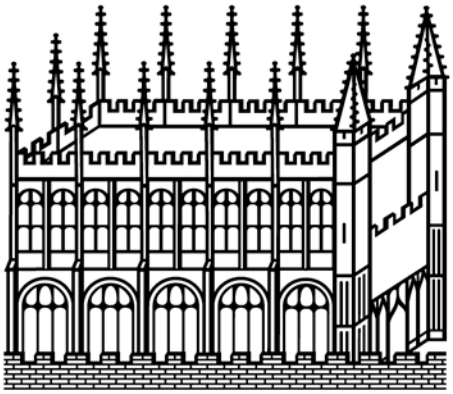

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CONTENTS.

SUNDAY READINGS.

RICH AND POOR.

[From "Nuts and Nutcrackers"—an interesting little volume, full of harmless mirth and homely satire, and an admirable companion for a winter evening at home or a summer journey in a railway carriage.]

"If I was a king upon a throne this minute, an' I wanted to have a smoke for myself by the fireside—why, if I was to do my best, what could I smoke but one pen'orth of tobacco, in the night, after all?—but can't I have that just as asy?

"If I was to have a bed with down feathers, what could I do but sleep there?—and sure I can do that in the settle-bed above."

Such is the very just and philosophical reflection of one of Griffin's most amusing characters, in his inimitable story of "The Collegians"—a reflection that naturally sets us a thinking, that if riches and wealth cannot really increase a man's capacity for enjoyment with the enjoyments themselves, their pursuit is, after all, but a poor and barren object of even worldly happiness.

As it is perfectly evident that, so far as mere sensual gratifications are concerned, the peer and the peasant stand pretty much on a level, let us inquire for a moment in what the great superiority consists which exalts and elevates one above the other. Now, without entering upon that wild field for speculation that power (and what power equals that conferred by

wealth?) confers, and the train of ennobling sentiment suggested by extended views of philanthropy and benevolence—for, in this respect it is perfectly possible the poor man has as amiable a thrill at his heart in sharing his potato with a wandering beggar, as the rich one has in contributing his thousand pounds' donation to some great national charity—let us turn rather to the consideration of those more tangible differences that leave their impress upon character, and mould men's minds into a fashion so perfectly and thoroughly distinct.

To our thinking, then, the great superiority wealth confers lies in the seclusion the rich man lives in from all the grosser agency of every-day life—its makeshifts, its contrivances, its continued warfare of petty provision and continual care, its unceasing effort to seem what it is not, and to appear to the world in a garb, and after a manner, to which it has no just pretension. The rich man knows nothing of all this: life, to him, rolls on in measured tread; and the world, albeit the changes of season and politics may affect him, has nothing to call forth any unusual effort of his temper or his intellect; his life, like his drawing-room, is arranged for him; he never sees it otherwise than in trim order; with an internal consciousness that people must be engaged in providing for his comforts at seasons when he is in bed or asleep, or otherwise occupied, he gives himself no farther trouble about them; and, in the monotony of his pleasures, attains to a tranquillity of mind the most enviable and most happy.

Hence that perfect composure so conspicuous in the higher ranks, among whom wealth is so generally diffused—hence that delightful simplicity of manner, so captivating from its total absence of pretension and affectation—hence that unbroken serenity that no chances or disappointments would seem to interfere with; the knowledge that he is of far too much consequence to be neglected or forgotten, supports him on every occasion, and teaches that, when anything

happens to his inconvenience or discomfort, that it could not but be unavoidable.

Not so the poor man: his poverty is a shoe that pinches every hour of the twenty-four; he may bear up from habit, from philosophy, against his restricted means of enjoyment; he may accustom himself to limited and narrow bounds of pleasure; he may teach himself that, when wetting his lips with the cup of happiness, that he is not to drink to his liking of it: but what he cannot acquire is that total absence of all forethought for the minor cares of life, its provisions for the future, its changes and contingencies—hence he does not possess that easy and tranquil temperament so captivating to all within its influence; he has none of the careless *abandon* of happiness, because even when happy he feels how short-lived must be his pleasure, and what a price he must pay for it. The thought of the future poisons the present, just as the dark cloud that gathers round the mountain-top makes the sunlight upon the plain seem cold and sickly.

All the poor man's pleasures have taken such time and care in their preparation that they have lost their freshness ere they are tasted. The cook has sipped so frequently at the pottage, he will not eat of it when at table. The poor man sees life "*en papillotes*" before he sees it "dressed." The rich man sees it only in the resplendent blaze of its beauty, glowing with all the attraction that art can lend it, and wearing smiles put on for his own enjoyment. But if such be the case, and if the rich man, from the very circumstance of his position, imbibe habits and acquire a temperament possessing such charm and fascination, does he surrender nothing for all this? Alas! and alas! how many of the charities of life lie buried in the still waters of his apathetic nature! How many of the warm feelings of his heart are chilled for ever, for want of ground for their exercise! How can he sympathize who has never suffered? how can he console who has never grieved? There is nothing healthy in the placid mirror of that

Only observe one prohibition,
Nor think it a severe condition:
On one small dish, which cover'd stands,
You must not dare to lay your hands;
Go—disobey not on your life,
Or henceforth you're no more my wife."

The treat was serv'd, the Squire was gone,
The murm'ring lady din'd alone;
She saw whate'er could grace a feast,
Or charm the eye, or please the taste;
But while she rang'd from this to that,
From ven'son haunch to turtle fat:
On one small dish she chanc'd to light,
By a deep cover hid from sight:
"Oh! here it is—yet not for me!
I must not taste, nay, dare not see:
Why place it there? or why forbid
That I so much as lift the lid?
Prohibited of this to eat,
I care not for the sumptuous treat;
I wonder if 'tis fowl or fish,
To know what's there I merely wish.
I'll look—O no, I lose for ever,
If I'm betray'd, my husband's favour.
I own I think it vastly hard,
Nay, tyranny to he debarr'd.
John, you may go—the wine's decanted,
I'll ring or call you when you're wanted."
Now left alone, she waits no longer,
Temptation presses more and stronger.
"I'll peep—the harm can ne'er be much,
For tho' I peep I will not touch;
Why I'm forbid to lift this cover
One glance will tell, and then 'tis over.
My husband's absent, so is John,
My peeping never can be known."
Trembling, she yielded to her wish,
And rais'd the cover from the dish;

She starts—for lo! an open pie,
From which six living sparrows fly.
She calls, she screams with wild surprise,.
"Haste, John, and catch these birds," she cries;
John hears not, but to crown her shame,
In at her call her husband came.
Sternly he frown'd, as thus he spoke:
"Thus is your vow'd allegiance broke!
Self-ign'rance led you to believe
You did not share the sin of Eve.
Like hers, how blest was your condition!
How small my gentle prohibition!
Yet you, tho' fed with every dainty,
Sat pining in the midst of plenty;
This dish, thus singled from the rest,
Of your obedience was the test;
Your mind, unbroke by self-denial,
Could not sustain this slender trial.
Humility from hence be taught,
Learn candour to another's fault;
Go, know, like Eve, from this sad dinner,
You're both a vain and curious sinner."

THE SAGACITY OF THE SPIDER.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

OF all the solitary insects I have ever remarked, the spider is the most *sagacious*, and its actions, to me, who have attentively considered them, seem almost to exceed belief. This insect is formed by nature for a state of war, not only upon other insects, but upon each other. For this state, nature seems perfectly well to have formed it. Its head and breast are covered with a strong natural coat of mail, which is impenetrable to the attempts of every other insect, and its belly is enveloped in a soft pliant skin, which *eludes* the sting even of a

wasp. Its legs are terminated by strong claws, not unlike those of the lobster; and their vast length, like spears, serves to keep every *assailant* at a distance.

Not worse furnished for observation than for an attack or defence, it has several eyes, large, transparent, and covered with a horny substance, which, however, does not impede its vision. Besides this, it is furnished with a forceps above the mouth, which serves to kill or secure the prey already caught in its claws or its net.

Such are the implements of war with which the body is immediately furnished; but its net to entangle the enemy seems to be what it chiefly trusts to, and what it takes most pains to render as complete as possible. Nature has furnished the body of this little creature with a *glutinous* liquid, which, proceeding from the lower extremity of the body, it spins into a thread, coarser or finer as it chooses to contract its *sphincter*. In order to fix its threads when it begins to weave, it emits a small drop of its liquid against the wall, which hardening by degrees, serves to hold the thread very firmly. Then receding from the first point, as it recedes the thread lengthens; and when the spider has come to the place where the other end of the thread should be fixed, gathering up with its claws the thread, which would otherwise be too slack, it is stretched tightly, and fixed in the same manner to the wall as before.

In this manner it spins and fixes several threads *parallel* to each other, which, so to speak, serve as the warp to the intended web. To form the woof, it spins in the same manner its thread, *transversely* fixing one end to the first thread that was spun, and which is always the strongest of the whole web, and the other to the wall. All these threads being newly spun, are glutinous, and therefore stick to each other, wherever they happen to touch; and in those parts of the web most exposed to be torn, our natural artist strengthens them, by doubling the thread sometimes sixfold.

Thus far, naturalists have gone in the description of

this animal: what follows is the result of my own observation upon that species of the insect called the house spider. I perceived, about four years ago, a large spider in one corner of my room, making its web, and though the maid frequently levelled her fatal broom against the labours of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent its destruction, and I may say, it more than paid me by the entertainment it afforded.

In three days the web was with incredible diligence completed; nor could I avoid thinking that the insect seemed to *exult* in its new abode. It frequently traversed it round, and examined the strength of every part of it, retired into its hole, and came out very frequently. The first enemy, however, it had to encounter, was another and a much larger spider, which having no web of its own, and having probably exhausted all its stock in former labours of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbour. Soon, then, a terrible encounter ensued, in which the invader seemed to have the victory, and the laborious spider was obliged to take refuge in its hole. Upon this I perceived the victor using every art to draw the enemy from its stronghold. He seemed to go off, but quickly returned, and when he found all arts vain, began to *demolish* the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle, and, contrary to my expectations, the laborious spider became conqueror, and fairly killed his *antagonist.*

Now, then, in peaceable possession of what was justly its own, it waited three days with the utmost impatience, repairing the breaches of its web, and taking no sustenance that I could perceive. At last, however, a large blue fly fell into the snare, and struggled hard to get loose. The spider gave it leave to entangle itself as much as possible, but it seemed to be too strong for the cobweb. I must own I was greatly surprised when I saw the spider immediately sally out, and in less than a minute weave a net round its captive, by which the

motion of its wings was stopped, and when it was fairly hampered in this manner, it was seized and dragged into the hole.

In this manner it lived, in a precarious state, and nature seemed to have fitted it for such a life; for upon a single fly it subsisted for more than a week. I once put a wasp into the net, but when the spider came out in order to seize it as usual, upon perceiving what kind of an enemy it had to deal with, it instantly broke all the bands that held it fast, and contributed all that lay in its power to disengage so formidable an antagonist. When the wasp was at liberty, I expected the spider would have set about repairing the breaches that were made in its net; but those, it seems, were irreparable, wherefore the cobweb was now entirely forsaken, and a new one begun, which was completed in the usual time.

I had now a mind to try how many cobwebs a single spider could furnish; wherefore I destroyed this, and the insect set about another. When I destroyed the other also, its whole stock seemed entirely exhausted, and it could spin no more. The arts it made use of to support itself, now deprived of its great means of subsistence, were indeed surprising. I have seen it roll up its legs like a ball, and lie motionless for hours together, but cautiously watching all the time; when a fly happened to approach sufficiently near, it would dart out all at once, and often seize its prey.

Of this life, however, it soon began to grow weary, and resolved to invade the possession of some other spider, since it could not make a web of its own. It formed an attack upon a neighbouring fortification, with great vigour, and at first was as vigorously repulsed. Not daunted, however, with one defeat, in this manner it continued to lay siege to another's web for three days, and at length, having killed the defendant, actually took possession. When smaller flies happen to fall into the snare, the spider does not sally out at once, but very patiently waits till it is sure of them; for upon his im-

mediately approaching, the terror of his appearance might give the captive strength sufficient to get loose; the manner then is to wait patiently till, by ineffectual and *impotent* struggles, the captive has wasted all his strength, and then he becomes a certain and easy conquest.

The insect I am now describing lived three years; every year it changed its skin, and got a new set of legs. At first it dreaded my approach to its web; but at last it became so familiar as to take a fly out of my hand, and upon my touching any part of the web, would immediately leave its hole, prepared either for a defence or an attack.

THE STRAY SHEEP.

MRS. PARTON.

"HE's going the wrong way—straying from the true fold—going off the track," said old Deacon Green, shaking his head ominously, as he saw young Neff enter a church to hear an infidel preacher. "Can't understand it; he was taught his catechism and ten commandments as soon as he could speak; he knows the right way as well as our parson; I can't understand it."

Harry Neff had never seen a day since his earliest childhood that was not ushered in and closed with a family prayer. He had not partaken of a repast upon which the divine blessing was not invoked; the whole atmosphere of the old homestead was decidedly orthodox. Novels, plays, and Byronic poetry were all vetoed. Operas, theatres, and the like, most decidedly frowned upon; and no lighter literature was allowed upon the table than missionary reports and theological treatises.

Most of his father's guests being clergymen, Harry was early made acquainted with every crook and turn of orthodoxy. He had laid up many a clerical conversation, and pondered it in his heart, when they imagined his thoughts were on anything but the subject in debate. At his father's request, they had each and all taken him by the button, for the purpose of long, private conversations—the old gentleman generally prefacing his request by the remark that "his heart was as hard as a flint."

Harry listened to them all with respectful attention, manifesting no sign of impatience, no nervous shrinking from the probing process; and they left him, impressed with a sense of his mental superiority, but totally unable to affect his feelings in the remotest degree.

Such a pity, they all said, that he should be so impenetrable; such wonderful argumentative powers as he had; such felicity of expression; such an engaging exterior. Such a pity, that on all these brilliant natural gifts should not have been written "Holiness to the Lord."

Yes, dear reader, it *was* a pity. Pity, when our pulpits are so often filled with those whose only recommendation for their office is a good heart and a black coat. It was a pity that graceful gesticulation, that rare felicity of expression, that keen perception of the beautiful, that ready tact and adaptation to circumstances and individuals, should not have been effective weapons in the *gospel armoury.* Pity that voice of music should not have been employed to chain the worldlings fastidious ear to listen to Calvary's story.

Yet it was a pity that glorious intellect had been laid at an unholy shrine; pity "he had strayed from the true fold." How was it?

Ah! the solution is simple. "Line upon line, precept upon precept," is well, but *practice is better.* Religion *must not be all lip-service;* the "fruits of love, meekness, gentleness, forbearance, long-suffering," must follow. Harry was a keen observer. He had often

heard the harsh and angry word from lips upon which the Saviour's name had just lingered. He had felt the unjust, quick, passionate blow from the hand which, a moment before, had been raised in supplication to heaven. He had seen the purse-strings relax at the bidding of worldliness, and tighten at the call of charity. He had seen principle sacrificed to policy, and duty to interest. He had himself been misappreciated. The shrinking sensitiveness which drew a veil over his most sacred feelings had been harshly construed into hard-heartedness and indifference. Every duty to which his attention was called was prefaced with the supposition that he was averse to its performance. He was cut off from the gay pleasures which buoyant spirits and fresh young life so eloquently plead for; and in their stead no innocent enjoyment was substituted. He saw heaven's gate shut most unceremoniously upon all who did not subscribe to the parental creed, outraging both his own good sense and the teachings of the Bible; and so religion, which should have been rendered so lovely, put on to him an ascetic form. Oh, what marvel that the flowers in the broad road were so passing fair to see? that the forbidden fruit of the "tree of knowledge" was so tempting to the youthful touch?

"Oh! Christian parent, be consistent, be judicious, be *cheerful.* If, as historians inform us, "no smile ever played" on the lips of Jesus of Nazareth, surely *no frown marred the beauty of that holy brow.*

Dear reader, *true* religion is *not* gloomy. "Her ways *are* ways of pleasantness, her paths *are* peace." No man, no woman, has chart or compass, or guiding star, without it.

Religion is not a *fable.* Else why, when our household gods are shivered, do our tearful eyes seek only heaven?

Why, when disease lays its iron grasp on bounding life, does the startled soul so earnestly, *so* tearfully, *so* imploringly, call on its forgotten Saviour?

Ah! the house "built upon the sand" may do for sunny weather; but when the billows roll, and tempests blow, and lightnings flash, and thunders roar, *we need the "Rock of Ages."*

OUR SON JO.

Rev. George Aspinall, D.D.

We're old and poor, my Jane and I,
  And on the parish long ago
Had both been cast, but one came nigh
  And said, "By Jove, it shan't be so,
While I've a crust I'll give them half,"
    Said our son Jo!

He works at yonder smithy where
  The ruddy forge-fires seethe and glow;
His hands are black, his face not fair,
  He's not well-favoured, that we know,
Yet no one has a fairer *heart*
    Than our son Jo!

He gives us bit, he gives us sup,
  For us as well as him doth flow
The stream of all he has; our cup
  He brims with gifts, and utter woe
Had long o'erwhelmed us both except
    For our son Jo!

In summer, as we crutch about,
  And watch them in the meadows mow,
Each time we hear the children shout,
  And lads at cricket cry "Hallo!"
As of the boy *he was* we think
    Of our son Jo!

In winter, when the ground is white,
With hoary frost and flakes of snow
That daze and dazzle our old sight,
However cold the ice-winds blow,
We feel our winter *summer'd o'er*
By our son Jo!

Well, well! a brief space more and we
Shall drop, and older cease to grow;
Not many springs we now may see,
Soon, soon will come the common foe;
Meantime our fathers' God be thank'd
For our son Jo!

THE LABOURER.

WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER.

STAND up—erect! Thou hast the form,
And likeness of thy God!—who more?
A soul as dauntless mid the storm
Of daily life, a heart as warm
And pure, as breast e'er wore.

What then?—Thou art as true a man
As moves the human mass among;
As much a part of the great plan
That with Creation's dawn began,
As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy? the high
In station, or in wealth the chief?
The great, who coldly pass thee by,
With proud step and averted eye:
Nay! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
What were the proud one's scorn to thee?
A feather, which thou mightest cast
Aside, as idly as the blast
The light leaf from the tree.

No:—uncurb'd passions, low desires,
Absence of noble self-respect,
Death, in the breast's consuming fires,
To that high nature which aspires
Forever, till thus check'd;

These are thine enemies—thy worst;
They chain thee to thy lowly lot:
Thy labour and thy life accursed.
O, stand erect! and from them burst!
And longer suffer not!

Thou art thyself thine enemy!
The great!—what better they than thou?
As theirs, is not thy will as free?
Has God with equal favours thee
Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not—'tis but dust!
Nor place—uncertain as the wind!
But that thou hast, which, with thy crust
And water, may despise the lust
Of both—a noble mind.

With this, and passions under ban,
True faith, and holy trust in God,
Thou art the peer of any man.
Look up, then: that thy little span
Of life may be well trod!

BE KIND TO THE AGED.

ANONYMOUS.

BE kind unto the agèd
  Their many years respect;
O pity their infirmities,
  As kindness you'd expect,
Have patience with their little whims
  And cheer the lonely heart;
A gentle word, a loving act,
  A comfort will impart.

Be kind to grandpa,—there he sits
  With shining, silvery hair;
His sticks are in the corner,
  Beside the old arm-chair.
Poor grandpa's hands are shaky now
  And feeble is his voice;
O meet his little wants, and try
  To make his soul rejoice.

Be kind to poor old granny there
  With wrinkles on her brow,—
She once was young and beautiful,
  Ah, e'en as thou art now.
But granny's eyes are growing dim
  And she is blithe no more,—
O help her when she fain would try
  To totter o'er the floor.

Be kind to father, mother too,
  As down the hill they go,—
They bravely toiled through life's rough path
  That you a man might grow.
Repay them now with grateful acts
  And kind, and tender words;
Pierce not their ever yearning hearts
  With bitter, poison'd swords.

Be kind unto the agèd,
  Their sun is going down;
O cast a light upon their gloom
  And never on them frown.
Their burdens lighten when you can
  They need your sympathy;
O lead them gently to the verge
  Of dread eternity.

Be kind unto the agèd,
  Yourself may yet grow old,—
How sad to think that friendship then
  Will all be dark and cold.
Be kind, and kindness you shall meet,
  When that you most require;
And when old age is coming round,
  You'll have your heart's desire.

EXCELLENCE OF THE SCRIPTURES.

. EDWARDS.

IN what other writings can we descry those excellences which we find in the Bible? None of them can equal it in antiquity: for the first penman of the sacred Scriptures hath the start of all philosophers, poets, and historians, and is, without the least shadow of doubt, the most ancient writer extant in the world. No writings are equal to those of the Bible, if we mention only the stock of human learning contained in them. Here linguists and philologists may find that which is to be found nowhere else. Here rhetoricians and orators may be entertained with a more lofty eloquence, with a choicer composure of words, and with a greater variety of style, than any other writers can afford them. Here is a book, where more is understood than expressed, where words are few, but the sense is full and

redundant. No book equals this in authority, because it is the word of God himself, and dictated by an unerring Spirit. It excels all other writings in the excellency of its matter, which is the highest, noblest, and worthiest; and of the greatest concern to all mankind. Lastly, the Scriptures transcend all other writings in their power and efficacy.

Wherefore, with great seriousness and importunity, I request the reader that he entertain such thoughts and persuasions as these:—that Bible-learning is the highest accomplishment, that this book is the most valuable upon earth, that there is a library in one single volume, that this alone is sufficient for us, though all the libraries in the world were destroyed.

" WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER? "

GEORGE W. DOANE.

WHAT is that, Mother?—The lark, my child!—
The morn has but just look'd out, and smiled,
When he starts from his humble grassy nest,
And is up and away, with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure, bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.
Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, Mother?—The dove, my son!—
And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,
As the wave is pour'd from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return:
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, Mother?—The eagle, boy!—
Proudly careering his course of joy;
Firm, on his own mountain vigour relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying,
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward, and upward, and true to the line.

What is that, Mother?—The swan, my love!—
He is floating down from his native grove,
No loved one now, no nestling nigh,
He is floating down, by himself to die;
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
Yet his sweetest song is the last he sings.
Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home.

THE WEATHERCOCK.

ALBERT G. GREENE.

THE dawn has broke, the morn is up,
Another day begun;
And there thy poised and gilded spear
Is flashing in the sun.
Upon that steep and lofty tower
Where thou thy watch hast kept,
A true and faithful sentinel,
While all around thee slept.

For years, upon thee, there has pour'd
The summer's noon-day heat,
And through the long, dark, starless night,
The winter storms have beat;

But yet thy duty has been done,
By day and night the same,
Still thou hast met and faced the storm,
Whichever way it came.

No chilling blast in wrath has swept
Along the distant heaven,
But thou hast watch'd its onward course,
And distant warning given;
And when mid-summer's sultry beams
Oppress all living things,
Thou dost foretell each breeze that comes
With health upon its wings.

How oft I've seen, at early dawn,
Or twilight's quiet hour,
The swallows, in their joyous glee,
Come darting round thy tower,
As if, with thee, to hail the sun
And catch his earliest light,
And offer ye the morn's salute,
Or bid ye both,—good-night.

And when, around thee, or above,
No breath of air has stirr'd,
Thou seem'st to watch the circling flight
Of each free, happy bird,
Till, after twittering round thy head
In many a mazy track,
The whole delighted company
Have settled on thy back.

Then, if, perchance, amidst their mirth,
A gentle breeze has sprung,
And, prompt to mark its first approach,
Thy eager form hath swung,
I've thought I almost heard thee say,
As far aloft they flew,—
"Now all away!—here ends our play,
For I have work to do!"

Men slander thee, my honest friend,
And call thee, in their pride,
An emblem of their fickleness,
Thou ever-faithful guide.
Each weak, unstable human mind
A "weathercock" they call;
And thus, unthinkingly, mankind
Abuse thee, one and all.

They have no right to make thy name
A by-word for their deeds:—
They change their friends, their principles,
Their fashions, and their creeds;
Whilst thou hast ne'er, like them, been known
Thus causelessly to range;
But when thou *changest sides*, canst give
Good reason for the change.

Thou, like some lofty soul, whose course
The thoughtless oft condemn,
Art touch'd by many airs from heaven
Which never breathe on them,—
And moved by many impulses
Which they do never know,
Who, round their earth-bound circles, plod
The dusty paths below.

Through one more dark and cheerless night
Thou well hast kept thy trust;
And now in glory o'er thy head
The morning light has burst.
And unto earth's true watcher, thus,
When his dark hours have pass'd,
Will come "the day-spring from on high,"
To cheer his path at last.

Bright symbol of *fidelity*,
Still may I think of thee:
And may the lesson thou dost teach
Be never lost on me:—

But still, in sunshine or in storm,
Whatever task is mine,
May I be faithful to *my* trust,
As thou hast been to *thine.*

MY FIRST GUINEA.

REV. DR. VAUGHAN.

I WELL remember, when I was very young, possessing for the first time a guinea. I remember, too, that this circumstance cost me no little perplexity and anxiety. As I passed along the streets, the fear of losing my guinea induced me frequently to take it out of my pocket to look at it. First I put it in one pocket, and then I took it out and put it in another; after a while I took it out of the second pocket and placed it in another, really perplexed what to do with it.

At length my attention was arrested by a book auction. I stepped in, and looked about me. First one lot was put up, and then another, and sold to the highest bidder. At last I ventured to the table, just as the auctioneer was putting up the "History of the World," in two large folio volumes. I instantly thrust my hand into my pocket, and began turning over my guinea, considering all the while whether I had money enough to buy this lot. The biddings proceeded; at last I ventured to bid too. "Halloo, my little man!" said the auctioneer; "what! not content with less than the world?" This remark greatly confused me, and drew the attention of the whole company toward me, who, seeing me anxious to possess the books, refrained from bidding against me; and so the "World" was knocked down to me at a very moderate price.

How to get these huge books home was the next consideration. The auctioneer offered to send them; but I, not knowing what sort of creatures auctioneers

were, determined to take them myself; so, after the assistant had tied them up, I marched out of the room with these huge books upon my shoulder, like Samson with the gates of Gaza, amidst the smiles of all present.

When I reached my home, after the servant had opened the door, the first person I met was my now sainted mother. "My dear boy," said she, "what have you got there? I thought you would not keep your guinea long." "Do not be angry, mother," said I, throwing them down upon the table: "I have bought the world for nine shillings!" This was on Saturday; and I well remember sitting up till it was well-nigh midnight, turning over this "History of the World." These books became my delight, and were carefully read through and through.

As I grew older, I at length became a Christian, and my love of books naturally led me to desire to be a Christian minister. To the possession of these books I attribute, in a great measure, any honours in connexion with literature that have been added to my name. I have not mentioned this anecdote to gratify any foolish feeling, but to encourage in those young persons I see before me that love of literature which has afforded me such unspeakable pleasure—pleasure which I would not have been without for all the riches of the Indies.

THE POOR MAN'S SONG.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

BECAUSE I'm but poor,
And slender's my store,
That I've nothing to lose is the cry, Sir!
Let who will declare it,
I vow I can't bear it,
I give all such praters the lie, Sir.

Tho' my house is but small,
Yet to have none at all,
Would sure be a greater distress, Sir;
Shall my garden so sweet,
And my orchard so neat,
Be the prize of a foreign oppressor?

On Saturday night,
'Tis still my delight,
With my wages to run home the faster;
But if War should come here,
I may look far and near,
But I never shall find a paymaster.

I've a dear little wife,
Whom I love as my life,
To lose her I shouldn't much like, Sir;
And 'twould make me run wild
To see my sweet child
With its head on the point of a pike, Sir,

I've my church too to save,
And will go to my grave,
In defence of a church that's the best, Sir;
I've my Queen, too, God bless her!
Let no man oppress her,
For none has she ever opprest, Sir.

British laws for my guard—
My cottage is barr'd,
'Tis safe in the light or the dark, Sir;
If the Squire should oppress,
I get instant redress;
My orchard's as safe as his park, Sir.

My cot is my throne,
What I have is my own,
And what is my own I will keep, Sir;
Should fighting come now,
'Tis true I may plough;
But I'm sure that I never shall reap, Sir.

Now do but reflect
What I have to protect,
Then doubt if to fight I shall choose, Sir;
Queen, Church, Babes, and Wife,
Laws, Liberty, Life,
Now tell me I've nothing to lose, Sir.

So I'll beat my ploughshare
To a sword or a spear,
Though I use it reluctantly then, Sir;
Like a lion I'll fight,
That my sword now so bright,
May soon turn to a ploughshare again, Sir.

THE THREE WARNINGS

MRS. THRALE.

THE tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground,
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.
When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbour Dobson's wedding day,
Death called aside the jocund groom
With him into another room;
And looking grave—"You must," says he,
"Quit your fair bride, and come with me."
"With you! and quit my Susan's side!
With you!" the hapless husband cried,

"Young as I am, 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared:
My thoughts on other matters go;
This is my wedding day you know."
What more he urged, I have not heard,
His reasons could not well be stronger;
So death the poor delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
"Neighbour," he said "Farewell! no more
Shall death disturb your mirthful hour:
And farther, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for a future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you are summoned to the grave.
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve;
In hopes you'll have no more to say;
But, when I call again this way,
Well pleased the world will leave."
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.
What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursued his course,
And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,
The willing muse shall tell:
He chaffer'd then, he bought and sold,
Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,
Nor thought of Death as near;
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He passed his hours in peace.
But while he viewed his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road
The beaten track content he trod,

Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
  Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.
And now, one night, in musing mood,
  As all alone he sate,
Th' unwelcome messenger of Fate
  Once more before him stood.
Half-killed with anger and surprise,
"So soon returned!" old Dobson cries.
  "So soon, d'ye call it?" Death replies:
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!
  Since I was here before
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
  And you are now fourscore."
"So much the worse," the clown rejoin'd;
"To spare the agèd would be kind:
However, see your search be legal;
And your authority—is 't regal?
Else you are come on a fool's errand,
With but a secretary's warrant.
Beside, you promis'd me Three Warnings,
Which I have look'd for nights and mornings!
But for that loss of time and ease,
I can recover damages."
  "I know," cries Death, "that at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend, at least:
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable;
Your years have run to a great length;
I wish you joy, tho', of your strength!"
"Hold," says the farmer, "not too fast,
"I have been lame these four years past."
  "And no great wonder," Death replies;
"However, you still keep your eyes;
And sure, to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends."
"Perhaps," says Dobson, "so it might,
But latterly, I've lost my sight."

"This is a shocking story, faith;
Yet there's some comfort still," says Death:
"Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant you hear all the news."
"There's none," cries he; "and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear."
"Nay, then! the spectre stern rejoin'd,
"These are unjustifiable yearnings;
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You've had your three sufficient warnings.
So come along, no more we'll part:"—
He said, and touch'd him with his dart;
And now, old Dobson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

CHOOSE THE RIGHT ONE.

MRS. PARTON.

THE moon looked down upon no fairer sight than Effie May, as she lay sleeping on her little couch, that fair summer night. So thought her mother, as she glided gently in, to give her a silent, good-night blessing. The bright flush of youth and hope was on her cheek. Her long dark hair lay in masses about her neck and shoulders; a smile played upon the red lips, and the mother bent low to catch the indistinct murmur. She starts at the whispered name, as if a serpent had stung her; and as the little snowy hand is tossed restlessly upon the coverlid, she sees, glittering in the moonbeams, on that childish finger, the golden signet of betrothal. Sleep sought in vain to woo the eyes of the mother that night. Reproachfully she asked herself, "How could I have been so blind? (but then Effie has seemed to me only a child)! But he! oh, no; the *grog shop* will be my child's rival; it must not be." Effie was wilful, and Mrs. May knew she must be

cautiously dealt with; but she knew, also, that no mother need despair, who possesses the affection of her child.

Effie's violet eyes opened to greet the first ray of the morning sun, as he peeped into her room. She stood at the little mirror, gathering up, with those small hands, the rich tresses so impatient of confinement. How could she fail to know that she was fair?—she read it in every face she met; but there was *one* (and she was hastening to meet him) whose eye had noted, with a lover's pride, every shining ringlet, and azure vein, and flitting blush; his words were soft and low, and skilfully chosen, and sweeter than music to her ear; and so she tied, with a careless grace, the little straw hat under her dimpled chin; and fresh, and sweet, and guileless, as the daisy that bent beneath her foot, she tripped lightly on to the old trysting place by the willows.

