pencil, wrote these three words—*patience, patience, patience.*

SENTENCES.

By taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy ; but in passing it over, he is superior.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness should begin on ours.

To err is human ; to forgive divine.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

BULL-BAITING, &c.

Staffordshire, for ages, has been notoriously distinguished for bull-baiting; and the numerous collieries of Tipton and its vicinity have produced thousands of beings, who, *trained* in their infancy to the *love* and *practice* of bull-baiting, possessed nothing human, when arrived at man's estate, but the form. *Ignorant, vulgar, and wicked* to excess, their ferocious rage for this *bloody* and barbarous amusement knew no bounds—would brook no control. Against these the Rev. John Howells, the clergyman of that parish, for twenty years, with increasing zeal, warred a good warfare; and so successful were his exertions to rescue the poor suffering bull from these demons in human shape, that the year 1827 was gloriously distinguished by the total extirpation of the bloody sport. Not a bull was to be found, in the whole parish, kept for the purpose of being baited at the stake. Thus he gave the most convincing proof what *great* things may be accomplished by zealously perse-

vering in the cause of God, and established the truth of the exhortation of the Apostle,—“ Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not.”

HAPPINESS OF ANIMALS AND BIRDS.

It is impossible to view the cheerfulness and happiness of animals and birds without pleasure ; the latter, especially, appear to enjoy themselves during the fine weather, in spring and summer, with a degree of hilarity which might be almost envied. It is astonishing how much man might do to lessen the misery of those creatures, which are either given to him for food or use, or for adding to his pleasure if he were so disposed. Instead of which, he often exereises a degree of wanton tyranny and cruelty over them which cannot be too much deprecated, and for which, no doubt, he will be held one day accountable. Animals are so capable of showing gratitude and affection to those who have been kind to them, that I never see them subjected to ill-treatment without feeling the utmost abhorrence of those who are inflicting it. I know many persons who, like myself, take a pleasure in seeing all the animals about them appear happy and contented.

Cows will show their pleasure at seeing those

who have been kind to them, by moving their ears gently, and putting out their wet noses. My old horse rests his head on the gate with great complacency, when he sees me coming, expecting to receive an apple or a piece of bread. I should even be sorry to see my poultry and pigs get out of my way with any symptoms of fear.

MERCY TO BEINGS OF AN INFERIOR SPECIES.

He that can look with rapture upon the agonies of an unoffending and unresisting animal, will soon learn to view the suffering of a fellow-creature with indifference ; and in time he will acquire the power of viewing them with triumph, if that fellow-creature should become the victim of his resentment, be it just or unjust. But the minds of children are open to impressions of every sort ; and, indeed, wonderful is the facility with which a judicious instructor may habituate them to tender emotions. I have, therefore, always considered mercy to beings of an inferior species as of a nature which children are very capable of learning ; but which is most difficult to be taught, if the heart has once familiarised itself to spectacles of distress, and has been permitted either to behold the pangs of any living creature with cold insensibility, or to inflict them with wanton barbarity.

PATIENCE OF INJURIES.

My uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries,—not from want of courage, where just occasions presented, or called it forth, and I know no man under whose arm I would sooner have taken shelter,—nor did this arise from any insensibility or obtuseness of his intellectual parts; he was of a peaceful, placid nature, no jarring element in it, all was mixed up so kindly in him; my uncle Toby had scarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly. “Go,” says he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time,—and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at last, as it flew by him:—“I’ll not hurt thee!” says my uncle Toby, rising from his chair and going across the room with the fly in his hand, “I’ll not hurt a hair of thy head! go,” says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape,—“go, poor devil! get thee gone: why should I hurt thee? This world surely is wide enough to hold thee and me.” This is to serve for parents and governors, instead of a whole volume on the subject.

THE LOWER ANIMALS.

Nor is it possible to survey the cattle upon a thousand hills, the sheep that ornament our fields

—innocent, defenceless, and unsuspecting—without some feeling for that allotment by which they will all be summoned from their pleasant pastures, to die by the hand of slaughter. Into this mysterious arrangement I do not presume to enter fully ; nor would I take upon me, with a late truly excellent minister of the Gospel, to lay down as a positive doctrine—cheering as the prospect may be—that these animals will rise again to a new and blessed life. But this I will say, because the Scripture says it, that the meanest of such creatures is the care of Heaven ; that God feedeth the young ravens that call upon him ; that not even a sparrow falleth to the ground without the permission of our Heavenly Father. In these hands we should be satisfied to leave them, assured that they will be considerately and mercifully dealt with. One thing, however, is clear, that while they are the objects of such care, it is a more serious thing than some imagine, to trifle with their pains, to make their miseries our sport, or to put them to one moment's needless suffering.

ANIMALS OF OPPOSITE NATURES LIVING IN ONE CAGE.

The keeper of this collection, John Austin, states that he has employed seventeen years in this business of training creatures of opposite natures to live together in content and affection.

And those years have not been unprofitably employed ! It is not too much to believe that many a person who has looked upon this show, may have had his mind awakened to the extraordinary effects of habit and of gentle discipline, when he has thus seen the cat, the rat, the mouse, the hawk, the rabbit, the guinea-pig, the owl, the pigeon, the starling, and the sparrow, each enjoying, as far as can be enjoyed in confinement, its respective modes of life in the company of the others,—the weak without fear, and the strong without the desire to injure. It is impossible to imagine any prettier exhibition of kindness than is here shown :—the rabbit and the pigeon playfully contending for a lock of hay to make up their nests ; the sparrow sometimes perched on the head of the cat, and sometimes on that of the owl—each its natural enemy ; and the mice playing about with perfect indifference to the presence either of cat, or hawk, or owl.

ON THE ASS.

'Tis an animal (observes the benevolent Sterne) I cannot bear to strike : there is a patient enduring of sufferings wrote so unaffectedly in his looks and carriage, which pleads so mightily for him, that it always disarms me, and to that degree, that I do

not like to speak unkindly to him ;—on the contrary, meet him where I will,—whether in town or country, in cart or under panniers—whether in liberty or bondage,—I have ever something to say to him ; and surely, never is my imagination so busy as in framing his responses from the etchings of his countenance.

SYMPATHY OF MAN FOR ANIMATED CREATION.

As all the tender affections, except imparting and receiving love, are satisfied with participation, Nature has formed man, most of all living creatures, for participating in the fate of others ; having framed him, as it were, out of all the rest, and organised him similarly to every part of the creation, in such a degree that he can feel with each. The structure of his fibres is so fine, delicate, and elastic—his nerves are so diffused over every part of his vibrating frame—that, like an image of the All-sentient Deity, he can put himself almost in the place of every creature, and can have its feelings in the degree necessary to the creature, and which his own frame will bear without being disordered ; nay, even at the hazard of disordering it. Accordingly, our machine, so far as it is a growing, flourishing tree, feels even with trees ; and there are men who cannot bear to

see a young green tree cut down or destroyed. We regret its blighted top : we lament the withering of a favourite flower.

SYMPATHY OF ANIMALS.

It is singular that the ear should excite and strengthen compassion so much more powerfully than the eye. The sigh of a brute, the cry forced from him by bodily sufferance, bring about him all his fellows, who, as has often been observed, stand mournfully round the sufferer, and would willingly lend him assistance. Man, too, at the sight of suffering, is more apt to be impressed with fear and tremor than with tender compassion; but no sooner does the voice of the sufferer reach him than the spell is dissolved, and he hastens to him—he is pierced to the heart. Is it that the sound converts the picture in the eye into a living being, and recalls and concentrates in one point our recollection of our own and another's feelings? Or is there, as I am inclined to believe, a still deeper organic cause? Suffice it that the fact is true, and it shows that sound and language are the principal sources of man's compassion. We sympathise less with a creature that cannot sigh, as it is destitute of lungs, more imperfect, and less resembling ourselves in its organisation.

HUMANITY TO ANIMALS.

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though grac'd with polish'd manners and fine
Yet wanting sensibility) the man [sense,
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening on the public path ;
But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.
The creeping vermin, loathsome to the sight,
And charg'd, perhaps, with venom, that intrudes,
A visitor unwelcome, into scenes
Sacred to neatness and repose, th' alcove,
The chamber, or refectory,—may die :
A necessary act incurs no blame.
Not so, when held within their proper bounds
And guiltless of offence, they range the air,
Or take their pastime in the spacious field :
There they are privileg'd. And he that hunts
Or harms them there, is guilty of a wrong—
Disturbs th' economy of Nature's realm,
Who, when she form'd, design'd them an abode.
The sum is this : if man's convenience, health,
Or safety interfere, his rights and claims
Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.
Else they are all—the meanest things that are—

As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
As God was free to form them at the first,
Who in His sovereign wisdom made them all.
Ye, therefore, who have mercy, teach your sons
To love it too. The spring-time of our years
Is soon dishonour'd and defil'd, in most,
By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand
To check them. But, alas ! none sooner shoots,
If unrestrain'd, into luxuriant growth,
Than cruelty, most devilish of them all.
Mercy, to him that shows it, is the rule
And righteous limitation of its act
By which Heav'n moves, in pard'ning guilty man;
And he that shows none, being ripe in years,
And conscious of the outrage he commits,
Shall seek it, and not find it, in his turn.

HUNTING.

These are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,
Nor will she stain with such her spotless song ;
Then most delighted, when she social sees
The whole mix'd animal creation round
Alive and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,
This falsely-cheerful barbarous game of death,—
This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn,
When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark,

As if their conscious ravage shunn'd the light,
Ashamed. Not so the steady tyrant, man,
Who, with the thoughtless insolence of power
Inflamed beyond the most infuriate wrath
Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
For sport alone pursues the cruel chase,
Amid the beamings of the gentle days.
Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage ;—
For hunger kindles you, and lawless want :
But, lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare,
Scar'd from the corn, or now to some lone seat
Retired,—the rushy fen,—the ragged furze
Stretch'd o'er the stony heath,—the stubble chapt,—
The thistly lawn,—the thick entangled broom,—
Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern,—
The fallow ground, laid open to the sun
Concoctive,—and the nodding sandy bank,—
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.
Vain is her best precaution, though she sits
Conceal'd with folded ears,—unsleeping eyes,
By Nature rais'd to take th' horizon in,—
And head crouch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,
In act to spring away. The scented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth ; and deep
In scatter'd sullen openings, far behind,

With every breeze she bears the coming storm.
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd ; and all
The savage soul of game is up at once :
The pack full opening, various ; the shrill horn
Resounded from the hills ; the neighing steed,
Wild for the chase ; and the loud hunter's shout ;
O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy.

The stag too, singled from the herd, where long
He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,
Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed,
Gives all his swift aerial soul to flight ;
Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
To leave the lessening murd'rous cry behind :
Deception short ! though fleeter than the winds
Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north
He bursts the thickets, glances through the glades,
And plunges deep into the wildest wood,—
If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track
Hot-steaming, up behind him come again
Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth
Expel him,—circling through his every shift,
He sweeps the forest oft ; and sobbing sees
The glades, mild opening to the golden day,
Where, in kind contest with his butting friends,
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full-descending flood he tries

To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides :
Oft seeks the herd ; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.
What shall he do ? His once so vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more
Inspire the course ; but fainting, breathless toil,
Sick, seizes on his heart : he stands at bay ;
And puts his last weak refuge in despair ;—
The big round tears run down his dappled face ;
He groans in anguish ; while the growling pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair-jutting chest,
And mark his beauteous checker'd sides with gore.

FISHING.

Patient, on yonder bridge, in boyhood's days,
I strove with art the finny tribe to raise,—
The silvery eel, the perch, the cautious roach,
The ravenous pike, that darts at near approach,—
Till, on a sultry day, excessive heat
Drove me for shelter to a neighbouring seat ;
Beneath th' umbrageous oak the poet read
Who first my thoughts to this reflection led :—
Why seek thy pleasure in another's pain ?—
Ne'er could I throw the artful line again,
Or view the prey, without compunction, lie
Gasping for breath—with tedious torments die ;
Nor all the eloquence of Walton's book
Could fix one tortur'd worm upon the hook ;—

And thus arous'd, I first was taught to rove
For purer pleasures in the peaceful grove.

A WORM.

Turn, turn thy hasty foot aside,
Nor crush that helpless worm !
The frame thy wayward looks deride
Requir'd a God to form.

The common Lord of all that move,—
From whom thy being flow'd,—
A portion of His boundless love
On that poor worm bestow'd.

The sun, the moon, the stars, he made
To all his creatures free ;
And spread o'er earth the grassy blade
For worms as well as thee.

Let them enjoy their little day,
Their lowly bliss receive :
Oh ! do not lightly take away
The life thou canst not give.

SHOOTING.

Inhuman man ! curse on thy barbarous art !
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye !
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart !

Go, live, poor wanderer of the wood and field !
The bitter little that of life remains :
No more the thickening brakes or verdant
 plains
To thee a home, or food, or pastime, yield.

Seek, mangled innocents ! some wonted form,
That wonted form, alas ! thy dying bed,—
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy blood-stain'd bosom
 warm.

Perhaps a mother's anguish adds its woe ;
The playful pair crowd fondly by thy side :
Ah ! helpless nurslings, who will now provide
That life a mother only can bestow ?

THE FOWLER.

—————Now mark
The fowler, as he stands and meditates
The cruel deed ! See how, with steady grasp,
He holds the thundering messenger of death,—
His eye fix'd, levell'd on the fatal tube,—
His forward leg. Amidst the bristling corn
His dog, as if by skilful Flaxman cut
In Parian stone, or cast in lasting bronze
By far-fam'd Westmacot, stands forth unmov'd,
Ready to give the fatal signal.—Hark !

'Tis done !—shot through the heart, she reels, she
falls

Far from her nest ; whilst th' unsuspecting mate
Still leads the fluttering covey through the field.

THE PHEASANT.

See ! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings :
Short is his joy ; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and, panting, beats the ground.
Ah ! what avails his glossy, varying dyes,
His purple crest, his scarlet-circled eyes,—
The vivid green his shining plumes infold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with
gold?

THE DROWNING FLY.

In yonder glass behold a drowing fly !
Its little feet how vainly does it ply !
Its cries I understand not, yet it cries ;
And tender hearts can feel its agonies.
Poor helpless victim ! and will no one save,
Will no one snatch thee from the threat'ning
grave !
Is there no friendly hand, no helper, nigh ?
And must thou, little struggler, must thou die ?—
Thou shalt not, while this hand can set thee free,
Thou shalt not die—this hand shall rescue thee ;

My finger's tip shall prove a friendly shore ;—
There, trembler ! all thy dangers now are o'er :
Wipe thy wet wings, and banish all thy fear ;
Go, join thy buzzing brothers in the air !
Away it flies—resumes its harmless play,
And swiftly gambols in the golden ray.
Smile not, spectators, at this humble deed,—
For you, perhaps, a nobler task's decreed,
A young and sinking family to save,
To raise the infant from destruction's wave ;
To you for help the victims lift their eyes,—
Oh ! hear, for pity's sake, their plaintive cries !
Ere long, unless some guardian interpose,
O'er their devoted heads the flood may close.

THE ASS.

Poor little foal of an oppressed race !
I love the languid patience of thy face ;
And oft with gentle hand I give thee bread,
And clap thy ragged coat, and pat thy head.
But what thy dulled spirits hath dismayed,
That never thou dost sport along the glade ?
And (most unlike the nature of things young)
That earthward still thy moveless head is hung ?
Do thy prophetic fears anticipate,
Meek child of misery ! thy future fate,—
The starving meal, and all the thousand aches
“ Which patient merit of th' unworthy takes ?”

Or, is thy sad heart thrill'd with filial pain
To see thy wretched mother's shorten'd chain?
And, truly, very piteous is her lot—
Chain'd to a log within a narrow spot
Where the close-eaten grass is scarcely seen,
While sweet around her waves the tempting green.
Poor Ass ! thy master should have learn'd to show
Pity—best taught by fellowship of woe :
For much I fear me that he lives, like thee,
Half famish'd in a land of luxury.
How askingly its footsteps hither bend !
It seems to say, “And have I, then, one friend?”
Innocent foal ! thou poor despis'd forlorn !
I hail thee brother— spite of the fool's scorn !
And fain would take thee with me in the dell
Of Peace and mild equality to dwell,—
Where Toil shall call the charmer Health his bride,
And Laughter tickle Plenty's ribless side :—
How thou wouldst toss thy heels in gamesome play,
And frisk about, as lamb or kitten gay !
Yea ! and more musically sweet to me
Thy dissonant harsh bray of joy would be,
Than warbled melodies that soothe to rest
The aching of pale Fashion's vacant breast.

TO A LITTLE BOY WHO HAD DESTROYED A NEST OF
YOUNG BIRDS.

O Cruel !—could thy infant bosom find
No pleasure but in others' misery ?

Come let me tear *thee* from thy parents' arms,
As thou hast torn these half-fledg'd innocents,
And dash thee naked on the cold bare stones,
All in thy tender mother's aching sight.—
But thou art young, and know'st not yet the cares,
The pangs, the feelings, of an anxious parent ;
Else would thy heart, by sad experience taught,
Weep o'er the little ruined family,
And mourn the ill thy cruel hand has done.

THE PARTRIDGES: AN ELEGY.

Hard by yon copse, that skirts the flowery vale,
As late I walk'd to taste the evening breeze,
A plaintive murmur mingled in the gale,
And notes of sorrow echoed through the trees.
Touch'd by the sound I nearer drew :
But my rude step increas'd the cause of pain :
Soon o'er my head the whirring partridge flew
Alarm'd ; and with her flew an infant train.
But short th' excursion ; for, unus'd to play,
Feebly the unfledg'd wings th' essay could make ;
The parent, shelter'd by the closing day,
Lodg'd her lov'd covey in a neighbouring brake.
Her cradling pinions there she amply spread,
And hush'd th' affrighted family to rest ;
But still the late alarm suggested dread,
And closer to their feathery friend they press'd.

She, wretched parent ! doom'd to various woe,
Felt all a mother's hope, a mother's care,—
With grief foresaw the dawn's impending blow,
And, to avert it, thus preferr'd her prayer :

“ O Thou ! who e'en the sparrow doth befriend,—
Whose providence protects the harmless wren,—
Thou, God of birds ! these innocents defend
From the vile sport of unrelenting men.

“ For soon as dawn shall dapple yonder skies,
The slaughtering gunner, with his tube of fate,
(While the dire dog the faithless stubble tries)
Shall persecute our tribe with unrelenting hate.

“ O may the Sun, unfann'd by cooling gale,
Parch with unusual heat th' undewy ground !
So shall the pointer's wonted cunning fail ;
So shall the sportsman leave my babes unfound.

“ Then shall I fearless guide them to the mead ;
Then shall I see with joy their plumage grow ;
Then shall I see (fond thought !) their future breed,
And every transport of a parent know.

“ But if some victim must endure the dart,
And fate marks out that victim from my race,
Strike, strike the leaden vengeance through this
heart !

Spare, spare my babes ! and I the death embrace !”

ON STEALING BIRD'S NESTS.

Again the balmy zephyr blows ;
Fresh verdure decks the grove ;
Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers ! hither fly,
And shun the noontide heat :
My shrubs a cooling shade supply ;
My groves, a safe retreat.

Here freely hop from spray to spray,
Or weave the mossy nest ;
Here rove and sing the live-long day ;
At night, here sweetly rest.

Amidst this cool translucent rill
That trickles down the glade,
Here bathe your plumes ; here drink your fill,
And revel in the shade.

No school-boy rude, to mischief prone,
E'er shows his ruddy face,
Or twangs a bow, or hurls a stone,
In this sequester'd place.

Hither the vocal thrush repairs ;
Secure the linnet sings ;
The goldfinch dreads no slimy snares
To clog her painted wings.

Sad Philomel, ah ! quit thy haunt
Yon distant woods among,
And, round my friendly grotto, chaunt
Thy sweetly-plaintive song.

Let not the harmless redbreast fear,
Domestic bird, to come
And seek a sure asylum here
With one that loves his home.

My trees for you, ye artless tribe,
Shall store of fruit preserve,
Oh ! let me thus your friendship bribe :
Come, feed without reserve.

For you these cherries I protect ;
To you these plums belong ;
Sweet is the fruit that you have peck'd,
But sweeter far your song.

Let, then, this league betwixt us made,
Our mutual interests guard :
Mine be the gift of fruit and shade,—
Your songs be my reward.

THE WOUNDED DEER.

The wounded deer pursues her headlong flight,
Pierc'd by some ambush'd archer of the night ;
Flies to the woodland, with her bounding fawn,
While drops of blood bedew the verdant lawn ;

There, hid in shades, she shuns the cheerful day,
Hangs o'er her young, and weeps her life away.

THE BIRD CAUGHT AT SEA.

Pretty little feather'd fellow,
Why so far from home dost rove?
What misfortune brought thee hither
From the green embowering grove?

Let thy throbbing heart be still :
Here, secure from danger, rest thee :
No one here shall use thee ill ;
Here no cruel boy molest thee :

Barley-corns and crumbs of bread,
Crystal water too, shall cheer thee ;
On soft sails recline thy head,
Sleep, and fear no danger near thee ;—

So, when kindly winds shall speed us
To the land we wish to see,
Then, sweet captive, thou shalt leave us—
Then, amidst the groves, be free.

GOD'S CARE FOR HIS CREATURES.

Each creature, that has life and breath,
To God his being owes ;
He guards them all, from birth till death,
And all their wants He knows.

Huge beasts, that in the forest roam,
On Him for food depend ;
And those that make the seas their home
His bounteous care attend.

Each fly that spreads its painted wings,—
The meanest worms that crawl,—
Each bird that in the thicket sings,—
He feeds and clothes them all.

His love to man He thus displays,
For none were made in vain :
A blessing we, in different ways,
From every creature gain.

All, all are happy ! He contrives
To fill with joy their span ;
His tender love has blest their lives,
As well as that of man.

Then, since their lives, however short,
Are form'd by God for joy,—
O ! let us not, in wanton sport,
That happiness destroy.

ANECDOTE OF MRS. MANBY.

Mrs. Manby (a very pious lady, lately deceased) for several years superintended the Female National School at Horsley Heath, Tipton ; and she regularly, on the Sabbath morn-

ing, directed the attention of the children to this very important subject, and, in a little time, her labours were crowned with abundant success, to which I can bear pleasing testimony : the birds built their nests, and reared their young unmolested, within the walls of the school ; nay, while the classes were employed, the pleasing, harmless creatures descended among them, to pick up the crumbs which the admiring children had thrown for them. If by chance a butterfly entered this asylum of *mercy*, the boys eagerly strove (contrary to the natural propensity of children) which should, with the greatest care, set it at liberty ; and, if they perceived an insect upon the floor, they instantly made a way that it might pass them in safety.

WAR.

THE DESOLATION OF WAR.

———Ah ! whence yon glare
That fires the arch of heaven?—that dark red smoke
Blotting the silver moon? The stars are quench'd
In darkness, and the pure and spangled snow
Gleams faintly through the gloom that gathers
round !

Hark to that roar, whose swift and deafening peals
In countless echoes through the mountains ring,
Startling pale midnight on her starry throne !
Now swells the intermingling din ; the jar ;
Frequent and frightful bursting of the bomb ;
The falling beam, the shriek, the groan, the shout,
The ceaseless clangour, and the rush of men
Inebriate with rage : loud and more loud
The discord grows ; till pale Death shuts the scene,
And o'er the conqueror, and the conquer'd, draws
His cold and bloody shroud. Of all the men
Whom day's departing beam saw blooming there,
In proud and vigorous health,—of all the hearts
That beat with anxious life at sunset there,—
How few survive ! how few are beating now !

All is deep silence, like the fearful calm
That slumbers in the storm's portentous pause ;
Save when the frantic wail of widow'd love
Comes shuddering on the blast ; or the faint moan
With which some soul bursts from the frame of clay
Wrapt round its straggling powers.

BATTLE OF BORODINO.

The night passed slowly over the wakeful heads of the impatient combatants. The morning of the 17th of September at length broke, and thousands beheld the dawn for the last time. The moment was arrived when the dreadful discharge of two thousand cannon was to break the silence of the expectation, and arouse at once all the horrors of war. General as the attack seemed, the corps of Prince Bagration had to sustain the accumulating weight of nearly half the French army ; and the determination shown by its cavalry was so desperate, that they charged up to the mouth of the Russian guns. Whole regiments of them, both horses and men, were swept down by the cannon-shot ; and made, all along the front of Bagration's line, a breastwork of dead and dying. Napoleon ordered up fifty additional pieces of artillery, and a fresh division of infantry, with several regiments of dragoons. This new force rushed on over the bodies of their fallen countrymen, and did not

allow themselves to be checked until they reached the parapets of the Russian works. Their vigorous onset overturned with fierce slaughter everything that opposed them, and obliged Bagration to fall back upon the second line of the army. The rage of the battle at this crisis is not to be described: the thunder of a thousand pieces of artillery was answered by the discharge of an equal number on the part of the Russians. A veil of smoke shut out the combatants from the sun, and left them no other light to pursue their works of destruction than the flashing of the musketry, which blazed in every direction.

The sabres of 40,000 dragoons met each other, and clashed in the horrid gloom; and the bristling points of countless bayonets, bursting through the rolling vapour, strewed the earth with heaps of slain.

Such was the scene for an extent of many wersts, and the dreadful contest continued without cessation until the darkness of the night. Thus closed that memorable day, and with it terminated the lives of 80,000 human beings. The horses which lay on the ground from right to left, numbered full 25,000.

The next day (says Lebeume), very early in the morning, we returned to the field of battle. In the space of a square league, almost every spot

was covered with the killed and wounded. On many places the bursting of shells had promiscuously heaped together men and horses.

But the most horrid spectacle was the interior of the ravine : almost all the wounded, who were able to drag themselves along, had taken refuge there to avoid the shots. These miserable wretches, —heaped one upon another, and almost suffocated with blood,—uttering the most dreadful groans, and invoking death with the most piercing cries,—eagerly besought us to put an end to their torments.

FATE OF CONQUERORS.

Of all the mighty conquerors that have been praised by poets, admired by their followers, and adored for a moment by their countrymen,—that have made babes fatherless, wives widows, and carried ruin and devastation in their train,—how few have fallen in battle, and yet how few have come to a timely end ! Perhaps not one in ten has died a natural death. They made themselves conspicuous for a time, they marked the age in which they lived ; but they seemed to rise above the stream of time rather as beacons to deter, than as guides to be followed. Poison, assassination, or disappointed ambition, commonly put an end to their dazzling career. Witness the fate of those who, in ancient times, were surnamed

“the Great,” and deemed the first warriors of their age. Cyrus the Great, after conquering Media, Lydia, and Assyria, had his head cut off by a woman, who threw it into a vessel filled with blood, and addressed it in these words: “Go, quench there that thirst for blood which seemed insatiable.” Miltiades, who commanded the Athenians at Marathon, and was reckoned the most celebrated general of the age, was accused of treason by the Athenians, and condemned to death. The sentence was commuted for a fine, which he was unable to pay, and he died in prison. Pausanias, who conquered at Plataea, and slew about three hundred thousand Persians, was starved to death in the temple of Minerva, whither he had fled to save himself from the fury of his countrymen. Themistocles, who was called the most warlike and courageous of all the Greeks, who destroyed the formidable fleet of Xerxes at Salamis, and slew and drowned countless number of Persians, was banished by the capricious Athenians, delivered himself, like Napoleon the Great, into the hands of his former enemies, and died in exile. Epaminondas, the Theban, by his extraordinary talents raised himself to the first rank in the state, defeated the Lacedemonians at the famous battle of Leuctra, was afterwards accused as a traitor, and about to be condemned to death, when his

countrymen pardoned him on account of his former services, and placed him at the head of an army, where he was slain, in the forty-eighth year of his age. Philip of Macedon, who by his intrigues and arms conquered all the neighbouring states, and finally destroyed the independence of Greece, at the battle of Chæronea, was assassinated at the age of forty-seven, when on the point of leading his victorious armies against the barbarians of the East. His son, Alexander the Great, who conquered Asia Minor, Egypt, Media, Syria, Persia, and deemed the world too small for his conquests, was prematurely cut off in the thirty-second year of his age, supposed to have been poisoned at the instigation of his favourite general, Antipater. Pyrrhus, the Epirot, declared by Hannibal the greatest of captains, fell by the hand of a woman. Hannibal himself, the prince of generals, after conquering Spain, and retaining possession of Italy for sixteen years against all the power of the Romans, was defeated by Scipio at Zama, fled to Syria, thence to Bithynia, where he poisoned himself, to elude the swords of his enemies. Scipio, his conqueror, as famous for his virtues as a citizen as his military qualities, was accused of extortion, and was obliged to flee from Rome. He died in exile at Liternum, in the forty-eighth year of his age, and left, as his dying request, that his bones

might not be laid with those of his ungrateful countrymen. Mithridates, king of Pontus, who by his skill and bravery opposed the Roman power for thirty years, and was declared by his enemies a more powerful and indefatigable adversary than the great Hannibal, Pyrrhus, Perseus, or Antiochus, was doomed to death by his unnatural son, attempted to poison himself, and, not succeeding, fell upon his sword. Antiochus was murdered by his followers in the Temple of Belus, at Susiana. Perseus was carried captive to Rome, and died in prison. Scipio the Younger, who wept over the ruins of Carthage, of which he had been the unwilling cause, was, after the most astonishing victories, on the point of being made Dictator, when he was found dead in his bed, murdered at the instigation of his wife, and the triumvirs Carbo, Gracchus, and Flaccus. Cinna was assassinated by one of his own officers. Marius and Sylla, the most cruel of Roman generals, died in their beds ; but their death was hastened by excessive drinking, in which they indulged to blunt the stings of a guilty conscience. For a time the triumvirs Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus, governed the world. Crassus was treacherously put to death by Surenæ. Pompey the Great, the friend of Cato, who conquered Mithridates, was defeated by Cæsar in the plains

of Pharsalia, and assassinated by the command of Ptolemy, whom he had protected and placed on the throne. The fate of Cæsar himself is well known. By his astonishing abilities he raised himself to the first rank as a general and an orator. After defeating all his enemies, he triumphed in one day over five different nations, Gaul, Alexandria, Pontus, Africa, and Spain; he conquered three hundred nations, took eight hundred cities, slew a million of men, was created perpetual Dictator, and became master of the world. He generously forgave his bitterest enemies, and was assassinated by his most intimate friends in the fifty-sixth year of his age. Cicero was beheaded near Gæta, and Cato stabbed himself in Utica. Brutus, Cassius, and Antony fell on their swords. Of the twelve Cæsars, the successive masters of the world, nine suffered a violent death.

“O curas hominum! O quantum est in rebus inane!”

DEFENSIVE WARFARE.

I abominate war as unchristian—I hold it to be the greatest of human crimes—I deem it to include all others—violence, blood, rapine, fraud, everything that can deform the character, alter the nature, and debase the name, of man. There

is one case only which can justify it,—there is one occasion only which makes it other than a crime,—that is, self-defence. Our own defence, or the defence of our country, and nothing else, on no other terms, is war anything but a sin.

CIVIL WAR.

I am one of those who have been engaged in war beyond most men, and, unfortunately, principally in civil war; and I must say this, that, at any sacrifice whatever, I would avoid every approach to civil war. I would do all I could, even sacrifice my life, to prevent such a catastrophe. Nothing could be so disastrous to the country, nothing so destructive of its prosperity, as civil war; nothing could take place that tended so completely to demoralise and degrade, as such a conflict, in which the hand of neighbour is raised against neighbour,—that of the father against the son, and of the son against the father,—of the brother against the brother,—of the servant against his master,—a conflict which must end in confusion and destruction.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

And the muffled drums roll'd on the air;
Warriors with stately steps were there :

On every arm was the black crape bound ;
Every carbine was turned to the ground.
Solemn the sound of their measur'd tread,
As silent and slow they follow'd the dead :—
The riderless horse was led in the rear ;
There were white plumes waving over the bier ;
Helmet and sword were laid on the pall—
For it was a soldier's funeral.
That soldier had stood on the battle plain,
Where every step was over the slain :
But the brand and the ball had pass'd him by,
And he came to his native land to die.
'Twas hard to come to that native land,
And not clasp one familiar hand !
'Twas sad to be numbered among the dead
Ere he could hear his welcome said !
But 'twas something to see its cliffs once more,
And to lay his bones on his own native shore,—
To think that the friends of his youth might weep
O'er the green grass turf of a soldier's sleep !
The bugles ceas'd their wailing sound
As the coffin was lower'd into the ground :
A volley was fired—a blessing said—
One moment's pause—and they left the dead.
I saw a poor and aged man :
His step was feeble—his lip was wan ;
He knelt him down on the new rais'd mound ;
His face was bow'd on the cold, damp ground ;

He rais'd his head ; his tears were done—
The father had prayed o'er his only son !

THE DRUM.

I hate the drum's discording sound,
Parading round, and round, and round ;
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace and glitt'ring arms ;
And, when Ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discording sound,
Parading round, and round, and round ;
To me it talks of ravag'd plains,
And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows' tears, and orphans' moans ;
And all that Misery's hand bestows
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

Alas ! I am an Orphan Boy
With nought on earth to cheer my heart ;
No father's love, no mother's joy,
Nor kin or kind to take my part.

My lodging is the cold, cold ground ;
I eat the bread of charity ;
And when the kiss of love goes round,
There is no kiss, alas ! for me.

Yet once I had a father dear,
A mother too, I wont to prize,
With ready hand to wipe the tear,
If chanc'd the transient tear to rise.
But cause of tears was rarely found,
For all my heart was youthful glee ;
And, when the kiss of love went round,
How sweet a kiss there was for me !

But, ah ! there came a war, they say ;
What is a war ?—I cannot tell ;—
The drums and fifes did sweetly play,
And loudly rang our village bell.
In truth, it was a pretty sound,
I thought : nor could I thence foresee
That, when the kiss of love went round,
There soon would be no kiss for me.

A scarlet coat my father took,
And sword as bright as bright could be ;
And feathers, that so gaily look,
All in a shining cap had he.

Then how my little heart did bound !
Alas ! I thought it fine to see,—
Nor dreamt, that when the kiss went round,
There soon would be no kiss for me.

At length, the bell again did ring,—
There was a victory, they said ;
'Twas what my father said he'd bring ;
But, ah ! it brought my father dead.
My mother shriek'd, her heart was woe ;
She clasp'd me to her trembling knee ;—
O God ! that you may never know
How wild a kiss she gave to me !

But once again—but once again,
These lips a mother's kisses felt ;
That once again—that once again—
The tale a heart of stone would melt :—
'Twas when upon her death-bed laid
(O God ! O God ! that sight to see !)
“ My child, my child ! ” she feebly said,
And gave a parting kiss to me.

So now I am an Orphan Boy,
With nought below my heart to cheer ;
No mother's love, no father's joy,
Nor kin nor kind to wipe the tear.

My lodging is the cold, cold ground ;
 I eat the bread of charity ;
 And when the kiss of love goes round,
 There is, alas ! no kiss for me.

ON BONAPARTE.

I griev'd for Bonaparté, with a vain
 And an unthinking grief ! for who aspires
 To genuine greatness, but from just desires,
 And knowledge, such as *he* could never gain ?
 'Tis not in battles that from youth we train
 The governor who must be wise and good,
 A temper, with the sternness of the brain,
 Thoughts motherly and weak as womanhood.
 Wisdom doth live with children round her knees ;
 Books, leisure, perfect freedom ; and the talk
 Man holds with week-day man in th' hourly walk
 Of the mind's business : these are the degrees
 By which true sway doth mount : this is the stalk
 True power doth grow on, and her rights are these.

DEAR-BOUGHT GLORIES.

——— O War, what art thou ?
 After the brightest conquest what remains
 Of all thy glories ?—For the vanquish'd, chains :
 For the proud victor—what ?—Alas ! to reign
 O'er desolated nations—a drear waste
 By one man's crime, by one man's lust of power

Unpeopled ! Naked plains and ravag'd fields
Succeed to smiling harvests, and the fruits
Of peaceful olive, luscious fig, and vine.
Here rifled temples are the cavern'd dens
Of savage beasts, or haunt of birds obscene :
There populous cities darken in the sun,
And, in the general wreck, proud palaces
Lie undistinguish'd, save by the dim smoke
Of recent conflagration. When the song
Of dear-bought joy, with many a triumph swell'd,
Salutes the victor's ear, and soothes his pride,—
How is the grateful harmony profan'd
With the sad dissonance of virgins' cries
Who mourn their brothers slain ?—of matrons hoar
Who clasp their wither'd hands, and fondly ask,
With iteration shrill, their slaughter'd sons !
How is the laurel's verdure stain'd with blood,
And soil'd with widow's tears !

THE DYING SOLDIER.

Seest thou that dying soldier on the ground,
Whose life is ebbing from a ghastly wound !
He had no bed, except the frozen snow,
No friend to wipe the death-damp from his brow ;
His eye is struggling, through the mist afar,
To catch the glimmer of that feeble *star* :
Why doth he seek its light so far and dim ?
It is no star of hope, alas ! to him :

Aye—but it shineth on his quiet home,—
That nest of peace, where war hath never come.
Within his fancy, even now he sees
His old thatch'd roof beneath the linden trees ;
The cradle, where his youngest infant sleeps,
Rock'd by his widow'd wife, who bends and weeps ;
He sees his children, that around her kneel,
And try to calm the grief they cannot feel.

NATURE'S PEACE.

———Look on yonder earth :
The golden harvests spring ; the unfailing sun
Sheds light and life ; the fruits, the flowers, the
trees
Arise in due succession ;—all things speak
Peace, harmony, and love. The universe,
In Nature's silent eloquence, declares
That all fulfil the works of love and joy—
All but the outcast, man. He fabricates
The sword which stabs his peace ; he cherishes
The snakes that gnaw his heart ; he raiseth up
The tyrant, whose delight is in his woe,
Whose sport is in his agony. Yon sun—
Lights it the great alone ? Yon silver beams—
Sleep they less sweetly on the cottage thatch
Than on the dome of kings ? Is mother earth
A step-dame to her numerous sons, who earn
Her unshar'd gifts with unremitting toil ;

A mother only to those puling babes
Who, nurs'd in ease and luxury, make men
The playthings of their babyhood, and mar,
In self-important childishness, that peace
Which men alone appreciate?