Stay! a hand is laid lightly upon her arm, and the pleading voice of a mother arrests that springing step.

"Effie dear, sit down with me on this old garden seat; give up your walk for this morning; I slept but indifferently last night, and morning finds me languid and depressed."

A shadow passed over Effie's face; the little cherry lips pouted, and a rebellious feeling was busy at her heart; but one look in her mother's pale face decided her, and, untying the strings of her hat, she leaned her head caressingly upon her mother's shoulder.

"You are ill, dear mother; you are *troubled*;" and she looked inquiringly up into her face.

"Listen to me, Effie, I have a story to tell you of myself:—When I was about your age, I formed an acquaintance with a young man, by the name of Adolph. He had been but a short time in the vlllage, but long enough to win the hearts of half the young girls, from their rustic admirers. Handsome, frank, and social, he found himself everywhere a favourite. He would sit by me for hours, reading our favourite authors; and

side by side, we rambled through all the lovely paths with which our village abounded. My parents knew nothing to his disadvantage, and were equally charmed as myself with his cultivated refinement of manner, and the indefinable interest with which he invested every topic, grave or gay, which it suited his mood to discuss. Before I knew it, my heart was no longer in my own keeping. One afternoon, he called to accompany me upon a little excursion we had planned together. As he came up the gravel walk, I noticed that his fine hair was in disorder; a pang, keen as death, shot through my heart, when he approached me, with reeling, unsteady step, and stammering tongue. I could not speak. The chill of death gathered round my heart. I fainted. When I recovered, he was gone, and my mother's face was bending over me, moist with tears. Her woman's heart knew all that was passing in mine. She pressed her lips to my forehead, and only said, 'God strengthen you to choose the right, my child.'

"I could not look upon her sorrowful eyes, or the pleaded face of my grey-haired father, and trust myself again to the witchery of that voice and smile. A letter came to me; I dared not read it. (Alas! my heart pleaded too eloquently, even then, for his return.) I returned it unopened; my father and mother devoted themselves to lighten the load that lay upon my heart; but the perfume of a flower, a remembered strain of music, a struggling moonbeam, would bring back old memories, with a crushing bitterness that swept all before it for the moment. But my father's aged hand lingered on my head with a blessing, and my mother's voice had the sweetness of an angel's, as it fell upon my ear!

"Time passed on, and I had conquered myself. Your father saw me, and proposed for my hand; my parents left me free to choose, and Effie dear, *are we not happy?*"

"Oh, mother," said Effie, then looking sorrowfully in her face, "did you *never* see Adolph again?"

"Do you remember, my child, the summer evening we sat upon the piazza, when a dusty, travel-stained man came up the steps, and begged for 'a supper?' Do you recollect his bloated, disfigured face? Effie, *that was Adolph!*"

"Not that *wreck* of a *man*, mother?" said Effie, covering her eyes with her hands, as if to shut him out from her sight.

"Yes; that was all that remained of that glorious intellect, and that form made after God's own image. I looked around upon my happy home, then upon your noble father—then—upon *him*, and" (taking Effie's little hand, and pointing to the *ring* that encircled it) "in *your* ear, my daughter, I now breathe my mother's prayer for me—'*God help you to choose the right!*'"

The bright head of Effie sank upon her mother's breast, and with a gush of tears she drew the golden circlet from her finger, and placed it in her mother's hand.

"God bless you, my child," said the happy mother, as she led her back to their quiet home.

THE CHILD AND THE STARS.

J. E. Carpenter.

"They tell me, dear father, each gem in the sky
That sparkles at night is a star;
But *why* do they dwell in those regions so high,
And shed their cold lustre so far?
I *know* that the sun makes the blossoms to spring,
That it gives to the flow'rets their birth,
But *what* are the stars? do they nothing but fling
Their cold rays of light upon earth?"

"My child, it is said, that yon stars in the sky,
Are worlds that are fashioned like this,

Where the souls of the good and the gentle who die,
Assemble together in bliss;
And the rays that they shed o'er the earth is the light
Of His glory whose throne is above,
That tell us, who dwell in these regions of night,
How great is His goodness and love."

"Then, father, why still press your hand to your brow,
Why still are your cheeks pale with care?
If all that was gentle be dwelling there now,
Dear mother, I know, must be there."
"Thou chidest me well," said the father with pain,
"Thy wisdom is greater by far,
We may mourn for the loss, but we should not complain,
While we gaze on each beautiful star."

"ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER."

ANONYMOUS.

BACKWARD, turn backward, oh! Time in your flight;
Make me a child again, just for to-night;
Mother, come back from that echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore.
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out from my hair,
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother! Rock me to sleep!

Backward, turn backward, oh! tide of years,
I have grown weary of toil and of tears;
Toil, without recompense, tears all in vain,
Take them and give me childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of throwing my soul's health away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap;
Rock me to sleep, mother! Rock me to sleep!

Over my heart in the days that are flown,
No love like a mother's love ever has shone;
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours;
None like a mother can soothe away pain
From the pleasure-sick soul and the world-weary brain;
Slumber's sweet calm o'er my heavy lids creep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother! Rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, oh! mother, my heart calls for you;
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossom'd and faded, our faces between;
Yet, with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again;
Come from your silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother! Rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair just shaded with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For, with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
Haply will rise the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother! Rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother! the years have seem'd long
Since last I heard your soft lullaby song;
Sing then, and unto my soul it shall seem,
Womanhood's years have been only a dream;
Clasp'd to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your long lashes just shading my face;
Never hereafter to wake or to weep,—
Rock me to sleep, mother! Rock me to sleep!

"I WOULDN'T—WOULD YOU?"

ANONYMOUS.

WHEN a lady is seen at a party or ball,—
  Her eyes vainly turn'd in her fits of conceit,
As she peers at the gentlemen, fancying all
  Are enchain'd by her charms and would kneel at her feet,
With each partner coquetting,—to nobody true;—
I wouldn't give much for her *chances!*—would you?

When an upstart is seen on the flags strutting out,
  With his hat cock'd aslant, and a glass in his eye:
And thick clouds of foul smoke he stands puffing about,
  As he inwardly says,—"What a noble am I,"—
While he twists his moustache for the ladies to view;—
I wouldn't give much for his *senses:*—would you?

When a wife runs about at her neighbours to pry,
  Leaving children at home, unprotected to play;
Till she starts back in haste at the sound of their cry;
  And finds they've been fighting while mother's away;
Sugar eaten—panes broken—the wind blowing through;
I wouldn't give much for her *comfort!*—would you?

When a husband is idle, neglecting his work,
  In the public-house, snarling with quarrelsome knaves;
When he gambles with simpletons, drinks like a Turk,
  While his good wife at home for the poor children slaves;
And that home is quite destitute—painful to view;—
I wouldn't give much for his *morals:*—would you?

When a boy at his school, lounging over his seat,
  Sits rubbing his head, and neglecting his book,
While he fumbles his pockets, for something to eat,
  Yet pretendeth to read when his master may look,

Though he boasts to his parents how much he can do;
I wouldn't give much for his *progress*:—would you?

When a man who is driving a horse on the road,
Reins and whips the poor brute, with unmerciful hand,
Whilst it willingly strives to haste on with its load,
Till with suff'ring and working it scarcely can stand:
Though he may be a man,—and a wealthy one too,
I wouldn't give much for his *feelings*:—would you?

When a master who lives by his labourers' skill,
Hoards his gold up in thousands still craving for more,
Though poor are his toilers he grindeth them still,
Or, unfeelingly turns them away from his door;
Though he banketh his millions with claims not a few,
I wouldn't give much for his *conscience*:—would you?

When a tradesman his neighbour's fair terms will decry,
And keeps puffing his goods at a wonderful rate;—
E'en at prices at which no fair trader can buy;—
Though customers flock to him early and late;—
When a few months have fled, and large bills become due,
I wouldn't give much for his *credit*:—would you?

When in murderous deeds a man's hands are imbrued,
Tho' revenge is his plea, and the crime is conceal'd,
The severe stings of conscience will quickly intrude,
And the mind, self-accusing, can never be heal'd;—
When the strong arm of justice sets out to pursue,
I wouldn't give much for his *freedom*:—would you?

When a husband and wife keep their secrets apart,
Not a word to my spouse about this, or on that;
When a trifle may banish the pledge of their heart,
And he naggles,—she snaggles;—both contradict flat;

Tho' unequall'd their love when its first blossoms
blew;—
I wouldn't give much for their *quiet:*—would you?

When a man who has lived here for none but himself,
Feels laid on his strong frame the cold hand of
death,
When all fade away,—wife, home, pleasures, and pelf,
And he yields back to God both his soul and his
breath;—
As up to the judgment that naked soul flew,—
I wouldn't give much for his *Heaven!*—would you?

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.

REV. THOMAS COLE.

SPRIGHTLY Cricket, chirking still
Merry music, short and shrill;
In my kitchen take thy rest
As a truly welcome guest;
For no evils shall betide
Those with whom thou dost reside.
Nor shall thy good-omen'd strain
E'er salute my ear in vain.
With the best I can invent
I'll requite the compliment;
Like thy sonnets, I'll repay
Little sonnets, quick and gay.

Thou, a harmless inmate deem'd,
And by housewives much esteem'd,
Wilt not pillage for thy diet,
Nor deprive us of our quiet;
Like the horrid rat voracious;
Or the lick'rish mouse sagacious;
Like the herd of vermin base,
Or the pilf'ring reptile race:

But content art thou to dwell
In thy chimney-corner cell;
There, unseen, we hear thee greet
Safe and snug, thy native heat.

Thou art happier, happier far,
Than the happy grasshopper,
Who, by nature doth partake
Something of thy voice and make;
Skipping lightly o'er the grass,
As her sunny minutes pass;
For a summer month or two
She can sing and sip the dew:
But at Christmas, as in May,
Thou art ever brisk and gay,
Thy continued song we hear,
Trilling, thrilling all the year.

Every day and every night
Bring to thee the same delight;
Winter, summer, cold or hot,
Late or early, matters not;
Mirth and music still declare
Thou art ever void of care:
Whilst with sorrows and with fears,
We destroy our days and years;
Thou, with constant joy and song,
Ev'ry minute dost prolong,
Making thus thy little span
Longer than the age of Man.

THE OAK TREE.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

AN oak tree for two hundred years grows solitary. It is bitterly handled by frosts; it is wrestled with by ambitious winds, determined to give it a downfall. It holds fast, and grows alone. "What avails all this

sturdiness?" it saith to itself. "Why am I to stand here useless? My roots are anchored in rifts of rocks; no herds can lie down under my shadow; I am far above singing birds, that seldom come to rest among my leaves; I am set as a mark for storms, that bend and tear me; my fruit is serviceable for no appetite; it had been better for me to have been a mushroom, gathered in the morning for some poor man's table, than to be a hundred-year oak, good for nothing."

While it yet spoke, the axe was hewing at its base. It died in sadness, saying as it fell, "Weary ages for nothing have I lived."

The axe completed its work. By-and-by the trunk and root form the knees of a stately ship, bearing the country's flag around the world. Other parts form keel and ribs of merchantmen, and, having defied the mountain storms, they now equally resist the thunder of the waves and the murky threat of scowling hurricanes. Other parts are laid into floors, or wrought into wainscoting, or carved for frames of noble pictures, or fashioned into chairs that embosom the weakness of old age. Thus the tree, in dying, came not to its end, but to its beginning of life. It voyaged the world. It grew to parts of temples and dwellings. It held upon its surface the soft tread of children and the tottering steps of patriarchs. It rocked in the cradle. It swayed the limbs of age by the chimney-corner, and heard, secure within, the roar of those old, unwearied tempests that once surged about its mountain life. Thus, after its growth, its long uselessness, its cruel prostration, it became universally helpful, and did by its death what it could never have done by its life. For, so long as it was a tree, and belonged to itself, it was solitary and useless; but when it gave up its own life, and became related to others, then its true life began.

How solemn is that sentence of Christ, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me!" Not while He lived; not by His direct force, but only when pierced, broken, slain, buried, should His

influence issue forth, and death should become the throne of His power. So will it be with us if we are Christ's. Paradoxes upon this truth lie all through the New Testament, and one may walk on them, like stepping-stones, from side to side. Sorrow is joy. Death is life. Down is up. Weakness is strength. Loss is gain. Defeat is victory. The world's mightiest men, the very monarchs of its joy, were they who died deaths daily.

THE USE OF FLOWERS.

Mrs. Mary Howitt.

God might have bade this earth bring forth
  Enough for great and small,
The oak tree and the cedar tree,
  Without a flower at all.
He might have made enough—enough
  For every want of ours—
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
  And yet have made no flowers.

The ore within the mountain mine
  Requireth none to grow,
Nor doth it need the lotus flower
  To make the river flow.
The clouds might give abundant rain,
  The nightly dews might fall,
The herb that keepeth life in man
  Might yet have drunk them all.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
  All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashion'd with supremest grace,
  Upspringing day and night;

Springing in valleys green and low,
And on the mountains high,
And in the silent wilderness,
Where no man passeth by!

Our outward life requires them not,
Then wherefore had they birth?—
To minister delight to man,
To beautify the earth;
To whisper hope—to comfort man
Whene'er his faith is dim;
For whoso careth for the flowers
Will care much more for Him!

SPRING FLOWERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

"To fill the earth with gladness,
My child, were flowerets given:
To crown the earth with beauty,
And strew the road to heaven."

THE Spring-time is come again, and with it the budding, bursting, blooming flowers: the yellow crocus and the modest blue-bell, the early primrose and the scented violet—all that makes the new year beautiful; that spangles the green earth with stars, even as the heavens, and that tell us, that as surely as the flowers that die in winter revive again in spring, so is there a spring to life's long winter, death—and a hope that "earth's human flowers" may bloom in perpetual youth hereafter. How beautifully has Professor Wilson, in one of those charming essays with which he was wont to delight the readers of "Blackwood's Magazine," discoursed about Spring flowers! Thus he writes: "And now it is once more Spring. Flowers,

indeed, there are, that come and go with winter: each season has its own; but, though all the varied year be lovely, sweetest to beings who live to die and die to live is the thought and the feeling of the prime. To budding, fading, faded flowers there belongs, in every heart, a world of emotions: yet are they all allied by one common spirit—sadness we call it, or joy, or peace, or trouble; but it springs from one and the same source —a source welling far within the soul, and, by some innate power, embittering or sweetening for itself its own water. Beautiful flowers! how they overflow the earth with joy and happiness, or deaden it with a blank as barren as the grave!" With us, however, Spring flowers have no such gloomy associations; they remind us only of youth, joy, childhood, beauty, and perpetual spring; of death, perhaps, but only of death as a state of transition—a sleep from which to wake where even the flowers fade not—a resurrection to life eternal. Why, then, should one gloomy thought be associated with flowers? Do they not show that the All-wise has provided a variety of objects, not absolutely necessary to life, but administering to our pleasure, and prove that the Great Giver of that life has a further design than that of merely giving us existence? Nor can this be considered the only lesson they impart; for they remind us also of the superintending providence of the Almighty.

Flowers are, unquestionably, the most poetical of nature's gifts. They are redolent of moral instruction; they not only cast a ray of beauty on every spot where they appear, but they tell us, in their endless variety, how infinite is the goodness and power of the Great Creator.

> "There's not a single flower that blows
> But shows its maker, God."

Looking at them as objects merely of beauty, what can be more beautiful! Look at that rosebud just expanding to the morning air — was ever blush of

virgin modesty more sweetly delicate? Did ever the hand of man, with all its cunning, create aught that could rival that orient tinting? Perhaps the rose's hue has not a preference in your sight; then look at the violet—

"so darkly, deeply, beautifully blue;"

summer sky never looked more blue, even in the happiest day of our boyhood. If you love Spring flowers, go forth with us into the fields and by the hedge-rows; examine the petals of the common daisy, or the nun-like primrose; they will afford you sweet specimens of the delicacy of colour; or, if you will, with us "wander by the brook-side," pluck the flower of that common buck-bean and examine it: the tinting about the white petals seems fearful of staining such purity; it blends with the white so sweetly, that we cannot define its limits, though we can well perceive that it is there. It reminds us of

—— "a lily, which the sun,
Or a rosebud, leans upon."

Grace plays about Spring Flowers as naturally as the sunbeams at mid-day. The "line of beauty" is to be traced, from the stately lily to the lowly pimpernel—in the blossom of the garden, in the flower of the wilds.

"There is," says Mr. J. F. Clarke, the author of a little work—"Stray Flowers," that deserves to be better known—"a feeling of affection, even in the rudest bosoms, to beautiful objects; and Nature sprinkleth, with unsparing hand, sweet flowers upon our pathway, to gladden us as we pass: if we look at them rightly, our way, though thorny at times, will as often be pleasant. And is it not so with the moral path that we pursue? though the dark, lurid weeds of care and of affliction may sometimes poison our way, yet, how often do the flowers of hope and faith spring up around us, and we feel that our repinings were impious!"

We could cite other beautiful thoughts on the philosophy of flowers; we could show, too, how the Poets have all loved them, and been inspired by them, and made each his favourite flower famous in undying verse. And have we not deeper, finer, more inspired poetry in those allusions to flowers which our Saviour frequently makes use of in His discourses? For instance, "Consider the lilies, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, That Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. If then God so clothe the grass, which is one day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more will He clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Again, in Isaiah xxviii. 9: "Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim, whose glorious beauty is a fading flower." And in Isaiah xl. 6, those beautiful similes, "All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand for ever."

Many such passages occur to our mind, but for the present we are called out into the green fields, for the flowers are come again, and the glad Earth smiles in beauty, and the laughing Spring invites us into the budding woods, and by the bursting hedge-rows. Our books are now only for rainy days; for nature has opened her brightest page, and we exclaim with a bard who has sounded every wire on the golden harp:—

> "Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers,
> Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book;
> Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
> From 'loneliest nook.'"

Hail! then, to the young bright Spring! and may every English home, and every cottage nook, be made lovely through the influence of its Flowers!

THE SICK MAN AND THE ANGEL.

JOHN GAY.

"Is there no hope?" the sick man said.
The silent doctor shook his head,
And took his leave with signs of sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow.
When thus the man with gasping breath:—
"I feel the chilling wound of death:
Since I must bid the world adieu,
Let me my former life review.
I grant, my bargains well were made,
But all men over-reach in trade;
'Tis self-defence in each profession,
Sure self-defence is no transgression.
The little portion in my hands,
By good security on lands,
Is well increased. If unawares,
My justice to myself and heirs,
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good sufficient bail;
If I by writ, or bond, or deed,
Reduced a family to need,
My will hath made the world amends;
My hope on charity depends.
When I am numbered with the dead,
And all my pious gifts are read,
By heaven and earth 'twill then be known
My charities were amply shown."
An angel came. "Ah, friend!" he cried,
"No more in flattering hope confide.
Can thy good deeds in former times
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?
What widow or what orphan prays
To crown thy life with length of days?
A pious action's in thy power,
Embrace with joy the happy hour.

Now, while you draw the vital air,
Prove your intention is sincere.
This instant give a hundred pound;
Your neighbours want, and you abound."
"But why such haste?" the sick man whines;
"Who knows as yet what Heaven designs?
Perhaps I may recover still;
That sum, and more, are in my will."
"Fool," says the angel, "now 'tis plain,
Your life, your soul, your heaven was gain,
From every side, with all your might,
You scraped, and scraped beyond your right;
And *after* death would fain atone,
By giving what is not your own."
"While there is life, there's hope," he cried;
"Then why such haste?" He groaned, and died.

EARLY RISING.

ANONYMOUS.

EARLY rising is one of those good and proper habits which few except invalids dare openly to impugn—it has everything to recommend it, and nothing to retard it in public estimation except that it is opposed to ease and self-indulgence—and yet, how few there are who systematically persevere in the habit! It promotes health, punctuality, morals, and despatch both in study and business, and yet it is not observed; a result which, we apprehend, arises from the very simple reason, that we do not pay the attention that we ought to all or any of these matters. At some stage of existence most persons have risen early, or resolved to do it; but custom has become to them a second nature, and they contentedly plod on in their old way; while others still cherish the idea of reform, although, for the last

few years, they have tried the experiment for a morning or two, and as regularly broken through it.

One-half of the world does not know how the other half lives, and it has often struck us that loiterers in bed would be surprised were they to see the revelations of morning life. At dawn of morn, an indescribable freshness floats over creation, which is discoverable at no other period of the day; and redolent with the buoyancy of healthy repose, the step is firm and elastic, the eye clear, the mind unclouded, and the whole man generous and noble. In such a state, ordinary scenes would be enjoyed with high relish; but the "incense breathing" of the infant day, like all other kinds of infant beauty, has a sweetness of its own.

We may be mistaken, but we do not think that great crimes have usually been committed in the morning, which is a consideration of some importance. But not to dwell on that, or on the landscape beauty of vernal day, seeing that the one inquiry pertains to the statist and the other to the poet, we affirm that there is a pleasantness in the bustle of morning life which has a peculiar charm. The labourers go sturdily to their work, and do not drag their limbs as at night. At the sea-side the din of departing and arriving steam-boats is exhilarating; and the waters seem instinct with life, as they sparkle in crystal expanse, or as they are ploughed into green and white furrows by the sharp prows of the vessels which glide merrily on their surface. All operative undertakings have their attractions; while to those who cultivate science, the rocks, flowers, shells, trees, birds and fishes, are all so many different objects in the great museum of nature, which invite the wanderer to study and improvement. Golf, cricket, and archery, have healthy charms for the young and robust; and, indeed, except bird-nesting and bird-shooting, we know none of the usual occupations of the morning which are objectionable. All these, however, are for recreation, and those who have business should mind it in the morning, although we cannot help saying

that where a man works about twelve hours a-day—with proper regard to method, and to the discharge of relative duty—he should be perfectly able, on an average, to get through all necessary business within that period.

IMMORTALITY.

REV. W. E. CHANNING, D.D.

WHEN I think of myself as existing through all future ages—as surviving this earth and that sky—as exempted from every imperfection and error of my present being—as clothed with an angel's glory—as comprehending with my intellect, and embracing in my affections an extent of creation, compared with which the earth is a point—when I think of myself—as looking on the outward universe, with an organ of vision that will reveal to me a beauty, and harmony, and order, not now imagined—and as having an access to the minds of the wise and good, which will make them in a sense my own;—when I think of myself—as forming friendships with innumerable beings, of rich and various intellect, and of the noblest virtue—as introduced to the society of heaven—as meeting there the great and excellent, of whom I have read in history—as joined with the "just made perfect," in an ever-enlarging ministry of benevolence—as conversing with Jesus Christ, with the familiarity of friendship—and especially, as having an immediate intercourse with God, such as the closest intimacies of earth dimly shadow forth;—when this thought of my future being comes upon me,—whilst I hope, I also fear, the blessedness seems too great; the consciousness of present weakness and unworthiness is almost too strong for hope.

But when, in this frame of mind, I look round on the creation, and see there the marks of an Omnipotent

Goodness, to which nothing is impossible, and from which everything may be hoped—when I see around me the proofs of an Infinite Father, who must desire the perpetual progress of his intellectual offspring—when I look, next, at the human mind, and see what powers a few years have unfolded, and discern in it the capacity of everlasting improvement—and, especially, when I look at Jesus, the conqueror of death, the heir of immortality, who has gone, as the forerunner of mankind, into the mansions of light and purity,—I can and do admit the almost overpowering thought, of the everlasting life—growth—felicity of the human soul.

HOW LITTLE BESSIE FELL ASLEEP.

ANONYMOUS.

HUG me closer, closer, mother,
Put your arms around me tight;
I am cold and tired, mother,
And I feel so strange to-night!
Something hurts me here, dear mother,
Like a stone upon my breast;
Oh! I wonder, wonder, mother,
Why it is I cannot rest.

All the day, while you were working,
As I lay upon the bed,
I was trying to be patient,
And to think of what you said;
How the kind and blessèd Jesus
Loves his lambs to watch and keep,
And I wish He'd come and take me
In His arms that I might sleep.

Just before the lamp was lighted—
Just before the children came—

When the room was very quiet,
I heard some one call my name;
All at once the window open'd,
In a field were lambs and sheep;
Some from out a brook were drinking,
Some were lying fast asleep!

But I could not see the Saviour,
Though I strain'd my eyes to see,
And I wonder'd if he saw me,
If He'd speak to such as me!
On a sudden I was gazing
On a world so bright and fair;
It was full of happy children,
And they seemed so happy there.

They were singing, oh, so sweetly!—
Sweeter songs I never heard.
They were singing sweeter, mother,
Than can sing our yellow bird.
And while I my breath was holding,
One so bright upon me smiled,
And I knew it must be Jesus,
When he said, "Come here, my child!

"Come up here, my little Bessie!
Come up here, and live with me,
Where the children never suffer,
But are happier than you see."
Then I thought of all you told me—
Of that bright and happy land:
I was going when you call'd me—
When you came and kiss'd my hand.

And at first I felt so sorry
You had call'd me; I would go,
Oh! to sleep, and never suffer.
Mother, don't be crying so!

Hug me closer, closer, mother!
Put your arms around me tight;
Oh, how much I love you, mother!
But I feel so strange to-night!"

And the mother pressed her closer
To her overburdened breast;
On the heart so nigh to breaking,
Lay the heart so near its rest.
In the solemn hour of midnight,
In the stillness dark and deep,
Lying on her mother's bosom
Little Bessie fell asleep!

THE TWO WEAVERS.

MRS. HANNAH MORE.

As at their work two weavers sat
Beguiling time with friendly chat,
They touched upon the price of meat,
So high, a weaver scarce could eat!

"What with my babes and sickly wife,"
Quoth Dick, "I am almost tired of life;
So hard we work, so poor we fare,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

"How glorious is the rich man's state!
His house so fine, his wealth so great!
Heaven is unjust, you must agree:
Why all to him, and none to me?

"In spite of what the Scripture teaches,
In spite of all the pulpit preaches,
This world,—indeed, I've thought so long,—
Is ruled, methinks, extremely wrong.

"Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
'Tis all confused, and hard, and strange;
The good are troubled and opprest,
And all the wicked are the blest."

Quoth John, "Our ignorance is the cause,
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws,
Parts of His ways alone we know,
'Tis all that man can see below.

"Seest thou that carpet, not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun?
Behold the wild confusion there!
So rude the mass, it makes one stare!

"A stranger, ignorant of the trade,
Would say, no meaning's there conveyed:
For where's the middle, where's the border?
Thy carpet now is all disorder."

Quoth Dick, "My work is yet in bits:
But still in every part it fits:
Besides, you reason like a lout;
Why, man, that carpet's inside out."

Says John, "Thou sayest the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy spleen:
This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,
Is but a carpet inside out.

"As when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends;
So, when on earth things look but odd,
They're working still some scheme of God.

"No plan, no pattern, can we trace;
All wants proportion, truth, and grace;
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

"But when we reach the world of light,
And view these works of God aright;
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own, the Workman is Divine.

"What now seem random strokes, will there
All order and design appear;
Then shall we praise what here we spurned,
For then the carpet will be turned."

"Thou'rt right," quoth Dick, "no more I'll grumble
That this world is so strange a jumble;
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own carpet sets me right."

AN INDIAN TALE.

Miss Crompton, Author of "Tales of Life in Earnest," &c.

It is a hard task to read the past lives of kings in the East, for every page is full of the cruel wrongs done by man to man.

The name of Akbar alone recalls the memory of a wise and good Sultan, who ruled in love over his people. He lived more than three hundred years ago, and the princes of his time were not taught to read and write. Few persons could then be found in his kingdom who knew the use of a book, and Akbar sought far and near to bring these sages to his court that he might learn all they could teach him.

It was in the reign of Akbar that a very poor man brought up his only son Casim to speak the truth, and keep honest, with hardly food enough to eat.

When Casim was ten years old, he made up his

mind to try and work for his own living, and begged of his father to let him do so.

But, my son, what place do you think a boy of your age can be fit for?

Casim said he was used to work hard all day, and besides that, his father had taught him the use of figures; and in the city of Agra they had a friend who might help him to find bed and board until able to pay for his living. This was very true, and the father felt his son was right, and that it was his duty to consent; but he said Casim must wait until a caravan came by, which means, a large party of men with camels and horses, going through the land to trade from place to place.

A new vest and turban were all that Casim wanted, or could have, to make ready for his travels.

In a few days the time of parting came, and with many tears, Casim bid farewell, and left his home.

Hope was strong in the boy's heart, for all was new in the world before him. When near Agra Casim was left to go on alone to find the house of his father's friend. His mind was full of thought as to what he should say, and he soon reached the street, but alas! all was changed,—the good man was dead, and his things were sold up.

Poor Casim! His bright castles in the air were gone at once; he had not a soul to speak to.

Hungry and sad, he sat down on a door-step and wept—his face bent down upon his hands.

After awhile some one passed by, and thus spoke to him: "My child, why are you alone in the streets so late to-night?"

Casim told his sad tale.

The stranger said, "Follow me."

Casim was half-afraid to obey; and the stranger said, in a kind tone, "Come, you have nothing to fear." Then Casim rose, and went with his guide through the finest part of the city till they came to a grand house built of white stone. Here a small key opened the

gate, and Casim soon stood in a lovely garden full of flowers—it was like fairy-land.

Casim again felt afraid, not knowing who the stranger could be; but the gate was shut behind him, and he could not go back.

From the garden they went into a noble hall, and then into a large and lofty room. Casim did not know what to think—his guide seemed to move about as if he were a prince, and this his palace. Was he going to make a slave of the lost child? Casim was bid to sit down and tell the tale of his short life and travels.

Having done this, the stranger said, "My name is Abal, and I will be your friend so long as you behave well. You may stay here with me. I will feed and clothe you; and to begin, you may now come with me to supper."

This was like a grand feast to the eyes of poor hungry Casim, who had never seen so much food as was then set before him. He could not eat much, from joy and wonder.

After supper Casim was shown to a pretty room where a bed was made ready for him,—he lay down and slept till morning.

At day-break he rose up, and looked about, and felt as if still in a dream. A new dress was by his bed-side, his old clothes having been taken away.

Abal called him to the eating-room, and giving him a small purse with some money in it, said—"You will join a class of boys like yourself, and study as they do, to prepare for the work of future years. I give you this purse, as you may need some pocket-money."

Casim asked leave to write to his father, and begged to send the purse to him.

This was granted, and then his mind was free to attend to anything he might have to do.

Every day was spent with boys of his own age, under an able master, who let them be free for sports when duty was done.

At the end of a year, Abal again called for Casim

and said, "I will now give you a proof of the trust I can place in your good conduct. I have chosen you from the rest of the class to enter on the service of the Sultan, and great will be your reward if you succeed—listen to my words. It is the will of our master, the great Akbar, that the men in this empire who are called Brahmins, should tell him their secrets that he may judge if they are wise and good. This they refuse to do, and you will be sent as one of their tribe, and trained in all they have to teach, and you will stay until you hear from me again."

Casim had no time to think what all this meant, but he knew it was his duty to obey Abal and the Sultan, and said he would do his best to please them.

A letter was written to a holy man named Keidar, a chief amongst the Brahmins, to make him believe that Casim was an orphan of his own tribe, and knew no one but Abal, the favourite of the Sultan Akbar. This letter was put into a trusty hand to be given up with Casim into the charge of Keidar. The aged Brahmin was found near the door of his small house, sitting under the shade of a fine tree, with his supper of fruit and herbs on a table, and a vase of fresh water from the spring that flowed through his garden.

Casim was kindly asked to sit down, and when the Brahmin had read the letter, he said to the bearer, "Tell Abal, the servant of Akbar, that an orphan child is ever welcome in the home of Keidar, and he shall be cared for."

The man went his way, and the boy was left behind.

As Casim was supposed to know nothing of his birth, no questions were asked, and he freely told of his life and friends in the schools of Abal.

Casim soon began to love the old man, and was an apt pupil; his mind had been stored from books, but now he was led to think and judge, so as to be able to act rightly at any time in his life.

In a few months he began to see things in a new light and ask himself, "Is it right to stay here till I

know all the secrets of a good man who treats me as his own son?" Still, Casim thought his first duty was to obey Abal and his master.

But when Keidar spoke of truth, that to be honest and true in all things is our first duty, and the root of all that is noble, the words struck sadly on the soul of his pupil.

In time Casim felt that to stay and learn all the secrets of the Brahmin, only to betray them, was a great sin; and yet he could not bear to break his word with Abal. What must he do? How could he be true to both? He could bear his false life no longer, and come what might, made up his mind to go back to Abal and bear his anger.

Casim prayed leave for a visit to Agra. Keidar could not refuse this request of the son of his heart. It was but right he should mix with boys again, and soon let him depart with a Brahmin going to the city.

Casim went to the well-known gate of the palace, and was at once shown into the presence of Abal, who had saved him from grief and misery.

As is the custom to this day in the East, the youth bent low before his master, and in silence waited for an order to speak.

Abal saw that something was amiss, and in a stern voice said, "Who sent for you? What brings you here?"

Casim then spoke the truth, that he could not betray the secrets of Keidar, who had treated him as a son, and to whom he already owed more than the true service of a life could repay.

Abal looked at the boy before him, and still spoke in a cold and harsh tone.

"Have you thought of what you give up in the loss of my favour, and the rich rewards of Akbar, who can also take away your life if he chooses?"

"My lord," said Casim, "I cannot hold your favour, if I must play false to the wise and holy Keidar."

Abal. "Do you not fear the anger of Akbar?"

Casim. "The Sultan may take my life if he chooses, and better so, than lose my peace of mind for ever."

Casim was bid to wait, and Abal went forth to report to the Sultan how this scheme for finding out the Brahmin secrets had failed, but the youth was brave in heart, noble in mind, and worthy of any trust.

Akbar heard the tale, and could hardly believe that a poor boy of fourteen years was able to judge so clearly, and act with the calm sense and courage of a man.

Casim was sent for, and trembled to think that his hour was come for a great trial, and he prayed for strength to bear a prison, and even pain, should that be his fate, to make him confess.

He bent before Akbar, and waited for his sentence.

"Rise, Casim," said the Sultan, "and fear nothing; you have done well to speak the truth and keep faith with all who have trusted you."

Casim looked up, hardly able to believe the words which fell upon his ears. He kissed the hand of Abal now held out to him, and the teaching of Keidar came back to his mind.

> "To thine own heart be true;
> And it shall follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man."

From this time Casim was kept in the employ of the Sultan, and in after years rose to high rank in the empire. His own father was brought to Agra, and lived in honour and comfort, while the good Keidar also rejoiced in the success of his pupil, and his last hours were watched and soothed by the loving son of his old age.

LIGHT FOR ALL.

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

You cannot pay with money
  The million sons of toil—
The sailor on the ocean,
  The peasant on the soil,
The labourer in the quarry,
  The hewer of the coal;
Your money pays the hand,
  But it cannot pay the soul.

You gaze on the cathedral,
  Whose turrets meet the sky;—
Remember the foundations
  That in earth and darkness lie;
For, were not those foundations
  So darkly resting there,
Yon towers could never soar
  So proudly in the air.

The workshop must be crowded
  That the palace may be bright;
If the ploughman did not plough,
  Then the poet could not write.
Then let every toil be hallow'd,
  That man performs for man,
And have its share of honour
  As part of one great plan.

See, light darts down from heaven,
  And enters where it may;
The eyes of all earth's people
  Are cheer'd with one bright day.
And let the mind's true sunshine
  Be spread o'er earth as free,
And fill the souls of men
  As the waters fill the sea.

ATTACHMENTS OF ANIMALS.

EDWARD JESSE.

FEW facts and circumstances in natural history are more pleasing, than those which illustrate the attachment that animals show to each other, or to those of the human race who are kind to them.

Every sportsman knows that the common wood-pigeon (the ringdove) is one of the shiest birds we have; and so wild, that it is very difficult indeed to get within shot of it. This wild bird, however, has been known to lay aside its usual habits. In the spring of 1839, some village boys brought two young wood-pigeons taken from the nest to the parsonage house of a clergyman in Gloucestershire, from whom I received the following anecdote. "They were bought from the boys merely to save their lives, and sent to an old woman near the parsonage to be bred up. She took great care of them, feeding them with peas, of which they are very fond. One of them died, but the other grew up, and was a fine bird. Its wings had not been cut; and as soon as it could fly, it was set at liberty. Such, however, was its recollection of the kindness it had received, that it would never quite leave the place. It would fly to great distances, and even associate with others of its own kind; but it never failed to come to the house twice a day to be fed. The peas were placed for it in the kitchen window. If the window was shut, it would tap with its beak till it was opened, then come in, eat its meal, and fly off again. If by any accident it could not then gain admittance, it would wait somewhere near, till the cook came out, when it would pitch on her shoulder, and go with her into the kitchen. What made this more extraordinary was, that the cook had not bred the bird up, and the old woman's cottage was at a little distance; but as she had no peas left, it came to the parsonage to be fed.

"This went on for some time, but the poor bird,

having lost its fear of man, was exposed to constant danger from those who did not know it. It experienced the fate of most pets. A stranger saw it quietly sitting on a tree, and shot it, to the great regret of all its former friends."

One cold frosty spring morning, a lamb, apparently dead, was brought into the kitchen of a gentleman in Nottinghamshire by his farming man. On being placed near the fire it revived, and eventually lived, and became a great pet in the family. It had the run of the house; took its walks with any of the members of the family; and, if a visit was paid, it would remain very quietly at the door till it was over. It was gentle and amiable, with one exception; it was of so jealous a disposition, that it could never tolerate any mark of favour shown to any other fourfooted creature; an instance of which I will give in the words of my correspondent:—

"We had a remarkably ugly, half-starved, pointer-dog sent to us. He had a propensity to run away, and therefore was kept tied up. He was so ill-favoured, and so awkward and disagreeable in his habits and manners, that he was universally disliked, and, I fear, neglected. There was one beloved one of our family, who was always the friend of the friendless. The same kind and generous feeling which led her to seek out misery and relieve it, prompted her to notice this forlorn, neglected animal. She would carry him food, undo his chain, and run up and down the green with him till she was tired, and would then sit down upon the grass, out of breath and weary. This was the time for the pet lamb to show his jealousy. He would run at them with his head, try to trample on them, and never rest till the dog was tied up again, when he appeared perfectly satisfied.

"When the lamb was grown up, circumstances obliged us to change our residence. In removing to another house, the pet was left behind, under the care of a woman who had charge of the house. On missing

its old friends, it went everywhere in search of them, and stood before the doors of the rooms in which it had been in the habit of finding us. It bleated most piteously; and at last went upstairs, and laid itself down at my bed-room door, as it had been accustomed to do before I was up in the morning. When the door was opened and it saw the empty room, it renewed its lamentations, and this it continued to do all the day. It ate nothing, and did nothing but moan and cry. Sometimes it would run about, as if a sudden thought had struck it, and a new hope had sprung up; and when it found it was a vain hope, and that it could not find us, it refused all food. Its bleatings were fainter and fainter,—it looked ill,—its eyes grew dim,—and soon afterwards it died."

Affection will, indeed, overcome the strongest impulses of nature in animals. Thus a tame doe has been known to swim a river, in order to follow a person who has treated it with kindness. And there are numerous instances, besides the one already related, of animals having refused food, and dying, when the hand which had fed and caressed them was no longer to be met with.

An Arabian horse was sent in 1841 to Her Majesty, and was safely left at the royal stables by a man who had the charge of it. After delivering up the horse, he set off for Liverpool, in order to return to his own country. From the moment, however, of his departure, the horse refused to eat, and showed every symptom of misery. The cause of this was soon suspected, and the man was sent for from Liverpool. On his arriving at the mews, the poor animal showed the utmost joy and affection, and soon began to feed as usual. The care and kindness of the man was thus repaid by the noble animal with gratitude and love.

A ship recently foundered in a gale of wind, near Liverpool, and every soul perished. I have been assured that a Newfoundland dog was seen swimming near the place where the ship was lost, and at last came

to the shore quite exhausted. He continued to do this for three days, swimming to the same spot, evidently in search of the body of his master.

The following instance of kindness and affection in a dog recently took place in the neighbourhood of Windsor. It is so well authenticated, and affords so strong a proof of the kindly feeling of one animal towards another, that I have much pleasure in recording it.

A schoolmaster had a small dog, which became much attached to a kitten. They were in the habit of associating together before the kitchen fire, sometimes sleeping, and sometimes playing. One day they were enjoying a comfortable nap, when the kettle boiled over and scalded the dog, who ran away, howling piteously. He had not gone very far, however, before he recollected his companion; he returned immediately, took up the kitten in his mouth, and carried it to a place of safety.

Dogs soon become aware of any misfortune in the family to which they belong, and show their sympathy in a variety of ways. Sometimes they lose their usual eagerness for food. At others they seem listless and unhappy, and their nature appears to have undergone some alteration. A lady in Lincolnshire died, who had two favourite dogs. They were of the mastiff breed, occasionally very savage, and much dreaded in consequence by every one. On the death of their mistress, the wife of the clergyman of the parish went to see if she could be of any service to the other members of the family. After ringing at the bell and finding that no one answered it, she went, in great alarm for fear of the dogs, to the back door, which she found open. Entering the kitchen, and seeing the two dogs, she was about to retire, but the animals merely raised their heads, and laid them down again, without even uttering a growl, and she therefore proceeded. When the deceased was carried to the church-yard, one of the dogs followed the corpse, and neither threats nor entreaties could drive it away.

Pope tells us that the chief order of Denmark was instituted in memory of the fidelity of a dog, named Wild-brat, to one of their kings, who had been deserted by his subjects. He gave his new order this motto,—"Wild-brat was faithful."

A poor woman in the north of England was in the habit of going about from one village to another, selling different little things for a livelihood, and was generally accompanied by a small dog. When at home, the dog usually slept with the woman's child in a cradle, and was much attached to it. The child fell ill and died, and although the mother lived at Hawkshead, the infant was buried at Staveley. From distress of mind at the time, the poor woman took little notice of the dog, but soon after the funeral it was missed, nor could any tidings be heard of it for a fortnight. When her wanderings were resumed, the mother happened to pass through Staveley, and with a mother's feelings went to take a mournful look at her child's grave. On going to it, she found to her great astonishment her lost dog. It was lying in a deep hole which it had scratched for itself over the child's grave, probably hoping to get a little nearer to the object of its affection. It was in an emaciated state from hunger, but neither hunger, cold, nor privation had overcome its love, nor diminished the force of its attachment.

The following is an instance of the good sense of a dog. A gentleman, whose usual place of residence is in the Island of Anglesea, came to London and brought a little terrier dog with him. It was his companion night and day through the crowded streets of the metropolis. Upon one occasion he had some business to transact at the bank of Messrs. Drummonds, and during the time he was there the dog lay at his feet by the side of the counter. In the course of his further walk, it was lost, but its master on returning to Messrs. Drummonds' found the dog there, on the same spot it had previously occupied, it being the only

house which its master and itself had entered together that morning.

A butcher in North Wales was drowned, in consequence of his horse having plunged and thrown him, whilst endeavouring to cross a river, which had been swollen by the rain. His faithful dog, who had accompanied him all the day, followed the body as it sank, and seizing the collar of the coat with his teeth, brought the body to the side of the stream. Raising the head above the water, he held it firmly there during the whole of an inclement night. When discovered in the morning, the faithful animal was half immersed in water, and shivering with cold, but still engaged in its affectionate endeavours to save the master it loved. How deeply it is to be regretted, that such noble and faithful creatures should be ever ill-used.

The following is another instance of the sense and fidelity of a dog. An officer, having dined out, was returning to his barracks rather late in the evening, and rested himself on a large stone near the sea shore, where he shortly fell asleep. He was attended, very fortunately, by a small dog. The tide came in very rapidly while he was in this situation, and the little animal appears to have been sensible of his master's danger. He set off to the mess-room of the regiment, which was about a mile distant. On arriving at it, he exhibited the greatest signs of eagerness and distress, and pulled several of the officers by their clothes. This behaviour of the dog caused two or three of them to get up, upon which the animal appeared quite delighted, and kept running before them, turning every now and then to see if they followed him. Their curiosity being raised, they allowed the faithful creature to lead them to the spot where the officer was still fast asleep, the tide having just reached his feet. Had they not arrived at the moment they did, their comrade must inevitably have been drowned.

Another interesting anecdote of the sense and affec-

tion of a dog is mentioned by Mr. Backhouse, in his "Visit to the Australian Colonies." The eldest son of a settler near Maitland, when between two and three years old, wandered into the bush and lost his way. The boy would probably have perished, but for a faithful spaniel that followed him. At midnight the dog came and scratched at the door of one of the servants' huts, and when it was opened, ran back towards the place where the child was. A man followed the dog, which led him to a considerable distance through a thick brush by the side of the river, where he found the little boy, seated on the ground, but almost stiff from cold.

A waggoner, attended by his faithful dog, attempted, while driving his team, to get upon one of the shafts of the waggon, but fell, and the wheels went over his head and killed him. The dog swam across a river, as the quickest way of getting to the farm, where he used almost human means to prevail upon the workmen to go with him to render assistance to his unfortunate master.

These anecdotes may serve to prove, not only the sense and attachment of dogs, but that when they have been educated by man and become his companion, they may almost be considered as rational animals. I was interested the other day in watching a flock of sheep, attended by a drover and his dog, as they were passing along a turnpike road. The man went into an ale-house by the road-side, leaving his dog to look after the sheep. They spread themselves over the road and foot-path, some lying down and others feeding, while the dog, faithful to his trust, watched them carefully. When any carriage passed along the road, or a person was seen on the foot-path, the dog gently drove the sheep on one side to make a passage, and then resumed his station near the ale-house door. Those, indeed, who have travelled much at the time of the great fair of Weyhill, must have observed the sagacity of the drovers' dogs on the approach of a carriage. A passage

is made for it through the most numerous flocks of sheep, in the readiest and most expert manner, without any signal from the drover. The fatigue that these dogs must undergo is very great, and yet one sees them sidle up to their master after each exertion, and look at him, as if asking for his approbation of what they had done.

That dogs are able to discover likenesses in pictures is undoubted. The following anecdote may serve to corroborate the fact:—

Pearce, Bishop of Rochester, calling one day on Sir Godfrey Kneller at his country seat near Hounslow, was taken into his summer-house, where there was a whole-length picture of Lady Kneller. It was much damaged and scratched at the feet, and the bishop expressed a curiosity to know how it became so injured. Sir Godfrey said, it was owing to a favourite dog of Lady Kneller's, who, having been accustomed to lie in her lap, scratched the picture in that manner in order to be taken up. This made the bishop mention, that Zeuxis painted a bunch of grapes upon a boy's head so naturally, that a bird pecked at them. "If the boy," said Sir Godfrey, "had been painted as naturally as the grapes, the bird would not have ventured to come near them."

The sense of dogs is sometimes developed at an early age. A neighbour of mine had a spaniel puppy, about six months old, which two ladies of his acquaintance undertook the care of. The dog had his food given him in a cup, which was always kept in the corner of the room for that purpose, and was fed while the worthy ladies were having their breakfast and tea. One day they forgot the dog, being engaged in conversation, but to their surprise they saw him standing by the side of the table with the cup held in his mouth, evidently for the purpose of having something put into it. This he now continues to do regularly at every meal, and it is evident that there is a connexion of ideas between his wants and the means of having them supplied. It is

impossible, in this instance, not to give the little animal credit for reflection, if not for some approach to reason.

The following anecdote, which is perfectly well known in the town in which the circumstance occurred, places the intelligence, kind feeling, and noble disposition of the dog in a strong light, and quite equal to what has been recorded of the elephant under nearly similar circumstances. A grocer in Worcester had a powerful Newfoundland dog, which was reposing on the step of his door, when a sort of brewer's sledge was going rapidly down the hill leading to the bridge. Just as the sledge was passing the house, a little boy in crossing the street fell down in the way of the sledge, and would have been killed, had not the dog seen the danger, and, rushing forward, seized the boy in his mouth just in time to save his life, and deposited him on the foot-way uninjured.

Nor are cats without strong feelings of affection. An old lady had a favourite cat, which was much petted by her. One day a young friend was staying with her, and, while sitting at the window of the drawing-room, she began playfully to pat the old lady. The cat seeing what was going on, and probably supposing that her mistress was being ill-treated, crouched down with glaring eyes and swelling tail, and was evidently preparing to fly at the young lady, when fortunately her mistress saw the cat just in time to prevent the assault, and it was with some difficulty driven from the room.

Instances of the local memory of dogs, and their attachment to places where they have lived, are not uncommon; but the cat is generally supposed to be an animal of an inferior development of instinct and feelings. We, however, can mention a very singular example both of its fondness for the house where it was bred, and of the means, apparently beyond its power, which it took, when removed to a distance, to regain it. A medical gentleman, residing at Saxmundham, in Suffolk, dined with a friend in the village of Grundisburgh,

about twelve miles distant. Late in the evening he returned home; a young cat had been given to him by his host, which was placed in a basket, and deposited in the boot of the phaeton. This shy, timid little animal, for such is the cat, and one quite unused to leave the precincts of its former habitation, three days subsequent to the journey was found, wet, tired, and covered with dirt, at the door of its former master's house at Grundisburgh; having by some instinctive power, unaccountable to us, found its way from one place to another; assuredly not being guided by the sense of vision, nor the recollection of places, for the former journey had been performed in confinement and utter darkness.

(*From "Scenes and Occupations of Country Life." By permission of John Murray, Esq.*)

CALM.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Whilst these hot breezes blow;
Be like the night-dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fever'd brow!

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on Thy breast;
Sooth me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Let Thine outstretchèd wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm
Beside her desert-spring.

Yes; keep me calm, though loud and rude
  The sounds my ear that greet;
Calm in the closet's solitude,
  Calm in the bustling street;

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
  Calm in my hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
  Calm in my loss or gain;

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
  Like Him who bore my shame;
Calm mid the threat'ning, taunting throng,
  Who hate Thy holy Name.

Calm as the ray of sun or star,
  Which storms assail in vain,
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
  Th' eternal calm to gain!

(*By permission of the Author.*)

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

W. H. Longfellow.

The night is come, but not too soon;
  And sinking silently,
All silently, the little moon
  Drops down behind the sky.

There is no light in earth or heaven,
  But the cold light of stars;
And the first watch of night is given
  To the red planet Mars:

Is it the tender star of love?
The star of love and dreams?
Oh no! from that blue tent above,
A hero's armour gleams.

And earnest thoughts within me rise,
When I behold afar,
Suspended in the evening skies,
The shield of that red star.

O star of strength! I see thee stand
And smile upon my pain;
Thou beckonest with thy mail'd hand,
And I am strong again.

Within my breast there is no light,
But the cold light of stars;
I give the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquer'd will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possess'd.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
That readest this brief psalm,
As one by one thy hopes depart,
Be resolute and calm.

Oh, fear not, in a world like this,
And thou shalt know, ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer, and be strong.

TEMPER.

J. Hain Friswell, Author of the "Gentle Life."

It is a mistake to suppose that its exhibition is a proof of strength of character. A man of the gentlest disposition in the world may be also of the strongest. A giant does not prove his strength by constantly hitting out, nor does a huge horse, which can pull any weight, prove its value by continually kicking and curveting. To suppose that a morose fellow is a man of strong character, is to follow the error of Lord Byron, who has taught that the exhibition of passion proves strength; whereas it is the continual repression of all passion that proves it. A good rider holds in his horse, checks him, and guides him; a bad rider lets him have his own way. The heathen knew better than we do about this. The example of Alexander, who, in his rage, killed his friend, and who cried for a larger share of conquest, was to them a common theme for boys to practise on, to laugh at, and avoid; but we ought to be wiser than they. Many centuries of the most cheerful religion that the world has ever known, many biddings to do our duty, to cast away fear, to rejoice always, and sing and make melody in our hearts, should have made us understand the value of good-humour and the folly of bad temper.

"Too many," said John Angel James, "have no idea of the subjection of their temper to the influence of religion, and yet what is changed if the temper be not? If a man be as passionate, malicious, sullen, resentful, moody, or morose after his conversion as before it, what is he converted from or to?" What indeed? Certainly a good deal of bad temper may be the result of disease; but if so, let us treat it as disease. We should remember, too, that we may stroke and pet, and feed, and foster a malignant temper till it assumes

gigantic proportions, and a sensitive tenderness which is wonderful.

> "Some fretful tempers wince at every touch,
> You always do too little or too much;
> He shakes with cold; you stir the fire and strive
> To make a blaze; that's a roasting him alive.
> Serve him with venison, and he chooses fish;
> With sole, that's just the sort he would not wish,
> E'en his own efforts double his distress,
> He likes yours little, and his own still less.
> Thus, always teasing others, always teased,
> His only pleasure is to be—displeased."

The first thing to be considered is its origin. Temper we may suppose to be the effect of habitual indulgence in a mild kind of anger; and, as we all know, anger is of the deadly sins. A man who indulges in it, or a woman either, is no more a good or a virtuous being than a common drunkard or glutton. One takes a pleasure in eating or drinking, another in keeping up a sore place, and irritating himself, and wounding others. If accompanied, as it may often be, and is, with a moderately good heart and conscience, the sufferings and reproaches of the person with a temper are dreadful. No amount of apology, no self-reproaches, will, however, make up for an insulting word, or a vulgar rude action, and men and women with tempers often are victims their whole lives through to these little words. If they are very selfish, after a time they look upon themselves as victims; they excuse their frantic folly merely as a foible. Mr. Leech, in *Punch*, has satirized this pretty smartly. A young married couple have had a tiff; the drawing-room is thoroughly upset, and looks like the saloon of the *Great Eastern* after the storm; tables are overset, chairs and looking-glasses broken—the whole place is a wreck. But the storm is over; the wife sits in indignant tears, and the husband is repentant. "Forgive me, Maria," he gasps; "I confess that I am a *little warm*." The figure he cuts is contemptible enough, and, of course, the caricature is a caricature; it is exaggerated; but, in every-day life,

men will make fools of themselves for the merest trifle; a button off a shirt, a bed ill-made, a dinner not very well cooked, a guest not arrived, a plate broken—upon these trifles, for which, perhaps, no one is strictly to blame, how many pleasant days and hours are lost, how many words spoken which are never forgiven, how many an angry, sullen look and secret stab are given, and how many a wound is dealt which rankles for years afterwards! The good-natured man is free from this; he may be a fool, but he escapes such condign and severe punishment. He, too, is a hero in his quiet way; and a woman who preserves her temper is a heroine. Pope's great ideal was one who could keep her temper—who was

"Mistress of herself, though China fall."

And the self possession such a woman must possess will be indeed its own great reward, and a rare gift.

Temper is also a most hurtful iudulgence. Hippocrates tells that the most dangerous of maladies are they which disfigure the countenance; and this temper always does. It is often indulged in at dinner-time, and then or at any other meal checks the digestion. A man with a temper can no more enjoy his life than he can his dinner. He may get the best place, but he does not make the best meal. To a good-natured man, life, and dinner, and tea, and supper, even an ugly wife and troublesome children, sharp fortune, checks and troubles, are all coloured over with a gorgeous colour, a prime glory, which results from an humble and a grateful heart. It is from these enthusiastic fellows that you hear what they fully believe, bless them!—that all countries are beautiful, all dinners grand, all pictures superb, all mountains high, all women beautiful. When such a one has come back from his country trip, after a hard year's work, he has always found the cosiest of nooks, the cheapest houses, the best of landladies, the finest views, and the best of dinners. But with the other the case is indeed altered. He has always been

robbed; he has positively seen nothing; his landlady was a harpy, his bed-room was unhealthy, and the mutton was so tough that he could not get his teeth through it. Perhaps neither view is quite true; we shall be safest in the middle course; the view was passable, the landlady an ordinary landlady, and the mutton good English mutton—that is all. But oh, for the glorious spectacles worn by the good-natured man!—oh! for those wondrous glasses, finer than the Claude Lorraine glass, which throw a sunlit view over everything, and makes the heart glad with little things, and thankful for small mercies! Such glasses had honest Izaak Walton, who, coming in from a fishing expedition on the river Lea, bursts out into such grateful talk as this:—"Let us, as we walk home under the cool shade of this honeysuckle hedge, mention some of the thoughts and joys that have possessed my soul since we two met. And that our present happiness may appear the greater, and we more thankful for it, I beg you to consider with me, how many do at this very time lie under the torment of the gout or the toothache, and this we have been free from, and let me tell you, that every misery I miss is a new blessing."

(*By permission of the Author.*)

THE HOMEWARD BOUND.

By the Authoress of "God's Providence House."

"On Christmas-day I shall dine with you in England."
Last Letter home of a Ship Surgeon.

"Mother, our vessel is homeward bound;
Leaps not thy heart at the welcome sound?
Flashes not gladly thy thankful eye?
Hath not Hope chidden the starting sigh?
Throbs not thy pulse with an eager joy,
Impatient yearnings to clasp thy boy?

"We come, we come; through the beaded foam
Our vessel cutteth her pathway home.
Proudly she parteth the swelling tide,
And dasheth the froth from her painted side;
Where farewell tears of the weeping wave
Glisten like gems from a mermaid's cave.

"Ere Christmas cometh, I trust to stand,
With unchanged heart, on my native strand,
Though somewhat altered in form and mien,
From the pale and fragile youth, I ween:
I almost question *thy* power to trace
Thine only one in my sunburnt face.

"Oh! light of heart I had need to be,
Each moment bringing me nearer thee;
Yet slowly, slowly Time's pinions move,
Parted from home and the friends we love.
But the time of meeting draweth near,
And I shall partake your Christmas cheer.

"Never hath home been so dear as now;
And I lean at eve o'er the vessel's prow,
Picturing forms I was wont to meet
Round our cheery fire,—and long to greet,
Kindly and warmly, the friendly band
Fancy hath called from the shadow-land.

"Mother, thy truant may love the sea,
Its dashing billows and breezes free;
Yet wearied turns from its wild unrest
To the holy calm his home possessed,
And yearns for the gentle smile and tone
That none save a mother's lip hath known.

"As flew the dove to the ark again,
Return I to thee o'er the trackless main;—
More welcome thy wandering son will be,
Preserved from the perils that walk the sea.
I've learned the value of childhood's home,
And nought shall tempt me again to roam.

"Tell Anne, my little chattering pet,
I bring her the promised paroquet.
Our names are aye on its saucy tongue,—
Ask if the bird hath done *grievous* wrong.
Is the young gipsy as merry yet,
As blithe and glad as when last we met?

"I should grieve if Time, in passing, laid
On that open brow a darker shade,
Or that guileless heart were crushed by care,
Or sorrow silvered her auburn hair.
I loved the sweet child,—and older grown,
Would make the pure-thoughted girl my own.

"Rejoice, dear mother, at my success,
The love-gift of Fortune I possess;
Sufficient to keep the heart from care,
Not o'er-abundant to place it there;
Enough to furnish each real want,
Though Luxury's slaves might deem it scant.

"Rememberest thou the boding fears
That drenched thy cheek with a flood of tears,
When I left my home to tread the deck?
Yet I'm safe and well, and fear no wreck;—
The fever hath passed and left me free,
It hath thinned our crew but scathed not me.

"Health hath breathed on our ship again,
Gaily we scud o'er the watery plain;—
Gaily, for now we are homeward bound,
Soon we shall leap upon English ground.
Joy, joy, my dear mother, for me and you;
Till Christmas merry,—adieu! adieu!"

Christmas approacheth—is here—is gone,
But where is the long-expected one?
Round the hearth his childhood's playmates meet,—
Where is the friend they had hoped to greet?
Mother, his wanderings aye are o'er;
Friends, he will meet ye on earth no more.

Buoyant and fearless of future ill,
Dreaming happiness waited his will;
With step elastic and hope-lit eye
He paced the deck,—his pulse beat high;
But the scorching breath of fever past,
And life-blood shrank from the burning blast.

Homeward he fled to the better shore,—
The toilsome voyage of life is o'er.
He sleeps the sleep of the dreamless dead,
A sea-weed pillow beneath his head;
The rest he sought his spirit found,—
Mother, thy wept one was HOMEWARD BOUND!

THE BROTHERS.

A TALE OF THE LAST DAYS OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

A. H.

"For Thy Life is our Way; . . . [made] by Thy example, and the footsteps of Thy saints, more bright and clear."—*De Imitatione Christi.*

On a beautiful morning in the Ides of May, A.D. 403, about three weeks after the battle of Pollentia, a monk might be seen traversing with hurried steps one of the principal streets of Rome. He appeared to be about thirty years of age, and his long, black, woollen robe fell in graceful folds around his tall and noble figure. His face was entirely colourless, but the features were perfect in their outline; and his calm, pure brow spoke of the intellect and goodness within. He was proceeding with a quick step, and evidently lost in thought, when he was suddenly aroused by a friendly hand laid on his shoulder, and, looking up, he saw before him a young man in the dress of a Roman officer, whose whole appearance marked him as a patrician of the highest rank. The monk immediately recognised him as a son

of the great General Stilicho, who was now, from his valour and skill, become the chief support of the empire. The joy of this meeting was great to both, for Adrian had been the monk's earliest friend; and although the fortune of war had of late necessitated the frequent absence of the young soldier, the separation had not served to weaken their mutual affection.

After the first few moments had passed, and Adrian had found time to notice his friend's appearance, he felt considerable astonishment at his altered attire. "What!" cried he, "do I really see before me the young patrician Telemachus, in this disguise! Surely, my friend, thou art not become a Christian monk?"

"Even so, Adrian," replied the monk, a bright smile illuming his face; "him who was formerly the noble Telemachus, men now call the monk Stephanos; but though my name is changed, my heart still retains old friendships. How have I longed to see thee, Adrian! and often do I pray that we may be one in faith, as we are in heart."

"Not yet, Telemachus, or Stephanos, as I suppose I must learn to call you," laughingly replied Adrian; "my father and sister are already Christians, and I daresay that I shall some day follow their example, for I must confess that my sister's arguments appear to contain a great deal of truth, whenever I have patience to listen to her; but my time is not come yet: besides, the life of a Christian is not the one best fitted for a soldier."

"Pardon me, dear Adrian," replied the monk, "every Christian is a soldier, as I hope you will one day know; but, tell me, have you seen your sister yet?"

"I was going to the palace when I met you," said Adrian, "for I have not seen her once since she has been empress; it must be a pleasant thing to be the only daughter of a great general, and to become an empress, must it not?"

"If one could always be sure of being so really happy as your sister," replied Stephanos, smiling; "but I am

afraid it but seldom happens in such cases. I trust that, in the new duties and pleasures of her high station, she will still preserve her pure and innocent heart; and it gives me great happiness to think that she and the Princess Placidia are already such good friends; for, although so young, Placidia's character is more fully formed than in many of twice her age. One can hardly imagine her noble and enthusiastic soul to be confined within that delicate frame. But I must not say any more, or I shall weary you with the praises of my dear children, as they tell me to call them; I will only add that they are impatient to see you. And now I must ask the question that I ought to have thought of first—Whence came you, and what means this unusual bustle in the city?"

"I have but just now taken part in the triumphal entry of Honorius," answered the young officer; "but I contrived to disengage myself from the procession before it had proceeded far, as I could not any longer control my impatience to see my sister. I suppose you have heard of the decisive victory my father gained at Pollentia over Alaric, the Gothic chief? He has at last compelled this formidable enemy of Rome to sue for peace."

"I have heard, but know not if the report be correct, that the battle was fought on Easter day," said the monk.

"I think you call it so," replied Adrian, "but I hardly know; yet have I some recollection of hearing my father say that such was the case. He has brought with him numerous captives to grace this day's triumph, and afterwards to act as gladiators in the approaching games."

"Gladiators!" exclaimed the monk, "surely, they will not revive that barbarous and inhuman custom; I had hoped that Christianity was too deeply rooted for that. Besides, has it not already been abolished by an edict of Constantine the Great?"

"That matters not," replied Adrian. "The emperor

has consented, and his will is law. I have begged my father to use his influence with him against this cruelty, but he says the attempt would be useless, as Honorius is determined to allow it, on account of its good policy. There are, however, among these unfortunates, two for whom my heart bleeds; they are brothers,—both young, though one is quite a youth, and his affection for his brother, whose heart is breaking for his home, is most touching. I am only afraid that, as they are strikingly alike in person, and of nearly the same height, they may be chosen to fight together; the directors of the games knowing no distinction of kindred."