THE PENINSULAR WAR.

Hark ! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note ?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath ?
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote,
Nor saved your brethren as they sank beneath
Tyrants, and tyrants' slaves?—The fires of death,
The bale-fires, flash on high :—from rock to rock
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe ;
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc ;
Red battle stamps his foot ; and nations feel the
shock.

Lo ! where the giant on the mountain stands,—
His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the sun ;
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon—
Restless it rolls, now fix'd, and now, anon,
Flashing afar ; and at his iron feet
Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done ;
For, on this morn, three potent nations meet
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most
sweet.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice ;
Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high ;
Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies ;—
The shouts are “ France ! ” “ Spain ! ” “ Albion ! ”
“ Victory ! ”

The foe, the victim, and the fond ally
That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,
Are met—as if at home they could not die—
To feed the crow on Talavera’s plain,
And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain.

There shall they rot—Ambition’s honour’d fools !
Yes, Honour decks the turf that wraps their
clay !

Vain sophistry !—In these, behold the tools—
The broken tools—that tyrants cast away
By myriads, when they dare to trace their way,
With human hearts, to—what ?—a dream alone.

Can despots compass aught that aids their sway,
Or call with truth one span of earth their own,
Save that wherein, at last, they crumble bone by
bone ?

AN ANIMAL WARRING ON ITS OWN SPECIES.

The hunting tribes of air and earth
Respect the brethren of their birth :
Nature, who loves the claim of kind,
Less cruel chase to each assign’d.

The falcon, pois'd on soaring wing,
Watches the wild duck by the spring ;
The slow-hound wakes the fox's lair ;
The greyhound presses on the hare ;
The eagle pounces on the lamb ;
The wolf devours the fleecy dam ;
Even tiger fell, and sullen bear,
Their likeness and their lineage spare ;—
Man only mars kind nature's plan,
And turns the fierce pursuit on man ;
Plying war's desultory trade,
Incursion, flight, and ambuscade,
Since Nimrod, Cush's mighty son,
At first the bloody game begun.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

Peace hast thou never witnessed ! There exists
A higher than the warrior's excellence.
In war itself war is no ultimate purpose :
The vast and sudden deeds of violence,—
Adventures wild and wonders of the moment,—
These are not they, my son, that generate
The calm, the blissful, and th' enduring might.
Lo there ! the soldier, rapid architect,
Builds his light town of canvass, and at once
The whole scene moves and bustles momentarily
With arms, and neighing steeds, and wit, and
quarrel ;

The motley market fills ; the roads, the streams
Are crowded with new freights ; trade stirs and
hurries ;—

But, on some morrow morn, all suddenly
The tents drop down, the horde renews its march :
Dreary and solitary as a churchyard,
The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie ;
And the year's harvest is gone utterly.

O ! let me know

What is the need and purpose of the toil,
The painful toil, which robb'd me of my youth,
Left me a heart misrul'd and solitary—
A spirit uninform'd, unornamented.
For the camp's stir, and crowd, and ceaseless larum,
The neighing war-horse, the air-shattering trumpet,
Th' unvaried, still-returning hour of duty,
Word of command, and exercise of arms,—
There's nothing here, there's nothing in all this,
To satisfy the heart—the gasping heart !
Mere bustling nothingness, where the soul is
not !

This cannot be the sole felicity,—

These cannot be man's best and only pleasures !

O day thrice lovely ! when at length the soldier
Returns home into life,—when he becomes
A fellow-man among his fellow-men !
The colours are unfurl'd ; the cavalcade
Marshals ; and now the buzz is hushed,—and, hark !

Now the soft peace march beats—home, brothers,
home !

The caps and helmets are all garlanded
With green boughs, the last plundering of the
fields ;

The city gates fly open of themselves,
They need no longer the petard to tear them ;
The ramparts are all fill'd with men and women—
With peaceful men and women—that send onwards
Kisses and welcomings upon the air,
Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures ;
From all the towers ring out the merry peal,
The joyous vespers of a bloody day.

O happy man ! O fortunate ! for whom
The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,
The faithful tender arms, with mute embracing !

SOPHISTRY DISGUISES THE INIQUITY OF WAR.

———From east to west
A groan of accusation pierces Heaven !
The wretched plead against us—multitudes
Countless and vehement—the sons of God,
Our brethren—like a cloud that travels on
Steam'd up from Cairo's swamps of pestilence.
Even so, my countrymen ! have we gone forth,
And borne to distant tribes slavery and pangs,
And, deadlier far, our vices ; whose deep taint

With slow perdition murders the whole man—
His body and his soul. Meanwhile, at home
All individual dignity and power
Engulph'd in courts, committees, institutions,
Associations, and Societies ;
A vain, speech-mouthing, speech-reporting, guild—
One BENEFIT-CLUB for mutual flattery.
We have drunk up, demure as at a grace,
Pollutions from the brimming cup of wealth,—
Contemptuous of all honourable rule,
Yet bartering freedom and the poor man's life
For gold, as at a market ! The sweet words
Of Christian promise—words that even yet
Might stem destruction, were they wisely preach'd—
Are mutter'd o'er by men whose tones proclaim
How flat and wearisome they feel their trade :
Rank scoffers some ; but most too ignorant
To deem them falsehoods, or to know their truth.
O blasphemous ! the Book of Life is made
A superstitious instrument, in which
We gabble o'er the paths we mean to break :
For all must swear—the briber and the bribed,—
Merchant and lawyer, senator and priest,—
The rich, the poor, the old man, and the young,—
All, all make up one scene of perjury,
That faith doth reel at ; the very name of God
Sounds like a juggler's charm !
Secure from actual warfare, we have loved

To swell the war-whoop, passionate for war,—
Alas ! for ages ignorant of all
Its ghastlier workings—famine or blue plague,
Battle or siege, or flight through wintry snows.
We—this whole people—have been clamorous
For war and bloodshed,—animating sports !
The which we pay for, as a thing to talk of,—
Spectators, and not combatants ! No guess
Anticipative of a wrong unfelt ;
No speculation of contingency,
However dim and vague, too vague and dim
To yield a justifying cause ; and forth
(Stuffed out with big preamble, holy names,
And adjurations of the God in Heaven)
We send our mandates for the certain death
Of thousands and ten thousands. Boys and girls,
And women that would groan to see a child
Pull off an insect's leg, all read of war—
The best amusement for our morning meal !
The poor wretch who has learnt his only prayer
From curses,—who knows scarcely words enough
To ask a blessing from his Heavenly Father,—
Becomes a fluent phraseman, absolute
And technical in victories and deceit,
And all our daily terms for fratricide,—
Terms which we trundle smoothly o'er our tongues
Like mere abstractions ; empty sounds, to which
We join no feeling and attach no form :—

As if the soldier died without a wound ;
As if the fibres of this godlike frame
Were gored without a pang ; as if the wretch,
Who fell in battle doing bloody deeds,
Pass'd off to heaven translated, and not kill'd ;
As though he had no wife to pine for him,—
No God to judge him. Therefore evil days
Are coming on us, O my countrymen !
And what, if ill-avenging Providence,
Strong and retributive, should make us know
The meaning of our words, force us to feel
The desolation and the agony
Of our fierce doings ?

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer's evening ;
Old Gasper's work was done ;
And he, before his cottage door,
Was sitting in the sun ;
And by him sported on the green
His little grand-child Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found :
She came to know what he had found,
That was so light, so large, and round.

Old Gasper took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head,—
And, with a natural sigh,
“Tis some poor fellow’s skull,” said he,
“Who fell in the great victory :—

“I find them in the garden, for
There’s many hereabout ;
And often, when I go to plough,
The plough-share turns them out :
For many thousand men,” said he,
“Were slain in the great victory.”

“Now, tell us what ’twas all about,”
Young Peterkin he cries ;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes :
“Now tell us all about the war ;
And what they killed each other for.”

“It was the English,” Gasper cried,
“That put the French to rout ;
But what they kill’d each other for
I could not well make out ;—
But everybody said,” quoth he,
“It was a famous victory.

“ My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by ;—
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly :
So, with his wife and child, he fled ;
Nor had they where to lay their head.

“ With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide ;
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born infants died ;
But things like these, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

“ They say it was a shocking sight,
After the field was won ;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun ;
But things like these, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

“ Great praise the Duke of Marlborough won,
And our good prince Eugene.”—
“ Why ? ’twas a very wicked thing !”
Said little Wilhelmine.
“ Nay, nay, my little girl,” quoth he,
“ It was a famous victory ;

“ And everybody prais’d the Duke,
Who such a fight did win.”

“ But what good came of it at last?”

Quoth little Peterkin :

“ Why, that I cannot tell,” said he,

“ But ’twas a famous victory.”

MINSTREL SONG.

When soldiers march forth, all in battle array,
With their spears and their helmets accoutred
for fight,

With banners and music, so brilliant and gay,
Ye think that an army ’s a glorious sight !

But, alas for the village ! alas for the plain !

See, the huts are all burn’d, and the orchards
laid bare ;

Of husbands and fathers the bravest are slain ;
And the country resounds with the cry of despair.

We shed bitter tears o’er the heaps of the dead ;

But more should we pity the few that remain :
For, far from the homes of their happiness led,
Their fate is the hardest—captivity’s chain.

Ah ! little you think, ye fair dames, when ye weave

Your chaplets so gay for the victor’s proud head,
How many in chains for that victory grieve !—
How many in fight for that victory bled !

THE ILLUMINATION AFTER A VICTORY.

Hark ! 'tis the note of joy : the trumpet's voice
Swells in the air, and bids the world rejoice.
From street to street an artificial light,
The blaze of torches, glitters on the night ;
Loud peals of triumph rend the startled sky ;—
Rejoice ! it is the shout of victory !
Rejoice !—o'er thousands in untimely graves :
Rejoice ! for conquest rides the crimson waves.
Is this a time for triumph and applause,
When shrinking Nature mourns her broken laws ?
Wide o'er the bloody field while Glory flies
To heap the pile of human sacrifice ?
Hid in some dark retreat, the widow weeps—
Her heart's best treasure buried in the deeps ;
The frantic mother's cries of Heaven implore
Some youthful warrior she shall meet no more ;—
From the first beam that wakes the golden day
To lingering twilight's melancholy ray,
No respite comes their drooping hearts to cheer,
Or from the fount of misery steal a tear.

PEACE.

Ah ! we shall see that glorious day,
When, thron'd on Mercy's brow,
The Truth shall rend that veil away,
Which blinds the nations now ;—

When earth no more, with anxious fear,
In misery shall sigh ;
But pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wip'd from every eye.

The race of men no more shall mourn,
Controlled by error's chain :
Sweet innocence will then return,
And all be new again :
The fount of life shall then be quaff'd
In peace, by all who come ;
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some wandering mortal home.

THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

Who is the happy warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
It is the generous spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought ;
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright ;
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn ;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care ;
Who, doom'd to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train !
Turns his necessity to glorious gain ;

In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower ;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives
By objects, which might force the soul t' abate
Her feeling, render'd more compassionate ;
Is placable—because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice ;
More skilful in self-knowledge ; e'en more pure,
As tempted more ; more able to endure,
As more expos'd to suffering and distress ;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
'Tis he whose law is reason ; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends ;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best,
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest ;
He fixes good on good alone, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows ;—
Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means ; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire ;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim,
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state ;

Whom they must follow, on whose head must fall
Like showers of manna, if they come at all ;
Whose powers shed round him in the common
 strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has join'd
Great issues, good or bad, for human kind,
Is happy as a lover, and attir'd
With sudden brightness, like a man inspir'd ;—
And, through the heat of conflict keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;
Or, if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need :—
He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes ;
Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er they be,
Are at his heart ; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve ;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love ;—
'Tis, finally, the man who, lifted high
Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,
Or left unthought of in obscurity,—
Who with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosp'rous or adverse, to his wish or not,

Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won ;
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpass'd ;
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,—
Or he must go to dust without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name,—
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause :
This is the happy warrior ; this is he
Whom every man in arms should wish to be.

UNIVERSAL PATRIOTISM.

Is there a thought can fill the human mind,
More pure, more vast, more gen'rous, more refin'd,
Than that which guides th'enlighten'd patriot's toil?
Not he, whose view is bounded by his soil ;
Not he, whose narrow heart can only shrine
The land—the people that he calleth "mine ;"
Not he, who, to set up that land on high,
Will make whole nations bleed—whole nations die ;
Not he, who, calling that land's rights his pride,
Trampleth the rights of all the earth beside ;—

No !—he it is, the just, the generous soul !
Who owneth brotherhood with either pole,
Stretches from realm to realm his spacious mind,
And guards the weal of all the human kind ;
Holds freedom's banner o'er the earth unfurl'd,
And stands the guardian patriot of a world.

SYMPATHY.

DOING GOOD.

Whatever is according to our nature, must for that reason be pleasant; for all actual pleasure consists in the gratification and satisfaction of our natural inclinations and appetites. Since, therefore, the very constitution and temper of our nature sway and prompt us to the exercise of charity and benevolence, the satisfying such inclinations by doing good, must be as truly grateful to us as any other thing or action whatever that ministereth to our pleasure; and it cannot be more delightful to receive kindnesses than to bestow them.

FELLOW-FEELING.

On this earth we are relative beings: none of us do, or can, stand alone, and make at the same time any approach to utility and enjoyment. If there be a dungeon truly dark, it must be to that breast, if such a breast there be, that the beams of social affection, companionable hilarity, and sympathetic feeling, refuse to visit. A soul shut up in itself is solitary imprisonment of the worst

kind ; and solitary imprisonment is the severest of human punishments. What barrier of mere iron bars, of brick and mortar, can so effectually separate man from his kind, as an incapacity for expanding into sympathy with the feelings of others—entering into their concerns—rejoicing with them in their enjoyments—and suffering with them in their afflictions ? From the depths of the subterranean cell it is possible to emerge : this breathing world, and all its charms, may again greet the eyes of the captive, and hope and fancy make them his by anticipation : but the day of joy and liberation never comes to him who is the prison and jailor of his own spirit,—whose unsympathising selfishness has struck him off, a worthless and divided link, from the rest of Heaven's creatures.

May we not compare this world to a vessel, which we are anxious to steer into the haven of happiness ? But, I will ask, what ship would ever gain its destined port, if the crew, instead of caring for the welfare of their bark, each thought only for himself,—if, instead of promptly answering to the call of duty, and taking his turn to watch and work as that dictates, one consulted his ease, another his pleasure, another his fancy,—how could such a ship abide the buffet of the tempest, or escape the horrors of the wreck ?

What object is there that, upon examination, shall not be found to be composed of parts essential to and dependent upon each other? Do any imagine that human happiness differs from this general law? Of all that have tried the selfish experiment, let one come forth and say it has succeeded. He that has made gold his idol—has it satisfied him? He that has toiled in the fields of ambition—has he been repaid? He that has ransacked every theatre of sensual enjoyment—is he content? Can any answer in the affirmative?—Not one. And when his conscience shall ask him—and ask it will,—“Where are the hungry to whom you gave meat? the thirsty to whom you gave drink? the stranger whom you sheltered? the naked whom you clothed? the prisoned whom you visited? the sick whom you ministered unto?”—*how* will he feel, when he *must* answer, “I have done none of these things: *I thought only for myself.*”

Were selfishness once exterminated, a new epoch would awaken upon the world; a more general amalgamation of the elements of society would take place, which would mitigate every evil, and enhance every good; solitary suffering would then be no one's portion, and reflected happiness, at least, in every one's power; the weak would find the strong by their side; the poor would be

sustained by the rich, the timid sheltered by the brave; universal charity would lift her standard, and its golden motto, irradiated by light and floating wide as its application, would be—"Let us '*do unto others as we would that they should do unto us.*'" Then would indulgences, now held as venial, be abhorred as, what they are, crimes against the social compact: none would lie supinely in the midst of luxury, and know that for *that* luxury thousands were chained to the oar of excessive and incessant labour; none would adorn themselves in the gorgeous robes of state and fashion, and know that thousands, toiling in the fabrication of those costly productions, shivered nearly in nudity; none would pamper a fastidious appetite with rich viands and rare wines, and know that thousands were perishing with hunger.

SPIRIT OF WORDSWORTH'S POETRY.

It is the effect of almost all Wordsworth's works to make men look within for those things in which they agree, instead of looking without for those in which they differ, and to turn to that one source of universal harmony which consists, not in the adoption of the same dogmas, or the establishment of the same forms, but in the powers and the tendencies that belong alike to all, that are in communion with divine nature, and

constitute the humanity that distinguishes us from meaner animals. It is this propensity to look at man as an object of affectionate interest independently of any lowliness of station, except in so far as the external circumstances may have influenced the general development of the character, which would commonly be referred to as the greatest and worst peculiarity of Wordsworth. But it is, in truth, so intimately connected with the general tendencies of his mind, and spirit of his philosophy, that it is impossible to refer to it without advocating or opposing all those principles which guide his mode of treating other matters.

His general intention obviously is, to view all existence as actuated by a single purport, and parts of one great harmony.

But in the present state of society, whatever men may say, the points to which almost everybody attaches a feeling of importance are those which derive an interest from being mixed up with our own individual selfishness.

Wordsworth has done immensely more than any English writer of modern times to correct this narrowness and meagreness of feeling. He has seen that, even though the men and women of instructed society, or the rude warriors of the middle ages—the heroes of ancient Greece, or the ruffians of modern Turkey—are in themselves, per-

haps, as good materials for poetry as the peasant poor of Cumberland, yet we are prone enough to sympathise with the former classes, and, when their thoughts and actions are covered by writers with a varnish of refinement, to deify misanthrophy, and fall in love with pollution; but that our affections are cold and dead towards the lowly and the despised—the men who compose the mass of every nation, not arrayed in the renown of splendid crimes,—not carried on through a long and uniform career by one absorbing passion,—not beings of exaggerated impulses and gigantic efforts; but frail and erring, misguided by vulgar hopes, and grasping eagerly at momentary objects. We are ready enough to allow that wisdom is treasured up in books; that the thoughts and deeds of the wise and powerful are fit subjects of contemplation; to pour forth our souls in delight at the aspect of armed and towered cities; and to give out the inmost heart of admiration, when we see the thronging armadas of an empire spring forward, like the eagle of the Deity, to sail before the tempest, and bear the thunder round the globe. We rejoice in the goodliness of our own imaginations, and boast ourselves in the might of our own hands. But it is Wordsworth, and such as Wordsworth, who withdraw us from these exultations, to feel the beauty of a pebble or a

leaf; listen to the still small voice which whispers along the twilight streamlet, and murmurs in the sea-side shell; and to lift among the stars a hymn of humble thanksgiving from the crags of lonely mountains. The exuberant sympathies of the poet gush out on every grain of sand; they find a gem of love in every wild-flower of the solitude; they go forth conquering and to conquer, to meet with matter and support, even in the dim corners and far wildernesses of creation; but they have their most congenial objects wherever there is a human heart which the poet may speak to in the love of a kinsman, and find in it a home for his affections.

This fondness for the actual and the outward—this tendency to wrap ourselves up in the petty interest of the moment—is opposed by the whole strain of Wordsworth's poetry. He diffuses his affections over everything around him; and lets them be restricted by no arbitrary limits, and confined within no certain enclosures. He looks round upon the world and upon man with eyes of serene rejoicing; and traces all the workings of that Spirit of good, of whose influence he is conscious in his own heart. But, from his want of that mastery over forms which was never possessed so perfectly by any one as by Shakespeare, he cannot make so intelligible to all men,

as he otherwise might, the depth and value of his own feelings. This has prevented his works from becoming more powerful instruments than they can for ages be, in diffusing the free philosophy and catholic religion so conspicuous throughout his writings. For those, however, who really wish to understand the mind, and sympathise with the affections, of this glorious poet, there is nothing in his works of rugged or ungrateful. The language is the most translucent of atmospheres for the thought. The illustrations are furnished by a sensibility of perception which has made his memory a storehouse of substantial riches. The images are, moreover, the types of none but the truest and most healthy feelings; and the ethics of the most philosophical Christian may all be summed up in one principle of love to God and to his creatures. Like those angels who are made a flame of fire, he burns with a clear and holy light, and the radiance which shows so strange amid the contrasted glare and blackness of the present, will blend with the dawning of a better time as with its native substance.

UNION OF TRUTH AND LOVE.

Truth and Love are two of the most powerful things in the world; and when they go together

they cannot easily be withstood. The golden beams of Truth, and the silken cords of Love, twisted together, will draw men with a sweet violence whether they will or no.

GIVING PAIN.

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our miseries from foibles springs,—
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And few can save or serve, but all can please,—
Oh ! let the ungentle spirit learn from hence
A small unkindness is a great offence :
Large bounties to bestow we wish in vain ;
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.

A PRISON.

And this place my forefathers made for man :
This is the process of our love and wisdom
To each poor brother who offends against us?—
Most innocent, perhaps—and, what ! if guilty,
Is this the only cure ? Merciful God !
Each pure and natural outlet shrivell'd up
By ignorance and parching poverty,
His energies roll back upon his heart,
And stagnate and corrupt, till, chang'd to poison,
They break out on him like a loathsome plague-
spot.

Then we call in our pamper'd mountebanks ;
And this is their best cure : uncomforted
And friendless solitude, groaning and tears,
And savage faces, at the clanking hour,
Seen through the steam and vapour of his dungeon
By the lamp's dismal twilight ! So he lies
Circled with evil, till his very soul
Unmoulds its essence, hopelessly deform'd
By sights of evermore deformity.
With other ministrations thou, O Nature !
Healest thy wandering and distemper'd child :
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,—
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets,—
The melodies of woods, and winds, and waters,—
Till he relent, and can no more endure
To be a jarring and dissonant thing
Amid this general dance and minstrelsy ;
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way—
His angry spirit heal'd and harmonis'd
By the benignant touch of love and beauty.

MAN IS DEAR TO MAN.

Yet further,—many I believe there are,
Who live a life of virtuous decency,
Men who can hear the Decalogue, and feel
No self-reproach ; who of the moral law
Established in the land where they abide

Are strict observers ; and not negligent
In acts of love to those with whom they dwell,
Their kindred, and the children of their blood.
Praise be to such, and to their slumbers peace !
But of the poor man ask—the abject poor ;
Go and demand of him, if there be here,
In this cold abstinence from evil deeds,
And these inevitable charities,
Wherewith to satisfy the human soul ?
No : man is dear to man ; the poorest poor
Long for some moments, in a weary life,
When they can know and feel that they have been
Themselves the fathers and the dealers out
Of some small blessings ; have been kind to such
As needed kindness, for this single cause,
That we have all of us one heart.
Such pleasure is to one kind being known,
My neighbour, when with punctual care each week,
Duly as Friday comes, though press'd herself
By her own wants, she from her store of meal
Takes one unsparing handful for the scrip
Of this old mendicant ; and from her door
Returning with exhilarated heart,
Sits by her fire, and builds her hope in Heaven.

SYMPATHY WITH ALL NATURE.

And thus before his eighteenth year was told,
Accumulated feelings press'd his heart

With still increasing weight ; he was o'erpower'd
 By Nature, by the turbulence subdued
 Of his own mind ; by mystery and hope,
 And the first virgin passion of a soul
 Communing with a glorious Universe.
 Full often wish'd he that the winds might rage,
 When they were silent ; far more fondly now
 Than in his earlier season did he love
 Tempestuous nights—the conflict and the sounds
 That live in darkness :—from his intellect,
 And from the stillness of abstracted thought,
 He asked repose ; and failing oft to earn
 The peace required, he scann'd the laws of light.
 To sympathy with man he was alive,—
 To all that was enjoyed where'er he went,
 And all that was endur'd ; for, in himself
 Happy, and quiet in his cheerfulness,
 He had no painful pressure from without
 That made him turn aside from wretchedness
 With coward fears. He could *afford* to suffer
 With those whom he saw suffer.

HOUSEHOLD DEITIES.

————When I have gazed
 From some high eminence on goodly vales,
 And cots and villages embower'd below,
 The thought would rise that all to me was
 strange

Amid the scene so fair, nor one small spot
Where my tir'd mind might rest, and call it *home*.
There is a magic in that little word ;
It is a mystic circle, that surrounds
Comforts and virtues never known beyond
The hallowed limit. Often has my heart
Ached for that quiet haven !—haven'd now,
I think of those, in this world's wilderness
Who wander on, and find no home of rest
Till to the grave they go. Them Poverty,
Hollow-eyed fiend, the child of Wealth and
Power,
Bad offspring of worse parents, aye afflicts,
Cankering with her foul mildews the chill'd heart :
Them Want, with scorpion-scurge, drives to the
den
Of Guilt : them Slaughter, with the price of death,
Buys for her raven brood. Oh, not on them,
God of eternal justice !—not on them,
Let fall thy thunder !

Household Deities !

Then only shall be happiness on earth
When man shall feel your sacred power, and love
Your tranquil joys ; then shall the city stand
A huge void sepulchre, and, rising fair
Amid the ruins of the palace pile,
The olive grove, there shall the tree of peace
Strike its roots deep and flourish. This the state

Shall bless the race redeem'd of man, when Wealth
And Power, and all their hideous progeny,
Shall sink annihilate, and all mankind
Live in the equal brotherhood of love.
Heart-calming hope and sure ! for hitherward
Tend all the tumults of the troubled world—
Its woes, its wisdom, and its wickedness
Alike : so He hath will'd, whose will is just.

UNKIND REFLECTIONS.

Oh ! never let us lightly fling
A barb of woe to wound another :
Oh ! let us never haste to bring
The cup of sorrow to a brother.

Each has the power to wound ; but he
Who wounds that he may witness pain,
Has learnt no law of charity,
Which ne'er inflicts a pang in vain.

'Tis godlike to awaken joy,
Or sorrow's influence to subdue,—
But not to wound, nor to annoy,
Is part of virtue's lesson too.

Peace, wing'd in fairer worlds above,
Shall lend her dawn and brighten this,
When all man's labour shall be love,
And all his thoughts, a brother's bliss.

CONTEMPT SINFUL.

Another lesson with my manhood came—
I have unlearn'd contempt ; it is the sin
That is engender'd earliest in the soul,
And doth beset it like a poison worm,
Feeding on all its beauty. As it steals
Into the bosom, you may see the light
Of the clear heavenly eye grow cold and dim,—
And the fine upright glory of the brow
Cloud with distrust,—and the unfetter'd lip,
That was as free and changeful as the wind,
Even in sadness redolent of love,
Curl'd with the icyness of constant scorn.
It eats into the mind till it pollutes
All its bright fountains—feeling, reason, taste,
Breathe of its chill corruption ; every sense
That could convey a pleasure is benumb'd ;
And the bright human being, that was made
Full of all warm affections, and with power
To look through all things lovely up to God,
Is changed into a cold and doubting fiend,
With but one use for reason—to despise.
Oh ! if there is one law above the rest
In heavenly wisdom,—if there is a word
That I would trace, as with a pen of fire,
Upon the unsunn'd temper of a child,—
If there is anything which keeps the mind

Open to angel visits, and repels
The ministry of ill,—'tis human love !
God has made nothing worthy of contempt ;
The smallest pebble in the well of truth
Has its peculiar meaning, and will stand
When man's best monuments have pass'd away.
The law of heaven is *love* ; and though its
 name
Has been usurp'd by passion, and profaned
To its unholy uses through all time,
Still the eternal principle is pure ;
And in those deep affections that we feel
Omnipotent within us, we but see
The lavish measure in which love is given ;
And, in the yearning tenderness of a child
For every bird that sings above his head,
And every creature feeding on the hills,
And every tree and flower and running brook,
We see how everything was made for love ;
And how they err who, in a world like this,
Find anything to hate but human pride.

TRUE LOVE.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove.

O no ! it is an ever-fixed mark

That looks on tempests and is never shaken ;
It is the star of every wandering bark,
Whose worth unknown, although his height be
taken.

Love's not Time's fool : though rosy lips and cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass come,
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out, e'en to the edge of doom.

If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

———'Tis the sublime of man,
Our noon-tide majesty, to know ourselves—
Parts and proportions of one wondrous whole !
This fraternizes man, this constitutes
Our charities and bearings.———
No common centre man, no common sire
Knoweth,—a sordid solitary thing !
Mid countless brethren, with a lonely heart,
Through courts and cities the smooth savage roams,
Feeling himself, his own low self, the whole,—
When he, by sacred sympathy, might make
The whole one self ; self that no alien knows ;
Self, far diffus'd as Fancy's wing can travel :
Self, spreading still, oblivious of its own,
Yet all of all possessing.

LOVE.

—————For the man

Who in this spirit communes with the forms
Of Nature,—who, with understanding heart,
Doth know and love such objects as excite
No morbid passions, no disquietude,
No vengeance, and no hatred,—needs must feel
The joy of that pure principle of love
So deeply, that, unsatisfied with aught
Less pure and exquisite, he cannot choose
But seek for objects of a kindred love
In fellow-natures, and a kindred joy.
Accordingly, he by degrees perceives
His feelings of aversion soften'd down,—
A holy tenderness pervade his frame.
His sanity of reason not impair'd,—
Say rather, all his thoughts now flowing clear.
From a clear fountain flowing,—he looks round,
And seeks for good, and finds the good he seeks ;
Until abhorrence and contempt are things
He only knows by name ; and, if he hear
From other mouths the language which they speak,
He is compassionate, and has no thought,
No feeling, which can overcome his love.

And further : by contemplating these forms
In the relations which they bear to man,
He shall discern how, through the various means

Which silently they yield, are multiplied
The spiritual presence of absent things.
Trust me that, for the instructed, time will come
When they shall meet no object, but may teach
Some acceptable lessons to their minds,
Of human suffering, or of human joy.
So shall they learn, while all things speak of man,
Their duties from all forms ; and general laws,
And local accidents, shall tend alike
To rouse, to urge, and, with the will, confer
Th' ability to spread the blessings wide
Of true philanthropy. The light of love
Not failing,—perseverance from their steps
Departing not,—for them shall be confirm'd
The glorious habit by which sense is made
Subservient still to moral purposes,
Auxiliar to divine. That change shall clothe
The naked spirit, ceasing to deplore
The burthen of existence. Science then
Shall be a precious visitant, and then,
And only then, be worthy of her name.
For then her heart shall kindle ; her dull eye,
Dull and inanimate, no more shall hang
Chain'd to its object in brute slavery ;—
But, taught with patient interest to watch
The processes of things, and serve the cause
Of order and distinctness, not for this
Shall it forget that its most noble use,

Its most illustrious province, must be found
In furnishing clear guidance, a support
Not treacherous, to the mind's *excursive* power.
So build we up the being that we are :
Thus deeply drinking in the soul of things,
We shall be wise perforce ; and while inspired
By choice, and conscious that the will is free,
Unswerving shall we move, as if compell'd
By strict necessity, along the path
Of order and of good. Whate'er we see,
Whate'er we feel, by agency direct
Or indirect, shall tend to feed and rouse
Our faculties, shall fix in calmer seats
Of moral strength, and raise to loftier heights
Of love divine, our intellectual soul.

THE COWSLIP.

Unfolding to the breeze of May,
The cowslip greets the vernal ray—
The topaz and the ruby gem
Her blossom's simple diadem ;
And as the dew-drops gently fall,
They tip with pearls her coronal.
In princely halls, and courts of kings,
Its lustrous ray the diamond flings ;
Yet few of those who see it beam
Amid the torch-lights' dazzling gleam,
As bright as though a meteor shone,
Can call the costly prize their own.

But gems of every form and hue
Are glittering here in morning dew :
Jewels that all alike may share
As freely as the common air :
No niggard hand or jealous eye
Protect them from the passer by.

Man to his brother shuts his heart,
And Science acts a miser's part ;
But Nature, with a liberal hand,
Flings wide her stores o'er sea and land.
If gold she gives, not single grains
Are scatter'd far across the plains, —
But, lo ! the desert streams are roll'd
O'er precious beds of virgin gold :
If flowers she offers, wreaths are given
As countless as the stars of heaven :
Or music—'tis no feeble note
She bids along the valleys float ;
Ten thousand nameless melodies
In one full chorus swell the breeze.

O, art is but a scanty rill
That genial seasons scarcely fill ;
But Nature needs no tide's return
To fill afresh her flowing urn :
She gathers all her rich supplies
Where never-failing waters rise.

HOWARD.

To speak of Howard without calling to mind the eloquent eulogium in which Burke has embalmed his memory, would be as impossible as it would be to read that eulogium without owning that human virtue never received a more illustrious manifestation. "Howard," said the orator, "was the man who traversed foreign countries, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples ; not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art ; not to collect medals or manuscripts ;—but to dive into the depths of dungeons ; to plunge in the infection of hospitals ; to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain ; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt ; to remember the forsaken ; and to compare and collate the distresses of all men, under all climes." In the prosecution of this godlike work, Howard made "a voyage of discovery, a circumnavigation of charity," and at last fell a victim to his humanity ; for, in administering medicines to some poor wretches in the hospital at Cherson, in the Crimea, he caught a malignant fever, and died in the glorious work of benevolence. Thus fell the man, who

“ Girding creation in one warm embrace,
Outstretch'd his saviour arm from pole to pole,
And felt akin to all the human race.”

The Emperor Alexander has, greatly to his honour, recently ordered a monument to be erected at Cherson to Howard's memory.

BENEVOLENCE AND GENEROSITY.

MUTUAL BENEFITS OF BENEVOLENCE.

Wherefore, the same reason which teaches us to direct our organs of respiration (which, in some measure, may be obstructed or excited at the command of our will) and the other voluntary motions of our body, that we may always, as far as in us lies, enjoy the use of wholesome air, will also teach us to regulate all our inward affections and outward actions that regard other men with that humanity, that, to the utmost of our power, we may cause them all to entertain and refresh us with their benevolence, so necessary to our happiness.

We are cautious not to fill the air of our houses with noxious steams and vapours, but especially that this perpetual nourishment, both of our own life and that of others, may not be corrupted with pestilential and other contagious effluvia ; which is a faint resemblance of innocence, and teaches the necessity thereof in all our actions.

The air which we have drawn into our lungs we immediately breathe back again ; or, if a small

portion thereof be retained for some little time, for the refreshing of our blood and vital spirits, it is afterwards, along with the blood itself and vital spirits, as it were with interest, restored by insensible perspiration to the common mass of air ; this reciprocal natural motion, which is intermixed with somewhat voluntary, thus resembles gratitude, and points out its necessity for the good of the whole.

MUTUAL FELLOWSHIP.

There is no man but God hath put many excellent things into his possession, to be used, improved, and managed by him for the common good and interest ; for men are made for society and mutual fellowship. We are not born for ourselves alone, but every other man hath some right and interest in us ; and, as no man can live happily in this world without the help and assistance of others, so neither is any man exempted or privileged from being in his place some way beneficial to others.

PLEASURE OF GOOD ACTIONS.

After we have practised good actions for awhile, they become easy ; and when they are easy, we begin to take pleasure in them ; and

when they please us, we do them frequently; and, by frequency of acts, a thing grows into habit, and, confirmed, is a kind of second nature; and so far as anything is natural, so far it is necessary, and we can hardly do otherwise,—nay, we do it many times when we do not think of it.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.

We should make it a principle to extend the hand of fellowship to every man who discharges faithfully his daily duties—who maintains good order—who manifests a due interest in the welfare of society—whose deportment is upright, and whose mind is intelligent—without stopping to ascertain whether he swings a hammer or draws a thread. There is nothing more distant from our natural rule, and natural claim, than the reluctant feeling—the backward sympathy—the forced smile—the checked conversation—the hesitating compliance, which the well-off are apt to manifest to those a little lower down, with whom, in comparison of intellect and principles of virtue, they frequently shrink into insignificance.

LOVE GOVERNS ALL.

We see no very great reason but that, in a rectified and qualified sense, this may pass for true

theology—that Love is the supreme deity and original of all things, namely, if by it be meant eternal, self-originated, intellectual Love, or essential and substantial goodness; that having an infinite overflowing fulness and fecundity, dispenses itself uninviciously, according to the best wisdom, sweetly governs all, without any force or violence (all things being naturally subject to its authority and readily obeying its laws), and reconciles the whole world into harmony. For the Scripture telling us that God is love, seems to warrant thus much to us, that love, in some rightly qualified sense, is God.

INFLUENCE OF DOMESTIC HABITS.

The man who lives in the midst of domestic relations, will have many opportunities of conferring pleasure, minute in detail, yet not trivial in the amount, without interfering with the purposes of general benevolence. Nay, by kindling his sensibility and harmonising his soul, they may be expected, if he is endowed with a liberal and manly spirit, to render him more prompt in the service of strangers and the public.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTIANITY.

What are the practical lessons which this subject should teach us all? You know how the

human character is formed, and how the faults and vices which degrade it, and which afflict the world, are generated. Pity their unhappy victims ; treat them with mercy ; pour, if it be possible, the light of knowledge on their minds, and infuse, by obliging them to witness its excellence in your own disposition, the love of goodness in their hearts. In the family, and in the world, be what your views of philosophy and religion ought to make you—forbearing, generous, just ; the intrepid defender of others' rights ; the uniform observer of your own duties ; the master of yourself, the servant of all. Endeavour at all seasons, and by all means, to diffuse the blessings of knowledge ; deem no labour too protracted or too severe, which may terminate in the removal of an error. Let no calumny or invective excite in you a spirit of resentment, or force from your lips a harsh expression. Make those whom you strive to enlighten feel that you wish them to embrace your views, only that they may be inspired with the same cheerful, amiable, and benignant spirit of which your heart is full ; rejoice in the good that is ; live but to labour to increase it ; believe that every event is so arranged by Infinite Wisdom and Almighty Power, as to perform its necessary measure in securing its ultimate and universal triumph. This is the true philosophy :

this is genuine Christianity : this is the way to live happiest, to die happiest, and to prepare best for glory, honour, and immortality.

CONTEMN NOT SMALL THINGS.