"God forbid!" ejaculated the monk, his face pale with horror. "And even should Honorius thus forget what his religion requires of him, I will endeavour, God aiding me, to prevent it if I perish in the attempt."

"I entreat you, do not think of it!" exclaimed his friend; "it would only be rushing madly on to destruction. Your single voice, like a drop of water in the ocean, could not avail to stay the will of a multitude!"

"I will not dispute the subject with you now," answered Stephanos, "for I hear in the distance the approaching procession. Hark! they are nearer than I imagined."

And as he spoke, the victorious army appeared in sight, preceded by military music, and carrying boughs of laurel in their hands. They were also accompanied by wagons, laden with the spoils of the conquered army. After these came the emperor's chariot, in which were seated Honorius, and his successful general, Stilicho, crowned with garlands of purple and gold, and with laurel branches in their right hands. Countless multitudes of citizens, who greeted the procession with loud acclamations, lined the streets.

Behind the chariot of the victor came, in melancholy silence, the Gothic prisoners of war,—the living trophies of Stilicho's victory. The monk immediately recognised the two brothers, from the description given of them by

Adrian. The tall, commanding figure of Ataulphus, the younger brother, was drawn up to its full height, as he proudly surveyed the gazing multitude; while at the same time he tenderly supported, as well as his manacled hands would permit, his brother Attalus, who seemed overcome with grief, and insensible to all that passed. The good monk was deeply moved by this sorrowful spectacle, and registered a vow, in the depths of his noble and devoted heart, to sacrifice his life, if it were necessary, in order to rescue these unfortunate men from such barbarous cruelty. He parted from his friend with this determination; Adrian, meanwhile, hoping that, as he had not again mentioned his intention, it had been merely a passing emotion, which he was careful not to rekindle by alluding to afresh. He, therefore, with a light heart, continued his way to the palace, whither, in the evening of that day, the monk also repaired.

I must now introduce my readers to an apartment of the Imperial Palace, for a short time only the residence of the emperor; the timid Honorius having shortly before removed his court to Ravenna, where, shut up amidst its swamps and marshes, he fancied himself in greater security from the incursions of the dreaded Alaric. The floor of this magnificent room was beautifully tesselated, and the ceiling was inlaid with a fretwork of gold and ivory. The tables and frames of the couches were of massive silver, while the latter had cushions of crimson silk. In the centre a beautifully chased silver lamp, fed with oil mingled with the richest perfumes, hung suspended from the ceiling by chains of the same material, and seemed, in the fast deepening twilight, to shed around it a flood of soft golden radiance. A few of the warm, scented rays found their way to the extremities of the vast apartment, and fell quivering and sparkling on the rich hangings with which it was decorated; while the heavy curtains of crimson, embroidered with gold, had been withdrawn from the numerous large windows which occupied both sides of

the room: thus affording full admission to the cool night breeze, so refreshing after the great heat of the day.

On a couch placed before one of these windows a young girl, whose attire, consisting of a short tunic of purple silk, deeply fringed with gold, and worn over a *stola* of the finest white wool, indicated her high rank, was reclining. But an observer would have been principally struck by the extreme simplicity, and yet richness, of her attire, and the total absence of all superfluous ornament; a circumstance so unusual among the Roman women in these luxurious and degenerate days of the empire. Her long dark hair was gathered carelessly up, and simply confined by a golden bodkin; and her only ornament consisted of a plain gold cross, suspended from her neck by a silken string, and denoting her to be a Christian. It was Placidia, the young sister of Honorius. For a long time she silently watched the lovely stars,—"the forget-me-nots of the angels,"—as they shone out one by one in the glorious Italian sky; and as she lay thus without motion, her beautiful face colourless as marble, she might almost have been mistaken for some masterpiece of sculpture. But her thoughts were suddenly recalled to earth by a voice at her side, and words of gentle greeting fell on her ear, and on turning her head, she perceived that the monk Stephanos, at all times a welcome visitor, had entered the apartment unperceived, and was standing by her side. She immediately started up from her reclining position, and knelt to receive his blessing; and on arising, affectionately pressed him to take possession of the couch she had vacated. But he gently resisted her efforts to lead him to it, and his voice was deeply sorrowful as he replied, "Not so, my daughter; it would ill become me to take mine ease with the load of such evil tidings as I have to communicate weighing on my heart."

"Father," cried the young princess, in a voice of terror, "what evil tidings can you bring?—it is but a

few hours ago that my brother returned safe and victorious. Surely nothing can have befallen him since?"

"Your brother is well, Placidia," replied the monk. "My tidings do not concern his health; but, to be brief, he intends, as is usual after a triumph, to gratify the people with the exhibition of public games; and, horrible to relate, he has actually consented to win the favour of the populace by again permitting the inhuman combats of gladiators. But this, if my feeble arm may avail aught, I am determined to prevent."

"O, I beseech you, do not so rash an act!" exclaimed the now thoroughly terrified princess, clinging to the father's arm as she spoke; "consider that in braving the fury of the excited multitude, you rush on certain destruction."

"My child, when duty bids me go forward, I may not look back and count the dangers of the path; recollect Whose servant I am, and shall I fear to follow where He has trod?"

"But consider, my father," urged the princess, "how valuable your life is to others; what will become of the brethren whose Superior you are? what will become of your Placidia without her guide and friend?"

"Seek not, dear Placidia, to turn me from my fixed purpose; my duty is plain, and He Whom I serve will doubtless protect me, if such be His pleasure. Or should it even be otherwise, we shall not be separated. Remember, my child," continued he, his countenance as he spoke, lighting up with holy joy, "remember that we shall still be one in the communion of the Church; and it may be that He will permit me to watch over you more effectually then than I can at present."

As he concluded these last words, the costly hangings at the lower end of the apartment were pushed aside, and an attendant entered to announce the approach of the emperor. Stephanos had just time to charge the princess not to disclose his intentions to Honorius, when the latter appeared, accompanied by his beautiful

wife Maria, the daughter of his general Stilicho. He affectionately embraced his sister and courteously returned the salutation of the good father, but continued inflexible in his determination to allow the games, although earnestly dissuaded from it by his sister and the monk, in whose entreaties the empress also joined.

Honorius, naturally weak-minded, had suffered himself to be so fully persuaded by his counsellors of the necessity of conciliating the people, by an indulgence with regard to their favourite games, that, although his disposition was not by nature cruel,—indeed, he had on humane grounds frequently objected to these exhibitions,—yet he continued inexorable, and even announced his intention of being present himself. But, when he added that it would be more politic for the whole of his family to be there, Maria and Placidia both so earnestly deprecated it, that he was induced, though reluctantly, to abandon this part of his scheme; for, with that infatuation which so strongly marked his character, he really believed this cruel policy to be the best. Alas! although a nominal Christian, he knew not, or had forgotten, that none may do evil that good may follow.

"And now," said Honorius, "I must pray you, sweet sister, and you, reverend father, to excuse this short visit, for time presses, and I have business in hand that may not be delayed; but I leave Maria as my substitute, and I doubt not that you will find no cause to regret my absence." He raised his wife's hand to his lips as he spoke, and then gracefully withdrew, leaving them in a state of feeling that but ill accorded with his lightness and pleasantry of manner.

The sorrowful group remained for some time without speaking, when the empress, at last breaking the silence, said, "Honorius is strangely wilful in this matter; I am afraid all opposition will be useless. May I ask you, father, if you have seen my brother?"

"I have, my daughter," answered Stephanos.

He then told her of his intention concerning those games, and how Adrian had dissuaded him from it.

Maria instantly joined Placidia in begging him not to peril so valuable a life; but their united entreaties were unable to shake his resolve, and the two fair girls knelt to receive his parting blessing with heavy and anxious hearts. The father placed his hands upon their meekly bent heads; and after committing them affectionately and fervently to the protecting care of their Father in heaven, he quitted the apartment. Placidia still continued kneeling in the same spot, and burst into a passionate flood of tears. The pure and holy words of the good monk's blessing were still ringing in her ears; she had a fearful presentiment that they were the last she would ever hear from him.

On the day of the games, the great Flavian amphitheatre presented a *coup d'œil* of extraordinary magnificence. The sun shone brightly on the vast assembly, and his rays were reflected back from the jewelled and glittering attire of not less than eighty thousand spectators; while the approach to the amphitheatre was crowded with the lofty chariots of the patricians and wealthy plebeians, many of them of massive silver, curiously wrought, with the trappings of their horses and mules richly embossed and ornamented with gold; while the luxurious owners made an ostentatious display of their opulence, in the ponderous magnificence of their attire. Their long robes of purple silk floating on the soft breeze, occasionally discovered, as they were moved by art or accident, their rich tunics, gorgeously embroidered with the figures of various animals; while bands of soft music, heard at different distances, completed the enchantment of the scene.

A short time before the commencement of the games, the *podium*, or principal gallery of the Colosseum, was filled with the Roman nobles; the most distinguished places being occupied by the senators, foreign ambassadors, and great officers of state. In the midst of these was the emperor's seat, called, by way of eminence, the *suggestum;* while from the podium, the rows of benches occupied by the Roman citizens extended in

one long, graduated, and concentric series, divided only by radiating flights of steps, by which they were formed into what was called the *cunei*, or wedges; and above these again was a long covered gallery, adorned by a peristyle, or encircling range of columns, and entirely reserved for the use of the Roman ladies.

On the arrival of the emperor the signal was given for the games to commence. Immediately large dens, placed round the arena, were thrown open, and five hundred half-starved and infuriated animals rushed forth to commence their work of destruction on each other. When the people were sufficiently satiated with this spectacle, the dead and dying beasts were removed, fresh sand was strewn over the arena, and the spectators prepared to turn from the contemplation of one horror to another, more exciting than the last, as it afforded a view of *human* agony. A door situated under the podium flew suddenly open, and a number of tall, well-made men, having the air of soldiers, entered the arena. On beholding them, the multitude gave a loud shout of joy. Their burnished arms flashed and glittered in the sunbeams, forming a strong contrast to the wretchedness depicted on most of their countenances. When they had made the circuit of the arena, an aged Roman who directed their movements assembled them in pairs, according to their height, strength, and agility. Then, laying aside their arms, they commenced, with wooden swords, a series of single combats, in which they displayed surprising address. A single glance sufficed to inform the young Adrian, who, with his father, occupied a position close to the emperor, that the unfortunate brothers were, as he had expected, coupled together. Then, casting his eyes over the immense multitude, he looked anxiously around for the monk, who, however, was nowhere to be seen.

Suddenly, a trumpet gave the signal for the pretended combats to cease. The director of the games took from the combatants the light arms with which they had hitherto fought, and returned to them instead

their real weapons. To some he gave swords and bucklers; to others, called *retiarii*, a trident or spear in their left hands, and a net in their right; whilst their antagonists had bucklers and helmets, on which a fish was depicted, in allusion to the net; these last were called *secutores*, and their weapon was a scimitar. At the commencement of the combat, when the youngest of the unfortunate brothers perceived that he was to take part against the elder, he instantly resolved on his own death, and determined not to improve any advantage he might gain over Attalus; for, thought the generous youth, I shall not be missed in our home, while my brother has a wife and children to lament his loss. Thoughts of an equally noble nature passed through the mind of Attalus, on account of the other's extreme youth; and the two brothers therefore advanced to the deadly encounter without any visible reluctance.

Meanwhile the eyes of the young Adrian had been engaged in an unsuccessful search for the well-known figure of his friend, and he at last began to hope that the precautions he had taken had proved effectual; for he had given orders that all the doors leading into the arena should be strictly guarded, and no one on any pretence allowed to enter; when an unanimous shout of "*Hoc habet!*"—he has it—caused him to turn towards the arena. He there beheld Attalus stretched on the ground, from a deep wound in his side, which he had succeeded in forcing his younger brother to give him. The wounded man lay perfectly motionless; he had heard—"heard, but heeded not"—the shouts that hailed his fall, for his thoughts had already wandered to his far distant home; in fancy he again was with his wife and his innocent children, whom he should never more behold—

> "He, their sire,
> Butchered, to make a Roman holiday."

Meanwhile the miserable Ataulphus, whose generous purpose was thus defeated, stood looking up, with an

agonized expression, to his judges, as if imploring them to spare his brother's life; but the spectators had observed something of backwardness in the prostrate man's defence, and accordingly sealed his doom by bending back their thumbs. The unfortunate Ataulphus durst not spare his fallen brother. He felt stunned and bewildered; the arena swam around him, and he mechanically raised his hand, as if to give the fatal blow. But ere it could descend, his arm was arrested by a young man in the garb of a monk, who had suddenly bounded over the low wall which separated the arena from the podium. It was indeed the noble Stephanos, who had arrived in time to prevent the consummation of this frightful crime. There he stood, over the prostrate Goth, his look calm, pure, and holy as ever; while, with his hands raised in an imploring attitude, he thus addressed the excited spectators:—"Brethren, Romans, you cannot be so lost to all feeling and sense of right, as thus to compel one brother to take the life of another? Pause, I beseech you, ere you commit this crime; abolish these monstrous cruelties."

But the words of the intrepid monk were arrested by a shower of stones hurled at him by the angry multitude, who were enraged at the interruption to their favourite pastime. He sank on one knee, but still endeavoured to make himself heard, though his words were scarcely audible amidst the tumult. "May God forgive you, as I do, my brethren," said he, as he fell beneath a fresh volley of stones, which continued for some seconds with unabated vigour; and his last faintly murmured words were, "Jesus, receive the soul of Thy servant, and grant that my blood may be the last shed in this place!" Then, like the great proto-martyr whose name he bore, he fell asleep.

All this passed in less time than it takes to relate it, and before the horror-struck Honorius or Adrian could interpose; indeed, it would have been worse than useless to attempt to still the ungoverned rage of the multitude. When it was partly spent, the people paused,

as if by one consent, to take breath. Alas! no need was there to continue their work; it was already finished, and the lifeless body of the young and noble monk lay stretched on that of the wounded Goth, to whom indeed it had formed a shield, which effectually protected him from the fury that had overwhelmed his preserver. When this was discovered, a universal feeling of horror seized the assembly, instead of their former rage; and when poor Adrian was borne insensible from his seat, and it was observed that Honorius himself looked nearly as pale, the feeling of shame and repentance spread.

The youthful Honorius, although greatly horrified at the scene he had just beheld, yet preserved his self-command; and rising from his seat, said, in a clear, yet slightly agitated voice, that made itself distinctly heard throughout the vast assembly, in which—how great a contrast to the few previous moments!—there now reigned an unbroken silence—"Romans, if indeed you deserve the name, you will, I am sure, feel, when you are able to reflect, the atrocity of the act you have this day committed; and it shall never be said that Honorius could pass over such an act of wanton barbarity without notice. My soul has long revolted against these human sacrifices, and I here pronounce my fixed and unalterable decree, that the custom of gladiatorial combat be abolished *at once and for ever!*"

A low murmur of submissive approbation ran round the immense multitude; and when silence was restored, Honorius continued—

"The foul murder of the unfortunate monk will cause sorrow to many a noble heart; he was the dearest friend of the empress, and also of my sister. I command that his body be interred with all splendour, at the expense of the State, and that the captives who were engaged in this day's combat be instantly set free, and their wounds attended to."

When he had concluded these words, the emperor

immediately withdrew, followed by most of his principal nobles. The sad news spread like wildfire through the before rejoicing city; and on his return to the palace, Honorius was met by a deputation of the monks whose superior had been the martyred Stephanos. They entreated permission to inter his remains in the burying-ground of their monastery, as such was always known to have been his wish. The emperor at length reluctantly consented to forego his intention of honouring the martyr by a splendid funeral, and the ashes of the saint were laid to rest in peace.

The grief of Placidia and Maria, particularly the former, was overwhelming, when they heard of the murder of their friend; but Placidia, whose affections were habitually under the control of religion, soon learned to moderate her sorrow, and in the consoling belief of "the communion of saints," she could feel comfort. What misery must not those feel on the loss of friends, who know not that the members of the Catholic Church, whether "still in the body, or whether the next world has received their spirits," are still in communion with each other—still members one of another! What happiness do they not lose; for they who feel this dread no separation. Death to them is not the *loss* of one dear, for their love extends beyond the grave.

But to return to my story. Poor Adrian had no such comfort, and continued insensible for hours. When he at last recovered, he immediately repaired to the monastery to which his friend had belonged, for the purpose of being instructed in all things necessary for a *Christian* to believe, for such he now really was; convinced at last of the truth of Christianity, by a means which, at the same time that it almost broke his heart, brought with it consolation in the hope of beholding that dear friend once more; and the same day that saw the burial of the martyr witnessed also the consecration of another soldier of the Cross.

In a quiet, secluded burial-ground of the Christians, in the suburbs of Rome, and adjoining the chapel of the monastery, a simple cross marked the grave of the young and noble Telemachus. The setting sun shed its softest and sweetest beams on that spot, gilding the edges of the cross, and seeming to shed a halo of glory around the martyr's grave—

> "Say not it dies, that glory—
> 'Tis caught unquench'd on high."

He had not died in vain; for from that hour the inhuman practice, against which he had protested with his life, was totally abolished. And that other wish so dear to the martyr's heart was also accomplished; for, ere that declining sun had sunk to rest, the youthful Adrian knelt by the early grave of his friend a *baptized Christian.* Long and earnestly did he pray for grace to follow, as that dear friend had done, in the steps of a crucified Saviour; that he might never be ashamed to confess his faith, but "manfully to fight under His banner, and to continue His faithful soldier and servant to his life's end." And his prayer was fully answered, but his trial was not long; for, after five years of unflinching zeal in his Master's cause, he was assassinated with his father, by command of the weak and infatuated Honorius, who had by some means been persuaded into the belief of his great general's treason; by which act he destroyed the only remaining prop of his fast falling empire.

This, dear reader, is no imaginary tale, but a true record of the self-devotion of a faithful servant of Christ. Though fourteen centuries have elapsed since the gentle martyr won his crown, yet we, too, are soldiers, vowed to the service of the same Master; still have we "one faith, one Lord," and the noble example of the monk may teach us not to despond, or to fancy that, because our single voice, raised in the cause of truth, is feeble, it is therefore *of no avail.*

"Faint not, and fret not, for threatened woe,
Watchman on Truth's grey height!
Few though the faithful, and fierce though the foe,
Weakness is aye Heaven's might."

(*By permission of Mr. Masters. From the "Churchman's Companion."*)

THE FLOWERS OF NATURE.

W. Hill, Author of "The Memory of Language."

The flowers of Nature in fragrance unfold,
Delighting the senses—more precious than gold;
The fields, clothed in verdure, a carpet display,
Of velvet-like beauty, so charming and gay.

The beautiful stars—shining gems of the sky—
The works of our Maker, so brilliant and high,
Still twinkle in beauty, in sweetness appear,
On mountain, in valley, our pathway to cheer.

The beautiful moon, with its silvery light,
The great starry arch, so sparkling and bright,
The glorious sun, the bright king of the day,
The power of God and his goodness display.

But nothing on earth that has e'er met our eyes—
The verdure of fields, or the clouds, or the skies,
The birds of the forest, that sing to the wind,
Can show us the wisdom of God more than mind.

A WISH.

Frederick Locker.

To the south of the church, and beneath yonder yew,
A pair of child lovers I've seen;
More than once they were there, and the years of the two,
When added, might number thirteen.

They sat on a grave that had never a stone
The name of the dead to determine,
It was Life paying Death a brief visit—alone
A notable text for a sermon.

They tenderly prattled; what was it they said?
The turf on that hillock was new;
Dear little ones, did ye know aught of the dead,
Or could he be heedful of you?

I wish to believe, and believe it I must,
Her father beneath them was laid:
I wish to believe—I will take it on trust,
That father knew all that they said.

My own, you are five, very nearly the age
Of that poor little fatherless child;
And some day a true-love your heart will engage,
When on earth I my last may have smiled.

Then visit my grave like a good little lass,
Where'er it may happen to be,
And if any daisies should peer through the grass,
Be sure they are kisses from me.

And place not a stone to distinguish my name,
For strangers to see and discuss:
But come with your lover, as these lovers came,
And talk to him sweetly of *us*.

And while you are smiling, your father will smile
Such a dear little daughter to have,
But mind,—Oh, yes, mind you are happy the while—
I wish you to visit my grave.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

SABBATH MORN.

J. E. Carpenter.

Silence without, and calm within the dwelling;
The lazy flow'rets slumber in the sun;
The half-mown hay stands in the meadow, telling
The busy labour of the week is done.
Faintly, yet clear, the village bells are ringing,
From distant cots the peasant band to warn;
Their anthems in the grove the birds are singing,
And all proclaims it is the Sabbath morn.

Through the green lanes the village groups are bending;
By primrose banks the children take their way
Where the tall spire, above the trees ascending,
Proclaims to all it is the hallow'd day.
Sweet to the senses breathe the leaves and flowers;
The heart leaps up to see the growing corn;
We thank thee, Father, for these peaceful hours
Of prayer and rest—Thy holy Sabbath morn.

SABBATH EVE.

J. E. Carpenter.

I wander'd forth one Sabbath eve,
When twilight shrouded hill and stream,
And holy angels seem'd to weave
For weary hearts some blissful dream.
The sun had set behind the hill,
No sound disturb'd the tranquil air;
The voice of bee and bird was still,
The very flowers seem'd bow'd in prayer.
Sweet Sabbath eve!

It may be that I slept awhile,
For when again I mark'd the skies,
The moon beam'd with a placid smile,
The stars had oped their golden eyes.
And when, once more, I turn'd to roam,
My weary heart again grew light;
With chasten'd soul I sought my home,
And bless'd my God that gave the night.
Sweet Sabbath eve!

CHRIST A TEACHER.

Rev. R. Robinson.

Our Lord Jesus Christ had been long expected to appear in the Jewish church, as a prophet like unto Moses, and his ministry had been characterized as the most beneficial that could be imagined. The people, therefore, formed the highest expectations of his economy, and he framed it so as to exceed all description. He taught . . . . not as the scribes.

First, instead of deriving his doctrine from popular notions, human passions, the interests of princes, or the traditions of priests, he took it immediately from the Holy Scriptures, to which he constantly appealed. The truths of natural religion he explained and established; the doctrines of revelation he expounded, elucidated, and enforced, and thus brought life and immortality to light by the Gospel.

Next, the doctrines which he taught were all plain facts:—God is a Spirit—God sent his Son into the world, that the world by him might be saved—Moses wrote of me—He that believeth on Him that sent me, is passed from death unto life—The dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God—The righteous shall go into life eternal—My kingdom is not of this world—The merciful are happy—Happy are the pure in heart

—few find the narrow way that leadeth to life—many go in at the wide gate that leadeth to destruction. All these, and many more of the same kind, are facts plain and true, and they were the simple truths which Jesus Christ chose to teach.

Thirdly, the motives which he employed to give his doctrine energy, were not taken from sinful secular things; but it was urged home in its truth and importance. This fact is true, and therefore you ought to believe it, whether the world admit it or not. That duty is important to your health, to your property, to your comfort, to your salvation, to your pleasing God, and therefore you ought to perform it, whether the world perform it or not.

The tempers, in which he executed his ministry, were the noblest that can be conceived. He was humble, compassionate, firm, disinterested, and generous. He displayed in all the course of his ministry such an assortment of properties as obliged some of his auditors to burst into exclamatory admiration, Blessed are the paps which thou hast sucked! others to hang upon his lips, wondering at the gracious words that proceeded out of his mouth, and all to acknowledge, Never man spake like this man! This was not a temporary tide of popularity, it was admiration founded on reason, and all ages since have admired and exclaimed in like manner.

Add to these the simplicity and majesty of his style, the beauty of his images, the alternate softness and severity of his address, the choice of his subjects, the gracefulness of his deportment, the indefatigableness of his zeal . . . . where shall I put the period? his perfections are inexhaustible, and our admiration is everlasting. The character of Christ is the best book a preacher can study.

In order to mortify human vanity, to convince the world that religion was a plain simple thing, and that a little common sense accompanied with an honest good heart was sufficient to propagate it, without any aid

derived from the cabinets of princes, or the schools of human science, he took twelve poor illiterate men into his company, admitted them to an intimacy with himself, and, after he had kept them awhile in tuition, sent them to preach the good tidings of salvation to their countrymen. A while after he sent seventy more, and the discourses, which he delivered to each class at their ordination, are made up of the most wise and benevolent sentiments that ever fell from the mouth of man. All the topics are pure theology, and all unpolluted with puerile conceits, human politics, literary dreams, ecclesiastical traditions, party disputes, and all other disgraces of preaching, which those sanctimonious hypocrites, scribes and pharisees, and pretended doctors and rabbies, had introduced into it.

Jesus Christ had never paid any regard to the place where he delivered his sermons; he had taught in the temple, the synagogues, public walks, private houses; he had preached on mountains, and in barges and ships. His missionaries imitated him, and convenience for the time was consecration of the place. He had been equally indifferent to the posture; he stood, or sat, as his own ease and the popular edification required. The time also had been accommodated to the same end. He had preached early in the morning, late in the evening, on Sabbath days and festivals, and whenever else the people had leisure and inclination to hear. It had been foretold, the Messiah should not lift up, nor cry, nor cause his voice to be heard in the streets—that is, should not use the artifices of those who sought for popularity. It should seem, Jesus Christ used very little action: but that little was just, natural, grave, and expressive. He sometimes wept, and always felt; but he never expressed his emotions in a theatrical manner; much less did he preach as a drowsy pedant declaims, who has no emotions to express.

The success that accompanied the ministry of our Immanuel was truly astonishing. My soul overflows

with joy, my eyes with tears of pleasure, while I transcribe it. When this Sun of righteousness arose with healing in his wings, the disinterested populace, who lay all neglected and forlorn, benighted with ignorance and benumbed with vice, saw the light, and hailed the brightness of his rising. Up they sprang, and after him in multitudes, men, women, and children went. Was he to pass a road, they climbed the trees to see him, yea, the blind sat by the wayside to hear him go by. Was he in a house, they unroofed the building to come at him. As if they could never get near enough to hear the soft accents of his voice, they pressed, they crowded, they trod upon one another to surround him. When he retired into the wilderness they thought him another Moses, and would have made him a king. It was the finest thing they could think of. He, greater than the greatest monarch, despised worldly grandeur; but to fulfil prophecy, sitting upon a borrowed ass's colt, rode into Jerusalem as the Son of the Highest, and allowed the transported multitude to strew the way with garments and branches, and to arouse the metropolis by acclamations, the very children shouting, Hosannah, Hosannah in the highest! Hosannah to the Son of David! Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord!

BABY MAY.

W. C. Bennett.

Cheeks as soft as July peaches,
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches
Poppies paleness—round large eyes
Ever great with new surprise,

Minutes filled with shadeless gladness,
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness,
Happy smiles and wailing cries,
Crows and laughs and tearful eyes,
Lights and shadows swifter born
Than on wind-swept Autumn corn,
Ever some new tiny notion
Making every limb all motion—
Catchings up of legs and arms,
Throwings back and small alarms,
Clutching fingers—straightening jerks,
Twining feet whose each toe works,
Kickings up and straining risings,
Mother's ever new surprisings,
Hands all wants and looks all wonder
At all things the heavens under,
Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings
That have more of love than lovings,
Mischiefs done with such a winning
Archness, that we prize such sinning,
Breakings dire of plates and glasses,
Graspings small at all that passes,
Pullings off of all that's able
To be caught from tray or table;
Silences—small meditations
Deep as thoughts of cares for nations,
Breaking into wisest speeches
In a tongue that nothing teaches,
All the thoughts of whose possessing
Must be wooed to light by guessing;
Slumbers—such sweet angel-seemings
That we'd ever have such dreamings,
Till from sleep we see thee breaking,
And we'd always have thee waking;
Wealth for which we know no measure,
Pleasure high above all pleasure,
Gladness brimming over gladness,
Joy in care—delight in sadness,

Loveliness beyond completeness,
Sweetness distancing all sweetness,
Beauty all that beauty may be,
That's May Bennett—that's my baby.

(*By permission of the Author.*)

THE SAILOR'S UNCLE.

A SEA TALE.

Rev. George Aspinall, D.D.

The man I deemed my uncle once,
Was a swarthy seaman old;
His hair was white, and his eye was kind,
And his heart was frank and bold.

The winds of night blew loud and wild,
And the sea was flecked with foam,
As we two sat by the fir-wood fire
Within our Cornwall home.

The old man sighed, as he smoked his pipe,
And listen'd to the roar
Of the waves that beat in cannonades,
Against the stricken shore.

While now and again the chimney-stacks
Fell in with a sudden crash;
And now and again our little room
Was lit with the lightning's flash.

At length he spake with a troublous voice,
And turning his face to me;
"This night is the fellow of a night,
Long past and gone," quoth he.

"It is well nigh twenty years ago
Since I govern'd *The Ocean Lord;*
A trim-built vessel, to Asia bound,
With three passengers aboard.

"The one was a minister sent to preach,
To the heathen, the Word of Life;
The second, a boy of some three years old;
And the third, a widow'd wife.

"The preacher had no domestic ties,
Nor wife, nor child, nor brother;
And the little lad was the widow's son,
The darling of his mother.

"A slight young thing that mother was,
A very girl in years;
Yet she knew what sorrow was, and her eye
Oft bore the trace of tears.

"But he, the prop of the widow's heart,
What language can paint that child;
His loving look and his laughing glance,
And his spirit so free and wild!

"One day when we long had lain becalm'd,
When no wave or ripple stirred,
The boy, I remember, declared that he saw,
In the far-off sky, a bird.

"Thereat I scanned it through my glass,
And behold 'twas a cloud of lead;
In form like a vulture, whose flapping wings
The forehead of Heav'n o'erspread.

"And lo! the winds broke loose from it,
In a loud and furious gale;
Bending and breaking the yielding masts,
And tearing to shreds each sail.

"We sprang a leak, and the hungry waves
Rush'd in through every rip;
The boats were lowered, and the last of all,
Was I to leave the ship!

"The boat in which I leaped was small,
To defy that ocean wild;
And, 'mongst others, it held the minister,
And the widow and her child.

"I was the sixth, yet how that boat
Could live was strange to me;
But it must have been the hand of God
That sustained her on that sea!

"Through three days' storm we toss'd about,
And then the waters fell,
When on the fourth there appeared in sight
A sail; which we saw full well.

"We saw it like an archangel come
Nearer and yet more near:
O joy! what a Heaven is in the hope
That cometh after fear!

"The dear young mother, it so appear'd,
Had calmly sunk to rest,
And the little lad lay in childhood's sleep,
With his head upon her breast.

"By this the welcome ship had come
Close up, to give us aid;
So we lifted them up with a woman's care,
And bade them not be afraid.

"We thought that their weight seemed heavy then,
But when the covering spread
Over both, for warmth, was removed away,
The mother, alas! was dead!"

"But the lad," I exclaim'd, "the cruel storm
Did not the *child* destroy?"
"Not so," my reputed uncle sobb'd,
"*For you were that same boy.*"

At this I grasp'd his horny hand,
And cried "God's will be done!
An orphan am I, but yet to thee
I will be, old man, a son!"

And I trust that I truly kept my word,
For I cherished him until death;
And in after years 'twas within my arms
That he drew his latest breath.

THE PASSIONATE FATHER.

MRS. PARTON.

"Greater is he who ruleth his spirit than he who taketh a city."

"COME here, sir!" said a strong, athletic man, as he seized a delicate-looking lad by the shoulder. "You've been in the water again, sir! Haven't I forbidden it?"

"Yes, father, but——"

"No 'buts;' haven't I forbidden it, eh?"

"Yes, sir. I was——"

"No reply, sir!" and the blows fell like a hail-storm about the child's head and shoulders.

Not a tear started from Harry's eye, but his face was deadly pale and his lips firmly compressed, as he rose and looked at his father with an unflinching eye.

"Go to your room, sir, and stay there till you are sent for. I'll master that spirit of yours before you are many days older."

Ten minutes after, Harry's door opened, and his mother glided gently in. She was a fragile, delicate

woman, with mournful blue eyes, and temples startlingly transparent. Laying her hand softly upon Harry's head, she stooped and kissed his forehead.

The rock was touched, and the waters gushed forth. "Dear mother!" said the weeping boy.

"Why didn't you tell your father that you plunged into the water to save the life of your playmate?"

"Did he give me a chance?" said Harry, springing to his feet, with a flashing eye. "Didn't he twice bid me be silent, when I tried to explain? Mother, he's a tyrant to you and to me!"