Melancholy consists quite as much in pride as refinement ; in the pride of despising trivial sources of enjoyment, as in the refinement which is keenly susceptible of trivial annoyances. A person striving to construct happiness out of daily life, strongly resembles one of the smaller tribe of birds constructing its nest. The materials for this nest are in themselves mean and worthless—here a feather, there a straw, yonder a spray of moss, and on that thorn a tuft of wool : *we* despise or overlook them ; but the bird, wise and patient in the providential instinct of its nature, sees differently, and confounds, by its actions, both man and his reasoning. It collects the small contemned materials, arranges them, and, when arranged, the feather, the straw, the moss, and the wool, having lost their separate insignificance, form a beautiful whole, of a tiny but perfect fabric. Just so, let us not despise trifles,—any trifle, at least, by means of which an innocent gratification may either be imparted or received,—and we shall find an aggregate of pleasure. The kind look or word

that occupies but a moment may, by its influence on the spirits, gladden a whole day : five minutes' conversation with a stranger, accidentally met, may embody some information that we were previously ignorant of, or suggest some valuable train of thought that might not otherwise have arisen.

IT IS GIVEN TO ALL TO DO GOOD.

There are those who have a gentler and more bounded ministry, seemingly more limited at least, though in reality with an expansiveness which may bear it beyond many that are deemed the most extensive, and that are the most conspicuous. She who carefully and tenderly constructed the little boat of bulrushes in which the infant Moses floated safely on the Nile, unknowingly but holily contributed her portion towards the splendid triumph of Israel's emancipation from Egyptian bondage. Not less holy would have been her task, nor less divine her mission, had the child's destiny been only to feed the flocks of Jethro upon the pastures of Midian. From those to whom the physical safety of the infant human being in its frugality, or the soothing of age in its infirmity, is a care, to those who fill man's little separate world with order, harmony, and gladness,—to those who are as the fire from heaven that was

said, in times of old, to descend and consume the sacrifice on the altar, and who kindle and inspire all that is high and holy in human intellect or energy ; through all these, woman has her mission too, equal with, though varied from, that of man, and often full alike of peril and of glory ; as was theirs who stood by the cross when the disciples fled, and came to the sepulchre before the disciples stirred.

CHARITABLE CONSTRUCTION.

None of the principles which ordinarily actuate the human character is so amiable or so beneficial, whether applied individually or generally, as that which is distinguished in the sacred writings by the name of *charity*. In this single word may be comprehended the whole sum and substance of a code of morals : all that the Grecian philosophers, in their various schools of ethics, taught to their pupils or bequeathed to posterity, falls short in point of excellence of what is implied by this singularly comprehensive and expressive phrase. The sentiment indicated by charity, and which is so eminently adapted for the regulation of social life, is exceedingly amiable in its character, for it produces that exalted disposition in our intercourse with each other which leads us, on all occasions and at all times, to put the most favourable con-

struction on particular actions, or on the general conduct, of our neighbours. And it is the want of this urbane and beneficent virtue which produces the greater part of that mischievous animadversion, so commonly indulged in when speaking of the fortunes or misfortunes of the rest of our fellow-creatures.

To be charitable, in the true acceptation of the word, is to think no evil—to utter no vicious splenetic remarks—to have always in remembrance that human nature is composed of many contradictory qualities; that those who do behave with impropriety have, perhaps, been labouring under a variety of temptations, from which we ourselves were happily exempted; and that even the greatest criminals have often about them many points, allied to virtue or goodness, of which others in the respectable walks of life are possibly in some degree destitute. We believe there is absolutely none who will not own that charity, in the sense we have put upon it, is, of all sentiments, the most excellent and the most worthy of cultivation; yet,—and we speak without asperity,—how few do we find that are willing to allow it full effect upon their words and actions! There is hardly an individual in the whole circle of society, and certainly not a single family, who does not occasionally smart under the uncharitable supposi-

tions of evil,—who do not complain of the impertinent misconstructions of their neighbours; yet, curiously enough, who do not, most likely, abstain from indulging in the very same species of uncharitableness about which they are heard to utter such loud lamentations, when it is directed against themselves. The truth is, that uncharitableness in a great measure proceeds from a want of thought, or, correctly speaking, from the want of moral discipline. Out of the mere lack of something else to speak about, people, when they meet together, sometimes let loose a variety of observations on the apparently improper conduct of others, without at all remembering that they are not perfectly acquainted with the remote causes and all proximate circumstances which produced that description of conduct, however obvious it may appear to have been. In the same manner, for want of calm reflection and investigation, people are apt to treasure up in their minds a bad opinion of others for some imaginary impropriety; whereas, if they were to reflect soundly, and make a rigid inquiry into motives and governing circumstances, they would perhaps find that those they were about to blame, or had already uncharitably accused, were in point of fact free from all imputation of offence, and worthy of their deepest commiseration and respect.

GIVING ADVICE.

In giving advice, we must consult the gentlest manner and softest reasons of address : our advice must not fall, like a violent storm, bearing down and making that to droop which it was meant to cherish and refresh ; it must descend like the dew upon the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow ; the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into, the mind.

If there are few who have the humility to receive advice as they ought, it is often because there are few who have the discretion to convey it in a proper vehicle, and to qualify the harshness and bitterness of reproof, against which nature is apt to revolt, by an artful mixture of sweetening and agreeable ingredients.

RETURN GOOD FOR EVIL.

What shall we do when our favours are requited with ingratitude ? Repeat them, though they should seem to be repeated in vain. Let us persevere in our kindness, even when it may appear to be thrown away. There is no reason why a crowd of ungrateful receivers should make us unwilling to deserve their gratitude. Let us persevere in showing kindness even after we despair of

meeting with a grateful return. Cease not from well-doing, but pursue the undeviating course of the just.

PURSUIT OF TRUTH.

But, if we hope to instruct others, we should familiarise our own minds to some fixed and determinate principles of action. The world is a vast labyrinth, in which almost every one is running a different way, and almost every one manifesting hatred to those who do not run the same way. A few indeed stand motionless, and, not seeking to lead themselves or others out of the maze, laugh at the failures of their brethren, yet with little reason ; for more grossly than the most bewildered wanderer does *he* err, who never aims to go right. It is more honourable to the head, as well as to the heart, to be misled by our eagerness in the pursuit of truth, than to be safe from blundering by contempt of it. The happiness of mankind is the *end* of virtue, and truth is the knowledge of the *means* ; which he will never seriously attempt to discover who has not habitually interested himself *in the welfare of others*. The searcher after truth must love and be beloved ; for general benevolence is a necessary motive to constancy of pursuit ; and this general benevolence is begotten and rendered permanent

by social and domestic affections. Let us beware of that proud philosophy which affects to inculcate philanthropy, while it denounces every home-born feeling by which it is produced and nurtured. The paternal and filial duties discipline the heart, and prepare it for the love of all mankind. The intensity of private attachments encourages, not prevents, universal benevolence. The nearer we approach the sun, the more intense his heat; yet what corner of the system does he not cheer and vivify?

MORAL CHARACTERS.

Let the moral painter, who proposes patterns for imitation, endeavour to awaken all the energy of his own genius; let his eye, roving in a fine frenzy over the intellectual world, select everything which is most beautiful, and most capable of exciting a holy enthusiasm; let him, if the present age will not supply fit models for his art, exhaust the treasures of antiquity, and propose those pure and simple graces which are now banished from the world;—there is no danger that he should succeed too well, or lift his pupils too much beyond the limits of human imperfection: the world, with all its cares and pleasures, its low interests and vanities, will occasionally intervene and stop them in their flight.

“Possunt quia posse videntur” is an axiom that will hold invariably true in morals: he that makes mankind believe they are capable of great effects, produces them; while the necessary consequence of taking even the imaginary patterns of conduct rather from it, than from what ought to be, is to contract the bounds of human perfection, and make every return to virtue, once exploded, totally impracticable. The moralist, therefore, that contents himself with describing common virtues, can never hope to produce anything more than moral characters.

TRUE SPIRIT OF REFORM.

Let us not wantonly offend even the prejudices of our weaker brethren, nor, by ill-timed and vehement declarations of opinion, excite in them malignant feelings towards us. The energies of mind are wasted in these intemperate effusions. Those materials of projectile force which, now carelessly scattered, explode with an offensive and useless noise, directed by wisdom and union, might heave rocks from their base,—or, perhaps (dismissing the metaphor), might produce the desired effect without the convulsion.

For this “subdued propriety” of temper, a practical faith in the doctrine of philosophical

necessity seems the only preparative. That *vice is the effect of error, and the offspring of surrounding circumstances—the object therefore of condolence, not of anger*,—is a proposition easily understood, and as easily demonstrated. But to make it spread from the understanding to the affections,—to call it into action, not only in the great exertions of patriotism, but in the daily and hourly occurrences of social life,—requires the most watchful attentions of the most energetic mind. It is not enough that we have once swallowed these truths: we must feed on them as insects on a leaf, till the whole heart be coloured by their qualities, and show its food in the minutest fibre. Finally, in the words of the Apostle, “Watch ye: stand fast in the principles of which ye have been convinced.—Quit yourselves like men. Be strong: yet let all things be done in the spirit of love.”

HAPPINESS DOES NOT CONSIST IN KNOWLEDGE.

What profit will it bring to me, or what pleasure can it ever create, to tell me that the sun is a hundred millions of miles from the earth; that the stars are immeasurably distant; that water is composed of two gases, and eight hundred times heavier than atmospheric air—if my breast is to

be tortured with conflicting passions, and hatred of my fellow-creatures? There is no pleasure in knowledge, if it be not accompanied by the passions and the affections. Knowledge is power; but what pleasure is there in power? That power may be instrumental in promoting our own misery; and the history of man is a clear proof that knowledge and power have more frequently tended to destroy men's comfort than to promote it. All happiness arises from the affections, and knowledge is only a servant to supply them with nourishment. The whole duty of man is comprised in this single sentence—"Love your neighbour as yourself." There is no other precept necessary; were men to agree upon this one single point, their redemption is complete; love will complete it, and nothing else; knowledge will lend a helping hand—but it is only the servant of love.

But how are we to attain this love? It may be said that it is as difficult to acquire love as knowledge. Not at all; love is got without any trouble—knowledge can only be got by labour: we may all be made to love each other, but we cannot all be wise and learned. And who are the happiest—they who have the greatest share of kind affections, or those who have the greatest share of learning and matter of fact? Is a learned man happier with a crusty, unsocial temper, than

an unlearned man with an amiable temper? No; happiness dwells in the temper—the intellect is its domestic servant; knowledge will promote happiness in a fine disposition, but that fine disposition would itself be happy without the knowledge. Could the knowledge be happy without the disposition? No! Nothing is clearer than this—that love is the centre of happiness, and that all the other faculties and attributes of the mind are valuable only in proportion as they minister unto it. Then there cannot be a more important question than this: How are we to create and generate love? To accomplish this would be of more real utility than teaching all the arts and sciences in the universe; we may learn them all, and sit down in misery when our task is over, saying, with Solomon, “All is vanity and vexation of spirit; and there is no profit of a man’s labour which he doth under the sun.” If they do not contribute to the growth of love, they are worse than useless.

DOING GOOD.

For I find the well-cooked meat I eat to-day does now no more delight me; nay, I am diseased after a full meal; the perfumes I smelt yesterday now no more affect me with any pleasure; but the *good turn* I did yesterday—a year—seven

years since—continues *still* to please and delight me as often as I reflect upon it.

MORTAL HAPPINESS.

But there is one way of attaining what we may term, if not utter, at least mortal happiness: it is this,—a sincere and unrelaxing activity for the happiness of others. In that one maxim is concentrated whatever is noble in morality, sublime in religion, or unanswerable in truth. In that pursuit we have all scope for whatever is excellent in our hearts, and none for the petty passions which our nature is heir to. There—whatever be our errors, there will be nobility, not weakness, in our remorse; whatever our failure, virtue, not selfishness, in our regret; and in success, vanity itself will become holy, and triumph eternal.

UNIVERSAL GOODNESS.

By contributing to the contentment of other men, and rendering them as happy as lieth in our power, we do God's work, are in his place and room, perform his office in the world; we make up the seeming defects of his providence, and one man thereby, as it were, becomes a god to another. Hence this employment must needs be the highest accomplishment, and a perfection of our being.

It is the only argument of a brave and great soul
to extend his care and thoughts for the good of all
men; and not to do so is a certain indication of a
little narrow spirit, contracted within itself, and
its own paltry concernments.

FEELING.

Sweet are the tears that from a Howard's eye
Drop on the cheek of one he lifts from earth;
And he, who works me good with unmov'd face,
Does it but half: he chills me, while he aids—
My benefactor, not my brother man.
But even this, this *cold* benevolence,
Seems worth, seems manhood, when there rise
 before me
The sluggard Pity's vision-weaving tribe,
Who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun the wretched;
Nursing in some delicious solitude
Their slothful loves and dainty sympathies.

CHARITY GRATEFUL TO MEMORY.

But deem not this man useless.—Statesmen! ye
Who are so restless in your wisdom! ye
Who have a broom still ready in your hands
To rid the world of nuisances! ye proud,
Heart-swoln! while in your pride ye contemplate
Your talents, power, and wisdom, deem him not
A burthen of the earth. 'Tis Nature's law

That none, the meanest of created things,
Of forms created the most vile and brute,
The dullest or most noxious, should exist
Divorc'd from good—a spirit and pulse of good,
A life and soul, to every mode of being
Insuperably link'd. While thus he creeps
From door to door, the villagers in him
Behold a record which together binds
Past deeds and offices of charity,
Else unremember'd, and so keeps alive
The kindly moods in heart which lapse of years,
And that half-wisdom half-experience gives,
Make slow to feel, and by sure steps resign
To selfishness and cold oblivious cares.
Among the farms and solitary huts,
Hamlets and thinly-scattered villages,
Where'er the aged beggar takes his rounds,
The mild necessity of use compels
To acts of love ; and habit does the work
Of reason, yet prepares that after-joy
Which reason cherishes ;—and thus the soul,
By that sweet taste of pleasure unpursued,
Doth find itself insensibly disposed
To virtue and true goodness. Some there are
By their good works exalted—lofty minds,
And meditative authors of delight
And happiness, which to the end of time
Will live, and spread, and kindle ; even such minds

In childhood, from this solitary being,
Or from like wanderer, haply have receiv'd
A thing more precious far than all that books
Or the solitudes of love can do—
That first mild touch of sympathy and thought
In which they found their kindred with a world
Where want and sorrow were.

PRIDE.

If thou be one whose heart the holy forms
Of young Imagination have kept pure,
Stranger ! henceforth be warned, and know that
Howe'er disguised in its own majesty, [pride,
Is littleness ; that he who feels contempt
For any living thing, hath faculties
Which he has never used ; that thought with him
Is in its infancy. The man whose eye
Is ever on himself doth look on one,
The least of Nature's works—one who might move
The wise men to that scorn which wisdom holds
Unlawful ever. O, be wiser thou !
Instructed that true knowledge leads to love :
True dignity abides with him alone
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
Can still suspect, and still revere himself,
In lowliness of heart.

LOVE OF NATURE EXPANDS THE MIND AND
FEELINGS.

Where fear sat thus, a cherish'd visitant
Was wanting,—yet the pure delight of love
By sound diffused—or by the breathing air,
Or by the silent looks of happy things,
Or flowing from the universal face
Of earth and sky. But he had felt the power
Of Nature, and already was prepar'd,
By his intense conceptions, to receive
Deeply the lesson deep of love which he
Whom Nature, by whatever means, has taught
To feel intensely, cannot but receive.

Such was the boy ; but for the growing youth,
What soul was his, when from the naked top
Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light ! He look'd—
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth,
And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touch'd,
And in their silent faces did he read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy : his spirit drank
The spectacle : sensation, soul, and form
All melted in him ; they swallow'd up
His animal being ; in them did he live,
And by them did he live,—they were his life.

In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired.
No thanks he breath'd, he proffer'd no request:
Rapt in still communion, that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise,
His mind was a thanksgiving to the power
That made him,—it was blessedness and love!

A herdsman on the lonely mountain-top—
Such intercourse was his—and in this sort
Was his existence oftentimes *possess'd*.
Oh! then how beautiful, how bright, appear'd
The written promise! Early had he learn'd
To reverence the Volume that displays
The mystery—the life which cannot die;
But in the mountains did he *feel* his faith
Responsive to the writing:—all things there
Breathed immortality, revolving life,
And greatness still revolving, infinite.
There littleness was not,—the least of things
Seem'd infinite,—and there his spirit shap'd
Her prospects; nor did he believe—he *saw*.
What wonder, if his being thus became
Sublime and comprehensive! Low desires,
Low thoughts, had there no place; yet was his heart
Lowly; for he was meek in gratitude,
Oft has he call'd those ecstasies to mind,
And whence they flow'd; and from them he acquir'd

Wisdom, which works through patience ; thence
 he learn'd
To look on Nature with a humble heart,
Self-question'd where it did not understand,—
And with a superstitious eye of love.

LASTING BENEVOLENCE.

I would not lose one bud of joy,
 Because I know that it must fade ;
Nor pass one guiltless pleasure by,
 But for an hour's enjoyment made :
Since such delights—even when resign'd,
Will gem this track I leave behind.

Each kindness that the zealous care
 Of true affection has conferred,—
The language of a parting tear,
 The utterance of a gentle word—
Will be a treasure for the past,
While ever memory's light shall last.

Whenever love or sympathy
 The smallest happiness can shed ;
Whenever in another's eye
 The gleam of gratitude is read ;
There is a joy will not be old,
Even when the sun itself is cold.

HAPPINESS IN NATURE.

The laughing sky,—the music of the deep ;
The dallying gales, that o'er the meadows creep ;
The moonlight, dancing on the waters blue ;
The morning mountains, rob'd in rosy hue ;
The gentle-minded lilies,—the calm bowers ;
The fragrant breath of ever-blooming flowers ;
The droning beetle,—the glad humming bee ;
The frugal ant, the equal and the free ;
The gilded insects at their airy play ;
The small birds warbling on the dewy spray ;
The lark, monopolist of the light and song,
Th' ethereal thing, that loves to soar along ;
The homestead guard that greets the opening dawn ;
The sportive hare that gambols o'er the lawn ;—
The mingled swell of happiness that floats
Around, above, pour'd from a thousand throats—
Mark well the phrases, words of love intense :
They shadow forth sublime Benevolence !

Say, 'mid this scene of humble Nature's joy,
Which strife of human hearts can ne'er destroy,
Why should the bitter blasts of passion rage,
From youth, to riper years and hoary age ?
Why should the blessed charities of life
Bleed, like the victim 'neath the murderer's knife,
By those of loftier soul and nobler mien,
Who walk like demi-gods the glowing scene ?

CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

When Jesus once, with accent mild,
The infant race of Judah bless'd,
Each anxious parent rais'd her child
To be by hands so pure caress'd.

His followers, with mistaken zeal,
The gathering crowd would fain remove,
And harshly check'd the fond appeal
Thus prompted by a mother's love.

"Forbid them not," he meekly cried,
"But let the guileless infants come ;
Nor think my blessing is denied
On earth, when heaven shall be their home.

"Of these, and such as these, alone
Are form'd the subjects of my grace ;
These shall my heavenly Father own ;
And these shall stand before His face."

Ye proud in heart ! attend to this,
And humbly walk before your God :
Your only road to future bliss
Must be the path by children trod.

And, children !—if ye would secure
The prize your master, Christ, foretold—
Remember, ye must still be pure
And meek, like those he bless'd of old.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

Thy neighbour?—It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless ;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbour?—'Tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim ;
Whom hunger sends from door to door :
Go thou, and succour him.

Thy neighbour?—'Tis that weary man
Whose years are at their brim,
Bent low with sickness, cares, and pain :
Go thou, and comfort him.

Thy neighbour?—'Tis the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem—
Widow and orphans, helpless left :
Go thou and shelter them.

Thy neighbour?—Yonder toiling slave,
Fetter'd in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave :
Go thou, and ransom him.

Whene'er thou meet'st a human form
Less favour'd than thine own,
Remember 'tis thy brother worm—
Thy brother, or thy son.

O pass not, pass not heedless by !—
Perhaps thou canst redeem
One breaking heart from misery :
Go, share thy lot with him.

LINES.

Go, join the giddy throng,
The busy and the proud,
The gay, the rich, the great ;
And in the world's debate
Be vehement and loud.

Go, feed the base desire,
Till, surfeited with gold,
Thou add'st one instance more
To those, who for that store
Their peace of mind have sold ;

And, when it fail'd to soothe
The pangs of their decay,
Have stamp'd in rage at last
On that, for which they cast
Their happiness away.

For me, I love to hear
The cheerful wild birds sing ;
And, while I turn the page
Of poet or of sage,
To drink the breath of spring.

For me, I love to be
Where little children play,
With them upon my knee
To lose, in sport and glee,
The inoffensive day.

“ Unless as one of these
Humble ye be, and low,”—
So spake the Teacher mild,
And showed a guileless child,—
“ My bliss ye shall not know.”

’Midst children, thus a child,
In thine all-judging eye
As simple and as blest,
Let me upon thy breast,
My Father! live and die.

THE BREATH OF LIFE.

Joy is the spirit’s element,
And joy is everywhere ;
Not in a local heaven pent,
But free as vital air :
For ever hath she fed the soul ;
For aye her melodies shall roll.

The morning stars together sang
In answer to her call ;
When earth to life and beauty sprang,
She graced and quicken’d all ;

Unveil'd shall be her perfect day,
Whene'er the heavens shall pass away.

Where Alpine torrents plunge and hiss,
And urge their wild career,
There, breathless, o'er the dim abyss,
The shepherd bends to hear
How, sporting in the viewless showers,
Joy her deep song of homage pours.

Now smiling in a Lapland home,
Or couch'd in turfy vales,—
Now awful, throned in the simoom,
Or wing'd with ocean gales,—
Now, entering halls where princes dwell,—
Now, borne by dreams, the prison cell,—

Deep is her power to sway the will,
Chaunting in summer lays ;
With deeper power her accents trill
In apostolic praise ;
But deepest when, awhile aloof,
She speeds to hallow heaven's reproof.

Joy is the spirit's element,
And joy is everywhere :
Away, then, with the weak complaint !
Away with dread and care !
Around her is a radiant throng :
Help thou their everlasting song.

JEM DICK.

When I was a little boy, there was a black boy in the neighbourhood by the name of Jem Dick. Myself and a number of my play-fellows were one evening collected together in our sports, and began tormenting the poor black by calling him negro, blackamoor, and other degrading epithets; and the poor fellow, appearing exceedingly grieved at our conduct, speedily left us. We soon after made an appointment to go skating in the neighbourhood; and, on the day of the appointment, I had the misfortune to break my skates, and I could not go without borrowing Jem's skates. I went to him and asked him for them—"O yes, John, you may have them and welcome," was his answer. When I went to return home, I found Jem sitting by the fire in the kitchen, reading the Bible. I told him I had returned his skates, and was under great obligations to him for his kindness. He looked at me as he took the skates, and with tears in his eyes said to me—"John, don't never call me blackamoor again," and immediately left the room. The words pierced my heart, and I burst into tears; and from that time resolved not to abuse a poor black fellow in future.

A SAVAGE'S GENEROSITY.

A hunter went out to kill a bear, some of those animals having been seen in the neighbourhood. In an obscure part of the wood, he saw at a distance something black moving, which he took for a bear, the whole of the animal not being visible. He fired, and found he had shot a black horse. Having discovered his mistake, he informed the owner of what had happened, expressing at the same time his regret that he was not possessed of a horse, with which he could replace the one he had shot. "What !" said the Indian whose horse had been killed, "do you think I would accept of a horse from you, even if you had one, after you have satisfied me that you killed mine by accident ? —No, indeed ; for the same misfortune might also happen to me."

BENEVOLENCE AND PERSEVERANCE.

Madame de Genlis relates a very interesting anecdote of a young person, the offspring of poor parents, who had been left an orphan at an early age. Mrs. S. took compassion upon her, received her into her house, and gave her a useful education, so that she was soon capable of becoming her servant. This beneficent lady was far from

rich, yet she devoted herself to the improvement of the condition of her neighbours. She formed the plan of founding a school for female children, and began to save out of her small income a sum sufficient for its establishment. Whilst occupied with this intention, she was seized with a dangerous illness; she felt that her end was near, and she lamented to her young attendant that the design she had formed must now fail—that she should die, and there would be no school. Her words proved true: she died, and with her, apparently, terminated this fondly cherished plan.

We will not dwell on the grief of the poor young woman, thus suddenly deprived of her early friend. Better thoughts than those of lamentation filled her mind, and raised it above the consideration of self.

She left the village, and entered into a new service; and by the continued practice of the most rigid economy succeeded, at the end of three years, in acquiring the sum necessary to found the school her mistress had been so anxious to establish. The circumstances here narrated took place in France, where less money was requisite for such an undertaking than would be required in England. Fifty crowns was the sum amassed by this heroic girl, through the means of industry and the practice of self-denial.

She wrote to the clergyman of the village, enclosing her little savings, begging him to carry into execution the wishes of her deceased mistress, with which he had been made acquainted ; adding, that she should herself have been the bearer of the money, but that she had not sufficient left to defray the expenses of the journey.

TITUS VESPASIANUS.

Titus Vespasianus, when he succeeded to the throne, utterly abandoned his former vicious courses, and became a model and guardian of virtue, the father of his people, and the patron of liberty. His greatest ambition was to do good to his subjects ; and it was at the close of a certain day, when he recollected that in it he had done no service and granted no favour, that he exclaimed to those around him, “ My friends, I have lost a day ! ” The benevolent and virtuous conduct of Titus, procured him the title of “ The love and delight of mankind ; ” and he died, universally honoured and lamented, A.D. 81, in the forty-first year of his age, and third of his reign.

ANECDOTE OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

Near Potsdam, in the reign of Frederick the Great, was a mill, which interfered with the view

from the windows of Sans Souci. Annoyed by this eye-sore to his favourite residence, the king sent to inquire the price for which the mill would be sold by its owner. "For no price," was the reply of the sturdy Prussian; and, in a moment of anger, Frederick gave orders to have it pulled down. "The king may do this," said the miller, quietly folding his arms, "but there are laws in Prussia;" and forthwith he commenced proceedings against the monarch; the result of which was, that the court sentenced Frederick to rebuild the mill, and to pay a large sum of money as compensation for the injury which he had done. The king was mortified; but said to his courtiers, "I am glad to find that just laws and upright judges exist in my kingdom." The above anecdote is well known to every reader of the Prussian history, but it is necessary to be related here as an introduction to what follows. About three years ago, the present head of the honest miller's family (his name is Frank), who has succeeded to the possession of his little estate, finding himself, after a long struggle with losses occasioned by that war which ruined many a house beside his own, involved in pecuniary difficulties almost insurmountable, wrote to the king of Prussia, reminding him of the refusal experienced by Frederick the Great at the hand of his ancestor, and stating that, if his majesty

now entertained a similar desire to obtain possession of the property, it would be very agreeable to him, in his present embarrassed circumstances, to sell the mill. The king wrote immediately, with his own hand, the following reply:—"My dear neighbour, I cannot allow you to sell the mill; it must remain in your possession as long as one member of your family exists; for it belongs to the history of Prussia. I lament, however, to hear that you are in circumstances of embarrassment; and I therefore send you six thousand dollars (about one thousand pounds sterling) to arrange your affairs, in the hope that this sum will be sufficient for the purpose.

"Consider me always your affectionate neighbour,
FREDERICK WILLIAM."

THE HUMANITY OF POVERTY.

An old Austrian officer, who had a pension very insufficient for the demands of his family, explained to the Emperor Joseph II. his indigent situation, and entreated his compassion; saying that he had ten children to support. The emperor, wishing to know the truth of this representation, went to the officer's house in disguise, and instead of ten, found eleven children there. "The eleventh child," said the old officer, "is a poor orphan that

I took into my house from motives of compassion.” The emperor, affected by this instance of benevolence in a distressed man, immediately ordered a hundred florins to be given to each of the children.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

Frederick the Great one day rang his bell several times, and nobody came. He opened the door, and found his page asleep in an arm-chair; advancing to awake him, he perceived the corner of a note peeping out of his pocket. Curious to know what it was, he took it, and read it. It was a letter from the mother of the youth, thanking him for sending her part of his wages, to relieve her poverty: she concluded by telling him that God would bless him for his good conduct. The king, after having read it, went softly into his room, took a purse of ducats, and slipped it, with the letter, into the pocket of the page. He returned and rang his bell so loud, that the page awoke and went in. “Thou hast slept well!” said the king. The page wished to excuse himself, and, in his confusion, put his hand by chance into his pocket, and felt the purse with astonishment. He drew it out—turned pale,—and looking at the king, burst into tears, without being able to utter a word. “What is the matter?” said the king—

“What hast thou?” “Ah, Sire!” replied the youth, falling on his knees, “they wish to ruin me; I do not know how this money came into my pocket.” “My friend,” said Frederick, “God often sends us blessings while we are asleep: send that to thy mother—salute her from me—and say that I will take care of her and thee.”

MRS. CHAPONE.

Mrs. Chapone was asked, why she always came so early to church. “Because,” said she, “it is part of my religion, never to disturb the religion of others.”

GOOD FOR EVIL.

An old man of the name of Guyot lived and died in the town of Marseilles; he amassed a large fortune by the most laborious industry, and the severest habits of abstinence and privation. The populace pursued him, whenever he appeared, with hootings and execrations. In his will there were found the following words:—“Having observed, from my infancy, that the poor of Marseilles are ill-supplied with water, which can only be purchased at a great price, I have cheerfully laboured the whole of my life to procure for them this great blessing; and I direct that the

whole of my property shall be laid out in building an aqueduct for their use."

THE CONSCIENTIOUS MIMIC.

In the beginning of the last century, an actor, celebrated for mimicry, was to have been employed by a comic author, to take off the person, manner, and singularly awkward delivery of the celebrated Dr. Woodward; who was intended to be introduced on the stage in a laughable character. The mimic dressed himself as a countryman, and waited on the doctor with a long catalogue of ailments which, he said, afflicted his wife. The physician heard with amazement of diseases and pains of the most opposite nature, repeated and redoubled on the wretched patient; for since the actor's greatest wish was to keep Dr. Woodward in his company as long as possible, that he might make the more observations on his gestures, he loaded his poor imaginary spouse with every infirmity which had any probable chance of prolonging the interview. At length, having completely accomplished his errand, he drew from his purse a guinea, and with a bow and scrape made an uncouth offer of it. "Put up thy money, poor fellow," cried the doctor, "put up thy money—thou hast need of all thy cash, and all thy patience

too, with such a bundle of diseases tied to thy back." The comedian returned to his employer, and related the whole conversation with such true feeling of the physician's character, that the author was convulsed with laughter. But his raptures were soon checked when the mimic told him with emphatic sensibility, that he would sooner die than prostitute his talents to the rendering such genuine humanity a public object of ridicule.

ANECDOTE OF HUME.

When Hume was a member of the university of Edinburgh, and in great want of money, he was presented with an office worth about forty pounds a-year. On the day when he got possession of the patent or grant, he was visited by his friend Blacklock, the poet, who is much better known by his poverty and blindness than by his genius. This poor man began a long descant on his misery, bewailing his loss of sight, his large family of children, and his utter inability to provide for them, or even to procure them the necessaries of life. Hume, unable to bear his complaints, and destitute of money to assist him, ran instantly to his desk, took out the grant, and presented it to his miserable friend, who received it with exultation; and his name was soon after, by Hume's interest, inserted instead of his own.

POOR WOMAN AT HOFWYL.

At Hofwyl, in Switzerland, lives a poor woman, who has devoted herself to the education and support of destitute orphan children; depending on the charity of the compassionate, which is her only resource. She maintains eight,—five boys and three girls. The whole cost of her establishment, including herself, is less than thirty francs (say five-and-twenty shillings) per month; of which her lodgings cost four francs. The expense, therefore, for each individual, is scarcely three halfpence per day; yet the children are in good health, remarkably lively, fresh-coloured, and well-behaved. They are comfortably clad, and very obedient. She makes the elder teach the younger,—and no doubt she makes them serve themselves and the younger also; which, of necessity, imposes a habit of diligence. The name of this exemplary personage is the widow Rumph; she is seventy years of age; she has been the mother of fifteen children, and has been foster-mother to thirty-two others.

THE NEGRO BOY.

During the American war, a gentleman and his lady were going from the East Indies to England. His wife unfortunately died on the passage,

and left two infants, the charge of which fell to a negro boy of seventeen years of age. The gentleman, for some reasons which I do not recollect, went on board the Commodore's vessel with which they sailed. There came on a violent storm, and the vessel in which the children were aboard was on the point of being lost: they despatched a boat from the Commodore's ship, to save as many as they could; they had almost filled the boat, and there was just room enough for the infants or the negro boy. What did he do?—he did not hesitate a moment; but put the children in the boat and said, "Tell my master that Coffin has done his duty,"—and that instant he was received into the bosom of the ocean, never more to rise, till the ocean and the graves give up the dead.

The queen (Charlotte) requested Hannah More to write a poem on this incident: but she wisely declined it, saying, "that no art could embellish an action in itself so noble."

DR. BROCKLESBY.

Dr. Brocklesby was so assiduous in being useful to his fellow-creatures, that he was equally acceptable to the rich and the poor. When some of the latter, through delicacy, did not apply to him, he would exclaim, "Why am I treated thus? Why was not I sent for?"

BISHOP BURNET.

One of Bishop Burnet's parishioners, who was in execution for a debt, applied to him for assistance. The Bishop requested to know what would serve him, and reinstate him in his trade. The man named the sum. Burnet instantly called his servant to give him it. "Sir," said he, "it is all we have in the house," "Well, give it this poor man : you do not know the pleasure there is in making a man happy."

JESUITS IN PARAGUAY.

A remarkable example occurs in a society formed by the Jesuits in South America, who set themselves to instruct and to civilise these savages. They taught them to cultivate the ground, to rear tame animals, and to build houses. They brought them to live together in villages ; they trained them to arts and manufactures ; they made them taste the sweets of society, and accustomed them to the blessings of security and order. These people became the subjects of their benefactors ; who governed them with a tender attention, resembling that with which a father directs his children. Respected and beloved, almost to adoration, a few Jesuits presided over some hundred thousand Indians. They maintained a per-

fect equality among all the members of the community. Each of them was obliged to labour, not for himself alone, but for the public. The produce of their fields, together with the fruits of their industry of every species, were deposited in a common storehouse, from which each individual received everything necessary for the supply of his wants. By this institution almost all the passions, which disturb the peace of society and render all the members of it unhappy, were extinguished. A few magistrates, chosen by the Indians themselves, watched over the public tranquillity, and secured obedience to the law. The sanguinary punishments frequent under other governments were unknown. An admonition from a Jesuit, a slight mark of infamy, or, on some singular occasion, a few lashes with a whip, were sufficient to maintain good order among these innocent and happy people.

POOR GIRL AT PARIS.

In the year preceding the French revolution, a servant-girl in Paris had the good fortune to gain a prize of £1,500 in a lottery. She immediately waited on the parish-priest, and generously put two hundred louis d'ors into his hand, for the relief of the most indigent and industrious poor in the district; accompanying the donation with this

admirable and just observation,—“ Fortune could only have been kind to me in order that I might be kind to others.”

WESLEY.

Mr. Wesley contrived to give away more money out of a small income, than any man perhaps of his time. His mode, as related by himself, was this:—When he had thirty pounds a-year, he lived on twenty-eight, and gave away forty shillings; the next year, receiving sixty pounds, he still lived on twenty-eight, and gave away thirty-two; the third year, he received ninety pounds, and gave away sixty-two; the fourth year, he received a hundred and twenty pounds, still he lived on twenty-eight, and gave to the poor ninety-two; and so on to the end of the chapter of this worthy man's benevolence. On a moderate calculation, he gave away, in about fifty years, twenty or thirty thousand pounds!

TILLOTSON.

In 1685, Archbishop Tillotson avowed himself a warm advocate for affording charitable relief to the French refugees. On the repeal of the Edict of Nantes, Dr. Beveridge, the prebendary of Canterbury, having objected to reading a brief for this

purpose, as contrary to the rubric, the archbishop observed to him roughly, " Doctor, doctor, charity is above all rubrics."

While this truly great man was in a private station, he always laid aside two-tenths of his income for charitable uses ; and after his elevation to the mitre, he so constantly expended all that he could spare of his yearly revenues in acts of beneficence, that the only legacy which he was able to leave to his family consisted of two volumes of sermons ; the value of which, however, was such, that the copyright of them brought no less a sum than £2,500.

EARTHQUAKE AT LISBON.

No sooner did the news of this dreadful calamity reach England than the British Parliament voted £100,000 for the relief of the unhappy sufferers. This noble instance of national humanity was enhanced by the manner of conferring the benefit. A number of ships, laden with provisions and clothing, were immediately despatched to Lisbon ; where they arrived so opportunely, as to preserve thousands from dying of hunger and cold, who, destitute of the means of subsistence, were obliged to take up their abode in the open air, and, but for this seasonable relief, must inevitably have perished.

WEIMAR SOCIETY OF FRIENDS IN NEED.

The founder of this society was the benevolent Johannes Falk. For many years past it has taken charge of neglected children, and brought up almost all of them to be good and useful members of society. The design on which its founder has acted, has been that of enabling the poor to live by their own industry. "It is no longer a mere idea," says he, "which can be banished into the regions of phantoms; but the idea sits embodied in the workshop of Master Buckner, at Weimar; the idea makes boots and shoes in the workshop of Master Zwickel," &c. Mr. Falk set out with the very just principle, that nothing but work, or constant occupation, can correct a vicious mind; and his delightful triumph is, that during the late years of distress, two hundred workshops, in the Duchy of Weimar, have fed, employed, and brought up to an orderly life two hundred orphan, and partly vicious, boys. Among these was one, who ran away seven times; and, when brought back for the seventh time, attempted to cut off his hand with a hatchet, that he might pursue his vagabond course of life. He is now become an honest, steady, working artisan.

The life of Falk has been one continued course of humanity and benevolence. When the scarcity

of 1816 had caused a deficiency of 1,905 dollars in the Society's poor-box, he not only put into it a present of 637 dollars, which the Grand Duchess of Weimar had intended for himself, but sold a MS. which had been for some years ready for the press, and gave the proceeds, amounting to 690 dollars, towards supplying the deficiency.

But to show what a delightful reward Mr. Falk sometimes reaps even in this world, it is only necessary to notice the case of Charles Nusseck, who had learned the trade of cooper through the means of this Society. Mr. Falk, in speaking of this boy, who, after travelling four years, returned to Weimar neatly dressed and respectable, observes: "It gave us great pleasure to reflect, that this was a poor boy who, in rags, naked, destitute, and weeping, formerly knocked at our door and implored the Christian compassion of our pious Society. Nusseck assured us of his love and attachment in the most affecting manner. 'When,' said he, 'during my wanderings in a foreign land, I knocked at a door and found it closed, I said to myself, the generous Friends in Need would have acted otherwise, and let me in. But if good-hearted people opened the door and admitted me, I again thought of that Weimar where I had first experienced a similar kindness.'"

BUILDING A HOUSE.

The house and barn of Cornelius Haggerty, of Fairview township, Erie county, Pennsylvania, were destroyed by fire, with all their contents. His neighbours, to the number of fifty-seven, with about twenty-five teams, turned out next day and put up a house for him.

Where the heart is willing, the hand is ready to execute.

KUBLAI KHAN.

The Khan sends every year to the different provinces of his empire, to inquire whether any injuries have been sustained to the crops by tempests, locusts, worms, or any other calamity; and when any province or district has suffered damage, the tribute is remitted for that year, and he even sends corn for food and seed from the public granaries: for in years of great abundance he purchases large quantities of grain, which is carefully preserved, for three or four years, by officers appointed for the purpose; by which means, when a scarcity occurs in any province, the defect may be supplied from the granaries of the Khan in another province. On these occasions he orders his grain to be sold at a fourth part of the market price; and great care is taken to keep his granaries always well supplied.

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

When I have been travelling in France and Italy, many beautiful things have presented themselves to my view, and called forth my great admiration; but my feelings have never been so interested as when, towards the close of the day, in a road unfrequented and mountainous, perhaps in a storm, I have happened to meet two or three of the Sisters of Charity on their way to some cottage, to pass the night in nursing poor sick people. These Sisters of Charity, as they are called, are, for the greater part, ladies who have been brought up tenderly, and accustomed to ease and comfort, but who have given up all the enjoyments of their homes for a certain number of years of their lives (some for three, others for five years, and some for a longer space of time) to the care of the poor; feeding and clothing those who want, and nursing those who are ill. No fear of contagion keeps them from even the hospitals; and as they are so much more kind and attentive than the hired nurses ever are, the doctors are always glad to see a Sister of Charity by the side of a sick bed. They attend to all the sick within a certain distance of their places of abode, generally on foot, two going together; the same dress shades them from the rays of the noon-day sun,

which is often insufficient to preserve them from wet and cold. It consists of black and brown stuff, a plain white cap, and very thick shoes. They attend alike upon the rich and the poor, the good and the bad; and they are everywhere held in such great respect, even by the most worthless, that, in travelling about alone, they run no risk of being molested.

I once heard of a gentleman who landed at a port in France, and was hastening home to his family in England, when he was seized with a fever, and the coachman who was driving him thought it better that he should stop, and even die in a miserable hut by the road-side, the first human habitation they had seen for many miles, than proceed to the next town, which was still a league and a half further. In this hut was a poor man who had fallen from a scaffold, and had several of his limbs broken: he was for some time in the hospital, and returned home with his limbs all whole again, to the infinite delight of his good old mother, who lived with him and took care of his children, his wife being dead. At the time I speak of, he had nearly recovered sufficiently to go to work again, and that very day two of the Sisters of Charity had called to see how he was going on. It was fortunate for the poor traveller that they were in the hut where his illness compelled him to

stop. Of these two charitable Sisters, one was a young lady, the other a tradesman's widow; they set to work instantly to make the best bed the place afforded, and after seeing the poor sick man placed in it, they took measures for bringing medical skill to his aid, and in the meantime administered such restoratives as they generally carried about with them. In fact, these two kind women nursed and waited upon the English gentleman, with as much care and attention as his own daughters would have done, although he was a stranger, a foreigner, and spoke a language which they did not understand. On leaving the hut, he bestowed money on its poor inhabitants, but scarcely presumed even to thank the Sisters, well knowing that they had had their reward in knowing that they had done good.

FENELON.

Fenelon, by mixing with all ranks and conditions, by associating with the unfortunate and sorrowful, by assisting the weak, and by that union of mildness, of energy, and of benevolence, which adapts itself to every character and to every situation, acquired the knowledge of the moral and physical ills which afflict human nature. It was by this habitual and immediate communication

with all classes of society, that he obtained the melancholy conviction of the miseries which distress the greater part of mankind; and to the profound impression of this truth through his whole life, we must ascribe that tender commiseration for the unfortunate which he manifests in all his writings, and which he displayed still more powerfully in all his actions.

In the course of his walks he would often join the peasants, sit down with them on the grass, talk with them and console them. He visited them in their cottages, seated himself at table with them, and partook of their humble meals. By such kindness and familiarity, he won their affections, and gained access to their minds. As they loved him as a father and friend, they delighted to listen to his instructions, and to submit to his guidance. Long after his death, the old people who had the happiness of seeing him on these occasions spoke of him with the most tender reverence. "There," they would say, "is the chair in which our good Archbishop used to sit in the midst of us; we shalt see him no more!"—and then their tears would flow.

The diocese of Cambrai was often the seat of war, and experienced the cruel ravages of retreating and conquering armies. But an extraordinary respect was paid to Fenelon by the invaders of

France. The English, the Germans, and the Dutch, rivalled the inhabitants of Cambrai in their veneration for the Archbishop. All distinctions of religion and sect, all feelings of hatred and jealousy that divided the nations, seemed to disappear in the presence of Fenelon. Military escorts were offered him for his personal security; but these he declined, and traversed the countries desolated by war, to visit his flock, trusting in the protection of God. In these visits his way was marked with alms and benefactions. While he was among them, the people seemed to enjoy peace in the midst of war.

He brought together into his palace the wretched inhabitants of the country whom the war had driven from their houses, and took care of them, and fed them at his own table. Seeing one day that one of these peasants ate nothing, he asked him the reason of his abstinence. "Alas! my lord," said the poor man, "in making my escape from my cottage, I had not time to bring off my cow, which was the support of my family: the enemy will drive her away, and I shall never find another so good." Fenelon, availing himself of his privilege of safe conduct, immediately set out, accompanied by a single servant, and drove the cow back himself to the peasant.

"This," said Cardinal Maury, "is, perhaps,

the finest act of Fenelon's life." He adds, "Alas for the man who reads it without being affected." Another anecdote, showing his tenderness to the poor, is thus related of him:—A literary man, whose library was destroyed by fire, has been deservedly admired for saying, "I should have profited but little by my books, if they had not taught me how to bear the loss of them." The remark of Fenelon, who lost his in a similar way, is still more simple and touching: "I would much rather they were burnt, than the cottage of a poor peasant."

The virtues of Fenelon give his history the air of romance; but his name will never die. Transports of joy were heard at Cambrai when his ashes were discovered, which, it was thought, had been scattered by the tempest of the Revolution; and to this moment the Flemings call him "the Good Archbishop."

CLARKSON.

In 1785, Dr. Picard, Master of Magdalen College in the University of Cambridge, gave out the following subject for one of the University prizes:—"Anne liceat invitos in servitutem dare?" "Is it right to make slaves of others against their will?"

Mr. Thomas Clarkson, who was then a student

at the University, determined to become a candidate for the prize. He took great pains to obtain the fullest information on the subject, and had the happiness of attaining the object of his ambition. After reading his essay publicly, as usual, in the Senate-house, he set out for London, on horseback. While on the road, the subject of the essay entirely engrossed his thoughts; he became at times seriously affected as he travelled on. He once stopped his horse and dismounted, and sat down on a bank by the road-side. Here he tried to persuade himself that the contents of the essay, which he had read in the Senate-house the day before, were not true. The more, however, he reflected on the authorities on which he knew them to be founded, the more he gave them credit, the more he was convinced that it was an imperious duty in some one to undertake the glorious task of putting an end to the sufferings of the unhappy Africans. Agitated in this manner, he reached London, where he shortly afterwards published an English translation of his essay. His mind, however, was not satisfied that this was all that humanity required of him. To make the case of the Africans known, was desirable as a first step; but would this, of itself, put a stop to the horrors of the trade? He believed not; he believed there could be no hope of success, unless some one

would resolve to make it the business of his life. The question then was, was he himself called upon to do it? His own peace of mind required that he should give a final answer to the question. To do this, he retired frequently into solitude. The result was, that, after the most mature deliberation, he determined to devote his whole life, should it be necessary, to the cause.

Of the glorious fruits of this sublime act of devotion, the reader need scarcely be told. From the latter end of December, 1786, till the year 1794, Mr. Clarkson laboured with such unceasing assiduity to achieve the work of African emancipation, that his constitution was at length literally shattered to pieces; his hearing, memory, and voice, were nearly gone; he was, in short, utterly incapable of any further exertion, and was obliged, though with extreme reluctance, to be borne out of the field where he had placed the great honour and pride of his life. After eight years' retirement, he felt his constitution so far recruited, that he returned again to the contest; and has had the proud satisfaction of living to see the noble object of his life's solicitude at length accomplished, by the Act for the Abolition of the Slave Trade—the Magna Charta of Africa.

A SAVAGE'S GENEROSITY.

When the ship "Buffalo," from New South Wales, visited New Caledonia in 1803, the pinnace and cutter, with the first lieutenant and the master, were sent to look for a watering-place, but returned in the evening without having found any. In attempting to land they had a skirmish with the natives, in which one of the crew of the pinnace was speared in the thigh. The marines fired some small shot among the natives, which dispersed them so rapidly that our people were not able to ascertain whether any of them were wounded by it.

Early on the ensuing morning, the boats were again sent in search of water. Whilst we were at breakfast a number of canoes came round the ship containing about fifty natives. The man who had thrown the spear at the seamen the day before was observed in one of these canoes, sitting very thoughtful and dejected. When his canoe came under the gang-way, he caught hold of the rope and was up the side of the ship in an instant, when he made us to understand that he wished to see the man he had speared. It being only a flesh wound, the man was able to come on deck to him. When the dressing was taken off for him to see the wound, he seemed much agitated, wept ex-

ceedingly, and offered him yams, fishing-nets, and a variety of other things, as peace-offerings. It is almost needless to say, that with a British tar this first concession on the part of the offender obliterated every trace of resentment.

SENTENCES.

The example of a good man is visible philosophy.

He who is about to speak evil of another, let him first consider himself.

He loves you better who strives to make you good, than he who strives to please you.

CHARITY.

MISFORTUNES OF THE RICH EXPOSED; THOSE OF THE
POOR CONCEALED.

No observation is more common, and at the same time more true, than “that one-half of the world are ignorant how the other half lives.” The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention, are enlarged upon in some tones of declamation; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers. The great, under the pressure of calamity, are conscious of several others sympathising with their distress; and have at once the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on; men in such circumstances will act bravely, even from motives of vanity;—but he who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate, his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great; whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities—while Tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence,—the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded; and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day, than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our common sailors and soldiers endure without murmuring or regret, without passionately declaiming against Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of misery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity was that of not being able to visit a certain spot of earth, to which they had foolishly attached an idea of happiness! Their distresses were pleasures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and slept; they had slaves to attend them; and were sure of subsistence for life: while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander without a friend to comfort or assist them, and even without shelter from the severity of the weather.

PLEASURE OF DOING GOOD.

If it were generally known how little trouble, and how little expense, are required to do much good, the heartfelt satisfaction which arises from relieving the wants and promoting the happiness of our fellow-creatures is so great, that, I am persuaded, acts of the most essential charity would be much more frequent, and the mass of misery among mankind would be consequently much lessened.

GOOD AND ILL NATURE.

Charity, the most lovely of virtues, represents others as lovely as possible.

It does not merely let us see an object as it is; it is a kind of sunshine which brightens what it lets us see,—whereas ill nature, passing over all the shining parts of a man's character, dwells entirely on the dark side of it; as a painter of low rank shall throw those beauties into darkness and shade, which his eye cannot endure to behold, because his hand cannot reach them.

A charitable man will endeavour to see everything through the mirror of good-nature, which mends and beautifies all objects without altering any; like fine painting, which, without deviating from nature, adds new touches and graces to

it; it does not change, but only embellish it; it does not give a mere likeness, much less a woe-ful likeness,—it gives an agreeable and advantageous one.

MERCY.

Sweet Mercy! how my very heart has bled
To see thee, poor old man!—and thy gray hairs
Hoar with the snowy blast, while no one cares
To clothe thy shrivell'd limbs and palsied head!
My father! throw away this tattered vest
That mocks thy shivering: take my garment—
use
A young man's arm. I'll melt these frozen dews
That hang from thy white beard, and numb thy
breast.
My Sarah too shall tend thee like a child;
And thou shalt talk, in our fire-side's recess,
Of purple Pride that scowls on wretchedness.
He did not so, the Galilean mild,
Who met the lazars turn'd from rich men's doors,
And call'd them friends, and heal'd their noisome
sores.

DESCRIPTION OF A PARISH POOR-HOUSE.

Theirs is yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door:

There, where the putrid vapours flagging play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day ;
There children dwell who know no parent's care ;
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there ;
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed ;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age, that more than childhood fears :
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they !
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.

Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here, brought amid the scenes of grief, to grieve ;
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mixt with the clamours of the crowd below,
Here sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man,—
Whose laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,
And stern compulsion plucks the scrap from pride :
But still the scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.
Say, ye oppress'd by some fantastic woes !—
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose,—
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye to read the distant glance,—
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease
To name the nameless ever-new disease,—
Who with mock'd patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain, and that alone, can cure,—

How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despis'd, neglected, left alone to die?
How would ye bear to draw your latest breath
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?
Such is the room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud is all that lie between,
Save one dull pane that, coarsely-patch'd, gives way
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day:
Here, on the matted flock with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
For him no hand the cordial cup supplies,
Nor wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Nor promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

“And wherefore do the poor complain?”
The rich man asked of me:—
“Come, walk abroad with me,” I said,
“And I will answer thee.”

’Twas evening, and the frozen streets
Where cheerless to behold;
And we were wrapt and coated well,—
And yet we were a-cold.

We met an old, bareheaded man ;
His locks were few and white :
I ask'd him what he did abroad
In that cold winter's night :—

'Twas bitter keen, indeed, he said,
But at home no fire had he ;
And therefore he had come abroad
To ask for charity.

We met a young barefooted child ;
And she begg'd loud and bold :
I asked her what she did abroad,
When the wind it blew so cold :—

She said her father was at home,
And he lay sick a-bed ;
And therefore was it she was sent
Abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a woman sitting down
Upon a stone to rest ;
She had a baby at her back,
And another at her breast :

I asked her why she loiter'd there,
When the night-wind was so chill :—
She turn'd her head, and bade the child
That scream'd behind, be still,—

She told us that her husband serv'd
A soldier far away ;
And therefore to her parish she
Was begging back her way.

I turn'd me to the rich man then,—
For silently stood he,—
“ You ask'd me why the poor complain ;
And these have answer'd thee !”

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

Art thou some spirit from that blissful land
Where fever never burns, nor hearts are riven ?
That soothing smile—those accents ever bland—
Say, were they born of earth, or caught from
heaven ?

Art thou some seraph minister of grace
Whose glorious mission in the skies had birth ?
An angel, sure, in bearing, form, and face,
All but thy tears—and they belong to earth !

Oh ! ne'er did Beauty, in her loftiest pride,
A splendour boast that may compare with
thine,
Thus bending low yon sufferer's bed beside—
Thy graces mortal, but thy cares divine !

A woman, fill'd with all a woman's fears,
Yet strong to wrestle with despair and woe,—
A thing of softest smiles, and tenderest tears,
That once would tremble did a breeze but blow,—

Leaving, perchance, some gay and happy home—
Music's rich tones, the rose's odorous breath—
Throughout the crowded lazar-house to roam,
And pierce the haunts of Pestilence and Death ;—

For ever flitting with a noiseless tread,
As loth to break the pain-worn slumberer's rest,
To smooth the pillow, raise the drooping head,
And pour thy balsam on the bleeding breast ;

Or, 'mid each calmer interval of pain,
The Christian's hope and promis'd boon to show ;
And, when all human anodynes are vain,
To nerve the bosom for its final throe—

To lead the thoughts from harrowing scenes like this
To that bless'd shore where sin and sorrow
cease—

To imp the flagging soul for realms of bliss,
And bid the world-worn wanderer part in peace.

A creature vowed to serve both God and man,
No narrow aims thy cherish'd cares controul ;
Thou dost all faith, love, pity, watching can
To heal the body and to save the soul.

No matter who, so he thy service need ;
No matter what the suppliant's claim may be ;
Thou dost not ask his country or his creed ;
To know he suffers, is enough for thee.

Not even from guilt dost thou thine aid withhold,
Whose Master bled a sinful world to save :
Fearless in faith, in conscious virtue bold,
'Tis thine the sick blasphemer's couch to brave ;

To note the anguish of despairing crime
Lash the wild scorpions of the soul within,—
Those writhings fierce, those agonies sublime,
That seem from conscience half their force to win ;

Then glide before that dark demoniac's sight,
The cup of healing in thy gentle hand ;
A woman's, strengthened with an angel's, might
The storm of pain and passion to command—

To calm the throbbings of his fever'd brow ;
Cool his parch'd lips, his bursting wounds to
bind ;

Then, with deep faith, before the Cross to bow
For power to still the tumult of his mind.

And it is given : the softliest-whisper'd word
Now falls like oil on that tempestuous sea ;
Hard as his heart may seem, there's still a chord,
Once touch'd, his ravings are all still'd by thee.

I see thee stand and mark that wondrous change
With more than mortal triumph in thine eye,—
Then, bless'd and blessing, turn with tears to range
Where other claimants on thy kindness lie.

By many a faint and feeble murmur led,
A willing slave where'er the wretched call,
I see thee softly flit from bed to bed,
Each wish forestalling, bearing balm to all,—

Performing humblest offices of love
For such as know no human love beside,—
Still on thy healing way in mercy move !
Daughter of Pity, thus for ever glide !

Not thine the hollow zeal that loves to climb
When spurious Faith her ensign rears on high ;
That seeks the heathen of some far-off clime,
But leaves the wretched of its own to die.

Mercy—"twice bless'd" in him who gives and
takes—
Is thine, with all its attributes refin'd ;
Thy nobler love no nice distinction makes,
But heals the flesh, and then informs the mind.

All peace to thee, and thy devoted band,
"Vow'd to earth's gloomy family of pain ;"
Whose worth could e'en the unwilling awe command
Of blood-stain'd men who own'd no other chain !

Long may ye live the cherish'd badge to wear
Whose snow-white folds might dignify a queen;
To fainting souls your cup of life to bear,
And be the angels ye have ever been !

GEORGE III.

In the severe winter of 1784-5, his majesty George the Third, regardless of the weather, was taking a solitary walk on foot, when he was met by two boys, the eldest not eight years of age ; who, although ignorant that it was the king, fell upon their knees before him, and wringing their little hands, prayed for relief. "The smallest relief!" they cried, "for we are hungry, very hungry, and have nothing to eat." More they would have said, but a torrent of tears, which gushed down their innocent cheeks, checked their utterance. The father of his people raised the weeping supplicants, and encouraged them to proceed with their story. They did so, and related that their mother had been dead three days, and still lay unburied ; that their father, whom they were also afraid of losing, was stretched by her side upon a bed of straw, in a sick and hopeless condition ; and that they had neither money, food, nor firing at home. This artless tale was more than sufficient to excite sympathy in the royal bosom.

His majesty, therefore, ordered the boys to proceed homeward, and followed them until they reached a wretched hovel. There he found the mother dead, apparently through the want of common necessities—the father ready to perish also, but still encircling with his feeble arms the deceased partner of his woes, as if unwilling to survive her. The sensibility of the monarch betrayed itself in the tears which started from his eyes; and, leaving all the cash he had with him, he hastened back to Windsor, related to the queen what he had witnessed, sent an immediate supply of provisions, clothes, coals, and everything necessary for the comfort of the helpless family. Revived by the bounty of his sovereign, the old man soon recovered; and the king, to finish the good work he had so gloriously begun, educated and provided for the children.

THE MOST UNHAPPY.

Chosroes, king of Persia, in conversation with two philosophers and his vizir, asked, “What situation of man is most to be deplored?” One of the philosophers maintained, that it was old age accompanied with extreme poverty; the other, that it was, to have the body oppressed with extreme infirmities, the mind worn out, and the

heart broken by a series of misfortunes. "I know a condition to be more pitied," said the vizir, "and it is that of him who has passed through life without doing good; and who, unexpectedly surprised by death, is sent to appear before the tribunal of the Sovereign Judge."

REV. ROWLAND HILL.

The Rev. Rowland Hill being called upon one evening to visit a sick man, found a poor emaciated creature in a wretched bed, without anything to alleviate his miserable condition. Looking more narrowly, he observed that the man was actually without a shirt; on which Mr. Hill instantly stripped himself, and forced his own upon the reluctant, but surprised and grateful object; then buttoning himself up closely, he hastened homewards, sent everything that was necessary for the destitute being he had just left, provided medical aid, and had the satisfaction of restoring a fellow-creature to his family, and of placing him in a situation to provide for its support.

DUCHESS OF L——.

Among those whose virtues shed a lustre on nobility may be named the Duchess of L——, though she is always most anxious to prevent its

being known. Not dazzled with the splendour of a court, nor seduced by the routine of pleasure in the metropolis, she always feels most happy in retiring into the country, where, in the midst of a grateful peasantry, she dispenses those blessings to all around her, which affluence alone could confer. Is there a cottager who has suffered pecuniary distress? Relief is immediately sent from the Castle. Has fever or disease reached a family? The duchess is the first to visit it; to provide professional advice; and to supply medicines from a domestic dispensary, which is always stored with drugs prepared by a skilful apothecary on her own establishment. The inclemency of winter will not prevent this truly estimable woman from paying her regular visits to the peasants, inquiring into their wants, and relieving them.

GIRL AT A PASTRY-COOK'S.

If the money that is often spent in idle superfluities were devoted to the cause of humanity, what a quantity of human misery might be alleviated! "Passing through one of the most public streets in London," says a friend, "I observed a well-dressed girl, apparently not more than fourteen years of age, just entering a pastry-cook's shop: at that very moment a wretched old

woman solicited charity ; the young lady no sooner cast her eyes on her, than, giving her the money she had in her hand to spend, she exclaimed, ‘ That is better ! ’—and darted out of sight in an instant.”

ANECDOTE OF ABUBEKER.

The austere and frugal measure of the lives of the caliphs was the effect of virtue or habit, and the pride of their simplicity insulted the vain magnificence of the kings of the earth. When Abubeker assumed the office of caliph, he enjoined his daughter Ayesha to take a strict account of his private patrimony, that it might be evident whether he were enriched or impoverished by the service of the state. He thought himself entitled to a stipend of three pieces of gold, with the sufficient maintenance of a single camel and a black slave : but, on the Friday of each week, he distributed the residue of his own and the public money, first to the most worthy, and then to the most indigent, of the Moslems.

The remains of his wealth, a coarse garment and five pieces of gold, were delivered to his successor ; who lamented, with a modest sigh, his own inability to equal such an admirable model.

FRIENDSHIP.

SONNET.

Friend of my heart ! erewhile, when fortune
 smil'd
 In the bright morning of life's fateful day,
 Thy friendship shed its pure and steady ray
O'er every joy, and every care beguil'd.
I loved thee *then* most truly, for I knew
 Thy soul of virtue, and, delighted, sought
 Union of deed, and interchange of thought ;
And, when the gathering clouds of sorrow threw
Their dark shade o'er my path, still thou wert
 there
 To mingle sweetness with my cup of woe,
 And bid the tear of trusting patience flow.
Oh ! ever thus be thine the generous care
 To cheer my sinking soul, and point above
 To scenes where we shall meet in peace and love !

SOCIAL AND SOLITARY ENJOYMENTS CONTRASTED.

Sweet Solitude !—I would not do thee wrong,—
I would not slight thee in my gayest song :

Reflection's sober joys are thine alone,
And every pensive pleasure is thine own;—
Yet man for social purposes was form'd,
For social ends by Mercy was adorn'd ;
For social ends was speech, was beauty given,
And kind affections, by indulgent Heaven.
Though Solitude has charms I would not lose
For all the joys that thoughtless mortals choose;
Though, wav'd by Solitude, I pleas'd resign
The tinsell'd ornaments of Pleasure's shrine ;—
Yet would I willingly the joys forego,
The pure delights, from social love that flow ;
Deny sweet charity, that sacred band
That joins society in heart and hand,—
That bids our best, our warmest passions glow,
And yields the dearest pleasures known below?—
No, never ! When Eternal Love would send
The best of earthly gifts, he sent a *friend* ;
And in the heart where kind affections move,
The sweetest earthly gift a friend will prove.
Fraternal love !—how strong thy potent charm,
That can e'en sorrow of its sting disarm :
Thine is the task the drooping soul to cheer,
To whisper peace, to wipe the falling tear ;
Or, if no sorrow and no care annoy,
'Tis thine to share the bliss, and heighten joy.
And, when safe landed on that peaceful shore,
Where the rude storm of life is heard no more,—

Where blissful myriads tune the rapt'rous song,
And notes of pleasure and of praise prolong,—
There shall thy triumph, heavenly Love ! be seen ;
There shall thy pure, thy peaceful reign begin.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

I am thy friend—Oh ! think on this,—
But not while millions court thee ;
While sparkles high the cup of bliss,
And powerful ones support thee.

May no harsh thought of *me* intrude,
When soft allurements woo thee,
To darken with a shade so rude
The phantoms which pursue thee !

A thousand heads around thee bow ;
A thousand welcomes meet thee ;
A thousand smiles salute thee now ;
And countless friendships greet thee ;—

The flush of health is on thy cheek,
The hopes of manhood fire thee ;
And through thy orbs of lightning break
The high thoughts that inspire thee ;—

The meed of genius decks thy brow,
And Fame's loud trumpet lauds thee ;
Thy youthful pulse beats high, for thou
Behold'st a world applaud thee.

But wert thou sick, or sad, or lorn,
Would that gay world befriend thee?
Ah! no: 'twould turn in silent scorn,
Should fate's dark clouds attend thee.

But I will stand like a rock in the sea,
Whilst the tempest sweeps about thee;
And thy tristful heart, as it clings to me,
Shall feel how much I love thee.

There's not in this cold selfish earth
A breast where love is brighter:
That trembling flower of heavenly birth—
No lily of earth—is whiter.

More dear those liquid orbs of thine
Than others' smiles of gladness;
The paleness of thy brow divine
More heavenly in its sadness.

I am thy friend! Oh! turn to *me*,
When sorrow's mists o'ertake thee,
When ills of earth encompass thee,
And heartless ones forsake thee.

FRIENDSHIP.

———Many sounds were sweet,
Most ravishing, and pleasant to the ear;

But sweeter none than voice of faithful friends—
Sweet always, sweetest heard in loudest storm.
Some I remember, and will ne'er forget—
My early friends, friends of my evil day ;
Friends in my mirth, friends in my misery too ;
Friends given by God in mercy and in love ;
My counsellors, my comforters, and guides ;
My joy in grief, my second bliss in joy ;
Companions of my young desires ; in doubt
My oracles, my wings in high pursuit.
Oh ! I remember, and will ne'er forget,
Our meeting spots, our chosen sacred hours ;
Our burning words, that uttered all the soul ;
Our faces beaming with unearthly love ;
Sorrow with sorrow sighing, hope with hope
Exulting, heart embracing heart entire.
As birds of social feather helping each
His fellow's flight, we soar'd into the skies,
And cast the clouds beneath our feet, and earth,
With all her tardy leaden-footed cares,
And talk'd the speech, and ate the food, of Heaven.

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND.

My friend, in hours of thought and care,
In evening hours of holy musing—
When converse sweet we wont to share,
Thy words the balm of peace infusing—

No more I meet thy smile of love :
I gaze around the little room,
And start to hear thy footstep move
As it was gently wont to come.

In vain—in different paths we tread—
And thou no more may'st soothe or cheer ;
Yet have those hours of friendship shed
A sweetness that still lingers there ;

And many a deep and holy thought,
And high resolve, shall breathe of thee ;
And hours with toils and duties fraught
Shall consecrate thy memory.

And when I breathe the voice of praise,
Or tune the lighter lay of gladness,—
Or when the fainting prayer I raise
In the dark hour of pain and sadness—

In joy—in grief—thine image still
Shall beam in brightness on my way,
My soul with holier faith to fill,
And guide me to a happier day.

Then not in vain have been these scenes,
Though distance may our love divide ;
For, though the cold world intervenes,
And time and change our fates betide,

Yet time, in all its varying lot
Of bliss or suffering, will not view
The hour when thou wilt be forgot,
Or friendship's prayer arise less true.

UNION OF FRIENDS.

A solemn and impressive ceremony prevails in the Greek church, denominated *pro bratinie* for men, and *pro sestrinie* for women; which unites two friends, of either sex, at the face of the altar, by most solemn vows; giving them the endearing appellation of brothers and sisters, and imposing upon them the sacred obligation to stand by each other, whether in life or death. The priest envelops the parties in a sacred veil, and they swear, on their knees, before the altar, to share together both in prosperity and in adversity. Many have been the instances in which this impressive and sacred obligation has been religiously fulfilled, under the most trying circumstances.

FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN BIRDS.

We observed this summer two common thrushes, frequenting the shrubs on the green in our garden. There was an association and friendship between them, that called our attention to their actions. One of them seemed ailing or feeble from some

bodily accident ; for though it hopped about, yet it appeared unable to obtain sufficiency of food. Its companion, an active, sprightly bird, would frequently bring it worms, or bruised snails, when they mutually partook of the banquet ; and the ailing bird would wait patiently, understand the actions, expect the assistance of the other, and advance from his asylum upon its approach. When we see a sick or maimed animal supplied and attended by another, which we suppose gifted with none of the stimuli to exertion that actuate our conduct, we endow them by this denial with motives with which we ourselves are unacquainted ; and at last we can only relate the fact, without defining the cause.

MENDELSON.

Some unexpected event occurs which gives the first great impulse to the mind of genius. Mendelsohn received this from the companion of his misery and his studies, a man of congenial, but maturer, powers. He was a Polish Jew, expelled from the communion of the orthodox ; and the calumniated student was now a vagrant, with more sensibility than fortitude. But this vagrant was a philosopher, a poet, a naturalist, and a mathematician. Mendelsohn, at a distant day,

never alluded to him without tears. Thrown together in the same situation, they approached each other by the same sympathies; and, communicating in the only language which Mendelsohn could speak, the Polander voluntarily undertook his literary education.

Then was seen one of the most extraordinary spectacles in the history of modern literature. Two houseless Hebrew youths might be discovered in the moonlight streets of Berlin, sitting in retired corners, or on the steps of some porch, the one instructing, the other with a Euclid in his hand,—but, what is more extraordinary, it was a Hebrew version, composed by the master for a pupil who knew no other language. Who could then have imagined that the future Plato of Germany was sitting on these steps!

The Polander, whose deep melancholy had settled in his heart, died; yet he had not lived in vain, since the electric spark, that lighted up the soul of Mendelsohn, had fallen from his own.

FAMILY AFFECTION.

VIRTUOUS AFFECTION.

All on this earth is a dream, but virtuous affection and the charities of home. Riches, power, distinction, are all cold externals: this reaches the heart.

A MOTHER TO HER FIRST-BORN.

Come to me, my young life, and let me trace
The type of Heaven and love in thy sweet face,—
Read in those eyes, so innocently bright,
The soul within—the sentiments of light.
O let me still remember, still beware,
To let no darkness touch the lustre there!
How shall I guard thee, thou young heir of mine!
And keep thy infant spirit still divine?
Soft as the satin of the summer rose,
Thy little cheek against thy mother's glows;
Sweet as the rose the breath of heaven stirs,
Thy smiling lips kiss tenderness from hers;
Calm as the moonbeam on the billow's crest,
Lies thy dear head upon her doating breast;

Fond as the ivy, or the eglantine,
Her arms about thee, boy, for ever twine.
But is *this* love, that tends thus to excess,
Which grows by giving, given her to bless—
To nurture thee to glory and to grace—
To make thee monarch-man—to give thee place
'Mid earth's high sons—'mid heaven's holy train—
Fit thee to live *for us*, and live again?
Yes, or it had not been implanted here,
Born ere thy birth, thou idol of my care!
How, without this unwasting, vital ray,
Could hope, unwearied, watch thy dawning day?—
Bear each bereavement a fond mother knows—
The lack of rest, the absence of repose—
Surrender'd vanities—relinquish'd joys—
Pride, power, and homage—and the thousand toys
That folly fabricates to spoil the gem
That fools at first corrupt, and then condemn?

O fair affection! with redeeming power
Thou sav'st the tree, in pity to the flower.
For this young being, grown from out my heart,
I bid my vestal vanities depart.
I am a matron, and a mother, now:
To heaven I lift my consecrated brow,
And sit, with looks "commercing with the skies,"
To ask the power that holy love supplies.
Vain 'twere to weep o'er all my wasted hours—
My desecrated skill—insulted powers.

Be *thy* proud task, *improvement*, all my own :
I'll win the wisdom I was never shown ;
I'll do mine office by this little one ;
I'll *be* a *mother* to my first-born son !

O my young cherub !—*I* will be thy book ;
And its first lesson—love in every look—
Shall teach thee that pure principle, that might
Make earth so holy—that makes heaven so bright.
And, while progressing in our loving lore,
I'll *show* affection less, but *feel* it more ;
Lest love too lavish, like a clime too warm,
Should spoil the spirit I shall try to form.
Shame on the world ! In madness, or in pride,
Has woman's mental birthright been denied.
Be she the weaker, kindly give her might ;
Be she man's equal, then it is her right :
Whether or not, 'tis *policy* to dower
Woman with wisdom, since she *must* have power—
The power to sear or soothe, to blight or bless,
To mar or make, *all* moral happiness.

DOMESTIC PEACE.

Tell me on what holy ground
May Domestic Peace be found ?
Halcyon daughter of the skies !
Far, on fearful wing, she flies
From the tyrant's scepter'd state,
From the rebel's noisy hate.

In a cottag'd vale she dwells,
List'ning to the sabbath bells—
While all around her steps are seen
Spotless Honour's meeker mien ;
Love, the sire of pleasing fears ;
Sorrow smiling through her tears ;
And, mindful of the past employ,
Memory, bosom spring of Joy !

THE TRAVELLER.

Sweet to the morning traveller
The sky-lark's earliest song,
Whose twinkling wings are seen by fits
The dewy light among.

And cheering to the traveller
The gales that round him play,
When faint and wearily he drags
Along his noon-tide way.

And when beneath th' unclouded sun
Full wearily toils he,
The flowing water makes to him
Most pleasant melody.

And when the evening light decays,
And all is calm around,
There is sweet music to his ear
In the distant sheep-bell's sound.

And sweet the neighbouring church's bell,
That marks his journey's bourne,—
But sweeter is the voice of love
That welcomes his return !

BETTER MOMENTS.

My mother's voice !—how often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours,
Like healing sent on wings of sleep,
Or dew on the unconscious flowers !
I can forget her melting prayer,
While leaping pulses madly fly ;
But, in the still unbroken air,
Her gentle tone comes stealing by,—
And years, and sin, and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

The book of nature, and the print
Of beauty on the whispering sea,
Give aye to me some lineament
Of what I have been taught to be.
My health is harder, and perhaps
My manliness hath drunk up tears ;
And there's a mildew in the lapse
Of a few miserable years ;—
But nature's book is even yet
With all my mother's lessons writ.

I have been out at even-tide,
 Beneath a moon-light sky of spring,
When earth was garnish'd like a bride,
 And night had on her silver wing ;
When bursting leaves and diamond grass,
 And waters leaping to the light,
And all that make the pulses pass
 With wilder fleetness through the night ;
When all was beauty ;—then have I,
 With friends on whom my love is flung
Like myrrh on winds of Araby,
 Gazed up where evening's lamp is hung :—
And when the beautiful spirit there
 Flung over me its golden chain,
My mother's voice came on the air
 Like the light dropping of the rain ;
And, resting on some silver star
 The spirit of a bended knee,
I've pour'd her low and fervent prayer
 That our eternity might be
To rise in heaven like stars of night,
And tread a living path of light.

I have been on the dewy hills
 When night was stealing from the dawn,
And mist was on the waking rills,
 And tints were delicately drawn

In the grey east ; when birds were waking
With a low murmur in the trees,
And melody by fits was breaking
Upon the whisper of the breeze—
And this when I was forth, perchance,
As a worn reveller from a dance.

And when the sun sprang gloriously
And freely up,—and hill and river
Were catching up, on wave and tree,
The arrows from his subtle quiver,—
I say a voice has thrill'd me then,
Heard on the still and silent light ;
Or, creeping from the silent glen
Like words from the departing night,
Hath stricken me,—and I have press'd
On the wet grass my fever'd brow ;
And, pouring forth the earliest,
First prayer with which I learnt to know,
Have felt my mother's spirit rush
Upon me as in by-past years,
And, yielding to the blessed gush
Of my ungovernable tears,
Have risen up—the gay, the wild—
“ As humble as a very child.”

DEATH OF A MOTHER.

She—she we lost—was lovely, and we lov'd
Her much. Fresh in our memory—as fresh

As yesterday—is yet the day she died :
It was an April day, and blithely all
The youth of nature leap'd beneath the sun,
And promised glorious manhood, and our hearts
Were glad, and round them danc'd the lightsome
blood

In healthy merriment,—when tidings came
A child was born ; and tidings came again
That she who gave it birth was sick to death—
So swift trode sorrow on the heels of joy !
We gathered round her bed, and bent our knees
In fervent supplication to the throne
Of Mercy, and perfum'd our prayers with sighs
Sincere, and penitential tears, and looks
Of self-abasement ; but we sought to stay
An angel on the earth, a spirit ripe
For heaven ; and Mercy, in her love, refus'd—
Most merciful, as oft, when seeming least !—
Most gracious, when she seem'd the most to frown !
The room I well remember, and the bed
On which she lay, and all the faces too
That crowded dark and mournfully around :
Her father there, and mother, bending stood ;
And down their aged cheeks fell many drops
Of bitterness. Her husband too was there,
And brothers, and they wept ; her sisters too
Did weep and sorrow, comfortless ; and I
Too wept, though not to weeping given ; and all

Within the house was dolorous and sad.
This I remember well ; but better still
I do remember, and will ne'er forget,
The dying eye ! That eye alone was bright,
And brighter grew as nearer death approach'd,—
As I have seen the gentle little flower
Look fairest in the silver beam which fell
Reflected from the thunder-cloud that soon
Came down, and o'er the desert scattered far
And wide its loveliness. She made a sign
To bring her babe—'twas brought, and by her
 plac'd.