"Harry, he's my husband and your father!"

"Yes, and I'm sorry for it. What have I ever had but blows and harsh words? Look at your pale cheeks and sunken eyes, mother! It's too bad, I say! He's a tyrant, mother!" said the boy, with a clenched fist and set teeth; "and if it were not for you, I would have been leagues off long ago. And there's Nellie, too, poor sick child! What good will all her medicine do her? She trembles like a leaf when she hears his footsteps. I say 'tis brutal, mother."

"Harry"—and a soft hand was laid on the impetuous boy's lips—"for *my* sake——"

"Well, 'tis only for your sake—yours and poor Nellie's—or I should be on the sea somewhere—anywhere but here."

Late that night, Mary Lee stole to her boy's bedside before retiring to rest. "God be thanked, he sleeps!" she murmured, as she shaded her lamp from his face. Then, kneeling at his bedside, she prayed for patience and wisdom to bear uncomplainingly the heavy cross under which her steps were faltering; and then she prayed for her husband.

"No, no, not that!" said Harry, starting from his pillow, and throwing his arms about her neck. "I can forgive him what he has done to me, but I will never forgive him what he has made you suffer. Don't pray for him,—at least, don't let me hear it!"

Mary Lee was too wise to expostulate. She knew her

boy was spirit sore, under the sense of recent injustice; so she lay down beside him, and resting her tearful cheek against his, repeated in a low, sweet voice, the story of the crucifixion. "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do!" fell upon his troubled ear. He yielded to the holy spell.

"I will!" he sobbed. "Mother, you are an angel; and if ever I get to heaven, it will be your hand that has led me there."

There was hurrying to and fro in Robert Lee's house that night. It was a heavy hand that dealt those angry blows on that young head!

The passionate father's repentance came too late,—came with the word that his boy must die.

"Be kind to her!" said Harry, as his head dropped on his mother's shoulder.

It was a dearly-bought lesson! Beside that lifeless corpse Robert Lee renewed his marriage vow: and now when the hot blood of anger rises to his temples, and the hasty word springs to his lip, the pale face of the dead rises up between him and the offender, and an angel-voice whispers, "Peace, be still!"

THE MOTHER.

CHARLES SWAIN.

"Oh thou! with whom my heart was wont to share,
From Reason's dawn, each pleasure and each care."

ROGERS.

A SOFTENING thought of other years,
A feeling link'd to hours
When Life was all too bright for tears,—
And Hope sang, wreath'd with flowers!

A memory of affections fled—
Of voices—heard no more!
Stirred in my spirit when I read
That name of fondness o'er!

Oh, *mother!*—in that early word
What loves and joys combine;
What hopes—too oft, alas!—deferred;
What vigils—griefs—are thine!—
Yet, never, till the hour we roam—
By worldly thralls opprest,
Learn we to prize that truest home—
A watchful mother's breast!

The thousand prayers at midnight pour'd
Beside our couch of woes;
The wasting weariness endured
To soften *our* repose!—
Whilst never murmur mark'd thy tongue—
Nor toils relaxed thy care:—
How, mother, is thy heart so strong
To pity and forbear?

What filial fondness e'er repaid
Or could repay the past!—
Alas! for gratitude decay'd!
Regrets—that rarely last!—
'Tis only when the dust is thrown
Thy lifeless bosom o'er;
We muse upon thy kindness shown—
And wish we'd loved thee more!

'Tis only when thy lips are cold
We mourn with late regret,
'Mid myriad memories of old—
The days for ever set!
And not an act—nor look—nor thought—
Against thy meek control,
But with a sad remembrance fraught
Wakes anguish in the soul!

On every land—in every clime—
  True to her sacred cause,
Fill'd by that effluence sublime
  From which her strength she draws,
Still is the mother's heart the same—
  The mother's lot as tried:—
Then, oh! may nations guard that name
  With filial power and pride!

(*By permission of the Author.*)

THE OMNIPOTENCE OF GOD.

ANONYMOUS.

IN the first place, *the immense quantity of matter* contained in the universe, presents a most striking display of Almighty power.

In endeavouring to form a definite notion on this subject, the mind is bewildered in its conceptions, and is at a loss where to begin or to end its excursions. In order to form something approximating to a well-defined idea, we must pursue a train of thought commencing with those magnitudes which the mind can easily grasp, proceeding through all the intermediate gradations of magnitude, and fixing the attention on every portion of the chain, till we arrive at the object or magnitude of which we wish to form a conception. We must endeavour, in the first place, to form a conception of the bulk of the world in which we dwell, which, though only a point in comparison of the whole material universe, is, in reality, a most astonishing magnitude, which the mind cannot grasp, without a laborious effort. We can form some definite idea of those protuberant masses we denominate *hills*, which rise above the surface of our plains; but were we transported to the mountain scenery of Switzerland, to the

stupendous range of the Andes in South America, or to the Himalayan mountains in India, where masses of earth and rocks, in every variety of shape, extend several hundreds of miles in different directions, and rear their projecting summits beyond the region of the clouds—we should find some difficulty in forming an adequate conception of the objects of our contemplation. For (to use the words of one who had been a spectator of such scenes), "Amidst those trackless regions of intense silence and solitude, we cannot contemplate, but with feelings of awe and admiration, the enormous masses of variegated matter which lie around, beneath, and above us. The mind labours, as it were, to form a definite idea of those objects of oppressive grandeur, and feels unable to grasp the august objects which compose the surrounding scene." But what are all these mountainous masses, however variegated and sublime, when compared with the bulk of the whole earth? Were they hurled from their bases, and precipitated into the vast Pacific Ocean, they would all disappear in a moment, except perhaps a few projecting tops, which, like a number of small islands, might be seen rising a few fathoms above the surface of the waters.

The earth is a globe, whose diameter is nearly 8000 miles, and its circumference about 25,000, and consequently, its surface contains nearly two hundred millions of square miles—a magnitude too great for the mind to take in at *one* conception. In order to form a tolerable conception of the whole, we must endeavour to take a leisurely survey of its different parts. Were we to take our station on the top of a mountain, of a moderate size, and survey the surrounding landscape, we should perceive an extent of view stretching forty miles in every direction, forming a circle eighty miles in diameter, and 250 in circumference, and comprehending an area of 5000 square miles. In such a situation, the terrestrial scene around and beneath us, consisting of hills and plains, towns and

villages, rivers and lakes—would form one of the largest objects which the eye, or even the imagination, can steadily grasp at one time. But such an object, grand and extensive as it is, forms no more than the *forty-thousandth part* of the terraqueous globe; so that before we can acquire an adequate conception of the magnitude of our own world, we must conceive 40,000 landscapes, of a similar extent, to pass in review before us: and, were a scene, of the magnitude now stated, to pass before us every hour, till all the diversified scenery of the earth were brought under our view, and were twelve hours a-day allotted for the observation, it would require nine years and forty-eight days before the whole surface of the globe could be contemplated, even in this *general* and *rapid* manner. But, such a variety of successive landscapes passing before the eye, even although it were possible to be realized, would convey only a very vague and imperfect conception of the scenery of our world; for objects at the distance of forty miles cannot be distinctly perceived; the only view which would be satisfactory would be, that which is comprehended within the range of three or four miles from the spectator.

Again, I have already stated, that the surface of the earth contains nearly 200,000,000 of square miles. Now, were a person to set out on a minute survey of the terraqueous globe, and to travel till he passed along every square mile on its surface, and to continue his route without intermission, at the rate of thirty miles every day, it would require 18,264 years before he could finish his tour, and complete the survey of "this huge rotundity on which we tread:"—so that, had he commenced his excursion on the day in which Adam was created, and continued it to the present hour, he would not have accomplished one-third part of this vast tour.

In estimating the size and extent of the earth, we ought also to take into consideration, the vast variety of objects with which it is diversified, and the nume-

rous animated beings with which it is stored; the great divisions of land and water, the continents, seas, and islands, into which it is distributed; the lofty ranges of mountains which rear their heads to the clouds; the unfathomable abysses of the ocean; its vast subterraneous caverns and burning mountains; and the lakes, rivers, and stately forests with which it is so magnificently adorned; the many millions of animals, of every size and form, from the elephant to the mite, which traverse its surface; the numerous tribes of fishes, from the enormous whale to the diminutive shrimp, which "play" in the mighty ocean; the aerial tribes, which sport in the regions above us, the vast mass of the surrounding atmosphere, which encloses the earth and all its inhabitants as "with a swaddling band." The immense variety of beings, with which our terrestrial habitation is furnished, conspires, with every other consideration, to exalt our conceptions of that Power by which our globe, and all that it contains, were brought into existence.

ISAAC ASHFORD.

REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

To pomp and pageantry in nought allied,
A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford died.
Noble he was, contemning all things mean;
His truth unquestioned and his soul serene:
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid,
At no man's question Isaac looked dismayed:
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace;
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face:
Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,
Cheerful he seemed, and gentleness he loved:
To bliss domestic he his heart resigned,
And, with the firmest, had the fondest mind!

Were others joyful, he looked smiling on,
And gave allowance, where he needed none;
Good he refused with future ill to buy,
Nor knew a joy that caused reflexion's sigh:
A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distrest;
Yet was he far from stoic pride removed;
He felt humanely, and he warmly loved:
I marked his action when his infant died,
And his old neighbour for offence was tried;
The still tears, stealing down that furrowed cheek,
Spoke pity, plainer than the tongue can speak.
If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride,
Who, in their base contempt, the great deride;
Nor pride in learning, though my clerk agreed,
If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed;
Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew
None his superior, and his equals few;
But if that spirit in his soul had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace;
A pride in honest fame, by virtue gained,
In sturdy boys to virtuous labour trained;
Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;
Pride in a life that slander's tongue defied,
In fact, a noble passion, misnamed pride.

In times severe, when many a sturdy swain
Felt it his pride, his comfort, to complain;
Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would hide,
And feel in *that* his comfort and his pride.

I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there;
I see no more those white locks, thinly spread
Round the bald polish of that honoured head:
No more that awful glance on playful wight,
Compelled to kneel and tremble at the sight,
To fold his fingers, all in dread the while,
Till "Mister Ashford" softened to a smile;

No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
Nor the pure faith, to give it force, are there;
But he is blest, and I lament no more,
A wise good man, contented to be poor.

THE COMMON LOT.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

ONCE in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man: and who was he?
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown;
His name hath perished from the earth,
This truth survives alone:—

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
Alternate triumphed in his breast;
His bliss and woe—a smile, and tear!—
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffered,—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoyed,—but his delights are fled;
Had friends,—his friends are now no more;
And foes,—his foes are dead.

He loved—but whom he loved the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
Oh, she was fair! but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main;
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

He saw—whatever thou hast seen;
Encountered—all that troubles thee:
He was,—whatever thou hast been;
He is,—what thou shalt be.

The clouds and sunbeams o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of HIM afford no other trace
Than this—THERE LIVED A MAN!

SORROW FOR THE DEAD.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved; when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed in the closing of its portal;—

who would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness? No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has its woes, it has likewise its delight; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection; when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it, even for a song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave!—the grave! It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave, even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up, in long review, the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments, lavished upon us—almost unheeded—in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness—the solemn, awful tenderness—of the parting scene. The bed of death, with all its stifled griefs—its noiseless attendance—its mute, watchful assiduities. The last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh, how thrilling!—pressure of the hand. The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us, even from the threshold of existence! The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Ay! go to the grave of buried love and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited—every past endearment unregarded—of that departed being, who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy contrition!——If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow, of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth,—if thou art a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee,—if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet;—then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul; then be sure that thou wilt lie down, sorrowing and repentant, on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear—more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing!

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret: but, take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

THE WAY TO WEALTH.

DR. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

COURTEOUS READER,—I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate

to you. I stopped my horse, lately, where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchant's goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks, "Pray, father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not those heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we be ever able to pay them? What would you advise us to?" Father Abraham stood up, and replied, "If you would have my advice I will give it you in short: 'for a word to the wise is enough,' as Poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and, gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:—

"Friends," says he, "the taxes are, indeed, very heavy, and if those laid on by the Government were the only ones we had to pay we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; 'God helps them that help themselves,' as Poor Richard says.

"I. It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. 'Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears, while the used key is always bright,' as Poor Richard says—'But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of,' as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep! forgetting that 'the sleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave,' as Poor Richard says.

"'If time be of all things the most precious, wasting

time must be,' as Poor Richard says, 'the greatest prodigality;' since, as he elsewhere tells us, 'Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough always proves little enough.' Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. 'Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy; and he that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee; and early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,' as Poor Richard says.

"So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better if we bestir ourselves. 'Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hope will die fasting. There are no gains without pains; then, help hands, for I have no lands,' or, if I have, they are smartly taxed. 'He that hath a trade, hath an estate; and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honour,' as Poor Richard says; but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious we shall never starve; for, 'At the working man's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter.' Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for 'industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.' What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, 'Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then plough deep, while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep.' Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. 'One to-day is worth two to-morrows,' as Poor Richard says; and farther, 'Never leave that till to-morrow what you can do to-day.' If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master? be ashamed to catch

yourself idle, when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your king. Handle your tools without mittens: remember, that 'The cat in gloves catches no mice,' as Poor Richard says. It is true, there is much to be done, and, perhaps, you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects; for 'Constant dropping wears away stones; and by diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable; and little strokes fell great oaks.'

"Methinks I hear some of you say, 'Must a man afford himself no leisure?' I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says; 'Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and, since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.' Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man, never; for, 'A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things. Many, without labour, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock;' whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. 'Fly pleasures, and they will follow you. The diligent spinner has a large shift; and now I have a sheep and a cow, everybody bids me good-morrow.'

"II. But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for as Poor Richard says—

> 'I never saw an oft-removed tree,
> Nor yet an oft-removed family,
> That throve so well as those that settled be.'

And again, 'Three removes is as bad as a fire;' and again, 'Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee;' and again, 'If you would have your business done, go if not, send.' And again—

> 'He that by the plough would thrive,
> Himself must either hold or drive.'

And again, 'The eye of the master will do more work

than both his hands;' and again, 'Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge;' and again, 'Not to oversee workmen, is to leave them your purse open.' Trusting too much to others' care is the ruin of many; for, 'In the affairs of this world, men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it;' but a man's own care is profitable; for, 'If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like—serve yourself. A little neglect may breed great mischief; for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost,' being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail.

"III. So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, 'Keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. A fat kitchen makes a lean will;' and—

> 'Many estates are spent in the getting,
> Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting,
> And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting.'

'If you would be wealthy, think of saving, as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her out-goes are greater than her in-comes.'

"Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for—

> 'Women and wine, game and deceit,
> Make the wealth small, and the want great.'

And farther, 'What maintains one vice, would bring up two children.' You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great mat-

ter; but remember, 'Many a little makes a mickle.' Beware of little expenses; 'A small leak will sink a great ship,' as Poor Richard says; and again, 'Who dainties love, shall beggars prove;' and moreover, 'Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.' Here you are all got together to this sale of fineries and nick-nacks. You call them goods; but, if you do not take care, they will prove evils to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and, perhaps, they may for less than they cost; but, if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says, 'Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.' And again, 'At a great pennyworth pause a while;' he means, that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, 'Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths.' Again, 'It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance;' and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions, for want of minding the almanack. Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly, and half starved their families; 'Silks and satins, scarlets and velvets, put out the kitchen fire,' as Poor Richard says. These are not the necessaries of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet only because they look pretty, how many want to have them? —By these, and other extravagances, the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly, that 'A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knee,' as Poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of; they think, 'It is day, and will never be night;' that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding; but 'Always

taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom,' as Poor Richard says; and then, 'When the well is dry they know the worth of water.' But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. 'If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing,' as Poor Richard says; and, indeed, so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it in again. Poor Dick farther advises, and says,

'Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse,
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.'

And again, 'Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy.' When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, 'It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.' And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell, in order to equal the ox.

'Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.'

It is, however, a folly soon punished; for, as Poor Richard says, 'Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt;—Pride breakfasted with plenty, dined with poverty, and supped with infamy.' And, after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health, nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person, it creates envy, it hastens misfortune.

"But what madness it must be to run in debt for these superfluities? We are offered, by the terms of this sale, six months' credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But, ah! think what you do when you run in debt; you give to another power over your liberty. If you

cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor pitiful sneaking excuses, and, by degrees, come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying; for, 'The second vice is lying, the first is running in debt,' as Poor Richard says; and again, to the same purpose, 'Lying rides upon debt's back: whereas a free born Englishman ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. 'It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.' —What would you think of that prince, or of that government, who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you were free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical? and yet you are about to put yourself under that tyranny, when you run in debt for such dress! When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but, as Poor Richard says, 'Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.' The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short: time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. 'Those have a short Lent, who owe money to be paid at Easter.' At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but

'For age and want save while you may,
No morning sun lasts a whole day.'

"Gain may be temporary and uncertain; but ever,

while you live, expense is constant and certain; and 'It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel,' as Poor Richard says: so, 'Rather go to bed supperless, than rise in debt.'

> 'Get what you can, and what you get hold,
> 'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold.'

And when you have got the philosopher's stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times or the difficulty of paying taxes.

"IV. This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom: but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry, and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things; for they may all be blasted without the blessing of heaven; and therefore ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job suffered, and was afterwards prosperous.

"And now to conclude, 'Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other,' as Poor Richard says, and scarce in that; for it is true, 'We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct.' However, remember this, 'They that will not be counselled cannot be helped,' and farther, that 'If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles,' as Poor Richard says."

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it, and approved the doctrine, and immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my almanacks, and digested all I had dropped on those topics during the course of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own, which

he ascribed to me; but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it; and though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away, resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine.

THE HOURS.

C. P. Cranch.

The hours are viewless angels,
That still go gliding by,
And bear each minute's record up
To Him who sits on high.

And we who walk among them,
As one by one departs,
See not that they are hovering
Forever round our hearts.

Like summer-bees, that hover
Around the idle flowers,
They gather every act and thought,
Those viewless angel-hours.

The poison or the nectar
The heart's deep flower-cups yield,
A sample still they gather swift,
And leave us in the field.

And some flit by on pinions
Of joyous gold and blue,
And some flag on with drooping wings
Of sorrow's darker hue.

But still they steal the record,
And bear it far away;
Their mission-flight by day or night
No magic power can stay.

And as we spend each minute
That GOD to us hath given,
The deeds are known before HIS throne,
The tale is told in heaven.

These bee-like hours we see not,
Nor hear their noiseless wings;
We only feel, too oft, when flown,
That they have left their stings.

So, teach me, Heavenly Father,
To meet each flying hour,
That as they go they may not show
My heart a poison-flower!

So, when death brings its shadows,
The hours that linger last
Shall bear my hopes on angel-wings,
Unfetter'd by the past.

THE CATERPILLAR AND THE BUTTERFLY.

CHRISTOPHER CHRISTIAN STURM.

THE transformation of caterpillars into butterflies is one of those phenomena which have great claims upon our attention. The preparatory state previous to this change is very surprising: the caterpillar having cast its skin three or four times, it gradually sinks into a state of torpor, assuming a form that bears no resemblance to a living creature. The insect remains in this state one, two, or three weeks, sometimes even ten

months, until its transformation is completed, when it makes its way out of its shell, and soars in the air as a beautiful butterfly.

There are two kinds of butterflies: the wings of the one kind close perpendicularly, those of the other horizontally; the former fly during the day, the latter at night. The caterpillars from which the nocturnal insects (moths) issue spin themselves a cone as the time approaches for their change, or else they bury themselves. Those which are, properly speaking, butterfly caterpillars, suspend themselves in the open air, to a plant, a lath, a wall, or some such thing; to effect this they spin a very fine web, in which they envelop themselves; they then drop themselves down, and are suspended with their head inclining a little upwards. Other kinds attach themselves by a thread passed round the middle of their bodies, and which is fastened at each end. In one or the other of these ways all butterflies prepare for the grand transformation they are about to undergo. Thus both butterflies and moths may be said to bury themselves alive, and prepare quietly to await the end of their caterpillar state, as if foreseeing that, after a short repose, they should receive a new existence, and appear under a more beautiful form.

The death and resurrection of the just cannot be better typified than by a comparison with this change of the caterpillar: to the true Christian death is but a sleep, a state of calm repose after the troubles and miseries of this world, a momentary torpor, a transitory privation of life, from which they shall rouse and awake to a life of glorious immortality. What is a caterpillar? A crawling insect, blind and despised, which, while it drags on its joyless existence, is exposed to an infinity of accidents and persecutions. Has man a better fate in this world?

The caterpillar prepares for its change with the greatest care. In like manner the just conduct themselves: having death always before their eyes, they await with tranquillity and joy the happy instant

which shall open to them the prospect of a better world.

The sleep of the caterpillar is not lasting: it is but the forerunner of a state of perfection. Formerly it crawled on the ground; now it soars aloft, clothed in the loveliest form, and adorned with the most brilliant hues; no longer blind, it enjoys a thousand pleasures unknown to it in its former state; instead of the most homely food, it now wanders from flower to flower, extracting delicious honey, and sipping the rosy dew. In all this I see a lively picture of the resurrection of the just; their weak and terrestrial frame is exchanged for one of glory; while enveloped in their earthly coil, they were subject to passions, and occupied with sensual grovelling objects; but, after their resurrection, their body shakes off its earthly particles, and, light and glorious, it ascends above the stars, and at a glance embraces all nature. The souls of the virtuous rise towards the heaven of heavens; they approach the dwelling of the Omnipotent, and, wrapped in sublime meditations, contemplate their Maker face to face: before their death truth was concealed from them: now it appears clearly to their view, and they can support its dazzling brilliancy. Their bodies being now spiritualized, glorified, and incorruptible, they no longer demand gross food to satisfy their thirst and hunger: other sensations compose their felicity; a pure joy swells their heart, and celestial food forms henceforth their support.

What an important lesson does this furnish? If, my Christian friend, such is the happy revolution you are to expect, prepare duly for it. If your present state is imperfect and momentary, consider that it is not final, and that the short time you have to pass here below is as nothing when compared with eternity.

The republic of caterpillars, which are divided into two general classes, that is to say, into moths and butterflies, are subdivided into divers families, each of which has its peculiar properties and character. The

name given to one of these families is that of silkworm; this caterpillar is composed like the others, of several moveable rings, and it is provided with twelve feet, with which it moves or fastens itself; it has two rows of teeth, which do not move up and down like ours, but from right to left; with these it tears, cuts, and craunches the leaves on which it feeds; down the back of the insect a vessel is plainly distinguished through the skin, swelling and sinking alternately, acting as the heart does in other animals; on each side the silkworm has nine little apertures, which answer the purpose of lungs, assisting the circulation of the chyle and nutritious juices; under its mouth it has two openings, through which it exudes the drops of the gum that its bag contains; these may be called the storehouse, constantly supplying the matter with which it forms its silk. The gum which exudes from these two openings takes the form of two threads, losing immediately all fluidity, acquiring a consistency sufficient to envelop and suspend the caterpillar; the two threads are united into one by the two fore paws. This double thread is not only very thin, but also very strong, and is of an astonishing length: the silk thread of every cone is nearly five hundred yards long; and, as this thread is double in its whole length, one thousand yards is the actual quantity of silk one worm will spin; the weight of this silk is two grains and a half only.

The life of this insect in its worm state is very short: it passes, however, through several stages of existence, approaching by degrees its state of perfection. When it is first hatched it is a very small black worm, the head being conspicuous from its peculiar depth of colour. In a few days it assumes an ashy tint; this in the course of a little time becomes soiled and wrinkled, and then the insect throws it off; by degrees it increases in size, and its skin is of a greenish white; this arises from its feeding upon green leaves. Some short time after this, the length of which varies according to the degree of heat and the quality of its food, it ceases to

eat and falls asleep, in which state it remains for two or three days; it then appears greatly agitated, and exerts itself to so great a degree in throwing off its skin that it becomes of a reddish hue; at length it accomplishes this end, and throws it aside with its feet. This is the third dress it has appeared in; at the expiration of three weeks or a month it begins to eat again, and so greatly is its head, colour, and form altogether altered, you would hardly know it as the same creature. In the course of a few days, however, it falls into a second lethargy, at the conclusion of which it again assumes a new dress; after this it resumes its appetite for a season; and then, again renouncing all food, it prepares itself a retreat, and with its silken thread envelops itself completely. In this tomb it quietly reposes; and, at the end of a fortnight, it would pierce it in order to get out, if the cave were not exposed to the rays of the sun or put into an oven; the insect is killed by these means. The cones are then thrown into hot water, in which they are gently agitated by a little broom, which process in time loosens the ends of the silk; it is then wound off upon reels constructed for that purpose.

Thus we see that it is to a worm, a caterpillar, that we are indebted for our most luxurious clothing; by means of that liquor which it ejects beneath its mouth it furnishes us with silks and velvets. This reflection should teach us humility. What, shall we be proud of the silk which covers us? Let us consider to what we are indebted for it, and how little we ourselves contribute to that dress of which we are so vain. Let us reflect that the most despised objects have been produced for the advantage and ornament of man—a worm, which we scarcely deign to honour with a look, becomes a blessing to a whole province, a considerable object of commerce, and a vast source of riches. The inspection of this insect should cover with shame a multitude of persons; many people, it is true, resemble it in the early stage of its existence; they eat, they

sleep, and change their dress; but how few are they who, like it, render themselves useful to the world by their labours! Let us henceforth consecrate our talents and abilities to the welfare of our fellow-creatures; and let us labour without ceasing to promote their happiness.

FATHER WILLIAM.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"The few locks which are left you are grey;
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I remember'd that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"And pleasures with youth pass away,
And yet you lament not the days that are gone;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
"I remember'd that youth could not last;
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
"And life must be hastening away:
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"I am cheerful, young man," Father William replied,
"Let the cause thy attention engage;
In the days of my youth I remembered my God;
And he hath not forgotten my age!"

THE WELSHWOMAN AND HER LODGER.

REV. J. S. SPENCER, D.D.

A MAN who was entirely a stranger to me, whose appearance convinced me he was poor, and whose address showed that he was not very familiar with the subject of religion, called upon me one morning; and with some agitation, desired me to go to a distant street, to see his wife, who was sick. On making some inquiries, I learned that his wife was in a consumption—was not expected to live many days—had not expressed any desire to see me—but that he had come for me at the request of an aged Welshwoman, who lived in the same house. I immediately went to the place he described. I found the woman apparently in the last stages of consumption. She was an interesting young woman, of about twenty years of age, and had been married little more than a year. All the appearance of her room was indicative of poverty, though everything manifested the most perfect neatness. She was bolstered up in her bed, her face pale, with a bright red spot in the centre of each cheek. She appeared exceedingly weak, while her frequent cough seemed to be tearing her to pieces. Her condition affected me. Manifestly her youth and beauty were destined to an early grave. She must soon leave the world; and how tender and terrible the thought that she might still be unprepared for a happier one!

As I told her who I was, and why I had come there, she offered me her hand, with a ready and easy politeness, and yet with a manifest embarrassment of feeling, which she evidently struggled to conceal.

I have seldom seen a more perfectly beautiful woman. Her frame was delicate, her complexion clear and white, her countenance indicative of a more than ordinary degree of intelligence and amiability, and as she lifted her languid eyes upon me, I could not but feel in an

instant that I was in the presence of an uncommon woman.

I felt her feverish pulse, which was rapidly beating, and expressing my sorrow at finding her so ill, she said to me, speaking with some difficulty:—

"You find me—in very humble circumstances—sir."

"Yes," said I, "you seem very sick."

"We have not—always been—so straitened as we are now," said she. "We lived—very comfortably—before—I was sick; but I am not able—to do anything now: and I am ashamed—to have you find me—with my room and all things—in such a state;" (casting a look about the room.) "Once I could have seen you in a more inviting place; but, sir—we are now—very poor—and cannot live—as we used to do. My situation—is—very humble—indeed."

"You have no occasion to be ashamed," said I. "Your room is very neat; and if you are in want of anything, it will give me pleasure to aid you to whatever you need."

"Oh, sir, I am not—in want—of anything now. I am too sick to need anything—more than the old lady—can do for me; and she is—very kind."

"And who is the old lady?" I asked.

"Mrs. Williams," said she; "in whose house—we have lived since ours—was sold;—the woman that—wanted me to have you—come and see me. She has been—talking—to me about religion; (she is a Welsh—woman;)—and she has read—to me—in the Bible, but—I cannot—understand it."

"And did you *wish* to have me come and see you?"

"No—yes—I am willing—to see you; but—I am—in such—a place here—my room——"

"My dear friend," said I, "do not *think* of such things at all. You have something of more moment to think of. You are very sick. Do you expect ever to get well?"

"No, sir; they—tell me—I shall not."

"And do you feel prepared to die?"

"I do not know—what that—preparation—means. And it is too late now for me to do anything—about it. —I am too far—gone."

"*No*, madam, *you are not*. God is infinitely merciful; and you may be saved. Have you been praying to him to save you?"

"I never—prayed. Indeed, sir,—I never thought—of religion, till I was—sick, and the old lady talked—to me. But I cannot—understand her. I have never —read the Bible.—I never was inside—of a church—in my life. Nobody—ever asked me—to go, or told me—I ought to. I did not think—of religion. I just lived to enjoy—myself—as well—as I could. My aunt —who took me—when my mother—died, never went —to church, and never said anything—to me about religion.—So I lived—as she—allowed me to, from the time I was three years old.—I had property—enough for anything—I wanted—then; and after I left—school —about four years ago,—I had nothing—to do—but to go to parties—and dances—and attend to—my dress, and read—till—I was married.—Since that—we have had trouble.—My husband—I suppose—did not understand things—in our country—very well. He mortgaged—my house, and in a little while—it was sold—and we were—obliged—to leave it, and come here."

"What did you read?" said I.

"Oh, I read novels, the most of the time—sometimes —I read other books, but not much, except—some history and biography."

"Did you never read the Bible?"

"No, sir."

"Have you got a Bible."

"No, sir. The old lady—has got one—which she brings to me; but I am too weak—to read it.—It is a large book; and I—shall not live—long enough to read it."

"You need *not* read it," said I.—"But now suffer me to talk to you plainly. You are very sick. You may not live long. *Will* you give your attention to religion

as well as you can in your weak state, and aim to get ready to die?"

"I would, sir—if I had time. But I do not—know anything—at all—about religion—and it would do me —no good—to try now, when I have—so little time—left."

"You have *time enough* left."

"Do you—think so,—sir?"

"I *know* you have, madam."

She turned her eyes upon me, imploringly and yet despondingly; and with a voice trembling with emotion, she said to me, speaking slowly and with difficulty:—

"Sir, I cannot—believe that.—I have never *begun*—to learn religion.—I lived only for my—present enjoyment—till I was married; and since that, after—my husband—failed—all I have thought of—was to save—some little—of my property—if I could, so as not to—be a burden—to other people.—And now—there cannot—be time—enough left—for me—to begin with religion—and go—all the way through."

"*There is time enough*," said I.

Perceiving that she was already exhausted by her efforts to speak, I told her to rest for a few minutes and I would see her again. I went into another room to see "the old lady" (as she called her), whom I found to be a pious Welshwoman, who had rented a part of her house to the sick woman's husband some months before, and who now devoted herself to take care of the poor sufferer. The tenant had squandered all his wife's property, and now during her sickness continued his dissipation, paying little attention to his dying wife. If he ever *had* a heart, rum had destroyed it.

"She is a good creature," said the Welshwoman, "all but religion. When she was well she was very kind to me. Though she was a *lady*, and had fine clothes, she was not ashamed to come and sit with me an hour at a time, and talk to me and try to make me happy; for I am a poor, lone widow, seventy years old,

and all my children are dead: and when I told her how it was with me, that I had nothing to live upon but the rent I got for the rooms of my house, and she found out (*I* did not tell of it) that her husband did not pay the rent any longer, she sold her rings and some of her clothes and brought me the money, poor thing, and told me to take it. I did not know, at first, that she sold her rings and her clothes to get it, and when I asked her how she got it, and she told me, I said to her I would not have it, it would burn my fingers if I took it, and the rust of it would eat my flesh as it were fire, and be a canker in my heart, and be a swift witness against me in the day of the great God, our Saviour. So I gave it back to her, but she would not take it: she laid it down there"—(pointing to it with her finger)—"on the mantelpiece,—it is five weeks yesterday,—and there it has been ever since. I cannot touch it. I *never will* touch it, unless I am forced to take it to buy her a coffin. Christ Jesus would not have taken the price of a lady's rings and clothes in such a case, and it is not for the like of me to do it. Poor thing! she will soon die, and then she will want rings and clothes no longer! Oh, sir, if I could only think she would wear robes of glory in heaven I would not weep so. But I am afraid it is all too late for her now! Religion is a hard business for a poor, sick sinner! And her husband would not go for you, week before last, nor last week. He *never* went till this morning, when I told him, as I was a living woman, he never should enter the house to-night,—he should sleep in the street, if he did not bring you here before the clock struck twelve. I want you to pray for her. There is no telling what God may do. May be he will send suddenly. But *I* cannot tell her the way. I have tried. I tried hard; but, poor thing, she said she could not understand me. And then I could do nothing but come to my own room and weep for her, and go to prayer, and then weep again. I am glad you have come. And now *don't leave her* till you have prayed and got a *blessing*,—if it is not too late."

I have seldom heard eloquence surpassing that of "the old lady." Some of her expressions were singular, but they seemed to have in them the majesty and tenderness of both nature and religion.

I borrowed the "old lady's" Bible, and returned to the sick woman's room. Seating myself by the side of her bed, I told her I did not wish her to talk, for it wearied her. But I wanted she should listen to me without saying a word, only if she did not understand me she might say so, and I would explain myself.

"*Can* I understand?" said she (with a look of mingled earnestness and despair).

"Certainly you can. Religion is all simple and easy if one desires to know it; and if you do *not* understand me, it is *my* fault, not *yours*.

"And now, my dear child, listen to me a little while. I will not be long. But first allow me to pray with you for a single minute."

After prayer I took the Bible, and told her it was God's word, given to us to teach us the way to eternal life and happiness beyond the grave—that it taught all I knew, or needed to know about salvation—that though it was a large book and contained many things which might be profitable to her under other circumstances, yet all that she needed to think of just now was embraced in a few ideas, which were easy to be understood,—and I wanted her to listen to them and try to understand them.

"I will—sir," said she, "as well—as I can."

"Hear what God says then," said I.

"The first thing is—that *we are sinners*." I explained sin. I explained the law which it transgressed, how it is holy, just, and good; and we have broken it because we have not loved the Lord our God with all our heart, and our neighbour as ourselves.

"No, I have—never loved—him," said she.

I dwelt upon our sin as guilt and alienation from God; explained how sinners are worldly, proud, selfish, and read the texts as proofs and explanations—"by the

deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified—the carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the Law of God." In short, that man is, in himself, a lost sinner; God is angry with him, and he has a wicked heart.

Said she, "That seems—strange—to me; I wish—I had known it before."

"The *second* thing is—that just such sinners may be saved, because Jesus Christ came to seek and to save the lost. I read from the Bible, 'God so loved the world that he gave his own Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin. He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities. The chastisement of our peace was upon him. The Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all.' You see, therefore, that sinners can be saved. Christ died for them."

"Will he—save *me ?*" said she.

"I hope he will—but listen to me.—The *third* thing is, that lost sinners will be saved by Christ, if they repent of sin and believe in him." I continued to select texts and read them to her. "God now commandeth all men everywhere to repent. Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe in his name. Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth. Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

As I read such passages, turning over the leaves of the book as I stood by her bed-side, her eyes followed the turning leaves and she gazed upon the book in astonishment. At times, when repeating a peculiar text, my eyes rested on her face instead of the book, and then she would ask, "Is that in God's word?" I found it best, therefore, just to look on the book and read slowly and deliberately.

"The *fourth* thing is, that we need the aid of the

Holy Spirit to renew our hearts, and bring us to faith and repentance. 'Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. No man can come unto me, except the Father which sent me draw him. In me is thy help. Let him take hold on my strength, that he may make peace with me, and he shall make peace with me.' Man is *helpless* without the Holy Spirit.

"The last thing is, that all this salvation is freely offered to us, *now*, *to-day*, and it is our duty and interest to accept it on the spot, and just as we are, undone sinners. 'Hear and your soul shall live. Seek ye the Lord while he may be found. Call ye upon him while he is near. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon. If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more will your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him. Behold now is the accepted time; behold now is the day of salvation. Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. The Spirit and the bride say, come; and let him that is athirst come; and let him that heareth say, come; and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.'

"Now, my dear child, this is all: only these five things. I will now leave you for an hour to rest, and then I will be back to see you."

In an hour I returned, determined to go over the same things, and explain them, if needful, more fully. As I entered the room she looked at me with a gladsome smile, and yet with an intense earnestness, which for an instant I feared was insanity. Said she, "I am so glad you have come;—I have been—thinking—of what you read—to me. These things—must be true; but—I don't know—as I should—believe them if they were not—in the word—of God. I understand some—of

them—I know I am—a sinner—I feel it. I never knew it—so before.—I have not—loved God. I have been—wicked and foolish. I am—undone. And now—when I know it, my heart—is so bad, that instead of—loving God—it shrinks from—him, and I am afraid—it is too—late—for me!"

"Yes," said I, "your heart is worse than you think. You can make it no better. Give it to God. Trust Christ to pardon all. He died for just such lost sinners."

"Yes, sir,—I remember—that; but—what is it—to believe? I do not—understand *that—thing*.—You said I must repent of sin, and must *believe*—in Jesus Christ.—I think that I understand one—of these things. To repent is to be sorry for my sin,—and to leave it. But—what is it—to *believe?*—I cannot—understand that.—What is believing—in Jesus Christ?"

"It is trusting him to save you. It is receiving him as your own offered Saviour, and giving yourself to him as a helpless sinner to be saved by his mercy. He died to atone for sinners."

"I believe that,—for God's word—says so.—Is this—all the faith—that I must have?"

"No, not at all. You must have more. You must *trust* him. You must receive him as *your own* Saviour and give yourself to him. You may remember the passage I read to you. Here it is in God's word: 'As many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name.' You see that here, 'believing' and 'receiving' express the same thing. You are to take Christ as God offers him to you, and you are to rely on him to save you. That is faith."

"Sir,—I am afraid—I can never—understand it," said she, the tears coursing over her pale cheek.

"Yes, you *can;* it is very simple. There are only two things about it. Take Christ for your own, and give yourself to him to be his. Sometimes these two things are put together in the Bible, as when a happy believer

says, 'My beloved is mine, and I am his.' It is union with Christ, as if he were your husband and you were his bride."

"Oh, sir,—it is all dark to me!—faith—I cannot—understand it!"

"See here, my dear child. If you were here on this island, and it was going to sink, you would be in a sad condition if you could not get off; there would be no hope for you if you had no help; you would sink with the island, you could not save yourself; you might get down by the shore and know and feel the necessity of being over on the other side quickly, before the island should go down. But you could not get there alone. There is a wide river betwixt you and the place of safety where you wish to go. It is so deep that you could not wade it. It is so wide and rapid that you could not swim it. Your case would be hopeless if there was no help for you. You would be lost!—but there is a boat there; you see it going back and forth, carrying people over where they want to go. People tell you it is safe, and you have only to go on it. It seems safe to you as you behold it in motion. You believe it is safe. Now, what do you do in such a case? You just *step on board the boat.* You do not merely *believe* it would save you if you were on it, but *you go* on it. You commit yourself to it. When you get on you do not work, or walk, or run, or ride. You do *nothing but one thing. You take care not to fall off.* That is all. You just trust to the boat to hold you up from sinking, and to carry you over where you want to go. Just so, trust yourself to Jesus Christ to save you; he will carry you to heaven—venture on him now—he waits to take you."

"But—*will* he save—such—a wicked—undone creature—as I am?"

"*Yes, he will.* He *says* he will. He came from heaven to do it; 'to seek and to save that which was lost.' He invites you to come to him; I read it to you in his word, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

"May *I* go?" says she (her countenance indicating the most intense thought, and her eyes, suffused with tears of gladness and doubt, fixing upon me as if she would read her doom from my lips).

"Yes, you may go to Christ; come in welcome, come now, come just such a sinner as you are: Christ loves to save such sinners."

She raised herself upon her couch, and leaning upon her elbow, with her dark locks falling over the snowy whiteness of her neck, her brow knit, her lips compressed, her fine eyes fixed upon me, and her bosom heaving with emotion, she paused for a moment,—said she:—

"I do want—to come to Christ."

"He wants you to come," said I.

"Will he—*take—me?*" said she.

"Yes, he will; he *says* he will," said I.

"I am wicked — and do not — deserve it," said she.

"He knows that, and died to save you," said I.

"Oh, I think—I would come, if God—if the Holy Spirit—would help—me. But—my heart—is *afraid.* I thought—just now if I only knew—the way—I *would* do it; but now, when—you have told me, I cannot believe it; I cannot—trust Christ. I never—knew before what—a distant heart I have!"

"The Holy Spirit does help you; at this moment in your heart he urges you to come, to trust Christ. The Bible tells you to come. 'The Spirit and the bride say, come.' God lengthens the hours of your life that you may come, while he says to you, 'Behold, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.'"

I paused for a little time, and as I watched her countenance she appeared to be absorbed in the most intense thought; her brow was slightly knit, her lips quivered, her fine eyes roamed from side to side, and often upwards, and then closed for a moment, and seeming utterly forgetful of my presence, she slowly pronounced the words, with a pause almost at every syllable,—"lost sinner—anger—God—Christ—blood—love—pardon—

heaven—help—Bible—now—come;" and then, turning her eyes upon me, she said:—

"I do want—to come—to Christ—and rest on him. —If my God—will accept—such—a vile sinner—I give myself—to him—for ever!—oh!—he will—accept me —by Christ—who died!—Lord—save me—I lie on thee —to save me."

She sunk back upon her bed, with her eyes lifted to heaven and her hands raised in the attitude of prayer, while her countenance indicated amazement.

I knelt by her bed, uttered a short prayer, and left her, to return at sunset.

As I returned, the old Welshwoman met me at the door, her eyes bathed in tears, and her hands lifted to the heavens. I supposed she was going to tell me that the sick woman was dead, but with uplifted hands she exclaimed, "Blessed be God! blessed be God! The poor thing is happy now, she is so happy! Thank God! she is so happy! she looks like an angel now! she has seen Christ, her Lord, and she will be an angel soon! Now I can let her die! I can't stop weeping! she has been a dear creature to me! but it makes my heart weep for joy now when I see what God has done for her and how happy she is."

She conducted me to her sick friend's room. As I entered, the dying woman lifted her eyes upon me with a smile:—

"The Lord—has made me happy!—I am—very happy. I was afraid—my wicked heart—never would —love God. But he has—led me to it. Christ is very dear—to me. I can—lean on him now. I—can die— in peace."

I conversed with her for some minutes, the "old lady" standing at my elbow in tears; she was calm and full of peace; she said, "All you told me—was true. My heart finds it true. How good—is Jesus to save such sinners!—I was afraid—to fall upon him, but I know now—that believing is all. My heart—is different. I do love God. Jesus Christ is very dear—to me."

She appeared to be fast sinking. I prayed with her and left her. The next day she died. I visited her before her death. She was at peace. She could say but little, but some of her expressions were remarkable. She desired to be bolstered up in her bed, that she might "be able to speak once more." She seemed to rally her strength, and speaking with the utmost difficulty, the death-gurgle in her throat, and the tears coursing down her pale, and still beautiful cheek, she said:—

"I *wonder*—at God.—Never was there such love.—He is all goodness.—I want—to praise—him.—My soul—loves him.—I delight—to be his.—He—has forgiven me—a poor sinner—and now—his love exhausts me.—The Holy Spirit—helped me—or my heart—would have held—to its own—goodness—in its unbelief.—God has—heard me.—He has come—to me,—and now—I live—on prayer.—Pardon me—sir,—I forgot—to thank you,—I was—so carried off—in thinking—of my God. He will—reward you—for coming—to see me.—I am going—to him—soon—I hope. Dying will be sweet—to me—for Christ—is with me."

I said a few words to her, prayed with her, and left her. As I took her hand at that last farewell she cast upon me a beseeching look, full of tenderness and delight, saying to me: "May I hope—you—will always—go to see dying sinners?"—It was impossible for me to answer audibly,—she answered for me, "I know—you will—farewell."

She continued to enjoy entire composure of mind till the last moment. Almost her last words to the "old lady" were, "My delight is—that God—is king—over all, and saves sinners—by Jesus Christ."

I called at the house after she was dead, and proposed to the "old lady" that I would procure a sexton and be at the expense of her funeral. Lifting both her hands towards the heavens, she exclaimed.—"*No, sir!* indeed; *no, sir!* You wrong my heart to think of it! God sent you here at my call, and the poor thing has died in

peace. My old *heart* would turn against me if I should allow *you* to bury her! the midnight thought would torment me! She has been a dear creature to me, and died such a sweet death. I shall make her shroud with my own hands; I shall take her ring money to buy her coffin, I shall pay for her grave, and then, as I believe her dear spirit has become a ministering angel, I shall hope she will come to me in the night, and carry my prayer back to her Lord."

She had it all in her own way, and we buried her with a tenderness of grief which I am sure has seldom been equalled.

If this was a conversion at all, it was a death-bed conversion. A suspicion or fear may justly attach to such instances perhaps, and persons wiser than myself have doubted the propriety of publishing them to the world. But the instance of the thief on the cross is published to us; and if the grace of God does sometimes reach an impenitent sinner on the bed of death, why should we greatly fear the influence of its true history? The wicked may indeed abuse it, as they abuse everything that is good and true; but it must be an amazingly foolish abuse, if on account of a few such instances, they are induced to neglect religion till they come to die. It is very rare that a death-bed is like this.

I deemed it very important to convince her it was not too late to seek the Lord, and I found it a very difficult thing. The truth, that it was not too late, came into conflict with the unbelief and deceitfulness of her heart. It seems to me that we ought not to limit the Holy One of Israel, leading sinners to believe that even a death-bed lies beyond hope. Truth is always safe; error, never. And if there is good evidence of a death-bed conversion, why should it be kept out of sight?

And yet it is no wonder that careful minds are led to distrust sick-bed repentance. It seldom holds out. Manifestly, it is commonly nothing but deception.

Health brings back the former impiety, or that which is worse.

It does not appear that the dying thief knew anything about the Saviour till he *was* dying, and this woman seems to have been like him. And what a lesson of reproof to Christians, that this woman, living for twenty years among them, and in the sight of five or six Christian churches, "should never have been inside of a church in her life," and that "nobody asked her to go." Year after year she was in habits of intimacy with those who belonged to Christian families, she associated with the children of Christian parents, and yet she never had a Bible—she never read the Bible—she never was exhorted to seek the Lord! and probably she would have died as she had lived, had not divine Providence sent her in her poverty to be the tenant of the "old lady" who loved her so well. Oh! how many are likely to die soon, with no "old lady" to bring them the Bible and pray for them in faith and love.

GOING OUT AND COMING IN.

ISA CRAIG.

IN that home was joy and sorrow
  Where an infant first drew breath,
While an aged sire was drawing
  Near unto the gate of death:
His feeble pulse was failing,
  And his eye was growing dim,
He was standing on the threshold
  When they brought the babe to him;
While to murmur forth a blessing
  On the little one he tried,
In his trembling arms he raised it,
  Press'd it to his lips and died;

An awful darkness resteth
  On the path they both begin,
Who thus met upon the threshold—
  Going out and coming in.

Going out unto the triumph,
  Coming in unto the fight;
Coming in unto the darkness,
  Going out unto the light;
Although the shadow deepen'd
  In the moment of eclipse,
When he pass'd through the dread portal
  With the blessing on his lips;—
And to him who bravely conquers,
  As he conquer'd in the strife,
Life is but the way of dying,
  Death is but the gate of life.
Yet awful darkness resteth
  On the path we all begin,
Where we meet upon the threshold—
  Going out and coming in.

HUMAN LIFE, THE JOURNEY OF A DAY.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

OBIDAH, the son of Abensina, left the caravansera early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Hindostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the valleys, and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of Paradise; he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves

of spices; he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring:—all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

Thus he went on, till the sun approached its meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way, bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road; and was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence, without suffering its fatigues. He therefore still continued to walk, for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds that the heat had assembled in the shades; and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches.

At last the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with waterfalls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but, remembering that the heat was now at its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold

on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might soothe or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions.

In these amusements the hours passed away uncounted; his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused; afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head.

He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting the air grew blacker, and a peal of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power;—to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself upon the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand; for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every side were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him! The winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety

or to destruction. At length, not fear, but labour, began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled; and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld, through the brambles, the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and, finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over—"Tell me," said the hermit, "by what chance thou hast been brought hither? I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before." Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

"Son," said the hermit, "let the errors and follies, the dangers and escape, of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour, and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the straight road of piety, towards the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervour, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach, what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to inquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not at least turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling; and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we for a while keep in our sight, and to which we

propose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees, we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerge ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue.

"Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example not to despair, but shall remember that though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return, after all his errors; and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go, now, my son, to thy repose; commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence; and, when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life."

THE GEMS OF EARTH.

J. E. Carpenter.

Oh! quit for awhile the halls of mirth,
And tell me where are the gems of earth?
"The gems of earth are the diamond's blaze,
The emerald's light, and the ruby's rays,
The sapphire pale, and the topaz stone,
Which have gorgeous lustre on beauty thrown."

No! these are but baubles which pride may please,
So look not to these for the gems of earth,
No! not to these!

The gems of earth—oh, where are they found?
"Where the ruby wine goes mantling round,
In the eye of the Bacchant flashing bright,
Where the wit is loud and the spirit is light:
In the mines that encompass the shining ore
That the world's gay vot'ries still adore?"
No! the wine and the gold awhile may please,
But look not to these for the gems of earth,
No! not to these!

"Oh! the gems of earth dwell on beauty's cheek,
When the half uttered vow the blushes speak,
In the halo that beams round woman's smile,
In her lip that the coldest heart can guile;
In the rarest bird—in the sweetest flower,
That sings or blooms in my lady's bower."
No! smiles may be false, nor beauty please,
So look not to these for the gems of earth,
No! not to these!

I'll tell thee where are the gems of earth,
Where have those precious treasures birth;
Not where the glittering jewels may shine,
Not in bright gold nor sparkling wine,
Not in the light upon beauty's brow,
Idols are these to which pride may bow;—
Yet know ere thou seekest thy mates in mirth,
Faithful hearts are the gems of earth.
Earth's gems are these!

THE CLOUDS.

JOHN RUSKIN.

IT is a strange thing how little, in general, people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered if, once in three days or thereabouts, a great, ugly, black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well-watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with, perhaps, a film of morning and evening mist for dew. And, instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when Nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain that it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them: he injures them by his presence; he ceases to feel them if he be always with them. But the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not "too bright nor good for human nature's daily food;" it is fitted, in all its functions, for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart; for the soothing it, and purifying it from its dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful; never the same for two moments

together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential. And yet we never attend to it; we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accidents, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness or a glance of admiration. If, in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that gilded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits, until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds, when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves? All has passed unregretted or unseen; or, if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross or what is extraordinary; and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake nor in the fire, but in the still small voice. They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature, which can only be addressed through lampblack and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty; the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual; that which

must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood; things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally, which are never wanting, and never repeated; which are to be found always, yet each found but once. It is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught and the blessing of beauty given.

(*From the "Stones of Venice." By permission of Messrs. Smith and Elder.*)

ON AUTUMN.

ALISON.

LET the young go out, in these hours, under the descending sun of the year, into the fields of nature. Their hearts are now ardent with hope,—with the hopes of fame, of honour, or of happiness; and, in the long perspective which is before them, their imagination creates a world where all may be enjoyed. Let the scenes which they now may witness, moderate, but not extinguish their ambition;—while they see the yearly desolation of nature, let them see it as the emblem of mortal hope;—while they feel the disproportion between the powers they possess, and the time they are to be employed, let them carry their ambitious eye beyond the world;—and while, in these sacred solitudes, a voice in their own bosom corresponds to the voice of decaying nature, let them take that high decision which becomes those who feel themselves the inhabitants of a greater world, and who look to a being incapable of decay.

Let the busy and the active go out, and pause for a time amid the scenes which surround them, and learn the high lesson which nature teaches in the hours of its fall. They are now ardent with all the desires of

mortality; and fame, and interest, and pleasure, are displaying to them their shadowy promises, and, in the vulgar race of life, many weak and many worthless passions are too naturally engendered. Let them withdraw themselves, for a time, from the agitations of the world; let them mark the desolation of summer, and listen to the winds of winter, which begin to murmur above their heads. It is a scene which, with all its powers, has yet no reproach;—it tells them that such is also the fate to which they must come; that the pulse of passion must one day beat low; that the illusions of time must pass; and that "the spirit must return to him who gave it." It reminds them with gentle voice of that innocence in which life was begun, and for which no prosperity of vice can make any compensation, and that angel who is one day to stand upon the earth, and "to swear that time shall be no more," seems now to whisper to them, amid the hollow winds of the year, what manner of men ought they to be who must meet that decisive hour.

There is "an even-tide" in human life—a season when the eye becomes dim, and the strength decays; and when the winter of age begins to shed upon the human head its prophetic snow. It is the season of life to which the present is most analogous; and much it becomes, and much it would profit you, to mark the instructions which the season brings. The spring and the summer of your days are gone; and with them, not only the joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them. You have entered upon the autumn of your being; and whatever may have been the profusion of your spring, or the warm intemperance of your summer, there is yet a season of stillness and of solitude, which the beneficence of Heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the past and the future, and prepare yourselves for the mighty change which you are soon to undergo.

If thus you have the wisdom to use the decaying season of nature, it brings with it consolations more valuable than all the enjoyments of former days. In

the long retrospect of your journey, you have seen, every day, the shades of the evening fall, and, every year, the clouds of winter gather. But you have seen also, every succeeding day, the morning arise in its brightness; and, in every succeeding year, the spring return to renovate the winter of nature. It is now you may understand the magnificent language of Heaven; it mingles its voice with that of revelation; it summons you, in these hours when the leaves fall, and the winter is gathering, to that evening study which the mercy of Heaven has provided in the book of salvation: and while the shadowy valley opens, which leads to the abode of death, it speaks of that hand which can comfort and can save, and which can conduct to those "green pastures, and those still waters," where there is an eternal spring for the children of God.

THE VOYAGE.

CAROLINE SOUTHEY.

LAUNCH thy bark, mariner!
Christian, Heaven speed thee!
Let loose the rudder bands!
Good angels lead thee!
Set thy sails warily,
Tempests will come:
Steer thy course steadily!
Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather bow,
Breakers are round thee!
Let fall the plummet now,
Shallows may ground thee!
Reef in the foresail there!
Hold the helm fast!
So—let the vessel wear!
There—sweep the blast.

What of the night, watchman?
What of the night?
"Cloudy—all quiet—
No land yet—all's right."
Be wakeful, be vigilant,
Danger may be
At an hour when all seems
Securest to thee.

How—gains the leak so fast?
Clear out the hold,
Hoist up thy merchandize—
Heave out the gold!
There—let the ingots go!
Now the ship rights;
Hurrah! the harbour's near,—
Lo, the red lights.

Slacken not sail yet
At inlet or island,
Straight for the beacon steer—
Straight for the high land;
Crowd all thy canvas on,
Cut through the foam,
Christian! cast anchor now:
Heaven is thy home.

THE SLATE QUARRY.

MISS CROMPTON.

SOME years ago, a party of friends went to visit Lake Keswick, in the north of England. They took ponies, and went to see a rock at some distance, from which slates are dug out. When they arrived, a young lad

was called to hold the ponies, and he told the party that many workmen lived all the week long in the rock above, and only went home for Sunday. The lad was asked if accidents often took place in the rock-works.

The boy turned pale, and in a low voice said, "Father was killed there last Christmas. He was killed in trying to save my brother. There was a fall of slate in the quarry, and father thought it had killed Jack; then, while trying to get him out, some more slate fell on father's head."

Much more of this sad tale was soon heard from those who lived near the home of Howard's widow.

A boy, ten years old, was with his father while at work in the slate quarry one Saturday afternoon. There was a deep pool of water in the rocks above them. Howard was cutting blocks of slate just hurled down by blasting with gunpowder. His boy Jack had climbed up to a high ledge in the mine to watch the great heaps of slate that were still slowly slipping down towards the place where his father was at work.

While thus looking about, Jack thought he saw some more slate crack, and begin to move in the rock above. He called to his father, to warn him of danger, but the father was hard at work, and did not hear the voice.

"Father!" cried the boy again; but still his father did not hear. Jack saw the crack grow wider, and that a great mass of slate was just ready to fall on his father's head. There was no time to lose; the boy leapt down from the ledge of rock he stood upon, to rush towards his father, who then looked up, and Jack, quite out of breath, pointed to the cause of danger. His father sprang back, but before Jack could reach him the whole mass fell with a loud crash.

When the thick cloud of dust had passed away, the father looked round for little Jack. He was nowhere to be seen: heaps of slate seemed to fill the place where he had been standing. "Jack!" called the father again and again; but all was silent. He tried to move the

masses of slate, and other workmen who heard the crash ran to help him.

Whilst doing this, one of the men called out, "Howard, take care!" The warning came too late—a huge crag of slate fell on Jack's father. In an instant he lay crushed beneath its weight. There was light enough to see at once that all was over, and the men stood round in awe-struck silence.

At last one man said, "Where is Jack?—he may not be killed, we will not give him up. One of us must go and tell Howard's wife, and prepare her for his being taken home. Do you go, John—she knows you best; and we will see what can be done for the lad, if he is still alive."

John left the mine, and was soon at the open door of Howard's cottage in the vale below. The father's arm-chair stood by the bright fireside, ready for his return home that Saturday night, and his wife was busy making their home look clean and nice for a happy Sunday. John went in—no words were needed to tell of bad news. The wife at once knew that her husband was hurt, and was rushing out to see the worst, when John held her back and said she must not go, for the men would soon bring her husband home. He did not speak of Jack, for while there was yet any hope for the child, John would not add to her great grief.

Where was little Jack? When the great mass of slate fell, he was below the place where his father was working, and under the shelter of a rock which kept the slate from falling on him, but it shut him up on every side.

At first this did not trouble him; his mind was taken up with hope and joy, for he thought his father was safe. But soon his heart sank within him, for it seemed as if he were buried alive. He had no food or light, and no help of any kind—he was quite alone.

"But I am not lost," was the thought of poor little Jack; "for mother and I have often read that we are never alone—God is with me even here, and He will

take care of me." Then he prayed for his father, and sat down on the dry rock, to wait for what might come to him. He thought of the sparrows, and that God takes care of them, and "will much more take care of us." Jack could not tell how long he had sat in darkness, for minutes seem like hours at such times. By-and-by he felt his feet getting wet. He stooped down to feel, and his fingers dipped into some water! It was very strange, for he had not seen any water near that place. Then he felt the water coming higher up his feet—to his ankles, and slowly to his legs. He sprang up in terror. He knew there was a pool of water in the mine above him, and perhaps the fresh cracks in the slate had let the water run down into his small cave. He stood still, but alas! there was no mistake; he was sure that he felt the water creeping up his legs. "Is there no help for me!" was the cry of the poor boy. He tried to scramble higher up in the cave, and felt with his hands all over the rocky roof in hopes of finding some way for escape; but in vain. The water rose up to his waist—his hands could scarcely hold on to the rock; he grew faint. "Good-bye, mother!" were the last words, as his hands loosed their hold. He was just sinking into the dark waters, when the light of a lamp shone over him. Kind hands were stretched out to help him, kind voices reached his ear—little Jack was saved!

A second time that day the friends of Howard went sadly into his cottage, bearing the pale, cold form of his child to be laid on the mother's lap.

She was told how Jack had tried to save his father, and now bent over her boy to listen for some sign of life. He did not speak or move, but she thought he breathed. She held his cold hands to her bosom, and laid her cheek upon his, to bring back its warmth and colour. She felt his head move—his eyes opened, and he saw her! The eyes closed again, and he fell into a deep sleep.

Many long days had to pass before Jack could tell

what he had gone through in that dark cave, and very gently he was told of his father's death. It was a shock he could hardly bear; but the widowed mother strove, in her deepest grief, to make her children feel "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

THE VAUDOIS TEACHER.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

[The manner in which the Waldenses disseminated their principles among the Catholics, was by carrying with them a box of trinkets or articles of dress. Having entered the houses of the gentry, and disposed of some of their goods, they intimated that they had inestimable jewels, and would then present their purchasers with a Bible or Testament.]

OH, lady fair, these silks of mine are beautiful and rare—
The richest web of the Indian loom, which beauty's queen might wear;
And my pearls are as pure as thine own fair neck, with whose radiant light they vie,
I have brought them with me a weary way,—will my gentle lady buy?

And the lady smiled on the worn old man, through the dark and clustering curls,
Which veiled her brow, as she bent to view his silks and glittering pearls;
And she placed their price in the old man's hand, and lightly turn'd away,
But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call—"My gentle lady, stay!"

"Oh, lady fair, I have yet a gem, which a purer lustre flings,
Than the diamond flash of the jewelled crown on the lofty brow of kings—

A wonderful pearl, of exceeding price, whose virtue
shall not decay,
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee, and a blessing
on thy way!"

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel, where her form
of grace was seen,
Where her eye shone clear, and her dark locks waved
their clasping pearls between;
"Bring forth the pearl of exceeding worth, thou traveller
grey and old—
And name the price of thy precious gem, and my page
shall count the gold."

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow, as a small
and meagre book
Unchased with gold or gem of cost, from his folding robe
he took!
"Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price, may it prove as
such to thee!
Nay—keep thy gold—I ask it not, the Word of God is
free!"

The hoary traveller went his way, but the gift he left
behind
Hath had its pure and perfect work on that high-born
maiden's mind,
And she hath turned from the pride of sin to the low-
liness of truth,
And given her human heart to God in its beautiful hour
of youth!

And she hath left the grey old halls, where an evil faith
had power,
The courtly knights of her father's train, and the
maidens of her bower;
And she hath gone to the Vaudois vales by lordly feet
untrod,
Where the poor and needy of earth are rich in the
perfect love of God.

RAKING UP THE FIRE.

MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

WE have a custom at our house which we call *raking up the fire.* That is to say, the last half-hour before bed-time, we draw in, shoulder to shoulder, around the last brands and embers of our hearth, which we rake up and brighten, and dispose for a few farewell flickers and glimmers. This is a grand time for discussion. Then we talk over parties, if the young people have been out of an evening,—a book, if we have been reading one; we discuss and analyse characters,—give our views on all subjects, æsthetic, theological, and scientific, in a way most wonderful to hear; and, in fact, we sometimes get so engaged in our discussions that every spark of the fire burns out, and we begin to feel ourselves shivering around the shoulders, before we can remember that it is bed-time.

So, after the reading of my last article, we had a "raking-up talk,"—to wit, Jenny, Marianne, and I, with Bob Stephens; my wife, still busy at her work-basket, sat at the table a little behind us. Jenny, of course, opened the ball in her usual incisive manner.

"But now, papa, after all you say in your piece there, I cannot help feeling, that, if I had the taste and the money too, it would be better than the taste alone with no money. I like the nice arrangements and the books and the drawings; but I think all these would appear better still with really elegant furniture."

"Who doubts that?" said I. "Give me a large tub of gold coin to dip into, and the furnishing and beautifying of a house is a simple affair. The same taste that could make beauty out of cents and dimes could make it more abundantly out of dollars and eagles. But I have been speaking for those who have not, and cannot get, riches, and who wish to have agreeable

houses; and I begin in the outset by saying that beauty is a thing to be respected, reverenced, and devoutly cared for,—and then I say that BEAUTY IS CHEAP, nay, to put it so that the shrewdest will understand it, BEAUTY IS THE CHEAPEST THING YOU CAN HAVE, because in many ways it is a substitute for expense. A few vases of flowers in a room, a few blooming, well-kept plants, a few prints framed in fanciful frames of cheap domestic fabric, a statuette, a bracket, an engraving, a pencil-sketch, above all, a few choice books, —all these, arranged by a woman who has the gift in her finger-ends, often produce such an illusion on the mind's eye that one goes away without once having noticed that the cushion of the arm-chair was worn out, and that some veneering had fallen off the centre-table.