She look'd upon its face, that neither smil'd
Nor wept, nor knew who gaz'd upon 't ; and laid
Her hand upon its little breast, and sought
For it, with look that seem'd to penetrate
The heavens, unutterable blessings—such
As God to dying parents only granted,
For infants left behind them in the world—
“ God, keep my child ! ” we heard her say, and
 heard

No more. The Angel of the Covenant
Was come, and, faithful to his promise, stood
Prepar'd to walk with her through death's dark
 vale.

And now her eyes grew bright, and brighter still—
Too bright for ours to look upon, suffus'd
With many tears, and clos'd without a cloud.

They set as sets the morning star, which goes
Not down behind the darken'd west, nor hides
Obscur'd among the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the light of Heaven.

*

THE BROTHERS.

Leonard, the elder by just eighteen months,
Was two years taller: 'twas a joy to see,
To hear, to meet them!—From their house the
school
Is distant three short miles; and in the time
Of storm and thaw—when every water-course
And unbridg'd stream, such as you have noticed
Crossing our road at every hundred steps,
Was swoln into a noisy rivulet—
Would Leonard then, when other boys perhaps
Remain'd at home, go staggering through the
fords,
Bearing his brother on his back. I've seen him,
On windy days, in one of those stray brooks—
Ay, more than once I've seen him—mid-leg deep,
Their two books lying both on a dry stone
Upon the hither side; and once I said,
As I remember, looking round these rocks
And hills on which we all of us were born,
That God, who made the great book of the world,
Would bless such piety.

DR. BLACKLOCK, ON THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER.

Where now, ah ! where is that supporting arm,
Which to my weak, unequal, infant steps
Its kind assistance lent ? Ah ! where that love,
That strong assiduous tenderness, which watch'd
My wishes yet scarce form'd, and to my view,
Unimportun'd, like kind indulgent Heaven,
Their objects brought ? Ah ! where that gentle
voice

Which, with instruction, soft as summer dews
Or fleecy snows, descending on my soul,
Distinguish'd every hour with new delight ?
Ah ! where that virtue which, amid the storms,
The mingled horrors of tumultuous life,
Untainted, unsubdued, the shock sustain'd ?
So firm the oak, which in eternal night
As deep its root extends, as high to heaven
Its top majestic rises : such the smile
Of some benignant angel, from the throne
Of God dispatch'd, ambassador of peace ;
Who in his look impress'd his message bears,
And, pleas'd, from earth averts impending ill.

COWPER'S LINES ON THE RECEIPT OF HIS MOTHER'S
PICTURE.

Oh that those lips had language ! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.

Those lips are thine,—thine own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solac'd me ;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
“Grieve not, my child ! chase all thy fears
away !”

The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize—
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it !) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear !
O welcome guest, though unexpected here !—
Who bidst me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own ;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she !

My mother ! when I learnt that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss ;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss,—
Ah, that maternal smile ! It answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day ;
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away ;

And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
But was it such ? It was.—Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more !
Thy maidens, griev'd themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return :
What ardently I wished, I long believ'd,
And, disappointed still, was still deceiv'd—
By expectation every day beguil'd,
Dupe of to-morrow, even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learn'd, at last, submission to my lot ;
But, though I less deplor'd thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt, our name is heard no more ;
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-liv'd possession ! but the record fair
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm that has effac'd
A thousand other themes less deeply trac'd.

Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid ;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home—
The biscuit, or confectionary plum ;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
By thy own own hand, till fresh they shone and
glow'd ;

All this, and, more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interpos'd too often makes,—
All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,—
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere ;
Not scorn'd in heaven, though little notic'd here.

Could Time, his flight revers'd, restore the
hours,

When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Would softly speak, and stroke my head, and
smile),—

Could those few pleasant hours again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them
here?

I would not trust my heart : the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no : what here we call our life is such,
So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weather'd, and the ocean cross'd)
Shoots into port at some well-favour'd isle
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile;
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay ;—
So thou, with sails how swift ! has reach'd the shore
“ Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar ; ”
And thy lov'd consort on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since has anchor'd by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,
Sails ripp'd, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet, O ! the thought, that thou art safe, and he !
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the earth ;

But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.

And now, farewell!—Time unrevok'd has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have liv'd my childhood o'er again;
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself remov'd, thy power to soothe me left.

TO MY MOTHER.

And canst thou, mother! for a moment think
That we, thy children, when old age shall shed
Its blanching honours on thy weary head,
Could from our best of duties ever shrink?
Sooner the sun from his bright sphere should shrink,
Than we, ungrateful, leave thee in that day
To pine in solitude thy life away,
Or shun thee, tottering on the grave's cold brink.
Banish the thought!—where'er our steps may roam,
O'er smiling plains, or wastes without a tree,
Still will fond memory point our hearts to thee,
And paint the pleasures of thy peaceful home;
While duty bids us all thy griefs assuage,
And smooth the pillow of thy sinking age.

TO MY SISTER.

It is the first mild day of March ;
Each minute sweeter than before ;
The redbreast sings from the tall larch,—
That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air,
Which seems a sense of joy to yield
To the bare trees, and mountains bare,
And the grass in the green field.

My sister !—('tis a wish of mine)—
Now that our morning meal is done,
Make haste, your morning task resign ;
Come forth, and feel the sun !

Edward will come with you ; and pray
Put on with speed your woodland dress ;
And bring no book : for this one day
We'll give to idleness.

No joyless forms shall regulate
Our living calendar :
We from to-day, my friend, will date
The opening of the year.

Love, now an universal birth,
From heart to heart is stealing ;
From earth to man, from man to earth ;—
It is the hour of feeling.

One moment now may give us more
Than fifty years of reason :
Our minds shall drink at every pore
The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts will make,
Which they shall long obey ;
We, for the year to come, may take
Our temper from to-day.

And from the blessed power, that rolls
About, below, above,
We'll frame the measure of our souls :
They shall be tun'd to love.

Then come, my sister ! come, I pray ;
With speed put on your woodland dress ;
And bring no book : for this one day
We'll give to idleness.

THE MOTHER'S RETURN.

A month, sweet little ones ! is pass'd
Since your dear mother went away ;
And she to-morrow will return,—
To-morrow is the happy day.

O blessed tidings ! thought of joy !—
The eldest heard with steady glee :
Silent he stood ; then laugh'd amain,
And shouted, “ Mother, come to me !”

Louder and louder did he shout,
With witless hope to bring her near :
“ Nay, patience ! patience, little boy !
Your tender mother cannot hear.”

I told of hills, and far-off towns,
And long, long vales to travel through :
He listens, puzzled, sore perplex'd,
But he submits—what can he do ?

No strife disturbs his sister's breast :
She wars not with the mystery
Of time and distance, night and day—
The bonds of our humanity.

Her joy is like an instinct—joy
Of kitten, bird, or summer-fly :
She dances, runs without an aim ;
She chatters in her ecstasy.

Her brother now takes up the note,
And echoes back his sister's glee ;
They hug the infant in my arms,
As if to force his sympathy.

Then, settling into fond discourse,
We rested in the garden bower ;
While sweetly shone the evening sun
In his departing hour.

We told o'er all that we had done—
Our rambles by the swift brook's side
Far as the willow-skirted pool,
Where two fair swans together glide.

We talk'd of change ; of winter gone ;
Of green leaves on the hawthorn spray ;
Of birds that build their nest and sing ;
And “ all since mother went away !”

To her these tales they will repeat ;
To her our new-born tribes will show—
The goslings green,—the ass's colt,—
The lambs that in the meadow go.

But see, the evening star comes forth !—
To bed the children must depart ;
A moment's heaviness they feel—
A sadness at the heart.

'Tis gone—and in a merry fit
They run up stairs in gamesome race :
I, too, infected by their mood—
I could have join'd the wanton chase.

Five minutes past, and, O the change !
Asleep upon their beds they lie—
Their busy limbs in perfect rest,
And clos'd the sparkling eye.

FILIAL TENDERNESS.

An officer having remained some time at Kingston, in Surrey, for the purpose of raising recruits, received orders to join his regiment. On the evening before his departure, a young man of the most engaging aspect made his appearance, and desired to be enlisted into his company. His air at once indicated a well-cultivated mind, and commanded respect.

He betrayed, however, evident marks of perturbation, and was greatly embarrassed: the officer asked the cause of it. "I tremble," said he, "lest you should deny my request." Whilst he was speaking, the tears rolled down his cheeks. "No," answered the officer, "I accept your offer most heartily; but why should you imagine a refusal?" "Because the bounty which I expect may perhaps be too high." "How much, then, do you demand?" said the officer. "It is no unworthy motive, but an urgent claim, that compels me to ask ten guineas; and I shall be the most miserable of mankind if you refuse me." "Ten guineas!" said the officer, "that indeed is very high; but I am pleased with you: I trust to your honour for the discharge of your duty, and will strike the bargain at once. Here are ten guineas: to-morrow we depart."

The young man, overwhelmed with joy, begged permission to return home to perform a sacred duty, and promised to be back within an hour. The officer, impressed by the honesty of his countenance, yielded to his desire; but observing something mysterious in his manner, he was induced by curiosity to follow him at some distance. He saw him hastening towards the town-prison, where he knocked and was admitted. The officer quickened his pace; and when he came to the door of the prison, he overheard the young man say to the jailor, "Here is the money for which my father is imprisoned: I put it into your hands, and I request you will conduct me to him immediately, that I may release him from his misery." The jailor did as he requested.

The officer delayed a few minutes, that the young man might have an opportunity of being alone with his father: he then followed him. What a scene! he saw the son in the arms of a venerable and aged father, who, without uttering a word, pressed him to his heart, and bedewed him with tears. A few minutes passed before he observed the officer; who, deeply affected, approached them, and said to the old man—"Compose yourself—I will not deprive you of so worthy a son. Permit me to restore him to you,

that I may not regret the money which he has employed in so virtuous a manner."

The father and son fell upon their knees at his feet. The young man refused, at first, to accept of his proffered freedom; but the worthy officer insisted that he should remain with his father. He accompanied them both from the prison, and took his leave with the pleasing reflection of having contributed to the happiness of a worthy son and an unfortunate father.

INSTANCE OF DEVOTED AFFECTION IN SAVAGES.

Two small canoes were passing Hayes' river; when they had reached the middle, one of them, which was made of the bark of the beech-tree, sunk, in which was an Indian, his wife, and child; the other canoe being small, and incapable of receiving more than one of the parents and the child, produced a most extraordinary contest between the man and his wife. It was not that either was not willing to perish to save the other; but the difficulty lay in determining which would be the greatest loss to the child. The man used many arguments to prove it more reasonable that he should be drowned than the woman: she, on the contrary, alleged that it was more for the advantage of the child that she should perish, because

he, as a man, was better able to hunt, and consequently to provide for its sustenance. The little time that was still remaining was spent in mutual expressions of kindness. The woman, loosening her hold of the canoe, sunk ; and the man and his child arrived in safety on shore.

MORAL EDUCATION.

NEGLECT OF MORAL IMPROVEMENT.

The world's grand want is moral improvement equal to its intellectual advancement ; the same zeal, energy, and intelligence in modelling the heart, as in moulding the mind and exercising manual ability. This can only be affected by education on other and better principles than heretofore. Nature has not been less bountiful to humanity than to any other portion of her wonderful and various creation. The gas that binds the marble is the same through thousands of ages ; the principle that frees the mind is as unchangeable ; but man looks on marble with more interest than on mind : as the chymist and the mechanic, he is all energy ; as the parent and the preceptor, all inertia. He multiplies superior machines, but inferior human beings ; improves the material rather than the moral world—that world which alone can apply improved matter to the purpose of happiness.

Let us wake from this lethargy ! Let our

children be a better race than we have been, that the world may be to them, what it has never been to us, a scene of felicity. The strata of the earth are not more irreversibly fixed than the base of character by early impressions. Impressions are the atoms of education. They are the grain of the granite, the sands of the soil. But how shall we secure that the young mind imbibe only good impressions, when the very winds are pregnant with poison-seeds? No otherwise than by continually and impressively enforcing the great claim that the infant world has on the adult world. If we cannot wholly eradicate from our own natures the evil that has grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength, at least we may repress its indication.

REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS UNNECESSARY FOR MORAL
EDUCATION.

There should be among those young people no such thing as reward, nor punishment, nor emulation,—and, consequently, no envy. The only punishment there inflicted should be, to banish from the assembly the person who should disturb it, and even that only for a time proportioned to the fault of the offender,—and withal this should rather be an act of justice than of punishment; for I would have no manner of shame to attach to

that exile. But if you wish to form an idea of such an assembly, conceive—instead of our young collegians, pale, pensive, jealous, trembling about the fate of their unfortunate compositions—a multitude of young persons, gay, content, attracted by pleasure to vast circular halls, in which are erected here and there the statues of the illustrious men of antiquity and of their own country: behold them all attentive to their masters' lessons, assisting each other in comprehending them, in retaining them, and in replying to his unexpected questions. One tacitly suggests an answer to his neighbour; another makes an excuse for the negligence of his absent comrade.

Represent to yourself the rapid progress of studies elucidated by intelligent masters, and drunk in by pupils who are mutually assisting each other in fixing the impression of them. Figure to yourself Science spreading among them as the flame in a pile, all the pieces of which are nicely adjusted, communicating from one to another, till the whole becomes one blaze! Observe among them, instead of a vain emulation, union, benevolence, friendship, for an answer seasonably suggested, for an apology made in behalf of one absent by his comrades, and other little services rendered and repaid! The recollection of those early intimacies will farther unite them in the

world, notwithstanding the prejudices of their various conditions.

MAN AS A SOCIAL BEING.

Man was made to be a social being; and as he is endowed with faculties and intellect for that end, he should use them both to receive and communicate to the rest of his species, whatever may tend to the mutual good of both. The faculty of speech is of the first importance in this case; by which the thoughts are conveyed from the mind of one to that of another, in a mysterious manner. The mode of this operation is indeed a mystery, which no philosopher has yet been able to develop or comprehend; for who can comprehend how the sound of the voice is made a channel of conveyance of what is *internal*, from one person to another? It is, however, the business of the teacher to convey such instruction into the mind of his pupil, as may render him a useful member of the community in some station of life.

INCAPABILITY OF TEACHING MORALITY ON THE SYSTEM PURSUED AT SCHOOLS GENERALLY.

Such are the baneful effects of this perverse system of instruction upon the moral existence of

the child ; and not less deplorable are those which it produces upon his intellectual nature. Our instruction of language, instead of becoming an incitement to the child's observation in the surrounding world, as well as to the internal development of his intellect, on the contrary stifles his energies, blunts his capacities, and deadens his whole being. Instead of allowing his language to grow on the fertile ground of life, we lift him up in the air, and puff him up with dry grammatical notions, with heaps of words to which he never attached a reason or meaning, and, well contented to hear him repeat those words which we have inculcated, we imagine that we have taught him something, whilst, in fact, we have prevented him from learning that which he ought to have learned. Thus, being conveyed to the child as a dead sound, language remains a dead sound in him, and he is unable to express either himself or anything else : all he has learned is to repeat those expressions with which his memory has been loaded ; but to that which they express he is a perfect stranger, unless he have, by some chance, discovered some point of connexion between certain words which he is forced to retain, and certain objects which he has daily around him, but on which he has never been allowed to think. This fact has been but too well ascertained by experience, and it is in our

power every day to see it confirmed again. We need only enter some school, and put a question to the children; and we shall find the answer to be nothing but a mere echo of what we have previously forced into him. Ask for proofs and reasons: they will have no others than that "they have been taught so." Ask them for what they have themselves seen, felt, and observed; and they will either have no answer at all to give, or, if they have, we shall easily perceive, in the indistinctness and awkward mode of expression, that it is the wild fruit of unassisted and uncultivated observation. All this we could avoid, if, instead of cramming children's memory with the expressions of other people's observations, we could lead them to think and observe for themselves, and assist them in the expression of that which they had observed.

THE BEST MEANS OF TEACHING MORALS.

Education is the art of forming children into happy and useful men. There would be only one rule to be observed in it, if there were but one uniform state of mankind; and that would be, to follow Nature. Nature produces the child; provides for its nourishment; improves its strength; furnishes it with ideas, and forms its mind by

certain and effectual laws,—and these laws are the fundamental principles of education. Men, when they would assist her designs, should be content with the honour of serving her. It would be sufficient in any case to give her room for exertion, and what may be called fair-play, and only to wait on her in all her excellent and wonderful operations. The obvious business of a man who has a child to educate is, to make him healthy, fit to enjoy himself, and to do his duty in all the variety of seasons, climates, and situations, where it may be necessary for him to live; to lead him to all those objects in nature which are to constitute his knowledge, to furnish him with subsistence, to be matters of convenience, of commerce, of taste, and of science,—in short, all those which are the first materials of human industry—on which we live—which we talk about—and we are happy in the possession of.

Our perceptions and simple ideas of these things are compounded and abstracted, at the very moment they are wanted; and in a better manner, under the direction of Nature, than by the best books that have ever been written. The ideas of justice and truth are created by the simplest associations, and are perfectly understood by those who act well, though not always perhaps by those who reason.

A community is formed on the principle of convenience, and the vast accession of strength and happiness arising from throwing our interests into one common stock. We need only attend to Nature to understand every possible duty of a man or citizen, to improve the social advantages of life to their highest degree of perfection, and to make us as happy as it is possible for us to be.

If we had abilities and resolution enough to save a nation, we should not attempt it by expedients—for they only gain a little time,—by any impositions on public credulity, or by any measures which have only short and temporary effects. We cannot make bricks without straw; and government cannot make a nation happy without virtue. A brave and virtuous nation could not be ruled like slaves; a vicious, dastardly, venal tribe could not be ruled otherwise. A government, therefore, cannot reform itself; it is itself the effect of moral causes, and all effectual improvement and reformation must begin with them.

I should rather choose to say, that a government is good or bad according as the people is virtuous or vicious. This, besides that it must be true from reason and experience, has something in it practicable; for the people may be reformed, if individuals are taken in time, and that reformation must be the effect of education.

A lying, tricking, immoral school-boy may push himself forward in a community where those qualities are expedient, especially if he has abilities and learning ; but he will increase the evils which are already injurious to it, and be a very pernicious member of the moral world. The habits which we form in childhood are seldom, perhaps never, shaken off.

Religion diffuses its beneficial but gentle influences on all the virtues of the heart. It blends with them, and almost loses its distinct existence. Hence it is, that the most religious men, on whose minds the real principles of piety have their best effects, appear to common observers to have no religion at all. It is too much diffused and blended with the virtues, to collect itself for ostentation ; and it may never be so far separated or disengaged from better employments as even to build temples, and to join in the sacrifices of the people.

Habits are formed in a manner totally unknown to them, and they speak of them as original inclinations of nature, and peculiar characters given them by God.

The art of educating children, by directing the formation of habits, is the highest and noblest employment of the human mind. But it requires a variety of talents, such as have never yet been

contained in one man. Those astonishing geniuses who have done so much honour to human nature, have been rendered so by a painful attention to some particular object ; and to rear up one quality to an extraordinary height, they have laid waste everything else in their minds. A man educated by Newton would hardly have answered the expectations of his friends ; and the family of Newton were a melancholy proof of the truth I have here suggested. A man fit for education should have only a general knowledge of the sciences, and his great attention should be given to the human mind—a subject superior to all others, as a matter both of curiosity and importance ; but a subject very little understood.

Mr. Locke mistakes in placing piety to God among the first virtues to be taught :—I do not say this because I do not think piety the most useful and most sublime of all the moral dispositions, but because it is impossible to be taught a child. I have attended with care to attempts of this kind by persons of great capacity and skill in education, and they have always been unsuccessful and injurious.

Nature never acts by systems. She blends her powers as she does her colours : she joins them so that we attribute to one, to the other, or to all, with the same uncertainty ; and it is only at

points of considerable distance that we can distinguish with certainty and truth.

I think, however, that Nature has not given all men the same capability of moral and intellectual improvement.

It has hitherto been the misfortune of human nature that it has been observed in its first and simple state by incompetent judges.

The most important use and benefit of a tutor does not commence till that familiarity commences which Helvetius would guard against, and till that familiarity has produced affection.

Education, taken in the large and real sense of the word, is the most comprehensive and most important subject that can engage the human attention.

If the subject of education was thoroughly understood, and proper people could always be employed in it, punishments, and even rewards, would be as unnecessary to lead a child to his business as to his food. The disposition to knowledge is as natural to the mind as the desire of food is to the body. But when the taste is vitiated in either, we must have recourse to expedients; and, among those that offer themselves, choose the least injurious.

The two common principles which now operate in education are fear and emulation. I disapprove

of the former but as a wretched expedient in some uncommon cases. It must be when the pupil has committed an enormous immorality, — and that from habit, and not from the sudden influence of passion; and when the tutor has not time allowed him to destroy that habit by introducing a contrary one. This I shall hold to be practicable in every case, till I see a sufficient proof to the contrary; and I believe that there is not a wretch in the world but might be reformed, if his tutor has a proper capacity, and is allowed everything he wants to accomplish his purpose. Punishment is, therefore, one of those very uncommon expedients which should be employed only in very uncommon cases.

Emulation is thought not to be subject to the same objections. It is, however, subject to many. We see that it generally produces envy; a very prolific disposition, producing a thousand others which ruin the minds of children. Emulation, unless it be strictly associated with benevolence, is injurious instead of being beneficial. I never saw an instance of a school-boy accustomed to triumph at the head of his class, but he was more or less disposed by that circumstance to be hard-hearted, selfish, or even cruel. At such an expense I should wish my child to have no emulation. This principle, however useful it may be in

some cases, and whatever brilliant effects it may have on some temporary occasions, is not sufficiently uniform and extensive in its operations to be the grand principle of education. It requires another, which diffuses its influence to every possible case, and like a genial warmth fosters all the virtues. It has no name in our language. Benevolence does not express it. Affectionate duty approaches nearly to it, because the tutor should be to the pupil in the place of a father. A tutor who cannot raise this affection, whatever his talents or learning may be, is unfit for education. There are very few boys, taken into the family of a worthy and sensible man, and taught and treated by him as his children, who do not love him as a parent; and then fear, and even emulation, would be principles of no great importance. He commands the springs of action, and his influence is uniform and extensive.

Experience has ever proved that health and enjoyment can only attend exercise, and that an inactive life is as unhealthy and unpleasant as it is dishonourable and useless. These observations are of importance where I think they never have sufficient weight. What are called hours of play are allowed at every school; and the reasons assigned for them are relaxation and exercise. But children have not been benefited by them

even in the manner proposed. Extremes produce each other. Extreme rigour produces extreme indulgence. Boys should never be from under the influence of a good tutor; they must sometimes be wholly free from the discipline of a severe one. The hours of play, therefore, being like the first hours of release from prison, are employed in all the extravagancies of folly and wickedness. In almost all parties of diversion the most iniquitous passions are cherished. Tyranny and cruelty are the general characters of the higher boys, and the little ones are dragged through years of misery, with only the pernicious and diabolical comfort of being one day able to exercise the same cruelty on other unhappy sufferers. All the languages and sciences in the world are a very poor recompense for such havoc on every excellent disposition in the mind of a child.

I suppose the tutor to be the first man in the institution in point of understanding, moral character, and good manners. In this case his accompanying the pupils at those times, when their real dispositions are putting themselves forth, and growing into habits and virtues, may be of infinite advantage. Any man may teach languages who understands their phrases and idioms, and all the minutiae of education may be as well executed

by a person of very moderate as of very excellent abilities and character. But the companion of a boy who is to be a gentleman—the man from whom he is to learn his first social and moral ideas—and his model in behaviour and politeness—should be that person in the institution who is the most of a gentleman, as well as the wisest and best man. It should therefore be the employment of ushers actually to teach: it should be the employment of the tutor to see that the business of the institution is everywhere performed, and to be the companion and example of his pupils. In proportion as a man wants qualification for this, he is deficient in the character of a tutor.

When in this manner the pupil is accompanied by his tutor, or rather his friend, his exercises and diversions will be very different from those which generally employ our boys at school. A walk in the fields, after reading a little in natural history, may furnish opportunities of important instruction. The garden is one of the best schools of botany, and affords the most wholesome and agreeable exercise. The hills, the dales, the rocks, and quarries afford matter of speculation on their formation, use, and beauty. And this may be rendered intelligible to a child by a man who really understands the subject, and is not a mere pedant who has only committed technical words to

memory. So, in all probability, may every branch of real knowledge. Those branches which are now lost to common sense by calculations and mathematical processes, are not always, if they are ever, understood by those who profess to know them.

But the tutor I wish to be employed may not be eminent in languages, in mathematics, or experiments. He has a general knowledge of the principles and uses of all the sciences, and is a competent judge of the best method of teaching those which he may not be able to teach himself. And being a man of genius and politeness, whatever he says to his pupil will be intelligible and have beneficial effects. The conversation of such a man, at play, on a walk, viewing the rising sun, strolling by moon-light, or contemplating the stars, will convey to those about him all the knowledge he possesses in the way of amusement; and even that knowledge would be much more than one boy in a thousand is now taught. At the same time, his morals will be improved, his temper sweetened, and his manners become such as would give delight, instead of disgust, to those who are interested in him.

All the exercises and amusements which a boy could want might be rendered beneficial to his mind. A boy at play is much more intent upon

his game than he has ever been on his book. Relaxation is only an exchange of employment. We are never inattentive but when we are asleep. The principal art of education lies in varying and opposing the subjects of attention, so that they succeed each other as reliefs, and affect the mind like the disposition of an elegant garden by a great number of well-placed and well-contrasted views.

In the same manner as the general truths of natural history might be sometimes exemplified in the gardens and fields, many of the mathematical, astronomical, and particularly the mechanical problems, might be examined in the course of a ride or walk. This would not only be present instruction, but get the pupil into a habit of having an object and a view in everything he does. He will then never experience the common unhappiness of not knowing what to do with himself; or, when he has resolved on a ride or walk, be miserable for want of being able to determine where to go, or on what object to determine his thoughts.

The excellence of the Greek language is to be attributed principally to this—that the Greek learned no other. The Roman language was checked in its improvement when the custom of learning Greek was introduced.

This is the very reason that religion has had in general so little influence on the morals of the world—it was made a duty and a task when it could not be understood, and when every word relating to it must be a burden to the memory. Children associated disagreeable ideas to those words; whenever they occurred in future life, they always brought their associates; and religion was never recollected, without the ideas of a painful task, and an unpleasant duty. Almost every species of learning has had the same fate with religion, and on the same account,—because they have not been taught at the proper season, and have been imposed by mere authority. Religion and learning would be delightful to a mind properly prepared to receive them.

TO MASTER ———, WITH A WATCH.

Is it not sweet, beloved youth!

To rove through erudition's bowers?
And cull the golden fruits of truth,
And gather fancy's brilliant flowers?

And is it not more sweet than this

To feel thy parents' hearts approving,
And pay them back in sums of bliss,
The dear, the endless debt of loving?

It must be so to thee, my youth !
With this idea toil is lighter ;
This sweetens all the fruits of truth,
And makes the flowers of fancy brighter.

The little gift we send thee, boy,
May sometimes teach thy heart to ponder,
If indolence, or syren joy,
Should ever tempt that heart to wander.

'Twill tell thee that the winged day
Can ne'er be chain'd by man's endeavour,—
That life and time shall fade away,
While heaven and virtue bloom for ever !

“YE ARE THE SALT OF THE EARTH.”

Salt of the earth !—ye virtuous few
Who season human kind !—
Light of the world ! whose cheering ray
Illumes the realms of mind,—

Where misery spreads her deepest shade,
Your strong compassion glows :
From your bless'd lips the balm proceeds
That softens human woes.

By dying-beds—in prison glooms—
Your frequent steps are found :
Angels of love ! you hover near
To bind the stranger's wound.

You wash with tears the bloody page
Which human crimes deform :
When vengeance threatens, your prayers ascend
And break the gathering storm.

As down the summer stream of woe
The thoughtless many glide,
Upward ye steer your steady bark,
And stem the rushing tide.

When Guilt her foul contagion breathes,
And golden spoils allure,
Unspotted still your garments shine,
Your hands are ever pure.

Whene'er you touch the poet's lyre,
A loftier strain is heard ;
Each ardent thought is yours alone,
And every burning word.

Yours is the large expansive thought,
The high heroic deed ;
Exile and chains to you are dear ;
To you 'tis sweet to bleed.

You lift on high the warning voice,
When public ills prevail ;
Yours is the writing on the wall
That turns the tyrant pale.

The dogs of hell your steps pursue
With scoff, and shame, and loss ;
The hemlock bowl 'tis yours to drain,
To taste the bitter cross.

E'en yet the streaming scaffolds smoke
By Seine's polluted stream ;
With your rich blood the fields are drench'd
Where Polish sabres gleam.

E'en now, through those accursed bars,
In vain we send our sighs—
Where deep in Olmutz' dungeon-gleams
The patriot martyr lies.

Yet yours is all, through history's page,
The kindling bosom feels ;
And at your tomb, with throbbing heart,
The fond enthusiast kneels.

And pæans loud in every tongue,
And choral hymns, resound ;
And lengthening honours hand your name
To time's remotest bound.

Proceed ! your race of glory run,
Your virtuous toils endure !
You come, commission'd from on high,
And your reward is sure.

SENTENCES.

To preach well, you must first practise what you teach others.

Words instruct, but examples persuade effectually.

Happy is he who knows his follies in his youth.

Do what you ought, and let what will come of it.

He who will have no judge but himself, condemns himself.

The first degree of folly is to think one's self wise; the next, to tell others so; the third, to despise counsel.

Doing what I ought to do secures me against all censure.

SCENES OF NATURE.

SONNET.

The morning dawns in beauty, and the fields
Are whitening to the harvest; Nature pours
O'er all the land th' abundance of her stores,
And to the gatherer's hand her richness yields.
The flowers shine brightly in their summer pride;
Notes of delight fill all the silent grove;
And one vast chorus of rejoicing love
Is borne upon the breeze from every side.
Yet man walks forth amidst this blessed scene
Too oft with vacant eye, and thoughtless heart;
And, while creation fills th' appointed part
Of minister to him, he will not glean
The holy lessons there, but, low in dust,
To base and sordid aims converts that sacred trust.

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

Hast thou a charm to stay the Morning-star
In his steep course?—so long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base

Rave ceaselessly : but thou, most awful form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently ! Around thee, and above,
Deep is the air, and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass ;—methinks thou piercest it
As with a wedge : but when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity.
O dread and silent Mount ! I gazed upon thee
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought : entranc'd in
prayer

I worshipp'd the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody—
So sweet we know not we are listening to it—
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my
thought,

Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy,
Till the dilating soul,—enrapt, transfus'd
Into the mighty vision passing there,
As in her natural form, swell'd vast to Heaven !

Awake, my soul ! not only passive praise
Thou owest—not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and silent ecstasy ! Awake,
Voice of sweet song ! Awake, my heart, awake !
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn !

Thou first and chief, sole Sovran of the Vale !
O, struggling with the darkness all the night,

And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink !
Companion of the Morning-star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald!—wake, O wake, and utter praise !
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth ?
Who fill'd thy countenance with rosy light ?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams ?

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad !
Who call'd you forth from night and utter death—
From dark and icy caverns call'd you forth—
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shatter'd and the same for ever ?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder, and eternal foam ?
And who commanded (and the silence came)—
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest ?

Ye ice-falls ! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge ?
Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !—
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven,
Beneath the keen full moon ? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows ? Who, with living
flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet ?

God ! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer ! and let the ice-plains echo, God !
God ! sing ye meadow-streams, with gladsome
voice !

Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like
sounds !

And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God !

Ye livery flowers that skirt th' eternal frost !
Ye wild goats, sporting round the eagle's nest !
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm !
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds !
Ye signs and wonders of the element !—

Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise !

Once more, hoar Mount ! with thy sky-pointing
peaks,

Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure
serene,

Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou too again, stupendous Mountain ! thou
That as I raise my head, awhile bow'd low
In adoration, upward from thy base,
Slow travelling with dim eyes suffus'd with tears,
Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud,
To rise before me.—Rise, O ever rise !
Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth !
Thou kingly spirit, thron'd among the hills !

Thou dread ambassador from earth to Heaven !
Great hierarch !—tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God !

THE FOUNTAIN.

There is a fountain in the wild,
Amid the sheltering trees ;
Where forest flowers have bloom'd and smiled,
And wooed the welcome breeze.

And here, beside this fountain clear,
How gladly would I rest,
And watch thy beams, sweet evening star !
Reflected on its breast !

What, though the slave of worldly wealth
Would never stoop to drink
One drop of peace, one draught of health,
Beside its cooling brink,—

Yet here the lonely deer will bring
His wounded limbs to lave ;
The weary bird will fold its wing
Above the crystal wave.

And here the wounded spirit too
May bathe her aching breast,
And ask the balm of heavenly dew
To soothe her woes to rest.

NATURE.

Go, child of Nature ! to thy mother's breast,
And learn the lesson she can teach so well ;
No longer in the lap of folly rest,
But hear the truths that Nature loves to tell.

Go to the forest, when the tempest lowers ;
List to the roaring of the mighty wind :
Ask by what force the raging torrents pours,
Or why the wilderness it leaves behind.

Go to the bubbling fountain and the rill,
Or mark the gentle fall of silent dew :
Ask whence the stream its wasted course shall
fill,
Or who the lapse of waters will renew.

Go to the bee, and watch its daily toil,
And ask what sweetens labour and repose :
Who bears it onward, laden rich with spoil,
And guides it home to rest at evening's close.

Go to the bird, that seeks her leafy nest
To guard her young ones with her sheltering
wings :
Ask who it is that plumes her downy breast,
And tunes her voice to music while she sings.

Go to the streamlet, murmuring through the vale ;
Gaze on the wreathing flowers that o'er it twine :
Will they not tell their own untutor'd tale,
And say, " The hand that make us is divine ?"

THE SPIRIT OF NATURE.

A spirit was with me in silence conversing,
When I wander'd, a musing and wandering child,
The glens of the mountains' lone torrents exploring,
And gathering the simple flowers strewn o'er
the wild ;— [sweet,
Then my heart had communion refreshing and
With a power which it knew not, and sought not
to meet.

Its presence was felt in the spring's balmy fragrance, [showers ;
Its blossoms, and verdure, and soft-falling
It was felt in the full golden radiance of morning,
And the meek, mellow'd beams of the still
evening hours,—
As each on the fair face of Nature imprest
The lustre of hope, or the calmness of rest.

'Twas the Spirit of Nature, creation pervading—
A spirit of harmony, beauty, and love ;
Its whispers awake an according emotion,
Whose sway o'er my bosom no time can remove :
Childhood, and youth, and life's summer are past ;
But the power of those feelings remains to the last.

NATURE.

Where'er we roam, o'er hill and dale,
Through thickest wood, or deepest dell,
Or when we watch the distant sail
Where waves upon the sea-beach swell,—
'Tis Nature charms in every form
Of soft or solemn, wild or grand—
In azure sky or raging storm,
In lofty rocks or pebbled strand.

Where'er we cast our glance around,
Above, below,—on earth or sea,—
On meadow fields, or castled mound,—
On waving grass, or spreading tree,—
On humblest flowers, or forests tall,
Where insects sport, or birds rejoice,—
'Tis Nature charms in each, in all :
In all, in each, we hear her voice.

She sings in birds ; she paints in flowers ;
She speaks in each created thing ;
She gives to each those wondrous powers,
Which to our grateful senses bring
The ardent impulse to adore
That God who framed this mighty plan,—
And when in praise our joy flows o'er,
'Tis then that Nature speaks in Man !

THE WILD-FLOWER.

Despise not thou the wild-flower—small it seems,
And of neglected growth, and its light bells
Hang carelessly on every passing gale ;
Yet it is finely wrought, and colours there
Might shame the Tyrian purple, and it bears
Marks of a care, eternal and divine :
Duly the dews descend to give it food ;
The sun revives its drooping, and the showers
Add to its beauty ; and the airs of heaven
Are round it for delight.

SONNET.

The sun shone on me with a scorching heat :
I wished his radiance less ; but then methought
How many bright and blessed things he brought,
Making the earth so beautiful and sweet.
I thought of all the sickly forms that greet
His warm beams with a smile—of the pale face
Those rays would light up with a rosy grace—
The thousand eyes that joy his power to meet.
I thought of every little springing flower
Rising delighted from its dark abode ;
And then my soul, in fervent praise to God,
Blest the fair sun-shine and the grateful hour ;—
Nor might one selfish feeling dim the bliss
Of knowing Him who form'd a world like this !

THE IVY AND THE OAK.

Hast thou seen, in winter's stormiest day,
The trunk of a blighted oak
Not dead, but sinking in slow decay
Beneath Time's resistless stroke,
Round which a luxuriant ivy had grown,
And wreath'd it with verdure no longer its own?
Perchance thou hast seen this sight, and then,
As I at thy years might do,
Pass'd carelessly by, nor turn'd again
That scathed wreck to view :
But now I can draw, from that mouldering tree,
Thoughts that are soothing and dear to me.
Oh, smile not ! nor think it a worthless thing,
If it be with instruction fraught ;
That which will closest and longest cling
Is alone worth a serious thought :
Should aught be unlovely, which thus can shed
Grace on the dying, and leaves on the dead ?

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around ?
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming
ground ?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through the sky ;
The ground-squirrel gaily chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space, [vare ;
And their shadows at play on the bright green
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There 's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower ;
And there 's a titter of winds in that beechen tree ;
And there 's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on
the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun ! how he smiles
On the dewy earth, that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters, and gay young isles—
Ay, look !—and he 'll smile thy gloom away.

THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

The Spirit of Beauty unfurls her light,
And wheels her course in a joyous flight ;
I know her track through the balmy air
By the blossoms that cluster and whiten there ;
She leaves the tops of the mountains green
And gems the valley with crystal sheen.

At morn, I know where she rested at night,
For the roses are gushing with dewy delight ;
Then she mounts again, and around her flings
A shower of light from her purple wings,
Till the spirit is drunk with the music on high,
That silently fills it with ecstasy !

At noon, she hies to a cool retreat,
Where bowering elms over waters meet ;
She dimples the wave, where the green leaves dip,
That smiles, as it curls, like a maiden's lip,
When her tremulous bosom would hide, in vain,
From her lover, the hope that she loves again.

At eve, she hangs o'er the western sky
Dark clouds for a glorious canopy ;
And round the skirts of each sweeping fold
She paints a border of crimson and gold,
Where the lingering sunbeams love to stay,
When their god in his glory has passed away.

She hovers around us at twilight hour,
When her presence is felt with the deepest power ;
She mellows the landscape, and crowds the stream
With shadows that flit like a fairy-dream—
Still wheeling her flight through the gladsome air,
The Spirit of Beauty is everywhere !

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I come, I come ! ye have call'd me long :
I come o'er the mountains with light and song !
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,—
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,—
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breath'd on the south ; and the chesnut
 flowers,
By thousands, have burst from the forest bowers ;
And the ancient groves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains :
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb !

I have pass'd o'er the hills of the stormy north,
And the larch has hung all its tassels forth ;
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the rein-deer bounds through the pasture
 free ;
And the pine has a fringe of softer green ;
And the moss looks bright where my step has
 been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,
And call'd out each voice of the deep-blue sky,

From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild notes by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loos'd the
chain :

They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray on the forest-boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves !

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come !
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding foot-step ! to meet me fly.
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous
lay,
Come forth to the sun-shine—I may not stay !

The summer is hastening, on soft wings borne,
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn :
For me, I depart to a brighter shore—
Ye are mark'd by care, ye are mine no more !
I go where the lov'd who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not Death's :—fare ye well !
farewell !

TO A SKY-LARK.

Ethereal minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !—

Dost thou despise the earth where cares are
bound?

Or, while thy wings aspire, are heart and eye

Both with thy nest, upon the dewy ground ?

Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will—

Those quivering wings compos'd, that music still ?

To the last point of vision, and beyond, [strain

Mount, daring warbler !—that love-prompted
('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)

Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain :

Yet mightst thou seem, proud privilege ! to sing

All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the Nightingale her shady wood—

A privacy of glorious light is thine,

Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood

Of harmony, with rapture more divine :

Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—

True to the kindred points of heaven and home.

SONNET.

Whene'er I linger, Thomson, near thy tomb,

Where Thamias urges his majestic way,

And the Muse loves at twilight hour to stray,

I think how in thy theme all seasons bloom ;

And praise thy tuneful brother, who preferr'd
'Fore all the vaults in Westminster's proud pile,
A grave in Twickenham's unpretending aisle.
What heart so cold, that of thy fame has heard,
And pauses not to gaze upon each scene
That was familiar to thy raptur'd view?
Those walks belov'd by thee while I pursue,
Musing upon the years that intervene,
Methinks, as eve descends, a hymn of praise
To thee, their bard, the Sister Seasons raise !

LINES COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY,
ON THE BANKS OF THE WYE.

Five years have past; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters ! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a sweet inland murmur.*—Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion ; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky ?
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,

* The river is not affected by the tides a few miles above Tintern.

Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
Among the woods and copses, nor disturb
The wild green landscape. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild; these pastoral farms
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire
The hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind
With tranquil restoration:—feelings too
Of unremember'd pleasure: such, perhaps,
As have no slight or trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremember'd acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood

In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy, and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened :—that serene and blessed mood,
In which th' affections gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul ;
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet oh ! how oft,
In darkness, and amid the many shapes
Of joyous daylight ; when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,—
How oft, in spirit, have I turn'd to thee,
O sylvan Wye ! Thou wanderer thro' the woods,
How often has my spirit turn'd to thee !

And now, with gleams of half-extinguish'd
thought,

With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again :
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts

That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when
first

I came among these hills ; when like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led ; more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he lov'd. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion : the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,—
Their colours and their forms were then to me
An appetite—a feeling—and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur ; other gifts
Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learn'd
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes

The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the loud ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains ; and of all that we behold
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create
And what perceive ; well pleas'd to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts—the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart—and soul
Of all my moral being.

Nor, perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay :
For thou art with me, here, upon the banks
Of this fair river—thou, my dearest friend—
My dear, dear friend ; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read

My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh ! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear sister ! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did betray
The heart that lov'd her ; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy ; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free
To blow against thee ; and, in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure,—when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies,—oh ! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,

And these my exhortations ! Nor, perchance,
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these
gleams

Of past existence, wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together ; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came
Unwearied in that service ;—rather say
With warmer love, oh ! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake !

THE SEASONS.

The Seasons are my friends, companions dear :—
Hale Winter will I tend with constant feet,
When over world, and desert, lake and mere,
He sails triumphant in a rack of sleet,
With his rude joy the russet earth to greet,
Pinching the tiny brook, and infant ferry ;
And I will hear him on his mountain-seat
Shouting his boisterous carol, free and merry,
Crown'd with a Christmas wreath of crimson
holly-berry.

Young Spring will I encounter, coy and arch !
When in her humid scarf she leaves the hills,
Her dewy cheek dried by the winds of March,
To set the pebbly music of the rills,
As yet scarce freed from stubborn icicles ;
And Summer shall entice me once again,
Ere yet the light her golden dew distils,
To intercept the morning on the plain,
And see Dan Phœbus slowly tend his drowsy wain.

But, pensive Autumn ! most with thee I love,
When the wrung peasant's anxious toil is done,
Among thy bound and golden sheaves to rove,
And glean the harvest of a setting sun
From the pure mellowing fields of ether won ;
And in some sloping meadow musing sit,
Till vesper rising slowly, widow'd nun,
Reads whisperingly, her radiant lamp new lit,
The gospel of the stars, great Nature's holy writ.

PRESUMPTION.

THINK NOT HIGHLY OF YOURSELVES.

There is no danger of our thinking of ourselves too much, if we will think justly : that is, if we will view ourselves as what we are—as moral beings, accountable to a Divine Lawgiver, framed to delight in and to seek virtue ; framed for an ever-spreading philanthropy ; called to sympathise with and to suffer for others, and through this path to ascend to our original. There are, however, senses in which we cannot too much forget ourselves. Our improvements, of whatever kind, or good deeds,—our virtues, whenever they are seized upon and magnified by self-love, or so recalled as to lift us above others, and to stifle that sense of deficiency and thirst for progress by which alone we can be carried forward,—these we cannot too earnestly drive from our thoughts. Our distinctions, whether of mind, body, or condition, when they minister to vanity or pride, weaken the consciousness of a common nature with the human race, narrow our sympathies, or

deprave our judgments :—these we cannot be too solicitous to forget.

ATTENTION TO INSTRUCTORS.

The learner should attend with constancy and care on all the instructions of his tutor ; and if he happens to be at any time unavoidably hindered, he must endeavour to retrieve the loss by double industry for the time to come. He should always recollect and review his lectures, read over some other author or authors upon the same subject, confer upon it with his instructor, or with his associates, and write down the clearest result of his present thoughts, reasonings, and inquiries, which he may have recourse to hereafter, either to re-examine them, and to apply them to proper use, or to improve them farther to his own advantage.

A student should never satisfy himself with bare attendance on the lectures of his tutor, unless he clearly takes up his sense and meaning, and understands the things which he teaches. A young disciple should behave himself so well as to gain the affection and ear of his instructor, that, upon every occasion, he may, with the utmost freedom, ask questions and talk over his own sentiments, his doubts and difficulties with him, and, in a

humble and modest manner, desire the solution of them.

Let the learner endeavour to maintain an honourable opinion of his instructor, and heedfully listen to his instructions, as one willing to be led by a more experienced guide ; and, though he is not bound to fall in with every sentiment of his tutor, yet he should so far comply with him as to resolve upon a just consideration of the matter, and try and examine it thoroughly with an honest heart, before he presume to determine against him ; and that should be done with great modesty, with a humble jealousy of himself, and apparent unwillingness to differ from his tutor, if the force of argument and truth did not restrain him.

It is a frequent and growing folly in our age, that pert young disciples soon fancy themselves wiser than those who teach them : at the first view, or upon a very little thought, they can discern the insignificancy, weakness, and mistake, of what their teacher asserts. The youth of our day, by an early petulency and pretended liberty of thinking for themselves, dare reject at once, and that with a sort of scorn, all those sentiments and doctrines which their teachers have determined, perhaps after long and repeated consideration, after years of mature study, careful observation, and much prudent experience.

It is true, teachers and masters are not infallible, nor are they always in the right ; and it must be acknowledged it is a matter of some difficulty for younger minds to maintain a just and solemn veneration for the authority and advice of their parents and the instructions of their tutors, and yet at the same time to secure to themselves a just freedom in their own thoughts. We are sometimes too ready to imbibe all their sentiments without examination, if we reverence and love them ; or, on the other hand, if we take all freedom to contest their opinions, we are sometimes tempted to cast off that love and reverence to their persons which God and nature dictate. Youth is ever in danger of these two extremities.

But I think I may safely conclude thus : though the authority of a teacher must not absolutely determine the judgment of his pupil, yet young and raw and inexperienced learners should pay all proper deference that can be to the instructions of their parents and teachers, short of absolute submission to their dictates. Yet still we must maintain this, that they should never receive any opinion into their assent—whether it be conformable or contrary to the tutor's mind—without sufficient evidence of it first given to their own reasoning powers.

ON ARGUING.

There is a barrier to mental improvement that cannot be too speedily removed. The bad habit of arguing wholly to convince others, with little, if any, disposition to be convinced ourselves,—not to say anything of unamiable feelings often generated by this mode of argument, and the incalculable loss of mental and moral improvement thereby incurred,—cannot be considered without regret. In all arguments, the one party is generally much the wiser ; and the sooner the ignorant discovers his inferiority, and listens with the intention to profit by the reasoning of his sager opponent, the more likely he will be to become himself, in future arguments, the most sagacious reasoner.

In childhood, a habit of rational and candid attention, or arguing for self-improvement, not for victory, can be most easily and efficaciously laid : in early childhood, then, let parents inculcate this valuable disposition.

In all arguments, but especially in arguments relating to morals, if we enter upon them with minds, as well as ears, open to conviction and information, even the wiser reasoner may probably gain some instruction, but the more ignorant must be greatly benefited. In discoursing with their

elders, the chances are, that the young are the more feeble and ignorant reasoners: the young, therefore, are peculiarly called upon to enter on an argument in search after conviction.

To all, especially the young, it is more profitable to prepare to hear, than to speak; to reflect on the reasons given, than to lose time in seeking for reasons to give: whilst judiciously reflecting on what their opponents advance, if a fair objection arises in their mind, let that objection be candidly stated, and if clearly invalidated, let it be as clearly withdrawn.

Such a mode of argument is the only way to elicit truth; and it is only to elicit truth that argument ought to be pursued.

People identifying themselves with the subject of their argument, think the honour and truth of both must fall together; but let the right motives for argument be deeply and firmly implanted in early life, and this common mistake will cease to be so.

People will see that they can only preserve their honour by advocating the right side; and if they are on the wrong side, they must forfeit all pretensions to common sense and common integrity, if they persist to advocate what is palpably fallacious.

“It is better to know what is *true*, than what is *said*.”

LOOK AT YOUR OWN FAULTS BEFORE THOSE OF
OTHER PEOPLE.

Every one is forward to complain of the prejudices that mislead other men or parties, as if he were free and had none of his own. This being objected on all sides, 'tis agreed that it is a fault and a hindrance to knowledge. What now is the cure? No other but this,—that every man should let alone others' prejudices and examine his own. Nobody is convinced of his by the accusation of another; he recriminates by the same rule, and is clear. The only way to remove this great cause of ignorance and error out of the world is, for every one impartially to examine himself. If others will not deal fairly with their own minds, does that make my errors truths, or ought it to make me in love with them, and willing to impose on myself? If others love cataracts on their eyes, should that hinder me from couching of mine as soon as I could?

DIFFIDENCE.

The celebrated Aboo Yusuph, who was chief judge of Bagdad in the reign of Caliph Hadee, was a very remarkable instance of that humility which distinguishes true wisdom. His sense of his own

deficiencies often led him to entertain doubts, where men of less knowledge and more presumption were decided.

It is related of this judge, that on one occasion, after a very patient investigation of facts, he declared that his knowledge was not competent to decide upon the case before him. "Pray do you expect," said a pert courtier who heard this declaration, "that the Caliph is to pay your ignorance?" "I do not," was the mild reply; "the Caliph pays me, and well, for what I do know; if he were to attempt to pay me for what I do not know, the treasures of his empire would not suffice."

PREJUDICE.

REFLECTION.

You are now come to an age capable of reflection ; and I hope you will do what, however, few people at your age do—exert it, for your own sake, in the search of truth, and sound knowledge. I will confess (for I am not unwilling to discover my secrets to you) that it is not many years since I have presumed to reflect for myself. Till sixteen or seventeen I had no reflection ; and, for many years after that, I made no use of what I had. I adopted the notions of the books I read, or the company I kept, without examining whether they were just or not ; and I rather chose to run the risk of easy error, than to take the time and trouble of investigating truth. Thus, partly from laziness, partly from dissipation, and partly from the *mauvaise honte* of rejecting fashionable notions, I was (as I have since found) hurried away by prejudices, instead of being guided by reason ; and quietly cherished error, instead of seeking for truth. But, since I have taken the trouble of reasoning for myself, and have had the

courage to own that I do so, you cannot imagine how much my notions of things are altered, and in how different a light I now see them from that in which I formerly viewed them, through the deceitful medium of prejudice or authority. Nay, I may possibly still retain many errors, which, from long habit, have perhaps grown into real opinions ; for it is very difficult to distinguish habits, early acquired and long entertained, from the result of our reason and reflection.

My first prejudice (for I do not mention the prejudices of boys and women, such as hobgoblins, ghosts, dreams, spilling salt, &c.) was my classical enthusiasm, which I received from the books I read, and the masters who explained them to me. I was convinced there had been no common sense nor common honesty in the world for these last fifteen hundred years ; but that they were totally extinguished with the ancient Greek and Roman governments. Homer and Virgil could have no faults, because they were ancient : Milton and Tasso could have no merit, because they were modern ; and I could almost have said with regard to the ancients what Cicero, very absurdly and unbecomingly for a philosopher, says with regard to Plato—"cum quo errare malim quàm cum aliis recte sentire." Whereas now, without any extraordinary effort of genius, I have discovered that

nature was the same, three thousand years ago, as it is at present ; that men were but men then as well as now ; that modes and customs vary often, but that human nature is always the same. And I can no more suppose, that men were better, braver, or wiser, fifteen hundred or three thousand years ago, than I can suppose that the animals, or vegetables, were better than they are now. I dare assert, too, in defiance of the favourers of the ancients, that Homer's hero, Achilles, was both a brute and a scoundrel, and, consequently, an improper character for the hero of an epic poem.

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

When Abraham sat at his tent-door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travail, coming towards him, who was a hundred years of age : he received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, caused him to sit down,—but, observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of Heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other god. At this answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old

man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night, and in an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was :—he replied, “ I thrust him away, because he did not worship Thee.” God answered him, “ I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonoured me ; and couldst thou not endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble ?” Upon this, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction.

TRUTH.

Truth will ever be unpalatable to those who are determined not to relinquish error, but can never give offence to the honest and well-meaning ; for the plain-dealing remonstrances of a friend differ as widely from the rancour of an enemy, as the friendly probe of a physician from the dagger of an assassin.

EMULATION AND AMBITION.

EMULATION UNNATURAL TO MAN.

Emulation, we are told, is a stimulant : for this reason, precisely, it ought to be reprobated. Men without art and without artifice leave strong spices to those whose taste is weakened : present not to the children of your country any aliments but such as are gentle and simple, like themselves and like you. The fever must not be thrown into their blood, in order to make it circulate : permit it to flow in its natural course ; Nature has made sufficient provision to this effect, at an age of such restlessness and activity. The disquietude of adolescence, the passions of youth, the anxieties of manhood, will one day excite an inflammation but too violent to admit of being cooled by all your efforts.

Emulation fills the whole career of life with solicitude, uneasiness, and vain desires ; and when old age has slackened all our movements, it continues to stimulate us by unprofitable regret.

Had I any occasion in infancy to surpass my companions in drinking, in eating, in walking, in

order to find pleasure in these? Wherefore should it be necessary for me to learn to outstrip them in my studies, in order to acquire a relish for learning? Have I not acquired the faculty of speaking and of reasoning without emulation? Are not the functions of the soul as natural and as agreeable as those of the body? If they sadden our children, it is the fault of our mode of education, and not that of science. It is not from want of appetite on their part. Behold what imitators they are of everything which they see done, and of everything which they hear said! Do you wish, then, to attract children to your exercises?—act as Nature does in recommending hers; draw them with words of love.

“Emulation is the cause of most of the ills of human life. It the root of ambition; for emulation produces the desire of being the first; and the desire of being the first is the essence of ambition, which ramifies itself, conformably to positions, from which issue almost all the miseries of society.

“Positive ambition generates the love of applause,—of personal and exclusive prerogatives for a man’s self or for his corps,—of immense property in dignities, in lands, and in employments; in a word, it produces avarice, that calm ambition of gold, in which all the ambitious finish

their course. But avarice alone drags in its train an infinite number of evils, by depriving multitudes of other citizens of the means of subsistence, and produces, by a necessary reaction, robberies, prostitutions, quackery, and superstition.

“Negative ambition generates in its turn jealousy, evil-speaking, calumnies, quarrels, litigation, duels, intolerance. Of all these particular ambitions a national ambition is composed, which manifests itself in a people by the love of conquest, and in their prince by the love of despotism; from national ambition flow imposts, slavery, tyrannies, and war—a sufficient scourge of itself for the human race.

“I was long under the conviction that ambition must be natural to man; but now I consider it as a simple result from our education. We are involved so early in the prejudices of so many whose interest is concerned to communicate them to us, that it becomes extremely difficult to distinguish through the rest of life what is natural to us and what artificial. In order to form a judgment of the institutions of our societies, we must withdraw to a distance from them.”

HONOUR.

The desire of human estimation, and distinction, and honour, of the admiration and applause

of our fellow-creatures, if we take it in its full comprehension, and in all its various modifications, from the thirst of glory to the dread of shame, is the passion of which the empire is by far the most general, and perhaps the authority the most commanding. Though its power be most conspicuous and least controllable in the higher classes of society, it seems, like some resistless conqueror, to spare neither age, nor sex, nor condition; and, taking ten thousand shapes, insinuating itself when necessary under the most artful disguises, it winds its way in secret, when it dares not openly avow itself, and mixes in all we think, and speak, and do. It is in some instances the determined and declared pursuit, and confessedly the main practical principle; but, where this is not the case, it is not seldom the grand spring of action,—and in the beauty and the author, no less than in the soldier, it is often the master passion of the soul.

This is the principle which parents recognise with joy in their infant offspring,—which is diligently instilled and nurtured in advancing years,—which, under the names of honourable ambition, and of laudable emulation, it is the professed aim of schools and colleges to excite and cherish.

THE GOLDEN VIOLET OF TOULOUSE.

The ancient bards of the south, the troubadours of Provence, have consecrated the violet to the service of the Muses, by selecting it as a model for the golden prize, to be bestowed on their most successful poet. It is recorded that, in the year 1323, seven of the inhabitants of Toulouse, men of rank and wealth, and of literary taste, assembled in a garden in that city, and, assuming the title of "*La gaie Société des sept Troubadours de Toulouse*," drew up a circular letter, addressed to all the poets of Languedoc, inviting them to come to Toulouse on the 1st of May following, to recite their verses in the presence of *La gaie Société*, and promising a golden violet to him who should compose the best poem. The letter itself was in Provençal rhyme. The assembly met on the day appointed,—and such was the foundation of an institution which, in later times, became celebrated under the name of "The Academy of Floral Games."

The society, thus simply formed, soon grew into greater importance; and other flowers were added to the violet, and given as prizes for various kinds of composition—as the ode, the idyl, the sonnet, and the oration. At the end of the thirteenth, or beginning of the fourteenth century, the prizes

were rendered still more valuable by the bequest of Clemence Isaure, a lady of Toulouse, of whom little more is known than that, by her will, she appropriated a certain portion of her property to defray the expense of three flowers for the Academy every year, each to be worth at least fifteen pistoles. These flowers were to be of silver gilt, a cubit in height, and fixed on a pedestal of the same metal, with the arms of the city engraved on it.

Of the festival and all its ceremonies, as observed in the middle of the eighteenth century, we cannot better convey an idea to our youthful readers, than by relating the following adventure of Marmontel.

This writer was himself one of those flowers of genius which are sometimes seen springing up in the bosom of obscurity. Born in a remote village in the south of France, the child of poor but virtuous parents, Marmontel had many difficulties to contend with in the pursuit of his studies. The most valuable part of his education was obtained at a college of Jesuits, where he met with such kindness and encouragement from one of the teachers, a certain Father Mollassa, as made a lasting impression on his heart.

He was afterwards removed to the University of Toulouse; and while there, a sight of some of the prize poems of the Academy inspired him with

a sudden ambition to become a poet, and enter the lists of the Toulouse writers. To this, however, he seems to have been led, in the first place, by filial affection, rather than by any motive of selfish vanity. He was most tenderly attached to his mother, who, on her part, took the warmest interest in everything connected with her darling child ; and he knew how much she would be delighted to receive from his hands a bouquet of the golden flowers of Toulouse.

Thus stimulated, he applied himself to poetical composition, and was many times a successful candidate. The last time he contested the prize he sent in five pieces—an ode, two poems, and two idyls. The only three prizes which the Academy distributed were assigned to him. As the people of Toulouse had no idea of any literary success more brilliant than that which was obtained at the Academy of the Floral Games, the public assembly for the distribution of the prizes had all the splendour and crowded attendance usual at a great solemnity. Three deputies from parliament presided, and the chief magistrates and the corporation of the city were present in their robes. The hall, in the form of an amphitheatre, was filled with people of fashion, and the young students of the University occupied the pit around the academic circle. The hall itself, large and lofty,

was adorned with festoons of flowers and laurel; and the moment a prize was announced, the city trumpet sent forth the notes of victory.

The appointment of the prizes is decided by the judges, before they enter the hall to announce the result of their deliberations.

In the present instance, Marmontel was aware of his good fortune; and he repaired to the assembly with transports of vanity, such as he declares he never afterwards could remember without shame and confusion. The judges entered, and silence was imposed throughout the hall. Then followed the panegyric on Clemence Isaure, pronounced every year at the foot of her statue, which stood in the hall, crowned with a wreath of flowers, and decorated with a girdle of the same. When all due honours had been paid to the memory of the lady patroness, the distribution of prizes commenced. It was first announced, that the prize for the ode was withheld; and, as it was known that Marmontel had offered an ode to the Academy, and that he was likewise the author of an unsuccessful idyl, everybody pitied the young poet for his twofold disappointment.

Then the poem which had gained the prize was proclaimed; and when the words, "Let the author come forward," was pronounced, Marmontel received the prize. The usual applause succeeded,

and he heard those around him say, "He has missed twice, but he did not fail a third time: he has more than one string and one arrow to his bow." He returned to his seat, and presently the second poem was named, on which the Academy had thought it right to bestow the prize of eloquence, rather than to withhold that prize altogether.

The author was called upon, and again Marmontel arose; and the applauses redoubled when he was seen a second time victorious. He had again returned to his seat, when the successful idyl was announced, and the author invited to come forward and receive the prize. Marmontel arose for the third time; and then the most celebrated *chefs d'œuvre* of genius could not have been more loudly applauded. The assembly was raised to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. The men carried him through the crowd in their arms, the women embraced him. But, in a scene so flattering to the vanity of a youthful mind, there occurred one circumstance which touched his heart more sensibly than all the admiration by which he was surrounded. Amid the noise and confusion of the people, he suddenly perceived two long arms extended towards him. They were those of the good father Mollassa, whom he had not seen for eight years. Marmontel rushed forward, forced his way through the crowd, and

throwing himself into his tutor's arms, held out his prizes, exclaiming, "Take them, my father! they are yours: to you I owe them all."—The worthy Jesuit was unable to speak, but his uplifted eyes, filled with tears, testified his emotion; and the successful candidate felt that the pleasure of giving joy to the heart of his venerable instructor was a far richer reward than the applause of the multitude, and all the honours of his floral triumph. "Ah, my children!" exclaims Martmontel, addressing to them his narrative, "that which interests the heart is always sweet, and affords pleasure through the whole course of our lives; while that which merely flatters the pride of genius is recalled only as a vain dream, which we blush to recollect was once so fondly cherished."

CONTENTMENT.

THE FOLLY OF DISCONTENT.

Suppose thyself in as great sadness as ever did load thy spirit ; wouldst thou not bear it nobly and cheerfully, if thou wast sure that, within a certain space, some excellent fortune would relieve thee, and enrich thee, and recompense thee, so as to overflow all thy hopes, and desires, and capacities ? Now, then, when a sadness lies heavy upon thee, remember that thou art a Christian, designed to the inheritance of Jesus.

Or, have they taken all from me ? What now ? let me look about me : they have left me the sun, and the moon, fire and water, a loving wife, and many friends to pity me, and some to relieve me ; and I can still discourse ; and, unless I list, they have not taken away my merry countenance, and my cheerful spirit, and a good conscience : they still have left me the providence of God, and all the promises of the Gospel, and my religion, and my hopes of heaven, and my charity to them too ; and still I sleep and digest, I eat and

drink, I read and meditate, I can walk in my neighbours' pleasant fields, and see the varieties of natural beauties, and delight in all that in which God delights—that is, in virtue and wisdom, in the whole creation, and in God himself. And he that hath so many causes of joy, and so great, is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness, who loses all these pleasures, and chuses to sit down upon his little handful of thorns.

HAPPINESS DEPENDENT ON OURSELVES.

I knew a man who had wealth and riches, and several houses, all beautiful and ready furnished, and who would often trouble himself and family by removing from one house to another. Being asked by a friend why he removed so often, he replied, it was to find content in some of them. "Content," said his friend, "ever dwells in a meek and quiet soul."

WEALTH NOT HAPPINESS.

I sat down under a willow-tree by the water-side, and considered what you had told me of the owner of that pleasant meadow, in which you then left me; that he had a plentiful estate, and not a heart to think so; that he had at this

time many law-suits depending, and that they both damped his mirth, and took so much of his time and thoughts that he had not leisure to take the sweet content, that I, who pretended no title to them, took in his fields : for I could there sit quietly, and, looking on the water, see some fishes sport themselves in the silver streams, others leaping at flies of several shapes and colours ; looking on the hills, I could behold them spotted with woods and groves ; looking down the meadows, could here see a boy gathering lilies, there a girl cropping culverkeys and cowslips, all to make garlands suitable to this present month of May.

COWLEY.

Cowley having known the perplexities of a particular condition, readily persuaded himself that nothing worse was to be found, and that every alteration would bring some improvement ; he never suspected that the cause of his unhappiness was within ; that his own passions were not sufficiently regulated ; and that he was harrassed by his own impatience, which would accompany him over the sea, and find its way to his American elysium. He would, upon the trial, have been soon convinced, that the fountain of content must spring up in the mind ; and that

he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own dispositions, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.

THE CALMNESS OF CONTENT.

Men are continually in search of some sequestered retreat, some villa on the sea-shore, or on some airy mountain ; and you, my friend, were formerly very much attached to retirement. But this is evidently a mere vulgar conception of things. You have it in your power, at any time and in any place, to retire into yourself ; and where can a man find a more peaceful or more undisturbed repose than in his own soul ?—especially one who, when he looks into his own breast, finds nothing there but a perfect calm ; such a calm, I mean, as arises from order, and well-regulated passions and affections.

VIRTUE ALONE PRODUCES CONTENTMENT.

Every being is contented, when employed in the duties, and in the possession of the prosperity and perfection, which belong to its nature. Now, our rational nature is in that prosperous state, when,

in the ideas which are presented to us, we never assent to what is false, or what is obscure,—when we direct all our exertions to the good of the community,—when we confine our desires and our aversions to objects within our own power,—and, lastly, when we rest satisfied with all the dispensations of Providence.

For, indeed, our rational soul is a part of the soul of the universe, as a leaf is a part of the tree which produces it; with this difference only, that a leaf is a part of nature, void of sense and of reason, and liable to be obstructed in its operations; whereas the soul of man is a part of an independent, intelligent, and just being—a being who allots to every creature a due proportion of time, of substance, of force, of fortunate circumstances, according to its dignity and rank in the creation. Of this you will be sensible, not by considering any one object separately in any one respect, but by comparing the whole of one object, collectively, with the whole of any other.

THE BLESSINGS OF CHEERFULNESS.

I hope and trust that you have at length arrived at that happy temperament of disposition, that, although you have much cause of sadness within, you are yet willing to be amused with the

variegated scenes around you, and to join, when occasions present themselves, in innocent mirth. Thus, in the course of your peregrinations, occurrences must continually arise, which, to a mind willing to make the best of everything, will afford amusements of the choicest kind. Men and manners are a never-failing source of surprise and wonder, as they present themselves in their various phases. We may very innocently laugh at the brogue of a Somerset peasant; and I should think that person both cynical and surly, who would pass by a group of laughing children without participating and joining in their delight. It is a truth most undeniable and most melancholy, that there is too much in human life which extorts tears and groans, rather than smiles. This, however, is equally certain—that our giving way to unremitting sadness on these accounts, so far from ameliorating the condition of mortality, only aggravates human misery, and throws a gloom over those moments when a ray of light is permitted to visit the dark valley of life, and the heart ought to be making the best of its fleeting happiness. Landscape, too, ought to be a source of delight to you—fine buildings, objects of nature, and a thousand things which would be tedious to name. I should call the man who could survey such things as these without being affected with plea-

sure, either a very weak-minded and foolish person, or one of no mind at all. To be always sad, and always pondering on internal griefs, is what I call utter selfishness: I would not give twopence for a being who is locked up in his own sufferings, and whose heart cannot respond to the exhilarating cry of nature, or rejoice because he sees others rejoice. The loud and unanimous chirping of the birds on a fine sunny morning pleases me, because I see they are happy; and I should be very selfish, did I not participate in their seeming joy. Do not, however, suppose that I mean to exclude a man's own sorrows from his thoughts, since that is an impossibility, and, were it possible, would be prejudicial to the human heart. I only mean, that the whole mind is not to be incessantly engrossed with cares, but with cheerful elasticity to bend itself occasionally to circumstances, and give way without hesitation to pleasing emotions. To be pleased with little is one of the greatest blessings.

INTEMPERANCE IN EATING.

It is no slight argument of the dishonour we incur by gluttony, that nothing is more carefully avoided in a well-bred company. Nothing would be thought by such more brutal and rude, than the discovery of any marks of having eaten intem-

perately,—of having exceeded that proportion of food which is requisite for our nourishment.

The influence that our food has upon our health, its tendency to preserve or impair our constitution, is the cause of its temperance or excess.

He alone is temperate, who eats not to gratify his taste, but to preserve his life ; who is the same at every table as his own ; who, when he feasts, is not cloyed ; and sees all the delicacies before him that luxury can accumulate, yet preserves a due abstinence in the midst of them.

To govern our appetite is necessary ; but there is no necessity that we should always mortify it. Life is no more to be passed in constant self-denial, than in a round of sensual enjoyments. We should endeavour that it may not be, at any time, painful to us to deny ourselves what is improper for us ; and, on that as well as other accounts, it is most fitting that we should frequently practise self-denial—that we should often forego what would delight us. But to do this continually cannot be required of us, because it is not reasonable to think that it should be our duty wholly to debar ourselves from that food which our palate is formed to relish, and which may be used without any prejudice to our virtue, or our health. Experience proves, that nothing contributes more to the preservation of life than temperance ; and they

who describe the golden age, or the age of innocence, and near a thousand years of life, represent the customary food of it as the plainest and most simple. The dissuasives from eating intemperately, that appear of the greatest weight, are these :—

It is the grossest abuse of the gifts of Providence.

It is the vilest debasement of ourselves.

Our bodies owe to it the most painful diseases, and generally a speedy decay.

It frequently interrupts the use of our nobler faculties, and it is certain, at length, greatly to enfeeble them.

The straits to which it often reduces us occasion our falling into crimes which would otherwise have been our utter abhorrence.

USE MODERATION IN YOUR PLEASURES.

Innocent diversions delight me : if I make use of them to refresh myself after study and business, they preserve my health, restore the vigour of my mind, and increase my pleasure ; but if I spend all or the greater part of my time in them, they hinder my improvement in knowledge and useful arts, they blast my credit, and give me up to the uneasy state of shame, ignorance, and contempt

in which I cannot be but very unhappy. Drinking, gaming, and vicious delights will do me this mischief, not only by wasting my time, but by a positive injury to my health, impair my parts, imprint ill habits, lessen my esteem, and inflict lasting torment on my conscience; therefore all vicious and unlawful pleasures I will always avoid, because such a mastery of my passions will afford me a constant pleasure greater than any such enjoyments, and also deliver me from the certain evil of several kinds that, by indulging myself in a present temptation, I shall certainly afterwards suffer. All innocent diversions and delights, as far as they will contribute to my health, and consist with my improvement, condition, and my other more solid pleasures of knowledge and reputation, I will enjoy, but no farther; and this I will carefully watch and examine, that I may not be deceived, by the flattery of a present pleasure, to lose a greater.

ON GOOD AND BAD HUMOUR.

There is no disposition more comfortable to the person himself, or more agreeable to others, than good humour. It is to the mind what good health is to the body, putting a man in the capacity of enjoying everything that is agreeable in life, and of using every faculty without clog or impediment.

It disposes to contentment with our lot, to benevolence to all men, to sympathy with the distressed. It presents every object in the most favourable light, and disposes us to avoid giving or taking offence. There is a disposition opposite to good humour, which we call *bad humour*, of which the tendency is directly contrary; and, therefore, its influence is as malignant as that of the other is salutary.

Bad humour alone is sufficient to make a man unhappy: it tinges every object with its own dismal colour, and, like a part that is galled, is hurt by everything that touches it. It takes offence where none was meant; and disposes to discontent, jealousy, envy, and, in general, to malevolence.

THE VALLEY OF SECLUSION.

Low was our pretty cot: our tallest rose
Peep'd at the chamber window. We could hear
At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,
The sea's faint murmur. In the open air
Our myrtles blossom'd, and across the porch
Thick jasmines twin'd; the little landscape round
Was green and woody, and refresh'd the eye.
It was a spot which you might, haply, call
The valley of seclusion! Once I saw,
Hallowing his sabbath-day by quietness,

A wealthy son of commerce saunter by—
Bristowa's citizen : methought it calm'd
His thirst of idle gold, and made him muse
With wiser feelings ; for he paus'd and look'd
With a pleas'd sadness, and gaz'd all around,—
Then eyed our cottage, and gaz'd round again,—
And sigh'd, and said it was a blessed place.
And we *were* bless'd. Oft, with patient ear
Long listening to viewless skylark's note
(Viewless, or haply for a moment seen
Gleaming on sunny wings), in whisper'd tones
I've said to to my beloved, " Such, sweet girl !
The unobtrusive song of happiness,
Unearthly minstrelsy !—then only heard
When the soul seeks to hear ; when all is hush'd,
And the heart listens."

THE CHILDREN'S CHOICE.

John.

I mean to be a soldier,
With uniform quite new ;
I wish they'd let me have a drum,
And be a captain too :
I would go amid the battle,
With my broadsword in my hand,
And hear the cannon rattle,
And the music, all so grand !

Mother.

My son, my son!—what, if that sword
Should strike a noble heart,
And bid some loving father
From his little ones depart?
What comfort would your waving plumes
And brilliant dress bestow,
When you thought upon his widow's tears,
And her orphans' cry of woe?

William.

I mean to be a president,
And rule each rising state,
And hold my levees once a-week
For all the gay and great.
I'll be a king, except a crown—
For that they won't allow;
And I'll find out what the tariff is,
That puzzles me so now.

Mother.

My son, my son! the cares of state
Are thorns upon the breast,
That ever pierce the good man's heart,
And rob him of his rest:
The great and gay to him appear
As trifling as the dust;
For he knows how little they are worth—
How faithless is their trust.

Louisa.

I mean to be a cottage girl,
And sit behind a rill,
And morn and eve my pitcher there
With purest water fill ;
And I 'll train a lovely woodbine
Around my cottage door,
And welcome to my winter hearth
The wandering and the poor.

Mother.

Louisa, dear ! a humble mind
'Tis beautiful to see ;
And you shall never hear a word
To check that mind from me :—
But, ah ! remember, pride may dwell
Beneath the woodbine shade ;
And discontent, a sullen guest,
The cottage heart invade.

Caroline.

I will be gay and courtly,
And dance away the hours ;
Music, and sport, and joy, shall dwell
Beneath my fairy bowers ;
No heart shall ache with sadness
Within my laughing hall,
But the note of love and gladness
Re-echo to my call.

Mother.

Oh, children ! sad it makes my soul
To hear your playful strain :
I cannot bear to chill your youth
With images of pain.
Yet humbly take what God bestows ;
And, like his own fair flowers,
Look up in sun-shine with a smile,
And gently bend in showers.

TRUE HAPPINESS NOT LOCAL.

True Happiness had no localities,
No tones provincial, no peculiar garb.
Where Duty went, she went ; with Justice went ;
And went with Meekness, Charity, and Love.
Where'er a tear was dried,—a wounded heart
Bound up,—a bruised spirit with the dew
Of sympathy anointed,—or a pang
Of honest suffering sooth'd,—or injury
Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven ;—
Where'er an evil passion was subdued,
Or virtue's feeble embers fann'd ; where'er
A sin was heartily abjured and left ;
Where'er a pious act was done, or breath'd
A pious prayer, or wish'd a pious wish ;—
There was a high and holy place, a spot
Of sacred light, a most religious fane,
Where Happiness, descending, sat and smil'd.

THE BLIND BOY.

O, say !—what is that thing called light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy ?
What are the blessings of the sight ?—
O, tell your poor blind boy !

You talk of wondrous things you see :
You say the sun shines bright ;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night ?

My day or night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play ;
And, could I ever keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe ;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy ;
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

SONG.

No glory I covet, no riches I want ;
Ambition is nothing to me ;
The one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant,
Is a mind independent and free.

With passions unruffled, untainted with pride,
By reason, my life let me square ;
The wants of my nature are cheaply supplied,
And the rest are but folly and care.

The blessings which Providence freely has lent,
I'll justly and gratefully prize ;
Whilst sweet meditation and cheerful content
Shall make me both healthful and wise.

In the pleasures the great man's possessions
display,
Unenvied I'll challenge my part ;
For every fair object my eyes can survey,
Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly, through infinite trouble and strife,
The many their labours employ !
Since all that is truly delightful in life,
Is what all, if they please, may enjoy.

MY BIRTH-DAY

“ My birth-day !”—What a different sound
That word had in my youthful ears !
And how, each time the day comes round,
Less and less its mark appears !

When first our scanty years are told,
It seems like pastime to grow old ;
And, as youth counts the shining links
That time around him binds so fast,
Pleas'd with the task, he little thinks
How hard that chain will press at last !

Vain was the man, and false as vain,
Who said, " Were he ordain'd to run
His long career of life again,
He would do all that he *had* done."
Ah ! 'tis not thus the voice that dwells
In sober birth-days speaks to me ;
Far otherwise—of time it tells
Lavish'd unwisely, carelessly,—
Of counsel mock'd,—of talent, made
Haply for high and pure designs,
But oft, like Israel's incense,
Upon unholy, earthly shrines,—
Of nursing many a wrong desire,—
Of wandering after Love too far,
And taking every meteor fire
That cross'd my pathway for his star !
All this it tells ; and, could I trace
Th' imperfect picture o'er again,
With power to add, retouch, efface
The lights and shades, the joy and pain,

How little of the past would stay !
How quickly all should melt away !—
All—but that freedom of the mind
Which hath been more than wealth to me ;
Those friendships in my boyhood twin'd,
And kept till now unchangingly ;
And that dear home, that saving ark,
Where Love's true light at last I've found,
Cheering within, when all grows dark,
And comfortless, and stormy round !

SONG.

My mind to me a kingdom is ;
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss
That God or nature hath assign'd.
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live ; this is my stay ;
I seek no more than may suffice :
I press to bear no haughty sway ;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies.
Lo ! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall ;
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all ;

These get with toil, and keep with fear ;
Such cares my mind could never bear.

No princely prompt, nor wealthy store,—
No force to win a victory,—
No wily wit to salve a sore,—
No shape to win a lover's eye,—
To none of these I yield as thrall ;
For why ? my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave ;
I little have, yet seek no more :
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store.
They poor, I rich ; they beg, I give ;
They lack, I lend ; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss ;
I grudge not at another's gain ;
No worldly wave my mind can toss ;
I brook that is another's bane ;
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend—
I loath not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health and perfect ease ;
My conscience clear, my chief defence ;
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence :—
Thus do I live, thus will I die—
Would all did so as well as I !

I joy not in mere earthly bliss ;
I weigh not Cræsus' wealth a straw ;
For care, I care not what it is ;
I fear not fortune's fatal law :
My mind is such, as may not move
For beauty bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will ;
I wander not to seek for more ;
I like the plain, I climb no hill ;
In greatest storms I sit on shore,
And laugh at them that toil in vain,
To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill ;
I feign not love where most I hate ;
I break no sleep to win my will ;
I wait not at the mighty's gate ;
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich—
I feel no want, nor have too much.

Some weigh their pleasures by their lust,
Their wisdom by their rage of will,
Their treasure is their only trust,
A cloaked craft their store of skill ;—
But all the pleasure that I find,
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

The rain was pattering o'er the low-thatch'd shed
That gave us shelter. There was a shepherd boy
Stretching his lazy limbs on the rough straw
In vacant happiness. A tatter'd sack
Cover'd his sturdy loins, while his rude legs
Were deck'd with uncouth patches of all hues,
Iris and jet, through which his sun-burnt skin
Peep'd forth in dainty contrast. He was a glory
For a painter's eye ; and his quaint draperies
Would harmonise with some fair sylvan scene,
Where arching groves, and flower-embroider'd
banks,
Verdant with thymy grass, tempted the sheep
To scramble up their heights, while he, reclin'd
Upon the pillowing moss, lay listlessly
Through the long summer's day. Not such as he
In plains of Thessaly, as poets feign,
Went piping forth at the first gleam of morn,
And in their bowering thickets dreamt of joy,
And innocence, and love. Let the true lay
Speak thus of the poor hind :—his indolent gaze
Reck'd not of natural beauties ; his delights
Were gross and sensual : not the glorious sun,
Rising above his hills, and lighting up
His woods and pastures with a joyous beam,
To him was grandeur ; not the reposing sound

Of tinkling flocks, cropping the tender shoots,
To him was music; not the blossomy breeze
That slumbers in the honey-dropping bean-flower
To him was fragrance: he went plodding on
His long-accustomed path; and, when his cares
Of daily duties were o'er-pass'd, he ate,
And laugh'd, and slept, with a most drowsy mind.
Dweller in cities! scorn'st thou the shepherd boy,
Who never look'd within to find the eye
For Nature's glories? Oh, his slumbering spirit
Struggled to pierce the fogs and deepening mists
Of rustic ignorance; but he was bound
With a harsh galling chain, and so he went
Groveling along his dim instinctive way.
Yet *thou* hadst other hopes and other thoughts;
But the world spoil'd thee: then the mutable
 clouds,
And doming skies, and glory-shedding sun,
And tranquil stars that hung above thy head
Like angels gazing on thy crowded path,
To thee were worthless; and thy soul forsook
The love of beauteous fields, and the blest lore
That man may read in Nature's book of truth.
Despise not, then, the lazy shepherd boy!—
For his account and thine shall be made up;
And evil cherish'd, and occasion lost,
May cast their load upon thee, while his spirit
May bud and bloom in a more sunny sphere.

CIVILISED AND SAVAGE LIFE.

Blest he, though undistinguish'd from the crowd
By wealth or dignity, who dwells secure
Where man, by nature fierce, has laid aside
His fierceness, having learnt, though slow to learn,
The manners and the arts of civil life.
His wants indeed are many ; but supply
Is obvious, plac'd within the easy reach
Of temp'rate wishes and industrious hands.
Here Virtue thrives as in her proper soil ;
Not rude and surly, and beset with thorns,
And terrible to sight, as when she springs
(If e'er she spring spontaneous) in remote
And barb'rous climes, where violence prevails,
And strength is lord of all ; but gentle, kind,
By culture tam'd, by liberty refresh'd,
And all her fruits by radiant truth matur'd.
War and the chase engross the savage whole :
War follow'd for revenge, or to supplant
The envied tenants of some happier spot ;
The chase for sustenance, precarious trust ;
His hard condition with severe constraint
Binds all his faculties,—forbids all growth
Of wisdom,—proves a school, in which he learns
Sly circumvention, unrelenting hate,
Mean self-attachment, and scarce aught beside.

Thus fare the shivering natives of the north,
And thus the rangers of the western world,
Where it advances far into the deep,
Towards th' antarctic. E'en the favour'd isles
So lately found, although the constant sun
Cheer all their seasons with a grateful smile,
Can boast but little virtue ; and, inert
Through plenty, lose in morals what they gain
In manners—victims of luxurious ease.
These therefore I can pity, plac'd remote
From all that science traces, art invents,
Or inspiration teaches ; and enclos'd
In boundless oceans, never to be pass'd
By navigators uninform'd as they,
Or plough'd perhaps by British bark again :
But far beyond the rest, and with most cause,
Thee, gentle savage ! whom no love of thee
Or thine, but curiosity perhaps,
Or else vain-glory, prompted us to draw
Forth from thy native bowers, to show thee here
With what superior skill we can abuse
The gifts of Providence, and squander life.
The dream is past ; and thou hast found again
Thy cocoas and bananas, palms and yams,
And homestall thatch'd with leaves. But hast
thou found
Their former charms ? And, having seen our state,
Our palaces, our ladies, and our pomp

Of equipage, our gardens, and our sports,
And heard our music,—are thy simple friends,
Thy simple fare, and all thy plain delights,
As dear to thee as once? And have thy joys
Lost nothing by comparison with ours?
Rude as thou art (for we return'd thee rude
And ignorant, except of outward show)
I cannot think thee yet so dull of heart
And spiritless, as never to regret
Sweets tasted here, and left as soon as known.
Methinks I see thee straying on the beach,
And asking of the surge, that bathes thy foot,
If ever it has wash'd our distant shore.
I see thee weep, and thine are honest tears—
A patriot's for his country: thou art sad
At thought of her forlorn and abject state,
From which no power of thine can raise her up.

SONNET.

Nor can I not believe but that hereby
Great gains are mine; for thus I live remote
From evil-speaking; rancour, never sought,
Comes to me not; malignant truth, or lie.
Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I
Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous
thought;
And thus, from day to day, my little boat
Rocks in its harbour, lodging peaceably.

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares !—
The poets !—who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays !
Oh ! might my name be number'd among theirs,
Then gladly would I end my mortal days !

HOW TO ENDURE POVERTY.

In a late visit to the alms-houses at —, we saw a remarkable evidence of the truth of this doctrine. Mrs. — was early left an orphan. She was educated by an uncle and aunt, both of whom had attained the middle age of life. Theirs was an industrious, well-ordered, and cheerful family. Her uncle was a man of sound judgment, liberal feelings, and a great knowledge of human nature. This he showed by the education of the young people under his care. He allowed them to waste no time, every moment must be spent in learning something. He encouraged an entertaining lively style of conversation, but discountenanced all remarks about persons, families, dress, and engagements : he used to say, parents were not aware how such topics frittered away the minds of young people, and what inordinate importance they learned to attach to them when they heard them constantly talked about.

In his family, Sunday was a happy day ; for it was made a day of religious instruction, without any unnatural constraint upon the gaiety of the young. The Bible was the text-book ; the places mentioned in it were traced on maps ; the manners and customs of different nations were explained ; curious phenomena in the natural history of those countries were read ; in a word, everything was done to cherish a spirit of humble, yet earnest inquiry. In this excellent family Mrs. —— remained till her marriage. In the course of fifteen years she lost her uncle, her aunt, and her husband. She was left destitute, but supported herself comfortably by her own exertions, and retained the respect and admiration of a large circle of friends. Thus she passed her life in cheerfulness and honour during ten years : at the end of that time her humble residence took fire from an adjoining house in the night-time, and she escaped by jumping from the chamber-window. In consequence of the injury sustained by this jump, her right arm was amputated, and her right leg became entirely useless. Her friends were very kind and attentive, and, for a short time, she consented to live on their bounty ; but, aware that the claims on private charity are very numerous, she, with the independence of a strong mind, resolved to avail herself of the public provision for

the helpless poor. The name of going to the alms-house had nothing terrifying or disgraceful to *her* ; for she had been taught that *conduct* is the real standard of respectability. She is there, with a heart full of thankfulness to the Giver of all things ; she is patient, pious, and uniformly cheerful. She instructs the young, encourages the old, and makes herself delightful to all, by her various knowledge and entertaining conversation. Her character reflects dignity on her situation ; and those who visit the establishment come away with sentiments of respect and admiration for this voluntary resident of the alms-house.

PHILOSOPHY AND HISTORY OF MAN.

MAN COMPARED WITH HIS PARENT EARTH.

If our philosophy of the history of man would in any measure deserve that name, it must begin from heaven. For as our place of abode is of itself nothing, but derives its figure and constitution, its faculty of forming organised beings, and preserving them, when formed, from those heavenly powers that pervade the whole universe ; we must first consider it not singly by itself, but as a member of that system of worlds in which it is placed. It is bound by eternal, invisible bonds to its centre, the sun ; from which it derives light, heat, life, and vigour. Without this sun, we can no more conceive our planetary system, than a circle without a centre. With it, and that beneficial power of attraction with which the eternal Being has endued it and all matter, we perceive the planets formed in its domain according to simple, beautiful, and masterly laws—jocundly and incessantly revolving on their axes, and round one common centre, in spaces proportionate to

their magnitudes and densities ; nay, by the same laws, round some of them moons are formed to revolve. Nothing so much exalts the mind as this contemplation of the grand structure of the universe.

We, for the most part, content ourselves with viewing the earth as a grain of sand moving in that great abyss where the earth fulfils her course round the sun,—this sun, where thousands move round their common centre,—and, probably, yet many other such systems of suns in separate spaces of the heavens ; till at length both the understanding and the imagination are lost in this sea of immensity and eternal magnitude, and find neither exit nor end.

But this barren astonishment, in which we are absorbed, is surely not to be reckoned the noblest or most durable effect. To Nature, in herself all-sufficient, the grain of sand is not of less value than an immeasurable whole : she determines the points of space and of existence where worlds shall be formed ; and in each of these points she as wholly is, with the indivisible fulness of her power, wisdom, and goodness, as though no other point of creation, no other earthly atom, existed. When we open the great book of the universe, and see before us that immense palace which the Deity alone can fill in every part, we reason as

closely as we can from the whole to its parts, and from its parts to the whole. It was one and the same power, that created the resplendent sun, and preserves this grain of sand in its orbit; the same power, that caused a galaxy of suns to revolve probably round the Dog-star, and that acts on this earthly ball in the laws of gravitation. When we perceive that the place occupied by our earth in this temple of suns, the path described by it in its course, its magnitude, its mass, and everything thereon depending, are determined by laws that act throughout infinity, we must not only be satisfied with the place allotted us, and rejoice that we are so enabled to perform our parts in the harmonious choir of beings innumerable, unless we would madly revolt against omnipotence; but it will be our noblest occupation to inquire what, in this allotted place, we ought to be, and what in all probability we can be in it alone.

Other earths, her sisters, may probably boast and enjoy superior creatures; suffice if there lives on them what on them can live. Our eyes are framed to support the beams of the sun at this distance, and no other; our ears, for this atmosphere; our bodies, for a globe of this density; all our senses from, and for, the organisation of this earth; to which, also, our mental faculties are adapted. Thus the whole space and sphere of action of our

species is as precisely determined and prescribed as the mass and course of the earth, on which our lives are to be spent ; and thence, too, in many languages, man derives his name from his parent earth.

The greater the sphere of harmony, goodness, and wisdom, to which our parent belongs, the more sublime and fixed the laws on which her being, and that of all other earths, depend ; the more we perceive that in them all proceeds from one, and one subserves all ; the more firmly too we find our fate enchained, not to the dust of this earth, but to the invisible laws by which this earth is governed. The power which thinks and acts in us is, from its nature, as eternal as that which holds together the sun and the stars : its organs may wear out, and the sphere of its action may change, as earths wear away, and stars change their places ; but the laws through which it is where it is, and will again come in other forms, never alter. Its nature is as eternal as the mind of God ; and the foundations of our being (not of our corporeal frame) are as fixed as the pillars of the universe. For all being is alike an indivisible idea ; in the greatest, as well as in the least, founded on the same laws. Thus the structure of the universe confirms the eternity of the core of our being, of our intrinsic life. Wherever or

whatever we may be, we shall be, as we now are, powers in the universal system of powers—beings in the inconceivable harmony of some world of God.

PROGRESS OF SENSATION IN THE FIRST MAN.

I well remember that joyful anxious moment, when I first became acquainted with my own existence. I was quite ignorant of what I was, how I was produced, or whence I came. I opened my eyes—what an addition to my surprise! The light of the day, the azure vault of heaven, the verdure of the earth, the crystal of the waters, all employed me at once, and animated and filled me with inexpressible delight. I at first imagined that all those objects were within me, and made a part of myself.

I turned my eyes upon a thousand various objects: I soon found that I could lose them and restore them at will, and amused myself more at leisure with a repetition of this new-made power.

I now began to gaze without emotion, and to hearken with tranquillity, when a light breeze, the freshness of which charmed me, wafted its perfumes to my sense of smelling, and gave me such satisfaction as even increased my self-love.

Agitated, roused by the various pleasures of

my new existence, I instantly arose, and perceived myself moved along, as if by some unknown and secret power.

I had scarcely proceeded forward, when the novelty of my situation once more rendered me immovable. My surprise returned; I supposed that every object around me had been in motion : I gave that agitation which I produced by changing place ; and the whole creation seemed once more in disorder.

I lifted my hand to my head ; I touched my forehead ; I felt my whole frame ; I then supposed that my hand was the principal organ of my existence ; all its informations were distinct and perfect, and so superior to the senses I had yet experienced, that I employed myself for some time in repeating its enjoyments ; every part of my person I touched seemed to touch my hand in return ; and gave back sensation for sensation.

I soon found that this faculty was expanded over the whole surface of my body ; and I now first began to perceive the limits of my existence, which I had in the beginning supposed spread over all the objects I saw.

Upon casting my eyes upon my body, and surveying my own form, I thought it greater than all the objects that surrounded me ; I gazed upon my person with pleasure ; I examined the formation

of my hand, and all its motions; it seemed to me large or little in proportion as I approached it to my eyes; I brought it very near, and it then hid almost every object from my sight. I began soon, however, to find that my sight gave me uncertain information, and resolved to depend upon my feeling for redress.

This precaution was of the utmost service: I renewed my motions, and walked forward with my face turned towards the heavens. I happened to strike lightly against a palm tree, and this renewed my surprise: I laid my hand on this strange body; it seemed replete with new wonders, for it did not return me sensation for sensation, as my former feelings had done. I perceived that there was something external, and which did not make a part of my own existence.

LIFE AN ASTONISHING THING.

Life and the world, and whatever we call that which we are, and feel, is an astonishing thing. The mist of familiarity obscures from us the wonder of our being. We are struck with astonishment at some of its transient modifications, but it is itself the great miracle. What are the changes of empires, the wreck of dynasties, with the opinions that supported them,—what is the birth

and extinction of religious and of political systems, to life? What are the revolutions of the globe which we inhabit, and the operations of the elements of which it is composed, compared with life?—what is the universe of stars and suns, and their motions, and the destiny of those that inhabit them, compared with life? Life, the great miracle, we admire not because it is so miraculous. If any artist, I do not say had executed, but had merely conceived in his mind the system of the sun, the stars, and planets, they not existing, and had painted to us, in words or upon canvas, the spectacle now afforded by the sight of the cope of heaven, and illustrated it by astronomy, what would have been our admiration!—or had imagined the scenery of the earth, the mountains, and the seas, and the rivers, and the grass, and the flowers, and the varieties of the forms and the masses of the leaves of the woods, and the colours which attend the rising and the setting sun, and the hues of the atmosphere turbid or serene, truly we should have been wonderstruck, and should have said, what it would have been a vain boast to have said, “Truly, this creator deserves the name of a God.” But now, these things are looked upon with little wonder; and who views them with delight, is considered an enthusiast, or an extraordinary person.

The multitude care little for them. It is thus with life, that includes all. What is life? Thoughts and feelings arise with or without our will, and we employ words to express them.

We are born, and our birth is unremembered, and our infancy remembered but in fragments. We live, and in living we lose the apprehension of life.

IMPERFECTION OF MODERN GOVERNMENT.

The ancient legislators understood the power of legislation. But no modern government seems to have perceived that men are as clay in the potter's hands. There are, and always will be, innate and unalterable differences of individual character; but national character is formed by national institutions and circumstances, and is whatever those circumstances may make it—Japanese, Algerine, or English. Till governments avail themselves of this principle in its full extent, and give it its best direction, the science of policy will be incomplete.

HOPE.

Man has never despaired. Hope, that angel of light,—Hope, “which comes to all,” nations as well as individuals,—immortal Hope, has never

deserted him. In his deepest degradation,—in his darkest prison-house,—she has stood by his side, and pointed his view onward and upward. The eternal principle, created and destined for high attainments, was ever strong within him, and urging him forward to something better. True, man knew not what it was—this dim, undefined, evanescent something. But he felt that it was worthy of his effort;—that, though mysterious, it was animating,—though distant, glorious. And his eye was ever upon it; his footsteps were ever toward it. His ever-active spirit was longing, aching to lay hold of it, though it seemed like a vision. Man clung to it as to life, though he comprehended it not.

MAN CONSIDERED AS PART OF A GREAT WHOLE.

The great beauty, the grand purpose, of history, then, is not displayed until it shows us man, not as an individual, but as a race;—not as acting for himself alone, but as operating powerfully on all around him and before him. It will not have reached its high aim till it looks upon great events, not merely as happening here on there—originating or conducted by this or that distinguished leader—but as parts of that grand series which began with time, and will end only with time; as

exerting each an influence on all that succeed—if unseen, not unfelt; as reaching backward, in their causes, to the first—and forward, in their effects, to the last link—of that grand chain which encircles the universe in its embrace.

And how beautiful, how grand, how ennobling, is this view of mankind and their doings! Ages have rolled on—generation has succeeded generation; but the tie that connects man with his fellow-men has never been severed. They who have gone before, by their gradual advancement, have contributed to place us where we are; and we, in our turn, are but carrying on the same great enterprise of improvement in which they have laboured. There is not a great event in the annals of the world, wherever or by whom achieved, that has yet ceased to operate, or that ever will. There is not a distinguished character,—be it for his virtues or his crimes,—who has ever trod upon the earth, who does not yet live in the good or ill influences of his life. Is it not a pleasing thought, that men of all ages and all nations are thus fellow-labourers—are thus brethren?

VIRTUE MAN'S TRUE INTEREST.

I find myself existing upon a little spot, surrounded every way by an immense unknown

expansion. Where am I? What sort of a place do I inhabit? Is it exactly accommodated, in every instance, to my convenience? Is there no excess of cold, none of heat, to offend me? Am I never annoyed by animals either of my own or of a different kind? Is everything subservient to me, as though I had ordered it myself? No; nothing like it—the furthest from it possible. The world appears not, then, originally made for the private convenience of me alone.

But is it not possible so to accommodate it by my own particular industry? If to accommodate man and beast, heaven and earth, be beyond me, it is not possible. What consequence, then, follows? or can there be any other than this? If I seek an interest of my own, detached from that of others, I seek an interest which is chimerical, and can never have existed?

How, then, must I determine? Have I no interest at all?—If I have not, I am a fool for remaining here. It is a smoky house; and the sooner I am out of it the better. But why no interest?—Can I be contented with none, but one separate and detached? Is a social interest, joined with others, such an absurdity as not to be admitted? The bee, the beaver, and the tribes of herding animals, are enough to convince me that the thing is somewhere, at least, possible. How,

then, am I assured that it is not equally true of man?—Admit it; and what follows? If so, then honour and justice are my interest; then the whole train of moral virtues are my interest; without some portion of which not even thieves can maintain society.

But, further still—I stop not here—I pursue this social interest as far as I can trace my several relations. I pass from my own neighbourhood, my own nations, to the whole race of mankind, as dispersed throughout the earth. Am I not related to them by all the mutual aids of commerce, by the general intercourse of arts and letters, by that common nature of which we all participate?

Again—I must have food and clothing: without a proper genial warmth I instantly perish. Am I not related, in this view, to the very earth itself?—to the distant sun, from whose beams I derive vigour?—to that stupendous course and order of the infinite host of heaven, by which the times and seasons ever uniformly pass on? Were this order once confounded, I could not probably survive a moment,—so absolutely do I depend on this common general welfare.—What, then, have I to do, but to enlarge virtue into piety? Not only honour, and justice, and what I owe to man, are my interest; but gratitude also, acquiescence, resignation, adoration, and all I owe

to this great polity, and its greater Governor, our common Parent.

VIRTUE.

To know what virtue is, we must first know what is man. I asked myself, who am I? I perceived within me sense, intelligence, and will, and I saw myself thrown, as if by chance, and by an unknown hand, on the surface of the earth. But whence come I, and who has placed me here? To answer, I was obliged to go out of myself, and interrogate Nature. Then my eyes wandered around, and I contemplated the universe. In seeing this infinite assemblage of beings which composed it, worlds added to worlds, and myself so little and so weak, confined to a corner of the earth, and, as if lost in immensity, I was for a moment discouraged. What then! (said I) am I something in nature? The recollection of my intelligence on a sudden reanimated me. Marcus Aurelius, said I, that which thinks cannot be lost in the crowd. Then I continued my researches, and, observing everything, I examined the plan of the universe. I was struck with the harmony which I everywhere perceived; I saw that in the heavens, and on the earth, all beings give assistance to each other. The universe, said I, is, then,

an immense whole, all whose parts correspond. The greatness and simplicity of this idea elevated my mind. Soon this harmony excited the necessary idea of a cause. To combine so many means and so many separate beings, and to form, thus to say, but one being, there must be an intelligent mind. I called this mind the Universal Mind—I called it God. At this name, I experienced a religious emotion, and the universe appeared to me something sacred. I here found a support, and here I stopped. To this cause I attributed all effects. I perceived that it was this which has stamped a character of unity on everything that exists. It is this which has given to the innumerable crowd of beings, whether inanimate or sensitive, the law which unites them, to make them at once serve to the good of each other, and to the harmony of the whole. But it is particularly among intelligent beings, that this primitive law appeared to act with more force. Men, by a secret instinct, seek and approach each other. In vain does the interest of passion divide; a more imperious force draws them together. It seems that a thinking being is abandoned and solitary in the midst of the physical world, and that thought has need of the commerce of thought. A second chain presented itself to me—that of our wants. In fine, I saw that men are united by still closer ties. For

all minds, there is one and the same reason, as, for all physical beings there is one and the same light. If there is but one reason, there is but one law. Men of all countries, and of all ages, are then subject to the same legislation; all are fellow-citizens of the same town: this town is the universe. Then it was that I saw fall around me all the barriers which separate nations, and I beheld only one people and one family.

TRUTH.

Petrarch, a celebrated Italian poet, who flourished about four hundred years ago, recommended himself to the confidence and affection of Cardinal Colonna, in whose family he resided, by his candour and strict regard to truth. A violent quarrel occurred in the household of this nobleman, which was carried so far, that recourse was had to arms. The Cardinal, wishing to know the foundation of this affair, that he might be able to decide with justice, assembled all his people, and obliged them to bind themselves, by a solemn oath on the Gospels, to declare the whole truth. Every one, without exception, submitted to this determination; even the Bishop of Luna, brother to the Cardinal, was not excused. Petrarch, in his turn, presenting himself to take the oath, the Cardinal

closed the book, and said, "As to you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient."

AFFECTION.

There is such a natural principle of attraction in man towards man, that, having trod the same tract of land, having breathed in the same climate, barely having been born in the same artificial district, or division, becomes the occasion of contracting acquaintances and familiarities many years after ; for anything may serve the purpose. Thus, relations merely nominal are sought and invented, not by governors, but by the lowest order of the people, which are found sufficient to hold mankind together in little fraternities and copartnerships ; weak ties, indeed, and what may afford fund enough for ridicule, if they are absurdly considered as the *real principles* of that union ; but they are, in truth, merely *the occasions*, as anything may be, of anything to which our nature carries us on according to its own previous bent and bias ; which occasion, therefore, would be nothing at all, were there not this prior bias or disposition of nature.

POWER OF MAN.

In whatever light we examine the triumphs and achievements of our species over the creation

submitted to its power, we explore new sources of wonder. But, if science has called into real existence the visions of the poet,—if the accumulated knowledge of ages has blunted the sharpest and distanced the loftiest of the shafts of the satirist,—the philosopher has conferred on the moralist an obligation of surpassing weight. In unveiling to him the living miracles which teem in rich exuberance around the minutest atom, as well as throughout the largest masses of ever-active matter, he has placed before him resistless evidence of unmeasurable design. Surrounded by every form of animate and inanimate existence, the sun of science has yet penetrated but through the outer fold of Nature's majestic robe; but if the philosopher were required to separate from among those countless evidences of creative power, one being the master-piece of its skill,—and from that being to select one gift, the choicest of all the attributes of life,—turning within his own breast, and conscious of those powers which have subjugated to his race the external world, and of those higher powers by which he has subjugated to himself that creative faculty which aids his faltering conceptions of a Deity—the humble worshipper at the altar of truth would pronounce that being, man,—that endowment, human reason.

But, however large the interval that separates

the lowest from the highest of those sentient beings which inhabit our planet, all the results of observation, enlightened by all the reasonings of the philosopher, combine to render it probable that in the vast extent of creation the proudest attribute of our race is but, perchance, the lowest step in the scale of gradation of intellectual existence. For since every portion of our own material globe, and every animated being it supports, afford, on more scrutinising inquiry, more perfect evidence of design, it would indeed be most unphilosophical to believe that those sister spheres, glowing with light and heat, radiant from the same central source,—and that the members of those kindred systems, almost lost in the remoteness of space, and perceptible only to the countless multitude of their congregated globes—should each be, or no more, than a floating chaos of unformed matter : or, being all the work of the same Almighty Architect, that no living eye should be gladdened by their forms of beauty—that no intellectual being should expand its faculties in deciphering their laws.

PEACEFUL TRIUMPHS.

England has a field of glory before it, far beyond any that it has acquired hitherto by the efforts of its sons. Its fleets and its armies may be em-

ployed in conquests without a sigh or a tear—the former, in conveying to distant colonies the hardy cultivators of the soil ; the latter, in forming roads of communication by which their conquests may be secured. In this manner the face of our island was changed in a few years by the Romans, though they had other difficulties to encounter from its savage inhabitants ; and in two hundred years a Roman emperor held his court at York ; and the villas in the vicinity of Cheltenham and Bath were probably not inferior to those which are their present ornament. But these great conquerors were not aware of the riches of their possessions. The mines of coal, of far greater value than those of gold in America, remained for many years unworked ; and in the same manner, there are advantages in different parts of the earth, whose inhabitants can form no idea of the comforts to be derived hereafter from them by their successors. Already the deserts of Africa and Arabia have a glimpse of what may be done by a very simple process : in their sterile lands water has gushed out for the thirsty camel, and operatives are continuing their exertions ; so that caravans will in future find, at convenient distances, an ample supply of this necessary of life. The boring of the earth was viewed, at first, with apathy and incredulity ; but when the water was seen gushing

out, the air resounded with the repeated shouts of "Allah!" And who can tell what may be the future results of this experiment? Underneath the sands may be found layers of earth which, brought upon its surface, will form verdant plains, and groves of trees, around New Palmyras. The desert will be subdued. Man will there, as elsewhere, reign triumphant. My eyes will have been long closed before that day arrives; but I exult in every tendency towards its consummation,—being firmly convinced that "eye has not seen, nor ear heard, nor has it entered into the heart of man to conceive," how great will be the blessings of Providence on a future race, whose hearts will unite with their words, and whose actions will prove that the will of God is done in earth as it is in heaven.

INTIMATE CONNEXION OF ALL THINGS.

The apple from the tree, or the daisy from the sod, is quite sufficient to lead the mind to all the phenomena of the visible world. The little unassuming flower grew upon the *turf*; it was supported by the *earth*; it was nourished by the *dews* and *showers*; the *air* and the *sun* were requisite to its existence and to its arriving at perfection. Here, then, is an evident connexion between the daisy and the earth, the dew, the showers, the

atmosphere, and the sun. Here we see how grandly comprehensive is the chain of which the little link that was first laid hold upon is a part that cannot be separated from it. But the chain is all-comprehensive, the whole range of vegetation is related to, and the consideration of it consecutively suggested by the contemplation of, the daisy. All animated creatures, too, are comprehended—herbivorous and granivorous, that feed upon the herbage and the grain of the field,—and the carnivorous, that are, in their turn, supplied with food by the flesh of the former—all may be taken in continued connexion with the lowliest flower that springs from the green turf. We have only to push the investigation, and we enter upon the entire order and arrangement of nature. Any natural object may be made the beginning of the circle that shall include the whole of the sciences, as in a river may be begun that voyage which will terminate with the circumnavigation of the earth.

THE SPIRIT OF MAN.

What is this principle we call the mind,
This element of immortality,
Unknown, inscrutable, and yet enshrin'd
In every form of frail humanity?
What is it, that its privilege should be

The image of th' Eternal One to bear,
To make for him a shrine, that he might see
His own high attributes reflected there,
E'en as the lowliest flower the tinge of light doth
wear?

Ethereal, spiritual, bright, sublime,
Finite, yet tending to infinity ;
Though time-worn, fitted to outlast all time ;
Though lowly, gifted with the power to be
Progressing to a nobler destiny ;
Though evil, ever with some good innate
Latent amidst the evil still, since He
Who formed it is beneficent as great,
Nor for unmingled ill one being would create.

The spirit, unto which the things that are
Of this world are but shadows, and their
good
But as a gem unto the shining star
Which, dimly seen in its vast altitude,
Seems but a spark,—this spirit may elude
The sense that would its nature comprehend ;
By its own elevation may delude
The gaze that to its splendours would ascend,
And trace it through that course which shall not
have an end.

Man, who is to himself a mystery,
Amidst Creation's wondrous work goes forth,
Looks to the distant stars, and longs to be
Familiar with their glories,—of the worth
Of things around he thinks not ; yet this earth
Is fill'd with beings, each, with the rich store
Of energies to which it giveth birth,
Itself a world : these let him number o'er,
And find how much remains for science to explore.

Man on this fertile world may look, and know
To him her treasures and her fruits are lent ;
For him her mountains rise, her rivers flow ;
For him her oceans spread their vast extent ;
Each hath its part—all tending to augment
His happiness, as to their common goal ;
Fulfilling each the mission, all were sent
To minister of gladness to that soul
Which animates, and warms, and dignifies the whole.

The freshness and the loveliness that dwell
On the cool mountain, in the woody glade,—
The cheerful sounds that echo through the dell,—
The blended influence of light and shade,—
The voice of winds and waters,—all are made
For man,—his heart the shrine that sanctifies
All Nature's gifts, most holy when they aid
His happiness, whose songs of joy arise
Like incense ever pure ascending to the skies.

All these must change :—the lowly flowers must
die

Beside the path-way which their tints make
bright ;

The forest-leaves like worthless things must lie
On the brown, wither'd turf ; the towering
height

Of cloudcapt hills must bow ; the unconquer'd
might

Of the proud wave shall fail ; the waterfall

Shall cease, with its white foam, to sport with
light ;

The stars themselves from their high place shall
fall,

And o'er the realm of suns shall darkness spread
her pall.

'Tis something, 'midst this dying world, to
feel

That there is THAT within this mortal mould
Which cannot die. 'Tis good awhile to steal

Away from life's delusions,—to behold

The pure, true world of Nature, and to hold
Communion with our hearts in silence there,—

To watch the sun sink, where clouds fring'd
with gold

A promise of his glorious rising wear,—

And then our life's duration unto his compare—

Our own immortal life ! It would be bliss
To feel ourselves the beings that we are,
But for the thought of what the spirit is,
And what it might be. *We* ourselves debar
From knowledge, lest we find how sever'd far
The purpose of our life by God assign'd,
And that we make its purpose. First we mar
The powers for better, nobler ends design'd,
Then fear to mete the span of a perverted mind.

'Tis beautiful to think what mind may be,
Pure, bright, exalted ; but a little placed
Below the angels is humanity.
'Tis fearful to look round and see the waste
Of human intellect—the dark lines trac'd,
Where every mark of mind the withering breath
Of Ignorance hath from the brow eras'd—
The apathy that shows a moral death— [beneath.
The worse than death, that lurks an eye of fire

A holy thing is life in him, whose mind
Dwelleth with God amidst his works profound,
As if within His sacred presence shrin'd—
“ Unspotted by the world,” yet ever found
With the concerns of earth that press around,
Mingling for good. All nature is to him
Instinct with God : he deems its every sound
An echo of the everlasting hymn—
Its light a gleam of that which never shall be dim.

What would it seem, would we but stoop to track
A spirit through its dark and dread career,—
To mark the gleam of feeling, and the rack
Of passion, or the tempest-strife of fear,—
To see its better nature re-appear
By fitful starts ; then, too severely tried,
Encompassed within a narrow sphere,
By evil influence on every side,
Yield to that power which seems too strong to be
defied.

Life hath its contrast—its realities,
Which make humanity itself aghast :
Death hath its contrasts ;—in its *present* lies
Revealed the irrevocable *past*,
That soothes, or haunts, the spirit to the last.
Imagination paints the perfect peace
Around the last hours of the righteous cast—
How love grows strong, and faith and hope increase
Their power within the heart, till its faint throb-
bings cease.

Then thought reverts, and mingles in the strife
Of human hearts, waiting the doom accurst—
Death by a human hand : in them all life
Concentrates, in the thought of death, the
worst
Of deaths. The scene minutely is rehears'd

A thousand times ; its infamy, its pain—
Each step of that foul process—from the first,
When the yet living body joins the train,
Till, as a hideous mass, it is brought back again.

These all are men ; and are all men the same
In their souls' inwrought capabilities,—
In the pure guilelessness in which they came
From their Creator's hands,—in all the ties
Which form the chain of human sympathies,—
All living for the same eternity ?

O God ! and do we sport with vanities,
While each inheritor of life might be
Made worthy to fulfil its highest destiny ?

So well content to keep one beaten path,
And toil or trifle through our little day,
We heed not what the world beyond us hath
Of scenes that it were madness to display.
“ If ignorance be bliss,” therefore, we say,
Who hath appointed unto us the task
To scan the spirit 'neath the shroud of clay ?
Far better that it still should wear its mask :
We know not of its ill, why should we wish to ask ?

Yet there are moments when the fetter'd soul
Rises above the dreams of sophistry,—
Taketh its place beyond its weak control,
And looks on earth as with a spirit's eye :

Pavilion'd by the silence of the sky,
And girt with light to make its vision true,
Man stands unveil'd before its scrutiny ;
It sees the germ from which his passions
grew ;
The future seems to pass beneath its piercing
view.

It marks the thousands passing to and fro
Unceasingly, upon earth's tranquil breast—
Whence do they come, and whither do they go ?
Is that a subject worthy of no quest ?
'Tis answer'd : for, on every brow, im-
press'd
In living characters, which all may read,
Is something of life's history express'd—
The vestige of the thoughts which prompt the
deed,
Which leave their traces there, as slowly they
recede.