"I have a friend, a schoolmistress, who lives in a poor little cottage enough, which, let alone of the Graces, might seem mean and sordid, but a few flower-seeds and a little weeding in the spring make it, all summer, an object which everybody stops to look at. Her æsthetic soul was at first greatly tried with the water-barrel which stood under the eaves-spout,—a most necessary evil, since only thus could her scanty supply of soft water for domestic purposes be secured. One of the Graces, however, suggested to her a happy thought. She planted a row of morning-glories round the bottom of her barrel, and drove a row of tacks around the top, and strung her water-butt with twine, like a great harpsichord. A few weeks covered the twine with blossoming plants, which every morning were a mass of many-coloured airy blooms, waving in graceful sprays, and looking at themselves in the water. The water-barrel, in fact, became a celebrated stroke of ornamental gardening, which the neighbours came to look at."

"Well, but," said Jenny, "everybody hasn't mamma's faculty with flowers. Flowers will grow for some people, and for some they wont. Nobody can see

what mamma does so very much, but her plants always look fresh and thriving and healthy,—her things blossom just when she wants them, and do anything else she wishes them to; and there are other people that fume and fuss and try, and their things wont do anything at all."

"I can tell you what your mother puts into her plants," said I,—"just what she has put into her children, and all her other home things,—her *heart.* She *loves* them; she lives in them; she has in herself a plant-life and a plant-sympathy. She feels for them as if she herself were a plant; she anticipates their wants,—always remembers them without an effort, and so the care flows to them daily and hourly. She hardly knows when she does the things that make them grow,—but she gives them a minute a hundred times a day. She moves this nearer the glass,—draws that back,—detects some thief of a worm on one,—digs at the root of another, to see why it droops,—washes these leaves, and sprinkles those,—waters, and refrains from watering, all with the habitual care of love. Your mother herself doesn't know why her plants grow; it takes a philosopher and a writer to tell her what the cause is."

Here I saw my wife laughing over her work-basket as she answered,—

"Girls, one of these days, *I* will write an article, that your papa need not have *all* the say to himself: however, I believe he has hit the nail on the head this time."

"Of course he has," said Marianne. "But, mamma, I am afraid to begin to depend much on plants for the beauty of my rooms, for fear I should not have your gift,—and of all forlorn and hopeless things in a room, ill-kept plants are the most so."

"I would not recommend," said I, "a young housekeeper, just beginning, to rest much for her home ornament on plant-keeping, unless she has an experience of her own love and talent in this line, which

makes her sure of success; for plants will not thrive, if they are forgotten or overlooked, and only tended in occasional intervals; and, as Marianne says, neglected plants are the most forlorn of all things."

"But, papa," said Marianne, anxiously, "there, in those patent parlours of John's that you wrote of, flowers acted a great part."

"The charm of those parlours of John's may be chemically analysed," I said. "In the first place, there is sunshine, a thing that always affects the human nerves of happiness. Why else is it that people are always so glad to see the sun after a long storm? why are bright days matters of such congratulation? Sunshine fills a house with a thousand beautiful and fanciful effects of light and shade,—with soft, luminous, reflected radiances, that give picturesque effects to the pictures, books, statuettes of an interior. John, happily, had no money to buy brocatelle curtains,—and besides this, he loved sunshine too much to buy them, if he could. He had been enough with artists to know that heavy damask curtains darken precisely that part of the window where the light proper for pictures and statuary should come in, namely, the upper part. The fashionable system of curtains lights only the legs of the chairs and the carpets, and leaves all the upper portion of the room in shadow. John's windows have shades which can at pleasure be drawn down from the top or up from the bottom, so that the best light to be had may always be arranged for his little interior."

"Well, papa," said Marianne, "in your chemical analysis of John's rooms, what is the next thing to the sunshine?"

"The next," said I, "is harmony of colour. The wall-paper, the furniture, the carpets, are of tints that harmonize with one another. This is a grace in rooms always, and one often neglected. The French have an expressive phrase with reference to articles which are out of accord,—they say that they swear at each

other. I have been in rooms where I seemed to hear the wall-paper swearing at the carpet, and the carpet swearing back at the wall-paper, and each article of furniture swearing at the rest. These appointments may all of them be of the most expensive kind, but with such dis-harmony no arrangement can ever produce anything but a vulgar and disagreeable effect. On the other hand, I have been in rooms where all the material was cheap, and the furniture poor, but where, from some instinctive knowledge of the reciprocal effect of colours, everything was harmonious, and produced a sense of elegance.

"Now, you girls have been busy lately in schemes for buying a velvet carpet for the new parlour that is to be, and the only points that have seemed to weigh in the council were that it was velvet, that it was cheaper than velvets usually are, and that it was a genteel pattern."

"Now, papa," said Jenny, "what ears you have! We thought you were reading all the time!"

"I see what you are going to say," said Marianne. "You think that we have not once mentioned the consideration which should determine the carpet,—whether it will harmonize with our other things. But you see, papa, we don't really know what our other things are to be."

"Yes," said Jenny, "and Aunt Easygo said it was an unusually good chance to get a velvet carpet."

"Yet, good as the chance is, it costs just twice as much as an ingrain."

"Yes, papa, it does."

"And you are not sure that the effect of it, after you get it down, will be as good as a well-chosen ingrain one."

"That's true," said Marianne, reflectively.

"But, then, papa," said Jenny, "Aunt Easygo said she never heard of such a bargain; only think, two dollars a yard for a *velvet!*"

"And why is it two dollars a yard? Is the man a

personal friend, that he wishes to make you a present of a dollar on the yard? or is there some reason why it is undesirable?" said I.

"Well, you know, papa, he said those large patterns were not so saleable."

"To tell the truth," said Marianne, "I never did like the pattern exactly; as to uniformity of tint, it might match with anything, for there's every colour of the rainbow in it."

"You see, papa, it's a gorgeous flower-pattern," said Jenny.

"Well, Marianne, how many yards of this wonderfully cheap carpet do you want?"

"We want sixty yards for both rooms," said Jenny, always primed with statistics.

"That will be a hundred and twenty dollars," I said.

"Yes," said Jenny, "and we went over the figures together, and thought we could make it out by economizing in other things. Aunt Easygo said that the carpet was half the battle,—that it gave the air to everything else."

"Well, Marianne, if you want a man's advice in the case, mine is at your service."

"That is just what I want, papa."

"Well, then, my dear, choose your wall-papers and borderings, and when they are up, choose an ingrain carpet to harmonize with them, and adapt your furniture to the same idea. The sixty dollars that you save on your carpet spend on engravings, chromo-lithographs, or photographs of some really *good* works of art, to adorn your walls."

"Papa, I'll do it," said Marianne.

"My little dear," said I, "your papa may seem to be a sleepy old book-worm, yet he has his eyes open. Do you think I don't know why my girls have the credit of being the best-dressed girls on the street?"

"Oh, papa!" cried out both girls in a breath.

"Fact, that!" said Bob, with energy, pulling at his

moustache. "Everybody talks about your dress, and wonders how you make it out."

"Well," said I, "I presume you do not go into a shop and buy a yard of ribbon because it is selling at half-price, and put it on without considering complexion, eyes, hair, and shade of the dress, do you?"

"Of course we don't!" chimed in the duo, with energy.

"Of course you don't. Haven't I seen you mincing downstairs, with all your colours harmonized, even to your gloves and gaiters? Now, a room must be dressed as carefully as a lady."

"Well, I'm convinced," said Jenny, "that papa knows how to make rooms prettier than Aunt Easygo; but then she said this was *cheap*, because it would outlast two common carpets."

"But, as you pay double price," said I, "I don't see that. Besides, I would rather, in the course of twenty years, have two nice, fresh ingrain carpets, of just the colour and pattern that suited my rooms, than labour along with one ill-chosen velvet that harmonized with nothing."

"I give it up," said Jenny; "I give it up."

"Now, understand me," said I; "I am not traducing velvet or Brussels or Axminster. I admit that more beautiful effects can be found in those goods than in the humbler fabrics of the carpet-rooms. Nothing would delight me more than to put an unlimited credit to Marianne's account, and let her work out the problems of harmonious colour in velvet and damask. All I have to say is, that certain unities of colour, certain general arrangements, will secure very nearly as good general effects in either material. A library with a neat, mossy green carpet on the floor, harmonizing with wall-paper and furniture, looks generally as well, whether the mossy green is made in Brussels or in ingrain. In the carpet-stores, these two materials stand side by side in the very same pattern, and one is often as good for the purpose as the other. A lady

of my acquaintance, some years since, employed an artist to decorate her parlours. The walls being frescoed and tinted to suit his ideal, he immediately issued his decree that her splendid velvet carpets must be sent to auction, and others bought of certain colours, harmonizing with the walls. Unable to find exactly the colour and pattern he wanted, he at last had the carpets woven in a neighbouring factory, where, as yet, they had only the art of weaving ingrains. Thus was the material sacrificed at once to the harmony.

"But now to return to my analysis of John's rooms.

"Another thing which goes a great way towards giving them their agreeable air is the books in them. Some people are fond of treating books as others do children. One room in the house is selected, and every book driven into it and kept there. Yet nothing makes a room so home-like, so companionable, and gives it such an air of refinement, as the presence of books. They change the aspect of a parlour from that of a mere reception-room, where visitors perch for a transient call, and give it the air of a room where one feels like taking off one's things to stay. It gives the appearance of permanence and repose and quiet fellowship; and next to pictures on the walls, the many-coloured bindings and gildings of books are the most agreeable adornment of a room."

"Then, Marianne," said Bob, "we have something to start with, at all events. There are my English Classics and English Poets, and my uniform editions of Scott, and Thackeray, and Macaulay, and Prescott, and Irving, and Longfellow, and Lowell, and Hawthorne, and Holmes, and a host more. We really have something pretty there."

"You are a lucky girl," I said, "to have so much secured. A girl brought up in a house full of books, always able to turn to this or that author and look for any passage or poem when she thinks of it, doesn't know what a blank a house without books might be."

"Well," said Marianne, "mamma and I were counting over my treasures the other day. Do you know, I have one really fine old engraving, that Bob says is quite a genuine thing; and then there is that pencil-sketch that poor Schöne made for me the month before he died,—it is truly artistic."

"And I have a couple of capital things of Landseer's," said Bob.

"There's no danger that your rooms will not be pretty," said I, "now you are fairly on the right track."

"But, papa," said Marianne, "I am troubled about one thing. My love of beauty runs into everything. I want pretty things for my table,—and yet, as you say, servants are so careless, one cannot use such things freely without great waste."

"For my part," said my wife, "I believe in best china, to be kept carefully on an upper shelf, and taken down for high-days and holidays; it may be a superstition, but I believe in it. It must never be taken out except when the mistress herself can see that it is safely cared for. My mother always washed her china herself; and it was a very pretty social ceremony, after tea was over, while she sat among us washing her pretty cups, and wiping them on a fine damask towel."

"With all my heart," said I; "have your best china, and venerate it,—it is one of the loveliest of domestic superstitions; only do not make it a bar to hospitality, and shrink from having a friend to tea with you, unless you feel equal to getting up to the high shelf where you keep it, getting it down, washing, and putting it up again.

"But in serving a table, I say, as I said of a house, beauty is a necessity, and beauty is cheap. Because you cannot afford beauty in one form, it does not follow that you cannot have it in another. Because one cannot afford to keep up a perennial supply of delicate china and crystal, subject to the accidents of raw, untrained servants, it does not follow that the every-day

table need present a sordid assortment of articles chosen simply for cheapness, while the whole capacity of the purse is given to the set for ever locked away for state occasions.

"A table-service, all of simple white, of graceful forms, even though not of china, if arranged with care, with snowy, well-kept table linen, clear glasses, and bright electro-plate in place of solid silver, may be made to look inviting; add a glass of flowers every day, and your table may look pretty;—and it is far more important that it should look pretty for the family every day than for company once in two weeks."

"I tell my girls," said my wife, "as the result of my experience, you may have your pretty china and your lovely fanciful articles for the table only so long as you can take all the care of them yourselves. As soon as you get tired of doing this, and put them into the hands of the trustiest servants, some good, well-meaning creature, is sure to break her heart and your own and your very pet darling china pitcher all in one and the same minute; and then her frantic despair leaves you not even the relief of scolding."

"I have become perfectly sure," said I, "that there are spiteful little brownies, intent on seducing good women to sin, who mount guard over the special idols of the china closet. If you hear a crash, and a loud Irish wail from the inner depths, you never think of its being a yellow pie-plate, or that dreadful one-handled tureen that you have been wishing were broken these five years; no, indeed,—it is sure to be the lovely painted china bowl, or the engraved glass goblet, with quaint old English initials. China sacrificed must be a great means of saintship to women. Pope, I think, puts it as the crowning grace of his perfect woman, that she is

'Mistress of herself, though china fall.'"

"I ought to be a saint by this time, then," said

mamma; "for in the course of my days I have lost so many idols by breakage, and peculiar accidents that seemed by a special fatality to befall my prettiest and most irreplaceable things, that in fact it has come to be a superstitious feeling now with which I regard anything particularly pretty of a breakable nature."

"Well," said Marianne, "unless one has a great deal of money, it seems to me that the investment in these pretty fragilities is rather a poor one."

"Yet," said I, "the principle of beauty is never so captivating as when it presides over the hour of daily meals. I would have the room where they are served one of the pleasantest and sunniest in the house. I would have its colouring cheerful, and there should be companionable pictures and engravings on the walls. Of all things I dislike a room that seems to be kept like a restaurant, merely to eat in. I like to see in a dining-room something that betokens a pleasant sitting-room at other hours. I like there some books, a comfortable sofa or lounge, and all that should make it cosy and inviting. The custom in some families, of adopting for the daily meals one of the two parlours which a city-house furnishes, has often seemed to me a particularly happy one. You take your meals, then, in an agreeable place, surrounded by the little pleasant arrangements of your daily sitting-room; and after the meal, if the lady of the house does the honours of her own pretty china herself, the office may be a pleasant and social one.

"Finally and lastly," I said, "in my analysis and explication of the agreeableness of those same parlours, comes the crowning grace—their *homeliness*. By homeliness I mean not ugliness, as the word is apt to be used, but the air that is given to a room by being *really* at home in it. Not the most skilful arrangement can impart this charm.

"It is said that a king of France once remarked, 'My son, you must seem to love your people.'

"'Father, how shall I *seem* to love them?'

"'My son, you *must* love them.'

"So, to make rooms *seem* home-like you must be at home in them. Human light and warmth are so wanting in some rooms, it is so evident that they are never used, that you can never be at ease there. In vain the housemaid is taught to wheel the sofa and turn chair towards chair; in vain it is attempted to imitate a negligent arrangement of the centre-table.

"Books that have really been read and laid down, chairs that have really been moved here and there in the animation of social contact, have a sort of human vitality in them; and a room in which people really live and enjoy is as different from a shut-up apartment as a live woman from a wax image.

"Even rooms furnished without taste often become charming from this one grace, that they seem to let you into the home life and home current. You seem to understand in a moment that you are taken into the family, and are moving in its inner circles, and not revolving at a distance in some outer court of the gentiles.

"How many people do we call on from year to year and know no more of their feelings, habits, tastes, family ideas and ways, than if they lived in Kamtschatka! And why? Because the room which they call front parlour is made expressly so that you never shall know. They sit in a back room,—work, talk, read, perhaps. After the servant has let you in and opened a crack of the shutters, and while you sit waiting for them to change their dress and come in, you speculate as to what they may be doing. From some distant region, the laugh of a child, the song of a canary-bird, reaches you, and then a door claps hastily to. Do they love plants? Do they write letters, sew, embroider, crochet? Do they ever romp and frolic? What books do they read? Do they sketch or paint? Of all these possibilities the mute and muffled room says nothing. A sofa and six chairs, two ottomans fresh from the upholsterer's, a Brussels carpet, a centre-

table with four gilt Books of Beauty on it, a mantel-clock from Paris, and two bronze vases,—all these tell you only in frigid tones, 'This is the best room,' —only that, and nothing more,—and soon *she* trips in in her best clothes, and apologizes for keeping you waiting, asks how your mother is, and you remark that it is a pleasant day,—and thus the acquaintance progresses from year to year. One hour in the little back room, where the plants and canary-bird and children are, might have made you fast friends for life; but as it is, you care no more for them than for the gilt clock on the mantel."

Here Marianne shivered and drew up a shawl, and Jenny gaped; my wife folded up the garment in which she had set the last stitch, and the clock struck twelve.

Bob gave a low whistle. "Who knew it was so late?"

"We have talked the fire fairly out," said Jenny.

WE ARE SEVEN.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

I MET a little cottage girl,
  She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
  That cluster'd round her head.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
  How many may you be?"
"How many? seven in all," she said,
  And, wondering, look'd at me.

"And where are they, I pray you tell?"
She answer'd, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother.'

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet you are seven!—I pray you tell,
Sweet maid, how this may be."

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then you are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more, from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

My stockings there I often knit;
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit,
And sing a song to them.

And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

The first that died was little Jane,
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her from her pain,
And then she went away.

So in the churchyard she was laid;
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we play'd,
My brother John and I.

And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
Quick was the little maid's reply,
"Oh, master, we are seven."

"But they are dead—those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little maid would have her will,
And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

INEFFICIENCY OF HUMAN WORKS.

REV. HENRY MELVILL.

SOME persons think that if they repent of their sins, they shall be pardoned. In other words, they suppose that there is a virtue in repentance which causes it to procure forgiveness. Thus, repentance is exhibited as meritorious; and how shall we simply prove that it is not meritorious? Why, allowing that man can repent of himself,—which he cannot,—what is the repentance

on which he presumes? What is there in it of his own? The tears? they are but the dew of an eye, which is God's. The resolutions? they are but the workings of faculties, which are God's. The amendment? it is but the better employment of a life, which is God's. Where, then, is the merit? Oh, find something which is at the same time human and excellent in the offering, and you may speak of desert; but until then, away with the notion of there being merit in repentance!—seeing that the penitent man must say, "All things come of Thee, and of thine own, O God, do I give thee."

Again, some men will speak of being justified by faith, till they come to ascribe merit to faith. *By faith*, is interpreted as though it meant *on account of faith;* and thus the great truth is lost sight of, that we are justified freely "through the redemption that is in Christ." But how can faith be a meritorious act? What is faith, but such an assent of the understanding to God's word, as binds the heart to God's service? And whose is the understanding, if it be not God's? Whose is the heart, if it be not God's? And if faith be nothing but the rendering to God that intellect and that energy which we have received from God, how can faith deserve of God? Oh, as with repentance, so with faith: away with the notion of merit! He who believes, so that he can dare the grave and grasp eternity, must pour forth the confession, "All things come of Thee, and of thine own, O God, do I give thee."

And once more: what merit can there be in works? If you give much alms, whose is the money? "The silver is mine, and the gold is mine, saith the Lord of Hosts." If you mortify the body, whose are the macerated limbs? If you put sackcloth on the soul, whose is the chastened spirit? If you be moral, and honest, and friendly, and generous, and patriotic, whose are the dispositions which you exercise—whose the powers to which you give culture and scope? And if you use only God's gifts, can that be meritorious? You

may say, "Yes; it is meritorious to use them aright, whilst others abuse them." But is it wickedness to abuse? Then it can only be duty to use aright; and duty will be merit when debt is donation. You may bestow a fortune in charity, but the wealth is already the Lord's. You may cultivate the virtues which adorn and sweeten human life; but the employed powers are the Lord's. You may give time and strength to the enterprises of philanthropy; each moment is the Lord's, each sinew is the Lord's. You may be upright in every dealing of trade, scrupulously honourable in all the intercourses of life; but "a just weight and balance are the Lord's, all the weights of the bag are His work." And where, then, is the merit of works? Oh, throw into one heap each power of the mind, each energy of the body; use in God's service each grain of your substance, each second of your time; give to the Almighty every throb of the pulse, every drawing of the breath; labour, and strive, and be instant in season and out of season; and let the steepness of the mountain daunt you not, and the swellings of the ocean deter you not and the ruggedness of the desert appal you not;—but on! still on, in toiling for your Maker! and dream, and talk, and boast of merit, when you can find that particle in the heap, or that shred in the exploit, which you may exclude from the confession—"All things come of Thee, and of thine own, O God, have I given thee."

THE SECRET OF ENGLAND'S GLORY.

J. C. Tildesley.

In the beautiful isles of the burning South
A strange yet winsome story
Had passed along, from mouth to mouth,

Of a wonderful land in the Northern Sea,
Where all the people were happy and free—
A nation enshrin'd in glory.

The king of the isles, where the palm-trees wave,
When he heard these tidings of gladness,
Grew quiet, and thoughtful, and grave;
For he thought of his own down-trodden race,
Of the want and the woe in each heathenish face,
And his bosom grew heavy with sadness.

So he summoned a chieftain of high renown,
And told him the wondrous story:
How his thoughts were like thorns in his crown,
And bade him seek this land of the free—
This wonderful isle in the Northern Sea—
And find out the secret, if that might be,
Of all its grandeur and glory.

The chief went down to the frolicsome tide
In a glow of exultation,
And he sailed away o'er the ocean wild,
Till with wonder he reached the wish'd-for strand,
And went to the monarch who ruled the land—
The Queen of this wonderful nation.

"Oh! lady," he said, "in the isles afar,
We have heard a winsome story,
How happy and free your people are;
And my monarch has bidden me cross the sea,
To this isle of the happy, this home of the free,
And find out the secret, if that might be,
Of all its greatness and glory.

"Oh! say, does it lie in the ships that fly,
Albeit the winds are unsteady?
Or the turrets that mount aloft so high?
Or in the proud armies that cover the plain?
In the piles of commerce, or fields of grain?
Or the halls where fashion and beauty reign?—
Oh! tell me, gracious lady!"

The Queen glanced down on the ebon youth,
Well pleased with his earnest story,
And she gave him the Bible, the *Word of Truth.*
"Take *that*," she said, "'tis your wish'd-for prize,
For deep in its pages the treasure lies—
The secret of England's glory!"

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AUTUMN LEAVES.

ALEXANDER W. BUTLER.

GOLD-TINTED in the Autumn sun, the Autumn leaves are glowing,
Silently falling, one by one, while Autumn winds are blowing;
More beautiful than in their birth, as Christians are in dying,
They softly rustle down to earth, while the forest boughs are sighing.

And yet 'tis sad to watch them go, those whisperers of the wood,
That our own hearts had learnt to know, and almost understood,
To see them tremulously leap, as, driven by, they pass,
Like gentle billows o'er the deep of the dark green Autumn grass.

A little while ago 'twas Spring, and we loitered by the way,
Where the hawthorn bush was minist'ring to the glories of the May;
And now in the new-furrowed ridge the hawthorn flowers are sleeping,
And hawthorn leaflets make a bridge where the canker-worm is creeping.

Some on the silent river drift, bound none of us know where;
Some in a hospitable rift, hide from the frosty air;
Ah! sad the thought! their many hues now rudely mixed together,
Were once the care of Summer dews, the pride of the sunny weather.

And while the elm-tree's amberded store, chestnut and red-brown beech,
Are writing thus the solemn lore their fading beauties teach,
Young children, winnowing the leaves, the fallen nuts are seeking,—
Spring leaves themselves, they little know what the Autumn leaves are speaking!

They dream not of the dull heart-beat, and the soul-sky overcast,
That follow memory's restless feet, through the dead leaves of the past;
Nor how fond hope our toil employs, as we seek, and seek in vain,
To winnow from our withered joys, one that shall live again.

But, stay—methinks a voice I hear from the amber-gold and brown
Of the dying leaves, that in the clear, cold air are rustling down;
Are rustling down while the soft breeze prays, or in recesses dim
Of the cloistered wood, doth sweetly raise the notes of a parting hymn.

They say those leaves so beautiful, those leaves in death so fair,
Like us, live ever dutiful; like us, expire in prayer;

And then the sun that sees your fall shall be that
Father's eye,
Whose winds of heaven delight to call his children to
the sky.

SCENE IN THE TRIALS OF MARGARET LYNDSAY.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

THE twenty-fourth day of November came at last—a dim, dull, dreary, and obscure day, fit for parting everlastingly from a place or person tenderly beloved. There was no sun, no wind, no sound, in the misty and unechoing air. A deadness lay over the wet earth, and there was no visible heaven. Their goods and chattels were few; but many little delays occurred, some accidental, and more in the unwillingness of their hearts to take a final farewell. A neighbour had lent his cart for the flitting, and it was now standing loaded at the door ready to move away. The fire, which had been kindled in the morning with a few borrowed peats, was now out, the shutters closed, the door was locked and the key put into the hand of the person sent to receive it. And now there was nothing more to be said or done, and the impatient horse started briskly away from Braehead. The blind girl and poor Marion were sitting in the cart—Margaret and her mother were on foot. Esther had two or three small flower-pots in her lap, for in her blindness she loved the sweet fragrance and the felt forms and imagined beauty of flowers; and the innocent carried away her tame pigeon in her bosom. Just as Margaret lingered on the threshold, the robin redbreast that had been their boarder for several winters, hopped upon the stone seat at the side of the door, and turned up its merry eyes to her face. "There," said she, "is your last crumb from us, sweet Roby, but

there is a God who takes care o' us a'." The widow had by this time shut down the lid of her memory, and left all the hoard of her thoughts and feelings, joyful or despairing, buried in darkness. The assembled group of neighbours, mostly mothers with their children in their arms, had given the "God bless you, Alice, God bless you, Margaret, and the lave," and began to disperse; each turning to her own cares and anxieties, in which, before night, the Lyndsays would either be forgotten, or thought on with that unpainful sympathy, which is all the poor can afford or expect, but which, as in this case, often yields the fairest fruits of charity and love.

A cold sleety rain accompanied the cart and the foot travellers all the way to the city. Short as the distance was, they met with several other flittings, some seemingly cheerful, and from good to better—others with wobegone faces, going like themselves down the path of poverty on a journey from which they were to rest at night at a bare and hungry house.

The cart stopped at the foot of a lane too narrow to admit the wheels, and also too steep for a laden horse. Two or three of their new neighbours—persons in the very humblest condition, coarsely and negligently dressed, but seemingly kind and decent people—came out from their houses at the stopping of the cart wheels, and one of them said, "Ay, ay, here's the flitting, I'se warrant, frae Braehead. Is that you, Mrs. Lyndsay? Hech, sirs, but you've gotten a nasty cauld wet day for coming into Auld Reekie, as you kintra folks ca' Embro. Hae ye had ony tidings, say ye, o' your guidman since he gaed aff wi' that limmer? Dool be wi' her and a' sic like." Alice replied kindly to such questioning, for she knew it was not meant unkindly. The cart was soon unladen, and the furniture put into the empty room. A cheerful fire was blazing, and the animated and interested faces of the honest folks who crowded into it, on a slight acquaintance, unceremoniously and curiously, but without rudeness, gave a cheerful

welcome to the new dwelling. In a quarter of an hour the beds were laid down—the room decently arranged—one and all of the neighbours said, "Guid night," and the door was closed upon the Lyndsays in their new dwelling.

They blessed and ate their bread in peace. The Bible was then opened, and Margaret read a chapter. There was frequent and loud noise in the lane of passing merriment or anger, but this little congregation worshipped God in a hymn, Esther's sweet voice leading the sacred melody; and they knelt together in prayer. It has been beautifully said by one whose works are not unknown in the dwellings of the poor—

> "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
> He, like the world, his ready visit pays
> Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
> Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
> And lights on lids unsullied with a tear."

Not so did sleep this night forsake the wretched. He came like moonlight into the house of the widow and the fatherless, and under the shadow of his wings their souls lay in oblivion of all trouble, or perhaps solaced even with delightful dreams.

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THE MITHERLESS BAIRN.

WILLIAM THOM.

WHEN a' ither bairnies are hushed to their hame
By auntie, or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,
Wha stands last and lanely, an' naebody carin'?
'Tis the puir doited loonie—the mitherless bairn.

The mitherless bairn gangs to his lane bed,
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;
His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
An' litheless the lair o' the mitherless bairn.

Aneath his cauld brow siccan dreams hoven there,
O' hands that wont kindly to kame his dark hair;
But morning brings clutches a' reckless and stern,
That lo'e nae the locks o' the mitherless bairn!

Yon sister, that sang o'er his saftly rocked bed,
Now rests in the mools where her mammy is laid;
The father toils sair their wee bannock to earn,
An' kens na the wrangs o' his mitherless bairn.

Her spirit that passed in yon hour o' his birth,
Still watches his wearisome wanderings on earth;
Recording in heaven the blessings they earn
Wha couthilie deal wi' the mitherless bairn!

Oh! speak na him harshly—he trembles the while,
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile;
In their dark hour o' anguish, the heartless shall learn
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn!

OMNISCIENCE AND OMNIPRESENCE OF GOD.

EAST.

GOD is everywhere, and knows all persons, and all events.

Of the truth of this fact we have a consciousness, which no art, no reasoning, can expel. We feel conscious that there is no place in heaven above, or on earth beneath, from whence God is excluded:—we feel conscious that in the deepest vale, as well as on the mountain top, in subterraneous caverns, as well as open

plains; when surrounded by the darkness of midnight, as well as the splendour of noon-day, he is around us and knows us:—we feel conscious that if we could transport ourselves with the rapidity of lightning from our present local habitation to the extreme verge of the habitable globe, we should not be able to light on a single spot and take our stand and say, "Here, His eye shall not see us; here, His ear shall not hear us; here, His justice cannot overtake us; here, His grace cannot save us. And if we could leave this diurnal sphere and ascend up to heaven, we are conscious that we should see him in all the uncreated majesty of his being;—and could we descend to hell, we should behold him in all the terrors of his vengeance. But while his presence is diffused through every part of the visible and invisible creation, it is sometimes more expressly manifested in particular places and at appointed seasons. In *heaven* he draws aside the veil of concealment, and exhibits before its inhabitants all the uncreated beauties of his nature. They see God;—they see him as he is, with his unveiled face. What a sight! What tongue can describe it? What hand can sketch it? What imagination conceive it? What sublime and awful impressions must it produce! What an ecstasy of bliss! What a fulness of delight! And has he not said, "Wheresoever my name is recorded, there I will come to you?" Yes; his name is recorded here, and here his honour dwelleth. Here he comes in the ministry of reconciliation, slays the enmity of the human heart, roots up the deep-struck prejudices against the simplicity and spirituality of his truth, disperses the fears and terrors of guilt, soothes the agitated breast, heals the wounded spirit, and lifts upon his people, in the radiance of brightness, the light of his countenance, and shines upon them according to the riches of his glory by Christ Jesus. We want no fresh evidence to convince us of the fact, it is attested by our own experience, for we have seen the goings of our God in his sanctuary, and often en-

joyed the expressions of his lovingkindness and sovereign grace. Infidelity would exclude him from our world; but are there not many local spots which he has often animated and enlivened by his presence? Have you not, in the retirements of solitude, often enjoyed sweet and unbroken communion with him? Have you not, when engaged in the holy exercise of meditation and prayer, felt a tranquillity of mind which no cares could ruffle; an elevation of feeling which no guilt could repress; a moral sublimity of sentiment which has already identified you with the spirits of the just made perfect, though on this side the waters of separation? And though the enemies of religion would deprecate the sentiments we have now uttered as the rhapsodies of fanaticism, you, my Christian brethren, dare not. Shall we admit the universality of the divine presence, and yet deprive him of the power of manifesting it to his creatures? or shall we say that the special manifestation of his favour will create no sublime emotions in the human heart? "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

VICE AND VIRTUE.

ALEXANDER POPE.

FOOLS but too often into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
'Tis to mistake them costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

But where the extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed :
Ask where's the North ? at York 'tis on the Tweed ;
In Scotland, at the Orcades ; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or I know not where.
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbour farther gone than he ;
E'en those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own :
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in the extreme, but all in the degree ;
The rogue and fool by fits are fair and wise ;
And e'en the best, by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill ;
For, vice or virtue, self directs it still ;
Each individual seeks a several goal ;
But heaven's great view is one, and that the whole.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

BERNARD BARTON.

MARTYRS have died, and nature smil'd the same :—
But was not thy Divinity reveal'd,
By the rent temple's veil, the graves unseal'd,
And saints who rose thy triumph to proclaim ?
Heaven's starless darkness, and earth's shuddering frame
In awful terrors for their God appeal'd ;
Bidding each heart by disbelief unsteel'd,
Adore with trembling thy most holy name.
O ! would it have been thus if *man*, alone,
Possessing all *humanity* could hoard,
In virtue's noblest cause his blood had pour'd ?
Believe it not ; creation knew the tone
Of her Creator,—on the cross or throne ;
And thus confess'd her EVERLASTING LORD.

JOE STAVELEY.

By the Author of "Kirkbeck."

Every country village has, or ought to have, its "Jack of all trades," one of those useful people who, having no special vocation of their own, seem to have adopted that of every one else, and to do everything that does not "come handy" to other people. Such a person has long been known and prized at Kirkbeck under the name of Joe Staveley.

Joe is (as such individuals by established rule should be) a bachelor—a slight and rather small-made man, with dexterous quick moving hands and feet; a slender rather long neck, which seems to have some peculiar power of turning every way at once; small, shrewd, light-coloured eyes, which apparently see all around him; a rather delicate and well-shaped nose and mouth, the latter somewhat overstocked with white teeth, which give a general character of good-humour to the whole face, which is completed by a high forehead quite bald at the top and fringed at the sides, with thick, stiff, grizzled hair. Add a light-brown velveteen frock-coat and loose trousers, a red waistcoat, a black silk handkerchief, very loosely knotted round his neck, and a low grey cap (Sunday is the only day graced with a hat), and you have a tolerably literal portrait of Joe Staveley's exterior man. It would not be quite so easy to describe the interior. Perhaps the prominent and most noticeable feature in that is a more than ordinary share of benevolence and kindness of heart, which makes him universally interested in every one's affairs; a quality which in spite of some tendency to degenerate into busybodyness and gossipry, is so genuine in sincerity and practical results in Joe, that no one can find fault with it. Joe is always cheerful—he has had his cares, and felt them too, for his heart is warm and sensitive, but a naturally buoyant and contented spirit

has, by God's grace, enabled him lightly to leap over sorrow, and habits of ceaseless occupation, together with a most firm and unvarying conviction that all God does is right, have always prevented care from weighing him down long. I am not sure that a better summary of Joe's character could be found than St. Paul's description of charity—he certainly is one of those very few who "think no evil"—for whatever his neighbours may be doing, have done, or be about to do, Joe is sure to put the most favourable construction on their actions that ingenuity can devise; and it is quite established in the village that his must be a poor case indeed for whom Joe has nothing but a shake of the head, and an "Ah, poor fellow! may be if ane knew a', he's not so much to blame as it looks!"

Probably no one has ever heard Joe speak ill of any one; indeed I believe he speaks regretfully even of Napoleon Bonaparte, who is his beau ideal of wickedness, and as to bearing all things, few could more literally have fulfilled the precept of giving good things in return for evil things, than he did in his early life. Joe never was a man to talk much about religion—his was a religion rather of thoughts and deeds than of words, but it bore those fruits by which the tree is to be known.

Such was the man, who, after a fashion of his own, pretty well ruled our village. It would be hard to define the multifarious offices which he undertook, in addition to being the universal confidant, counsellor, and sympathizer. He physicked everybody's dogs, cats, birds, poultry, and cattle, and even occasionally trespassed on Dr. Martin's province with certain nostrums—herb teas, wonderful ointments, and plasters of his own manufacture and administration. If Joe could have offended any one, he would have mortally offended Sir John Elter's first-rate London cook by fulfilling the request of that experienced artist's master, who wished Joe to initiate her into his arts of baking the lightest bread, boiling the mealiest potatoes, and

frying the most matchless bacon! He could mend a boot or a shoe as well as the village cobbler;—put a patch or a button on a coat as well as the tailor; handle a plane or a hammer as well as the carpenter, and shoe a horse a great deal better than the blacksmith. Joe's garden was one of his great hobbies, but he had also a large field of scientific occupation, probably the result of a few years spent in his early life with a certain professor—nominally a geologist, but in fact a very mine of every conceivable intellectual and scientific attainment. I think Joe must have been something like his master from the descriptions I have heard of the superior man of science; with one exception, that Joe was rather proud of his attainments, and apt to make a little display thereof; whereas the professor's self-conceit was decidedly in the inverse ratio to his knowledge. A barometer, thermometer, and rain-gauge—a few fossils and minerals, some books on geology, meteorology, and similar subjects; and a considerable stock of rather bold theories with regard to each, formed Joe's stock in hand of science, and many a time he made Mr. Browne, the worthy fat miller, the old clerk, and even the schoolmaster himself gape with admiration at his profound knowledge on some such topic. But great as was the favour with which all ages looked upon Joe, he was above all the intimate friend and ally of every child in the parish, from Molly Grimes' shy crying baby, who could be stilled by Joe's dandling better than anybody else's, to the boys and girls who ran to tell him before anybody of their first engagement to service, with a large intermediate number of small people who really loved him as much for himself as for his toffy and gingerbread and gooseberries, which were liberally bestowed upon all whom he considered deserving.

A general impression prevailed among Joe's neighbours that he was (comparatively speaking) a rich man. This arose from his great liberality, and the readiness of his gifts to all around him; but it was not really the

case. Joe was one of those "poor men who yet have great riches;" because he had a contented and a liberal spirit, but in reality he had no more than just enough to supply his needs, which were not many. A very small pension from his old master was all his regular provision, and although after a fashion of his own Joe exercised so many trades, they were all for love and none for gain. But his wants were few, and he never counted himself poor.

The time came, however, when even Joe could not help wishing for a little greater wealth, but that was not for himself.

One December day the post brought Joe a letter from a brother several years younger than himself, who had always been wild and caused trouble and anxiety in his family. Henry Staveley had gone to America while quite a young man, and after his return had settled in Manchester, where getting involved with a set of political agitators, his conduct had been so unsatisfactory that gradually all intercourse with his brother (the only remaining member of the family) ceased; for though Joe was not a man to give up a brother because he went astray, Henry Staveley had little pleasure in communication with Joe, whom he considered as a terribly prosy, old-fashioned sort of person. But when poverty and sickness came upon him, he saw things in a different light, and began rather to look back with tenderness and longing upon early days, and his father's home. For some time he hesitated and paused; pride making him reluctant to apply to Joe in spite of his undoubted kindness and gentleness of disposition. But he had one strong impulse, and that was a little daughter, orphaned practically, though not literally, for the mother, one of the utterly irreligious set with which Henry Staveley had joined himself, had forsaken both husband and child. For this little one's sake the poor father conquered his pride, and wrote to his brother in short but earnest

words, that told how great his distress was better than the most graphic description would have done.

Joe was very busy trying to mend his favourite Dutch clock, which had got out of order, when the postmaster's son appeared with the letter. He was not accustomed to any very extensive correspondence, and this arrival was sufficient to make him look up from his otherwise absorbing occupation with considerable interest.

"Eh, what? a letter for me, lad. Gie 't us here. Stop a bit—Nip, hold o' yon wheel a minute, will ye? Bide still wi' it, lad, if ye can, it's neat holdin' is yon. Now let's look to t' letter.—Eh, what! if 'tisn't Harry's scriftin! What's he after now? No comin' *here* to give ony o' his what d'ye call 'em Socialist lectures, I hope! It's like plenty for me to hear Muster Mordaunt preach—I don't want to hear no Manchester men! Eh, what! it's no that either! 'Very bad'—'doctor says not likely to mend!' . . . . . 'dear brother,' 'little daughter Lucy'—Eh, what! but this is a baddish set to! Poor Harry! I maun gang to him, and see arter him . . . . I say, laddie, ye needna' mind hauding yon wheel nae langer. I cannat mind t' clock now. There's wheels that matters more nor yon amiss, and I maun see what I can do wi' 'em. Easier to patch up t' owld clock than a man that's goin' doon. Eh, to be sure! to be sure."

And in such soliloquizing talk Joe spent a short hour, which sufficed to set his small house in order, and to put a few things in a bundle, with which, and the little money he had, Joe prepared to start for Manchester. A visit to the Vicarage, in order to inform Mr. Mordaunt of his journey, completed Joe's preparations, and he was soon in the coach which would convey him to the nearest point at which he could join a railway. No time was lost certainly, but Joe only arrived in time to see his brother die—his bodily sufferings exceeded by mental pangs, as when all too late he found that the

one thing which would have smoothed his dying bed had been neglected, and knew not how or where to seek for rest.

When Joe returned to Kirkbeck, which he did as speedily as was possible, he was accompanied by his little niece Lucy, a remarkably small, delicate looking child, who at six years had limbs proportionate to one half the age, and with her large blue eyes, and silky flaxen hair, neatly knotted behind, looked a curious mixture of baby and premature old woman. Joe was obliged to give some consideration as to how he should maintain even this little girl, and came to the conclusion that he must endeavour to find some occupation that would help out his small funds; but his habits were so desultory, that every attempt at any regular employment failed, and at last he only did "odd jobs," receiving such payment as might be convenient to the employer. One great delight and occupation was in teaching little Lucy, whose mind was by no means on so small a scale as her body, and who proved a very apt scholar to all the somewhat promiscuous instruction bestowed upon her. Before her father's death, no thought of religion had ever been instilled into the child's mind, and to implant and foster the knowledge of God and love for Him was Joe's earliest and most eager object. In this all his own love of nature assisted greatly, and by the time Lucy was ten, the good old man had the happiness of seeing his new vocation of rearing the little girl as successful as his former attempts at rearing rare plants, birds, and animals.

Lucy was quite unlike a child, however; she never played or ran about, but sat like an old woman in the corner of Joe's small kitchen at her sewing, or taking a share in some of his many so-called scientific pursuits. They were as happy as two people could be, and Joe never had any reason to repent his kindness to his little orphan niece.

One of the employments by which Joe occasionally increased his weekly fund, was that of guide to a chance

stranger, who might wish to cross the hills, which are often difficult to one unaccustomed to them, and beset with perplexities in the form of bogs, mists, and so forth. There was not an inch of ground anywhere near with which Joe was not thoroughly acquainted, and his knowledge, such as it was, of the botany, geology, and other local history of the country, made him a better guide than any one else the parish could have produced. Joe thoroughly enjoyed these expeditions, his only drawback being that Lucy was left behind; but she was so unchildish and grave that she never minded being left alone, and would sit quite contentedly at home the whole day, busy with her own thoughts and occupations, with no companion except a certain little dark-grey Scotch terrier of Joe's called "Fuss," who, notwithstanding the possession of a most touchy, querulous temper, which made him the general foe of mankind, entertained a devotion, verging on insane passion, for Lucy, and never left her side for an instant, dogging her steps and loading her with canine caresses, which changed into angry growls when any one else approached.

One November morning, while it was yet quite early, Joe was summoned to the principal inn of the village to see some gentlemen who wanted his services as a guide across the hills in a northern direction. The strangers were quite young men, of pleasing appearance, but with a touch of the fine gentleman about them, Joe thought: however, the arrangement was soon made, and before nine o'clock they started on their way.

It was a brilliant morning—a strong water-frost made everything wet and glittering in the bright sunshine; the sky was cloudless, and the distance as clear and sharp as possible. As they struck off the high-road into some pastures leading to the moors, Mr. Vaughan (for such was the name of one of the gentlemen) remarked on the fineness of the day, and there being no need to hurry, as they had time before them.

"*Hurryin'* is what I never does," Joe remarked, somewhat sententiously; "but as for t' day, it's not preceesly the day I'd choose to dawdle over the heights. Days that begins so bright and boastin' is apt to grow dark and disappointin' afore nightfall. It's oft so wi' other things more nor weather," Joe added, thoughtfully.

The gentlemen expressed a different opinion as to the prospect of the weather; and then they got on into conversation together, the purport of which conveyed an impression pretty quickly to Joe's mind that his companions were some of those thoughtless, heedless young men, who laugh at all religion, and practically live without God in the world. He could not refrain from expressing his dislike at the way Mr. Vaughan and his friend were rattling on, and respectfully but decidedly told them it was wrong to make a joke, as they were doing, of death, and that it would be better to prepare for death than to laugh at it.

"Ah! it's all very well for you to talk so—quite right, very proper!" the young man answered; "and so will I very likely, when I'm your age."

They had just reached the summit of a ridge, and Joe stopping, leant heavily upon his great oak stick, as he looked up earnestly at his companions and asked—

"Sir, do young folks never die?"

It was all he said, and there was no answer given, but they continued their route over the wild moors steadily on. Mr. Vaughan and his companion talked less than before, and Joe was never loquacious; his own thoughts were always too busily at work.

About noon they stopped beside a fresh spring, welling out from the mountain side, to rest and eat; the sun by this time had become veiled in clouds, the sky was streaked with long flaky wind-clouds, and the wind had a shrill soughing sound as it swept around them.

Joe urged the young men not to loiter, as he wished to cross the mountain as quickly as they might, for he did not like the look of the day; but still it was some

time before they again got moving. Refreshed by their meal, the young men's spirits rose, and they again talked fast and wildly, intermingling oaths and words which fell sharply on Joe's ear. He took no notice, however; for as the day advanced, he began to get more anxious about the weather, and was bent on hurrying his companions forward. By this time the sky was altogether clouded, the distance quite lost, and lowering mists hung upon the neighbouring hill-sides, threatening to descend still lower; and Joe, who knew better than the young Southerns what a mountain-mist was, wished to get to the descent before the treacherous white wreaths should surround them. He could not accomplish it, however. Curling down in rapid silence, the thick mist had closely enveloped the three pedestrians before they had been able to reach the highest point of the hill they were crossing. Mr. Vaughan and his friend were vexed, thought it very vexatious to lose the view, and be soaked in the drizzling moisture; but no idea of danger presented itself to them, and they continued talking after a fashion that grated painfully on Joe's ears. He was in front of the party, cautiously making out the way, and muttering brief prayers to God to bring them safe through their peril.

Meanwhile the mist grew thicker and thicker; it shrouded round and round them, so that no one could see a yard before him; and Joe, in spite of all his acquaintance with the ground, and his practice in fogs, found that he had been making a circuit which brought them to the same place where they were an hour before, instead of advancing.

The young men now began to perceive their difficulty, but not their danger, and expressed vexation somewhat clamorously. Twice more Joe attempted to find his way, each time with the same result. At last he turned to his companions, and told them that he was utterly lost, and that the ground was too dangerous, owing to its many bogs and pot-holes, to allow of their trying to proceed at random.

"Then what are we to do, pray?" one asked, angrily.

"Bide a bit in patience, and ask God to help us," was the answer.

An oath was the reply, and then Joe could no longer keep silence. "Young man," he said, "you're hard upon death, it may be—we all are—and such language befits you ill, either for ye to speak, or for the ears of them that is around us, although we see them not. It's God that has sent this peril upon us, and it's no but He can take it away again. Do not tempt Him to lose us all by lightlying His Holy Name. If ye call upon Him, let it be in prayer."

The young man addressed seemed inclined to resent the admonition, but his companion, Vaughan, exclaimed—

"Hush, Childers—the old man is right! We are indeed in an awkward position, and ought to think a little more seriously. I wish I could think we were in no danger. What must we do, Staveley? You know this country best—what had we better do?"

"The best thing we can do," Joe replied, "is just to bide awhile quiet under this rock, and wait—happen the mist may open yet, but stirring is only dangerous like, for all hereabouts there is terrible holes, and ane cannot see them till ane is like in 'em. Eh, what! gentlemen, bide here a bit, and ask God's guidance."

A little while they remained quiet, but the mist thickened, darkness came on, and the young man whose language had been most obnoxious insisted on moving. *He* could find the way, he said with an oath. He did not believe there was any danger, and the stories about bogs and pot-holes were all humbug of the old man's. In vain Joe strove to dissuade them—nothing would do but they must start again, and although deprecating the step, Joe would not let them go alone. Accordingly, once more the journey began. Now, however, the wilful young men would not follow Joe's slow and

cautious movements any longer, but in spite of all his entreaties and admonitions, kept striking out on either side, endeavouring to find some path.

"Bide, bide!" at last Joe cried out loudly; "we're close upon Gully-pot, and it's as much as yere life's worth to gang heedlessly! Lord have mercy upon us! Stop, lads!"

An oath was the return, and the young man sprang forward. There was a strange hollow sound, as of a stone falling to some great depth—one cry for help, and then total silence.

"God help us!" Joe ejaculated, solemnly; "he's fallen in, and none ever came out again thence!"

His next movement was to seize tightly hold of the other young man, Mr. Vaughan, who was rushing wildly to aid his companion in some way; but Joe's grasp was strong, and prevailed.

"Ye can do nowt," he said; "he's in, and as I said, nae livin' thing ever fell in there and comed out again to tell its tale. Young man, ye maun wait till t' mist clears or we can do owt—wait—and pray, if ye never have prayed before."

Mr. Vaughan seemed paralysed with horror; he was a slight, delicate man, too, and the chilling mist, which soaked him through and through, began to tell upon him. He now thoroughly realized the danger of their position, and the awful disappearance of his companion added to his terror. He now submitted like a child to Joe, who made him lie down under a rock, and bid him not stir, while he shouted and hallooed loudly to the missing youth, though without a hope of being answered. There was no reply; and except the howling wind which was rising, all was still.

That was an awful night. Young Vaughan was too utterly prostrate with cold and misery to speak, but he lay listening to Joe's occasional ejaculations and prayers, trying to join with them as he had never done since he was a little child, and first learnt to pray.

At last morning came, and the mist, though not

cleared, was lessened. By this time Mr. Vaughan was too entirely exhausted to move, but Joe, after trying to make him understand his intentions, set off to return to the village to fetch help. Though old, he was still active, and sooner than he would have thought possible himself, he was again on the mountain side, accompanied by several men, who found Mr. Vaughan lying insensible from cold and exhaustion. They would have at once carried him back to Kirkbeck, without making any search after his friend, considering him hopelessly lost; but this Joe would not allow. He insisted on such search as could be made at the mouth of the terrible Gully-pot being forthwith made, and all the men began to examine it carefully. It was Joe himself, however, who espied a speck as of a protruding finger under a ledge of rock some twenty-five feet down the abyss, and he eagerly asked who would descend and try to bring up the body, which he had no doubt was there.

No one offered himself, for it had always been considered too perilous a place to descend. Then, after a brief moment, and a consultation with one of the men, the old man himself was seen slowly descending by a rope, hardly expecting to get down to the ledge, and yet resolved to try.

It was a heart-stirring thing to hear him in after days describe the descent—his silent prayers to God for aid—his thoughts of little Lucy and her desolation if he perished—his arrival on the ledge—his finding young Childers lying there as he anticipated—the difficulty with which, after various attempts, they drew him to the top, and Staveley's own return, and the strange procession back to the village, along the same track where the two young men had passed so differently the day before. Joe never wearied of telling the tale—not seeming to think, however, that *he* deserved any praise in it at all, but giving the glory to God alone.

To the astonishment of every one, the young man

was found to be yet living, though in a most precarious condition; as indeed was his friend, whose feeble frame had hardly suffered less from the cold and exposure.

For many weeks both lay at the inn, almost hovering between life and death; and there was no one so watchful over them, or so good a nurse, as Joe, who, better accustomed to rough weather, was soon restored to his usual vigour.

But God was pleased to restore both the young men, and to bless to them that fearful night; for years after they both owned that their first serious impression of life's uncertainty, and the awfulness of appearing unprepared before God, had been indelibly stamped upon them by that means. They have frequently been since to visit Joe, who is now a very old and infirm man, not far from the grave, and who speaks of both as if they were almost his own children. He still lives in his tiny old house, with his little Lucy, who is still "Little Lucy" in name and in fact; nor do I know what the villagers, or any of us will do when Joe is gone; for none assuredly can take his place among us.

THE LOST DAY.

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney.

Lost! lost! lost!
A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock,
And graved in paradise:
Set round with three times eight
Large diamonds, clear and bright,
And each with sixty smaller ones,
All changeful as the light.

Lost—where the thoughtless throng
In Fashion's mazes wind,
Where trilleth Folly's song,
Leaving a sting behind:
Yet to my hand 'twas given
A golden harp to buy,
Such as the white-robed choir attune
To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost! lost! lost!
I feel all search is vain;
That gem of countless cost
Can ne'er be mine again:
I offer no reward—
For till these heart-strings sever,
I know that Heaven-entrusted gift
Is reft away for ever.

But when the sea and land
Like burning scroll have fled,
I'll see it in His hand
Who judgeth quick and dead,
And when of scathe and loss
That man can ne'er repair,
The dread inquiry meets my soul,
What shall it answer there?

THE PRESENCE OF GOD.

AMELIA B. WELBY.

O, THOU who flingst so fair a robe
Of clouds around the hills untrod—
Those mountain-pillars of the globe
Whose peaks sustain thy throne, O GOD!
All glittering round the sunset skies,
Their fleecy wings are lightly furl'd,
As if to shade from mortal eyes
The glories of yon upper world;

There, while the evening star upholds
In one bright spot, their purple folds,
My spirit lifts its silent prayer,
For Thou, O GOD of love, art there.

The summer-flowers, the fair, the sweet
  Up-springing freely from the sod,
In whose soft looks we seem to meet
  At every step, thy smiles, O GOD!
The humblest soul their sweetness shares,
  They bloom in palace-hall, or cot,—
Give me, O LORD, a heart like theirs,
  Contented with my lowly lot;
Within their pure, ambrosial bells
In odours sweet thy spirit dwells.
Their breath may seem to scent the air—
'Tis thine, O GOD! for Thou art there.

Hark! from yon casement, low and dim,
  What sounds are these that fill the breeze?
It is the peasant's evening hymn
  Arrests the fisher on the seas;
The old man leans his silver hairs
  Upon his light suspended oar,
Until those soft, delicious airs
  Have died like ripples on the shore.
Why do his eyes in softness roll?
What melts the manhood from his soul?
His heart is fill'd with peace and prayer,
For Thou, O GOD, art with him there.

The birds among the summer blooms
  Pour forth to Thee their hymns of love,
When, trembling on uplifted plumes,
  They leave the earth and soar above;
We hear their sweet, familiar airs
  Where'er a sunny spot is found:
How lovely is a life like theirs,
  Diffusing sweetness all around!

From clime to clime, from pole to pole,
Their sweetest anthems softly roll;
Till, melting on the realms of air,
They reach Thy throne in grateful prayer.

The stars—those floating isles of light,
  Round which the clouds unfurl their sails,
Pure as a woman's robe of white
  That trembles round the form it veils,—
They touch the heart as with a spell,
  Yet set the soaring fancy free;
And, O! how sweet the tales they tell
  Of faith, of peace, of love, and Thee.
Each raging storm that wildly blows,
Each balmy breeze that lifts the rose,
Sublimely grand, or softly fair—
They speak of Thee, for Thou art there.

The spirit, oft oppress'd with doubt,
  May strive to cast Thee from its thought;
But who can shut Thy presence out,
  Thou mighty Guest that com'st unsought!
In spite of all our cold resolves,
  Magnetic-like, where'er we be,
Still, still the thoughtful heart revolves,
  And points, all trembling, up to Thee.
We cannot shield a troubled breast
Beneath the confines of the blest—
Above, below, on earth, in air,
For Thou, the living God, art there.

Yet, far beyond the clouds outspread,
  Where soaring fancy oft hath been,
There is a land where Thou hast said
  The pure in heart shall enter in;
There, in those realms so calmly bright,
  How many a loved and gentle one
Bathe their soft plumes in living light,
  That sparkles from thy radiant throne!

There, souls once soft and sad as ours
Look up and sing, mid fadeless flowers;
They dream no more of grief and care,
For Thou, the GOD of peace, art there.

THE ELDER'S DEATH-BED.

PROFESSOR WILSON.

FOR six years' Sabbaths, I had seen the Elder in his accustomed place beneath the pulpit;—and, with a sort of solemn fear, had looked on his steadfast countenance, during sermon, psalm, and prayer. I met the pastor, going to pray by his death-bed:—and, with the privilege which nature gives us to behold, even in their last extremity, the loving and beloved, I turned to accompany him to the house of sorrow, of resignation, and of death.

And now, for the first time, I observed, walking close to the feet of his horse, a little boy about ten years of age, who kept frequently looking up in the pastor's face, with his blue eyes bathed in tears. A changeful expression of grief, hope, and despair, made almost pale, cheeks which otherwise were blooming in health and beauty;—and I recognised, in the small features and smooth forehead of childhood, a resemblance to the aged man, who, we understood, was now lying on his death-bed. "They had to send his grandson for me through the snow, mere child as he is," said the minister, looking tenderly on the boy; "but love makes the young heart bold;—and there is One who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

As we slowly approached the cottage through a deep snowdrift, we saw, peeping out from the door, brothers and sisters of our little guide, who quickly disappeared; and then their mother showed herself in their stead;

expressing, by her raised eyes, and arms folded across her breast, how thankful she was to see, at last, the pastor,—beloved in joy, and trusted in trouble.

A few words sufficed to say who was the stranger :—and the dying man, blessing me by name, held out to me his cold, shrivelled hand, in token of recognition. I took my seat at a small distance from the bed-side, and left a closer station for those who were more dear. The pastor sat down near his elder's head ;—and by the bed, leaning on it with gentle hands, stood that matron, his daughter-in-law ; a figure that would have sainted a higher dwelling, and whose native beauty was now more touching in its grief.

"If the storm do not abate," said the sick man after a pause, "it will be hard for my friends to carry me over the drifts to the church-yard." This sudden approach to the grave, struck, as with a bar of ice, the heart of the loving boy ;—and with a long, deep sigh, he fell down, his face like ashes, on the bed ; while the old man's palsied right hand had just strength enough to lay itself upon his head.

"God has been gracious to me, a sinner!" said the dying man. "During thirty years that I have been an elder in your church, never have I missed sitting there one Sabbath. When the mother of my children was taken from me,—it was on a Tuesday she died,—and on Saturday she was buried. We stood together, when my Alice was let down into the narrow house made for all living. On the Sabbath, I joined in the public worship of God. She commanded me to do so, the night before she went away. I could not join in the psalm that Sabbath, for her voice was not in the throng. Her grave was covered up, and grass and flowers grew there."

The old man then addressed himself to his grandchild :—"Jamie, thy own father has forgotten thee in thy infancy, and me in my old age ; but, Jamie, forget not thou thy father, or thy mother ; for that, thou knowest and feelest, is the commandment of God."

The broken-hearted boy could give no reply. He had gradually stolen closer and closer unto the loving old man; and now was lying, worn out with sorrow, drenched and dissolved in tears, on his grandfather's bosom. His mother had sunk down on her knees, and hid her face with her hand. "Oh! if my husband knew but of this, he would never, never desert his dying father!"—And I now knew, that the elder was praying, on his death-bed, for a disobedient and wicked son.

The door was suddenly opened, and a tall, fine-looking man entered; but with a lowering and dark countenance, seemingly in sorrow, in misery, and remorse. Agitated, confounded, and awe-struck by the melancholy scene, he sat down on a chair, and looked with a ghastly face towards his father's death-bed. The elder said, with a solemn voice, "Thou art come in time to receive thy father's blessing. May the remembrance of what will happen in this room, before the morning again shine over the hazel-glen, win thee from the error of thy ways! Thou art here to witness the mercy of thy God and thy Saviour, whom thou hast forgotten."

The young man, with much effort, advanced to the bed-side; and, at last, found voice to say, "Father, I am not without the affections of nature;—and I hurried home the moment I heard that the minister had been seen riding towards our house. I hope that you will yet recover; and if I have ever made you unhappy, I ask your forgiveness; for, though I may not think as you do on matters of religion, I have a human heart. Father, I may have been unkind, but I am not cruel. I ask your forgiveness."

"Come near to me;—William, kneel down by the bed-side, and let my hand feel the head of my beloved son; for blindness is coming fast upon me. Thou wert my first-born, and thou art my only living child. All thy brothers and sisters are lying in the church-yard beside her, whose sweet face thine own, William, did once so much resemble. Long wert thou the joy, the

pride of my soul,—ay, too much the pride; for there was not, in all the parish, such a man, such a son, as my own William. If thy heart has since been changed, God may inspire it again with right thoughts. I have sorely wept for thee—ay, William, when there was none near me;—even as David wept for Absalom—for thee, my son! my son!"

A long, deep groan was the only reply: but the whole body of the kneeling man was convulsed; and it was easy to see his sufferings, his contrition, his remorse, and his despair. The pastor said, with a sterner voice and austerer countenance than were natural to him, "Know you whose hand is now lying on your rebellious head? But what signifies the word 'father,' to him who has denied God, the Father of us all?"—"Oh! press him not too hardly," said his weeping wife, coming forward from a dark corner of the room, where she tried to conceal herself in grief, fear, and shame. "Spare, oh! spare my husband!—he has ever been kind to me;" and with that, she knelt down beside him, with her long, soft, white arms, mournfully and affectionately laid across his neck. "Go thou likewise, my sweet little Jamie," said the elder, "go even out of my bosom, and kneel down beside thy father and thy mother; so that I may bless you all at once, and with one yearning prayer." The child did as the solemn voice commanded, and knelt down somewhat timidly by his father's side; nor did the unhappy man decline encircling with his arm his son, too much neglected, but still dear to him as his own blood—in spite of the deadening and debasing influence of infidelity!

"Put the Word of God into the hands of my son, and let him read aloud to his dying father, the eleventh chapter of the Gospel according to St. John." The pastor went up to the kneelers and said, "There was a time when none, William, could read the Scriptures better than couldst thou;—can it be that the son of my friend hath forgotten the lessons of his youth?" He hath not forgotten them; there was no need of the repen-

tant sinner to lift up his eyes from the bed-side. The sacred stream of the Gospel had worn a channel in his heart, and the waters were again flowing. With a choked voice he read, "Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life: and whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die. Believest thou this? She said unto him, Yea, Lord: I believe thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world."

"That is not an unbeliever's voice," said the dying man, triumphantly; "nor, William, hast thou an unbeliever's heart. Say that thou believest in what thou hast read, and thy father will die happy!" "I do believe, and as thou forgivest me, so may I be forgiven by my Father, who is in heaven." The elder seemed like a man suddenly inspired with a new life. His faded eyes kindled,—his pale cheeks glowed,—his palsied hands seemed to wax strong,—and his voice was clear as that of manhood in its prime.—"Into thy hands, O God, I commit my spirit——" and so saying, he gently sank back on his pillow:—and I thought I heard a sigh. There was then a long, deep silence, and the father, the mother, and the child, rose from their knees. The eyes of us all were turned towards the white, placid face of the figure, now stretched in everlasting rest, and without lamentations, save the silent lamentations of the resigned soul, we stood around the death-bed of the elder.

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THE WORSHIP OF NATURE.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE ocean looketh up to heaven,
As 'twere a living thing;
The homage of its waves is given
In ceaseless worshipping.

They kneel upon the sloping sand,
As bends the human knee,
A beautiful and tireless band,
The priesthood of the sea!

They pour the glittering treasures out
Which in the deep have birth,
And chant their awful hymns about
The watching hills of earth.

The green earth sends its incense up
From every mountain-shrine,
From every flower and dewy cup
That greeteth the sunshine.

The mists are lifted from the rills,
Like the white wing of prayer;
They lean above the ancient hills,
As doing homage there.

The forest-tops are lowly cast
O'er breezy hill and glen,
As if a prayerful spirit pass'd
On nature as on men.

The clouds weep o'er the fallen world,
E'en as repentant love;
Ere, to the blessed breeze unfurl'd,
They fade in light above.

The sky is as a temple's arch,
The blue and wavy air
Is glorious with the spirit-march
Of messengers at prayer.

The gentle moon, the kindling sun,
The many stars are given,
As shrines to burn earth's incense on
The altar-fires of Heaven!

A PSALM OF LIFE.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us further than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

LORD BYRON.

A HERMIT there was, and he lived in a grot,
And the way to be happy they said he had got;
As I wanted to learn it, I went to his cell,
And when I came there, the old hermit said, "Well,
Young man, by your looks, you want something, I see.
Now tell me the business that brings you to me."

"The way to be happy they say you have got,
And as I want to learn it, I've come to your grot.
Now I beg and entreat, if you have such a plan,
That you'll write it me down as plain as you can."
Upon which the old hermit went to his pen,
And brought me this note when he came back again.

"'Tis being, and doing, and having that make
All the pleasures and pains of which beings partake;
To be what God pleases,—to do a man's best,
And to have a good heart,—is the way to be blessed."

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still, where many a garden flow'r grows wild,—
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich—with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns, he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour:
Far other aims his heart had learnt to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but reliev'd their pain;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride;
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all:

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul:
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway;
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Ev'n children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile:
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd;
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given;
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.

END OF VOL. II.

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