The happy tillers of the grateful soil,
In hope who scatter, who in gladness reap,
Have the free bearing earn'd by manly toil ;
The spirit of the woods they round them
keep ;
Bright are *their* eyes, who sleep the happy
sleep

Of innocence, and waken in its glow.

Art has her treasures, and her secrets deep ;
And all her votaries, her worth who know,
Have something of the pride of science on their
brow.

In the throng'd city—one, with tranquil mien,
Speeds to the circle round the lighted hearth ;
Another glides to mingle in the scene
Where feasts and music meet to waken mirth,
And kindle wild emotions into birth ;
Some seek retirement, lone as convent cell,
To bend o'er ancient lore, of dubious worth :—
If with each differing spirit, all were well,
How gladly would the mind upon each picture
dwell !

But there is yet behind a drearier scene—
The peopled haunts another aspect wear :
Midst wealth and splendour wasted forms are
seen,
Victims of ceaseless toil, and want and care ;
And there the sterner nature that will dare
To live, though life be bought with infamy ;
There guilt's bold emissaries spread their
snare,
Who law, or human or divine, defy,
And live but to perpetuate crime and misery.

Are these the offspring of the living God?—
Children of earth, yet training for the skies?—
Creatures for whom Emanuel hath trod
The vale of death, and borne its agonies?
When in these evil ones we recognise
Spirits endow'd like those whose living light
Makes human nature precious in our eyes,—
Comparison developes to our sight
Truths it were well to feel in all their power and
might.

It needeth no prophetic eye to see
How many yet must the same ruin share—
Infants, now cradled on a mother's knee,
Whose simple comforts loving hands prepare;
Children, who seldom know a parent's care,—
In whom the woes of elder years are seen,—
Whose earliest steps must be upon a snare,
Unless some watchful stranger intervene,
And stand those frail young things and the dark
gulph between.

Have ye not heard all this, ye sons of men?
Or, hearing, have ye deemed it untrue?
Then from your happy homes look forth again—
Alas! such beings pass before your view
In every walk of life, or old or new.

Ye meet them in the crowded thoroughfare,
And in the woodland paths your boyhood knew;
Ye cannot kneel within the house of prayer,
But the pale child of want will be beside you there.

The worldling doth an ample store-house plan
To lay up many goods, now, as of old;
And thus he speaketh to his fellow-man :

“ Have I not hunger’d, thirsted, toil’d for
gold,

Through weary nights and days? Have I not
dol’d

Out, in the bitter bread of charity,

A portion of my treasure? Now, behold!

My hands are pure: many the slaves may be
Of ignorance, or guilt,—but what is that to me?”

While Pleasure whispers: “ Time is thine to
spend

E’en as thou listest—take thy little all :

This life and its enjoyments soon must end ;

Then crown thyself with roses ere they fall.”

How many listen to the syren call !

Philanthropy a dull, tame jest they deem

To their pursuits, full quickly though they
fall ;

But as the very dross of earth may seem

Those lost and lowly ones, unto their fever dream.

And gentle woman—she has passed them by,
To pluck the wild flowers ere their buds unfold,
To bathe her spirit in the mystery
Of high-wrought legends, and romances old,—
Her place midst Fashion's priestesses to hold.
If Time to her his footsteps seem to stay,
And some new joy she languish to behold,
Little she knows what thrilling int'rests may
Be found with them from whom in scorn she turns
away !

Thus speaks the broken hearted :—" I have shed
Vain tears for the unfaithful : now I prove
The bitterness of wailings for the dead.
No more can earthly joy my spirit move ;
Now is my prayer to Him who rules above,
To bear without complaint His sovereign will.
Tell me not there are beings yet, whose love
The restless yearnings of my soul can still—
Oh ! they are not my own, that they the void
should fill ! "

" Am I my brother's keeper ? " he did ask
Who first a brother smote. He did essay,
Before the All-seeing One, his brow to mask
In ignorance. And, in this latter day,—
When thousands sink to worse than death, a
prey

To want, or to neglect a sacrifice,
From whose still animate and sentient clay
A living voice goes up unto the skies,—
“Am I my brother’s keeper?” man again re-
plies.

And God hath answer’d,—not by flames of fire,
“His messengers,”—not, as on Sinai,
By voice of thunders, which, as though in ire,
Peel’d forth the terrors of His majesty ;—
But by communion with our spirits ; by
Th’ examples of His everlasting love
Which are around ; by precepts from on
high,
In peace and mercy sent, which bid us prove,
By love to man below, our faith in God above.

We cannot think upon the Deity—
On His perfections—on the magnitude
Of His unnumber’d mercies,—nor can see
Th’ inanimate creation, so imbued
With something of the unimagin’d good
Which dwells with Him—but we must long to
find
Each living spirit with that good endued ;
That image of Himself, which God design’d
To be for ever stamp’d upon the immortal mind.

We cannot feel the wild and sweet excess
Of joy within our spirits, but we yearn
To make mankind partake our happiness ;
The range of own powers we cannot learn,
And feel high impulses within us burn ;
We cannot Truth in her deep beauty see,
And feel our minds exalted, but we turn
A lingering look from our acclivity
To those below, who are less highly blest than we.

There is a chain unseen, yet strong to bind,
Which links us to our fellows. Desolate
Is he who wears it not. “ If human-kind
Have all one human heart”—however Fate
Makes men to differ—can we separate
From our own hopes and interests above
The love of those our Father did create,
Or cease to wish they should themselves approve
Not subjects of His power, but children of His
love ?

These are the thoughts that make us watch and
weep

Over the children of depravity,
And feel it is a glorious work to keep
One falling mind from ruin. Who but He
Who made us maketh Nature’s voice to be

So strong within us? If yet once again
We question our responsibility
For the well-being of our fellow-men,
And our own heart's reply,—'tis God who answers
then.

But Nature's teachings, gracious and sublime,
Are yet the lowliest it is ours to seek.
God, who at intervals in olden time
Did by the mouth of his great prophets speak,
In these last days, girded with light, did break
Through the thick darkness that had veiled His
throne ;
Proclaim'd glad tidings to the pure and meek ;
Made His long-suffering love and mercy known ;
And bless'd all human-kind in His beloved Son.

Christ, who this earth in which we dwell hath trod,
Who the great work of our salvation wrought,
Revealed unto men the unknown God,
And knowledge from the fount of wisdom
brought ;
Revealed man unto himself, and taught
Unto his spirit its own dignity.
That knowledge kings and prophets vainly
sought
Of the imperishable soul, may be
Found in the blessed words—Life—Immortality.

'Tis thus we honour all men, looking forth
From what they are, to that which they will be ;
And, viewing each invested with the worth
Conferred by his life's eternity,
The Christian venerates humanity,—
Looketh, with joy unspeakable, on those
Whose virtues clothe it with sublimity :
Yes, loves it 'midst its errors and its woes,
And on its least concerns his thoughts and care
bestows.

Who—that hath known the spirit, what it is,
The high perfection which it may attain—
Who feels its vast capacity for bliss,
Its fearful capability of pain—
Can look with apathy on man again,
And see how Guilt enthrals alike the weak
Who knows not, feels not, that he wears the
chain,
And him who mourns the yoke he cannot break,
To whose bow'd spirit none of hope and mercy
speak ?

That God, who hath appointed us such joy
The measure of another's bliss to fill,
Will lend us talents worthy the employ,
Will give us power to work His righteous will ;
And He will be our guide, our helper still.

Though weak may be our efforts, there is none
Unfit that holiest duty to fulfil,
Though by minutest services alone,
Small as the ceaseless drop that wears away the
stone.

However deep may be the shade of sin,
There is, in every human mind, a way
By which the light of truth may enter in.
What, though the spirit seem to shun the ray,
And cling to evil—faith and patience may
The dark suggestions of despair refute.
Night seemeth deepest ere the dawn of day ;
The wither'd plant may quicken at the root ;
How many sow the seed, who may not see the
fruit !

Nature, whose beauty may refine the heart,
Its better feelings rouse, its worse subdue,
Not all unaided can perform her part :
Th' exhilarating morn, the sky's deep blue,
The quivering moonbeam, and the silent dew,
The fresh green leaves just bursting from their
stem—
These are her agencies ; and yet the hue
Thrown o'er which makes each flower appear a
gem,
The sweetness and the light are not alone of them.

What is all beauty, but the spirit's power
To feel and love the beautiful; to find
Within its own vast depths the mighty dower
Of keen perceptions, and of sense refin'd?
What is all music, but the gift of mind
Which yields the melody? Nature can afford
Only the power to call it forth. The wind
Sweeps like a seraph's touch across the chord,
But in itself the tone of music's voice is stor'd.

Perception of the beautiful, which can
Make paths of pleasantness of all life's ways,
May be the precious gift of man to man.
He who the universe aright surveys,
And to its good directs another's gaze,
Opens a new creation to his view,
O'er which awaken'd sense with rapture
strays.
The conqueror, who empires doth subdue,
Looks not upon the world with pleasure half so
true.

If there be evergreens in summer's wreath—
If there be aught in nature which survives
Time's withering touch, and winter's chilly
breath—
It is the exalting feeling which she gives
To him, who conscious of her presence lives;

The joy, the freshness, and the purity
The spirit from her influence receives,
Which, passing rapidly o'er land and sea,
Gleans something of her light, her strength, her
energy.

Spirit of man ! thou hast a mighty range :
Thought is thy envoy, speeding everywhere,
With other spirits seeking interchange ;
Imagination, in her high career,
Maketh the universe itself thy sphere ;
Reason thou hast, her watchful guard to keep ;
Judgment, to pierce the shades of doubt and
fear ;
Foresight is thine ; Memory, that will not sleep ;
Affection, with her train of feelings strong and
deep.

Thou mantlest in the glow of early life ;
Thou shinest from a thousand brilliant eyes ;
Thou risest up, and growest strong by strife,
And great, by putting forth thy energies.
Grief, that doth seem to dim thee, purifies—
Truly, thine is a nature to revere.
Too oft a shroud of evil o'er thee lies :
When in thy native worth thou dost appear,
In air, or earth, or ocean, thou hast no compeer.

There's grandeur in the proudly swelling wave,
And in the cataract, dashing loud and free,—
In the tall cliff which booming waters lave,—
And, where the lightning cloud rolls gorgeously,
In mountain realms of vast acclivity.
A "little one" lies gazing at their feet:
He has the spirit of sublimity;
He has the mind their loftiness to greet;
There all their images in one grand focus meet.

Bring Beauty from her dwellings of the air,
Where, as on wings of light, fair creatures sweep;
From her recesses in the ocean, where [deep,
Bright coral rocks and glittering pearls lie
And in their tinted homes small fishes sleep:
Bring sweetness from the forest side, where rove
Pale wilding flowers, where tender mosses creep,
Yet there is beauty still, all these above—
The charm of kindly deeds, the gentleness of love.

Snatch riches from the rock of adamant,
Where emeralds and sapphires lie below;
Call on the dust its crumbling gold to grant—
Unto the mine, its silver to bestow. [glow;
Hard hands are toiling where these shine or

Above their bed a brow of darkness lowers :
Their worth the very infant learns to know ;
And has not *he*, with all his untried powers,
More in the sight of God—alas !—why not in ours ?

Can we with bars and doors shut up the seas,
And teach the day-spring how to know his
place,
Bind the sweet influence of Pleiades,
Or guide Arcturus through unbounded space ?
Did we spread out the sky like molten glass ?
The way of light and darkness do we know ?
Or is it ours the path of death to trace ?
Can we command the clouds where they shall go,
Or send the winged lightning glancing to and fro ?

We cannot: but a vantage-ground is ours,
Which, all unbounded as the boundless skies,
Increases still with our increasing powers.
Ours is a land of spirits, wherein lies
A deep, with its unfathom'd mysteries ;
Fountains of life unsought are welling there ;
And gleams are flashing, as the lightning
flies ;
A thousand burning, shining lights are near,
And myriad sparks, which might as beautiful
appear.

If it were glorious to have kindled
Lamps that shall burn before th' Almighty's
throne,—
Of all the stars that their mild radiance shed,
If it were noble to have guided one
Unconscious of the brightness round it
thrown,—
If it were cause of gladness to have driven
The lightning by a word from zone to zone,—
What is it, truth and virtue to have given
Unto a spirit, that will pass ere long to heaven?

It is a beautiful and soothing thought,
That, when mankind shall meet beyond the
tomb,
There may be found some spirits we have taught
To fix their hopes upon that world to come—
That e'en their final, their decisive doom
May be affected by the care they knew.
Oh! it were worth long years of toil and
gloom
To see that vision rise from life's review—
Trusting to sleep in Christ, and wake to find it
true!

COMPETITION

DESTRUCTIVE OF THE PEACE, IMPROVEMENT, AND HARMONY
OF THE WORLD, AND INCOMPATIBLE WITH ALL ATTEMPTS
TO FULFIL THE DIVINE INJUNCTION OF LOVE TO GOD
AND MAN, AS THE RULING PRINCIPLE OF SOCIETY.

OBSERVATIONS BY LORD VISCOUNT EBRINGTON,
UPON THE OCCASION OF THE DISTRIBUTION OF TESTIMONIALS, AT
BRUCE CASTLE, TUESDAY, JUNE 19, 1849.

What schools formerly were, the poet Cowper had set forth in words with which all must be familiar. It was possible that his feeling mind had led him to view some things in too strong a light, but to the truth of the leading features in his portrait, his Lordship's own experience enabled him to bear full testimony. In the ordinary modes of education, severe punishments on the one hand, and competitive prizes on the other, were used to stimulate the pupils to exertion. It was pleasant to see both these superseded: the former by the development of higher motives, by appeals to the pupil's sense of duty, his duty to himself, his teachers, his parents, and his God; and the latter by prizes given, not to successful competitors, not to those whose elevation involved

the fall of the others, but on such an arrangement as enabled all to become receivers, if all were sufficiently worthy.

He well remembered, in the course of his own education at a public school, the effects of an opposite system. He remembered how he himself had watched with anxiety his rival's progress, and triumphed with what he now regarded as almost savage exultation in his mistakes.

Competition, however, with all its evils, had been justified in schools, on the plea that it was a necessary preparation for the great contest of life. True, that life is a contest; true, that there can be but one Commander-in-Chief, one Lord Chancellor, one Archbishop of Canterbury; but that was no sufficient reason for introducing the spirit of competition, at an age when the habits are forming, and the passions are in rapid development. Still less could it justify the existence of such a state of things, as he but too well remembered, which he might speak of as representing rather the state of society among savage tribes, or, at best, in those remote and isolated parts of civilised countries, where might makes right, than that of civilised and well-governed communities. Here violence was replaced by exhortation, and ambition by a sense of duty; and it appeared, from what had been stated, that these motives

were found sufficient; that it was necessary even, at times, to restrain the zeal of the young aspirants,—to represent to them that excessive labour, even in an honourable pursuit, is incompatible with health, alike of mind and body.

With regard to the existence of competition, even in the great world, he rejoiced to point to its gradual diminution. The time was passing away when nations sought their own aggrandisement in the depression of their neighbours, their own wealth in others' ruin or decay. That which was true of nations was in the main true of individuals. We were gradually learning that in the great fields of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, there is room for all—that all may work, and all be benefited; and if this were true as regards secular employments, how eminently must it be so in the great work of religion? Surely, therefore, it could not be necessary to introduce contests into the period of boyhood or youth, contests which injuriously affect even noble natures. Not but that there were striking and beautiful instances of very different results, some of which had fallen within the range of his own observation: one he must mention. Two dear friends of his, who in their examinations at Cambridge had run so close a race, that on three several occasions their names had been bracketed, because it was impossible to

say which of the two deserved the higher place, had nevertheless retained for each other throughout the contest the same warm and sincere regard which they felt at first starting: nay more, their friendship at the present moment seemed only more strongly cemented by what had passed. These, however, he regarded as exceptional cases. He felt that the general tendency of competition is bad, and he rejoiced to see it superseded. He rejoiced to see a system established which opened the gates of honour to all deservers, and allowed all, whether successful or otherwise, to rejoice with them that do rejoice, and, if needful, to weep with them that weep.

Another point of difference which had caught his attention, was the fact, that while ordinary prizes depend on proficiency alone, the criterion adopted here included those other qualities which are necessary to render proficiency availing. He remembered many instances of successful candidates for prizes, who, in after life, from idleness, improvidence, or want of self-control, sank into insignificance; and allowed their great talents and brilliant acquirements to remain unproductive alike of advantage to themselves and benefit to their species. Here, on the contrary, the prize was withheld unless the candidate was found to manifest those very qualities; and thus success here

might give reasonable hope of success in after life.

In conclusion, he would wish to warn his young auditors on one point. Let them ever remember that human approbation is insufficient. Let them not, even by the approbation of their teachers, even by testimonials like those before him—the most promising auguries of future success—be led to place reliance on their own strength. Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall. Let each remember that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong—that what man deems strength may be weakness in the sight of God. Let them, therefore, seek that Divine assistance without which man's efforts are as nothing. Let them address themselves in prayer to him that hath said, "Ask and it shall be given you, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you."

EFFECTS OF CREATION OF PROPERTY.

If it can be imagined that there ever was a time when the inhabitants of any country were in a state of equality, without distinction of rank or peculiarity of possessions, it is reasonable to believe that every man was then loved in proportion as he could contribute, by his strength or his skill, to the supply of natural wants; there was then little

room for peevish dislike, or capricious favour; the affection admitted into the heart was rather esteem than tenderness; and kindness was only purchased by benefits. But when, by force or policy, by wisdom or by fortune, property and superiority were introduced and established, so that many were condemned to labour for the support of a few; then they whose possessions swelled above their wants, naturally laid out their superfluities upon pleasure; and those who could not gain friendship by necessary offices, endeavoured to promote their interests by luxurious gratifications, and to create needs which they might be courted to supply.

WEALTH OF NATIONS.

The harmony and happiness of man
Yields to the wealth of nations; that which lifts
His nature to the heaven of its pride,
Is bartered for the poison of his soul.

CHRISTIAN COMMUNITIES,

UPON THE PRINCIPLE OF EQUAL ADVANTAGES, ALONE CON-
DUCTIVE TO THE PERMANENT EXERCISE OF THE DIVINE
INSTITUTION OF LOVE, AS ENJOINED IN
THE NEW COMMANDMENT.

EQUAL PROPERTY.

They that have pleaded against propriety, and would have all things common in this world, have forgotten that there is a propriety in our present egoity and natural constitution, which rendereth some accidental propriety necessary to us. Every man hath his own bodily parts and inherent accidents; and every man must have his own food, his own place, clothing, and acquisitions—his own children, and, therefore, his own wife, &c. But that the greatest perfection is most for community, as far as nature is capable of it, God would show us in making the first receivers of the extraordinary pourings out of his Spirit, to sell all and voluntarily make all common, none saying, this or that is my own; which was not done by any constraining law, but by the law or power of

uniting love—they were first all as of one heart and soul.

Take not, then, thy inordinate desire of propriety for thy health, but for thy sickness ; cherish it not, and be not afraid to lose it, and measure not the heavenly felicity by it. Spirits are penetrable, they claim not so much as a propriety of place, as bodies do. It is thy weakness and state of imperfection now, which maketh it so desirable to thee that thy house should be thine, and none's but thine ; thy land be thine, and none's but thine ; thy clothes, thy books, yea, thy knowledge and grace, be thine, and only thine. How much more excellent a state were it, if we were here more capable of it, if we could say that all these are as the common light of the sun, which is mine, and every one's as well as mine ! Why are we so desirous to speak all languages, but that we might understand all men and be understood of all, and so might make our sentiments as common as is possible ? Whence is it that men are so addicted to talkativeness, but that nature would make all our thoughts and passions as common as it can ? And why else are learned men so desirous to propagate their learning, and godly men so desirous to make all others wise and godly ?

EXAMPLES OF COMMUNITIES.

We are so entirely governed by considerations of private interest, so little alive to the advantages of communities, so little disposed to afford one another assistance and to live in harmony, that we hold for chimerical all that is told us concerning a society which is reasonable enough to put its goods and labour in common. Yet, both ancient and modern history furnish several examples of this sort. The Lacedæmonians, so renowned among the Greeks, formed a republic in the exact sense of the term; since what is called property was almost unknown to them. The same may be said of the Essenians among the Jews, of the Gymnosophists among the Indians. We have even something of the kind in the Establishment of the Clerks of the Common Life (described by Mosheim in his "Ecclesiastical History"), who formed a community towards the middle of the seventeenth century.

But more particularly in the province of Auvergne, we have some ancient families of cultivators who have lived from time immemorial in a perfect association, and who may be rightly considered the Moravians of France; and we are informed that a similar society has been esta-

blished these twenty or thirty years. At the head of the communities of Auvergne is placed the Quinard Pitou as the most ancient, and able to prove five hundred years of association. We hear also of the Arnauds, the Pradels, the Bonnemoyes, the Tournels, and the Anglades—ancient and wise villagers, whose origin is lost in remote ages, and whose habitations are situated in the barony of Thiers, in Auvergne, where they are solely occupied in cultivating their own lands.

ON VIEWING THE DESIGN FOR A CHURCH OF ENGLAND
SELF-SUPPORTING VILLAGE.

Hail, beauteous prospect! be thou more
Than pictured thought or dream;
To labour, health and peace restore
From wealth's o'erflowing stream.

The bounteous Ruler of the skies
Hath opened wide his hand;
Soft showers descend, fair pastures rise,
Rich harvests bless the land.

But man, forgetful of his Lord,
Perverts the general good;
The few His lavish bounties hoard,
The many cry for food.

Was it for this, ye rich, He gave
All nature life and health ;
Or round you spread the ocean wave,
To bear new stores of wealth ?

For this, the fertilising rills,
The sun, the golden grain,
The cattle on a thousand hills,
The pastures, and the plain ?

Shall he who tills the fruitful soil
With sparing hand be fed ?
Or the mechanic's six days' toil
Scarce earn his daily bread ?

'Tis not enough your pity gives
Relief to ease his moan :
His rights who by his labour lives
Are sacred as your own.

Oh England ! shall thy broad, fair land
So ill thy sons repay—
Thy peasantry, that hardy band,
Pining in want away ?

Shall the poor rustic bear the heat,
The burden of the day,
And no glad home, no welcome sweet
His industry repay ?

But when at night he seeks his shed,
For food his children cry ;
While his pale wife tastes not the bread,
Their hunger to supply ?

Oh wonder not, if, madly roused,
The fiery brand he bear
To where full barns, with plenty housed,
Hold wealth he may not share.

Haste, haste, ye rulers ! Christians, haste
To wash away the stain !
Lest judgments lay your country waste,
And blight your ripening grain.

Soft be the strain.—The landscape smiles :
Behold ! the village green
With bright perspective ease beguiles,
And shows a happier scene :

A scene where labour meets reward,
And rest succeeds to toil—
The cotter, happy as the lord
Of all the spacious soil.

Behold again, in fancy's light,
Hundreds of happy homes ;
More glorious far the blessed sight
Than stately towers and domes !

The village church, the Sabbath-bell,
That tells of hopes above :
Among them holy pastors dwell,
Who preach a Saviour's love.

They show the young the heavenly track,
Sustain and cheer the old,
And lead the erring wanderer back
To the great Shepherd's fold.

Beside the church the modest school,
Where babes of tender age
Are taught their duty's simple rule,
And read the sacred page.

Not to unnatural tasks consigned
Beside the ceaseless wheel,
Denying to the infant mind
The joys young life should feel ;

But when the daily task is heard,
And breathed the simple prayer,
They bound forth, blithesome as the bird
That soars in viewless air.

Oh, happy shall the people be
Where scenes like these abound ;
Their country's strength, a peasantry,
With peace and plenty crowned.

Then let the mighty, wise, and good,
Uphold the generous plan,
To link in bonds of brotherhood
The family of man—

That, as the balmy breath of heaven,
With life-sustaining power,
To the tall, stately pine is given,
And to the lowly flower ;

So Heaven's best gifts to all impart,
Entrusted for the whole—
Food to sustain the mortal part,
And knowledge for the soul.

Thus, blessings on his path shall shine,
And sweet shall be his rest,
Who tastes the joys, most like divine,
Of making others blest.

TO J. M. MORGAN, ESQ., ON HIS DESIGN FOR A SELF-
SUPPORTING VILLAGE.

Thy project shows a generous mind,
With kindness unto all o'erflowing ;
Eager to benefit mankind,
By humble happiness bestowing.

Nor less it speaks a noble heart,
Aiming to better the condition
Of those who daily toil and smart
Under the scourge of competition !

Then wherefore should it not succeed ?
Because the world is wrapt in blindness,
And love of self, and sordid greed,
Have drained the milk of human kindness.

When far too many " seek their own,"
And far too few the good of others—
When hearts of flesh seem turned to stone,
How few can feel for all as brothers !

Yet not the less those few may claim
A recompense on high recorded
(Surpassing far all earthly fame),
Which unto such shall be awarded.

In this, thy veteran spirit yet
Shall own its full participation,
Whether or not *we own* the debt
Due *to thee* from a suffering nation !

WOODBIDGE, Feb. 19, 1849.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A POOR MAN'S PIC-NIC.

A great pleasure party left the Eastern Counties Railway station at Shoreditch on Monday, to spend the day in the pleasant neighbourhood of Havering-atte-Bower. Every year the poor of the parish of St. Matthias, in Bethnal Green, are carried out into the country, to see how Nature made the hills and the valleys before man made Spitalfields. Being too numerous for exportation in one mass, the holiday-makers are taken out in different parties ; and this time the company included some 1,200 or 1,400 souls. And a strange sight was it to see them pouring by one of the side doors on to the platform of the station, in order that they might be absorbed into the carriages of the train ; now came a charity-school of boys—one of girls—a body of weavers in their Sunday clothes—a score of workhouse men—an aged couple—a miscellaneous crew of weavers, men, women, and children, young and old, fat and lean, grave and gay, dirty and clean—a score of old

workhouse women—a horde of boys—the Sunday-school teachers, the aristocracy of the race—more miscellany : there seems no end to them ; the hour wears away, and still they come, like ants in Africa. The only change is, that as the time slips on, they come faster ; the railway officers stimulate them with “ Now ! this way ! Carriages in front ! ” Boys get excited and run ; fat women with large families display a power of collective locomotion which is amazing ; aged couples do their best—which is not much.

The spectacle ought to be a pleasant sight, as any multitudinous holiday should be ; but it is not—at least, on the surface. The race thus filing before you is not prepossessing ; neither does it look happy. It is upon the whole a stunted race ; plain, flat features, with pallid cheeks, are the staple—not a starved, but an underfed, unwholesome, unventilated look. The old people are short, small-limbed, and big-faced ; slenderer types of Teniers’s human kind. The boys are dull and heavy-looking—less stupid than dull : they can get up a run, and a shout, and a grin ; but they cannot muster the radiant life of your country boy. The women are better—women always are !—less deteriorated ; but they are homely if not squalid, careworn, feeble, oppressed with the troubles of life. Some are bad sights—brutal and joylessly

malignant: no spectacle can be more repulsive than your robust workhouse hag, spoiled to all memories except a brutal profligacy, deadened to all hope except the brawling gin-bottle. The girls are the best—women as yet unspoiled, except by whatsoever has stunted their growth. Beauty peeps out here and there, faintly, like a wild flower in the neglected alleys of Bethnal Green. But for some part of her life, at least, woman carries the affections in her countenance, and that charm cannot be obliterated.

Altogether it is a depressing sight—so many living things, and so little life. Their mien is disengaged, as if free from restraint, yet they are on the whole subdued and slow.

At last the vast herd is packed away, and the train moves off. From the embankment you view the miserablest tract of inhabited land—that parish of Bethnal Green from which these people have been drawn—an over-peopled, dingy, bustling, tumbledown place; you see squalid back-yards—behind the scenes of that low drama. Squalid loungers are mounted at window and on house top to cheer the parting train.

The engine, swift and steady, bears you into the freshening air; the lands grow greener and more green. The train stops; the narrow defiles of Romford station disgorge the invading tribe;

and when at last you take the road, the street of the market-town is filled with the moving mass. Already they look more cheerful ; and they fall into good walking order—though, the town passed, some few do run to the hedges to pluck the first dog-rose.

A slow journey is it to Havering, three miles off ; but not a dull one. Exercise lends its healthful stimulus ; and when at last the multitude turns into the great open field on the hill-side, breaking into varied and scattered groups, the people have grown quite gay and sportive. They sit down to the dinner they have brought with them, and then spread abroad. But excellent order they keep.

How is that? Some unseen spirit of order must possess this great herd of creatures from the troubled region of Spitalfields ; where, you know, the people are too wretched to be virtuous, where they are so sunken as to be beneath the influence of order. And, indeed, here is such a spirit. Moving among them, unmarked except by his ubiquity and the unostentatious deference paid to him, goes a man in black—guiding their steps, animating the feeble, checking the disorderly ; he it was who planned the expedition, who orders the carriages, who mapped out the route, who conciliated the local authorities—who provides for that multitudinous march its object, its means of

transport, its fixed path, its order. It is the clergyman of St. Matthias, the Rev. Joseph Brown, of whom Lord Ashley made such respectful mention. He is there with his family : his excellent wife—a true working parson's kind and diligent companion—and his active sons ; and even the infant is brought out to share the holiday of his people.

It is a priest in his duty—the father of his flock, their companion and guide, the teacher and exemplar of manners to his people, be they never so lowly and lost. He it is that brings them again from the stifled oblivion of the crowded Spitalfields to the presence of Nature—carries them out into the fresh fields to sing the praises of God, and to bear home with them kind and healthy memories—flowers that never fade. He does his duty in the pulpit, with credit and approval in the church to which he is appointed ; but here we find him doing a wider duty in the roofless church which is open to all, be they never so poor or so sunken. He is working for the welfare of the people. The consequence is obvious ; he not only bears his doctrine where the mere pulpit preacher cannot reach, but he fastens upon his people an influence once common to the Church, but now well-nigh forgotten. Carlyle has said that the function of the priest, as a teacher and guide, has passed to the more modern “ cloth ” of

literary writers ; and the remark is true, because the priest has forgotten duties which the want and misery of Bethnal Green have recalled to the kind and acute mind of Joseph Brown.

Of course such a man finds help ; and, accordingly, Mr. Brown was surrounded by a few friends, clerical and lay, who aided him in his active duties. But strangers also assist ; a leading magistrate, Mr. O. Mashiter, came down to the Romford station to help in the tasks of guidance and order ; he had in his pocket the keys of Romford Town Hall, sent by a brother magistrate, in case it should rain ; and he rode with the concourse to Havering. Archdeacon Grant also met his brother of the Church at the station, and walked for some distance with the party ; which he afterwards joined on the ground. The local clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Faulkner, was on the spot, hospitably active for the comfort of Mr. Brown's friends. A gentleman resident in the village, Mr. Collinson Hall, lent the grounds ; but met a rival for good offices in Mr. J. Toulmin, in whose park the children sang, as a farewell anthem, " God save the Queen." The ruling spirit extended to all engaged. It is penetrating no secret to say that Mr. Brown must be a poor man, looking after other interests than his own ; but he is powerful in zeal and rich in kindness, and by those two great influences, although

he cannot renew the miracle of feeding the whole multitude from his own scanty store, he does contrive that they shall have their holiday in ease and comfort, without hindrance and without reproach.

[An incident which must have left an impression on a large number present, is omitted in the foregoing narrative,—the account given by Mr. Faulkner of Emma Vale, whose monument stands in the churchyard. Emma Vale was the child of poor parents, and was for many years doomed to a life of ragged neglect, from which she was rescued by the working of the Sunday-school in the village. Her mind was forcibly seized by the moral bearing of the religious instruction, and she brought it home to her father, who was addicted to intoxication. Her affectionate and earnest objurgations seem to have had no small influence on his mind. His redemption was consummated by the shock which he received at her early death; for she was accidentally killed, at nine years of age, while at play with a little boy. Her fellow pupils subscribed to put up the pillar which marks her grave in Havering Church.

The career of the Rev. Joseph Brown, whom we have found in the midst of his duties, has been singularly interesting in one respect—in its active and persevering utility. Although his name has been less sounded in the ears of the public than

some others, and it has not been his cue to make himself prominent, he has contrived to find out extensive fields for this unpretending utility, and has, in fact, been more useful to his fellow-creatures than to himself. Mr. Brown entered the Church, in the Vale of Belvoir, as Curate to the Rev. Valentine Green, nephew of the late well-known Sir Henry Halford, and next as Curate under the Rev. Dr. Sutton, Vicar of Sheffield, where he made himself practically acquainted with the condition of the industrious poor. Subsequently, the Church of St. Paul's, Mill Hill, was given to him by the late William Wilberforce, Esq., who built the church at his own expense, and was, at the time, living in the parish. Still later, the Government and the Poor Law Commissioners appointed Mr. Brown to be Chaplain of the Norwood Schools. Here he remained five years, and rendered services of which the value has been officially acknowledged. Mr. Kay Shuttleworth used to call his clerical coadjutor "the suggester." In selecting Mr. Brown for the Church of St. Matthias, Bethnal Green, the Bishop of London made an admirable choice. It was not unappreciated by the parishioners; for when a lady, who had been struck by his zeal and kindness, presented him to a rural living, which would have been in various ways more suitable to his own

interests and that of his young family, the people of the parish collectively entreated him to stay among them; and they went so far as to invoke the influence of their Bishop to enforce their request. Mr. Brown unpacked his goods, and gave up his prospect of a country life. In the laborious and peculiar services which Mr. Brown had taken upon himself, as the friend and guide of the poor that swarm in the crowded and unhealthy district of St. Matthias, his youthful sons had already afforded practical aid; one of them has sunk into the grave. Although removed from the scene so young, he had not lived in vain.

Since the foregoing account was published, Mr. Brown has been appointed by the Bishop of Winchester to the rectory of Christchurch, Surrey, on the southern side of the Metropolis. The emoluments of this post somewhat, though they do not at present very greatly, exceed those which he has left. He is still one of "the working clergy."

He will be remembered in Bethnal Green, not only as the excellent pastor who lived among his flock, but as the founder of an Institution which ought not to suffer by his removal. In the work-house of the union were some aged and well-conducted women, whose poverty had doomed their closing years to that unhappy abode; but who brought to it a sense of decency, which was out-

raged by the bad language and profligate bearing of too many among their fellow-paupers. For such persons, Mr. Brown devised a separate asylum, in the shape of two houses suitably fitted up ; in this mode, no doubt, anticipating a future amendment of the Poor Law. His advancement in the Church is not only promotion for himself, and he has been much misconstrued if he should deem it so : it will strengthen his power, and enlarge his field for doing good.]

THE POOR MAN'S PIC-NIC.

SUGGESTED BY READING THE ACCOUNT OF THE ANNUAL EXCURSION
OF THE POORER CLASSES, CONDUCTED BY THE REV. JOSEPH
BROWN, INCUMBENT OF ST. MATTHIAS, BETHNAL GREEN, MONDAY,
JULY 19, 1849.

From the thunder of the city,
From the ceaseless whirl and din,
From the dwellings of corruption,
From the haunts of death and sin ;
From the poison and pollution,
From the hot and heavy air,
From the roar, and the confusion,
From the darkness, and despair,

Forth a living tide is rolling,
Rolling onward like a sea ;
Young and old, and poor, and feeble,
Panting, burning to be free ;

Young and old, and poor, and feeble,
 Flowing onward far and fast,
From the haunts where age is anguish,
 And where youth is overcast.

Lo ! the might of man's invention,
 Lo ! the steed of steel and brass,
Rushing on to life and vigour,
 To the fields of verdant grass :
It has now a blessed usage,
 On a blessed mission bound ;
And its thunder-voice is gladness,
 And its scream a gracious sound.

From the darkness of the city,
 To the sunny green hill-side,
Where the broad and glowing landscape
 Stretches onward far and wide :
Where the daisies gem the meadow,
 And the buttercups are bright,
There to see them thronging onward,
 'Tis in truth a glorious sight !

God be praised !—the soul is thankful,
 And the bosom full of love ;
For the wide fields are around them,
 And the summer sky above :

Squalid, wretched, weak and feeble,
Pale and sickly, poor and old,
Oh ! they burst into the meadows,
With a rapture all untold !

There are those who ne'er have tasted
Such sweet joys as these before ;
Some there are who now behold them,
But shall never see them more ;
And in some they are awaking
Pleasant thoughts of early years,
Ere the world had closed upon them,
With its trouble, toil, and tears.

God be praised !—each soul is thankful,
And red health upon the brow,
With its glow of brighter feeling
Seems to bless them even now :
And they spread their store contented,
Though 'tis but unseason'd bread ;
And they drink the cooling waters,
With God's garden round them spread.

There is one who moves among them—
Calm and quiet is his mien—
Who should seem the guardian angel
Of this spirit-stirring scene.

Like his loved and gracious Master,
He has not forgot the poor,
He has brought this blessing on them,
And his recompense is sure.

God be praised ! in paths of sorrow,
In the dwellings of despair,
He has soothed the wretched pillow,
And has brought salvation there :
He has brought them from the darkness
Of the poisoned paths they trod,
That for one day in a thousand
They might bless the world, and God.

EARLY FRUGALITY.

In early childhood you lay the foundation of poverty or riches, in the habits you give your children. Teach them to save everything,—not for their own use, for that would make them selfish—but for some use. Teach them to share everything with their playmates ; but never allow them to destroy anything. I once visited a family where the most exact economy was observed ; yet nothing was mean or uncomfortable. It is the character of true economy to be comfortable with a little, as others can be with much. In this family, when the father brought home a package, the older children would, of their own accord, put away the paper and twine neatly, instead of

throwing them in the fire, or tearing them to pieces. If the little ones wanted a piece of twine to play scratch-cradle, or spin a top, there it was in readiness; and when they threw it upon the floor, the older children had no need to be told to put it again in its place.

THE LOVE OF NATURE.

O how can'st thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields !
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields ;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even ;
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,—
O how can'st thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven !

THE LOVE OF MANKIND.

And how can'st thou renounce that richer store,
Which Nature's Author to His votary yields !
All that adorns this beauteous earth, and more,—
The flowers that blossom in eternal fields :
Emotions deep and pure of holy love,
All the sweet sympathies in mercy given,
To raise weak man this fleeting world above,
By glorious visions of the joys of heaven,—
O how can'st thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven !





