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"Ah, why
Should we, in the world's ripper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have reared P'
The beauties of Nature, so much surpassing in
richness and grandeur the finest works of Art, have
been a theme of admiration and praise for all. The
traveller and poet have not forgotten to portray in
lively colors the exquisite loveliness of the sunny
plains of France, the olive-groves of Italy, and the
vine-clad hills of old Spain, where scarcely any
thing remains to delight the wanderer save her pic-
turesque scenery, and the associations blended
with the ruins of castles and citadels.
But for bringing into action the dormant energies
of the mind—for impressing it with all that is beau-
tiful and grand—for allaying the turbulent spirit
and soothing the feelings roughened by the storms
of the world—for leading us to the consideration
of that Being upon whom the existence of all
things depends—there is no place so well adapted
as our forests, Nature's sylvan palaces, covering
the plains and hills of this extended continent.—
They are full of instruction—replete with philos-
ophy. There is not a breeze that steals through
the branches, but tells some story of the past; not
a leaf falls to the earth, but teach some impor-
tant lesson;—

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

True, the rigor of our winters robs the forests of
their foliage, leaving nothing upon their interwoven
boughs but their 'icicle glories,' reflecting the many
varied tints of the sun's rays, like diamond jewels;
yet the returning spring, as it sweeps over the
plains from the balmy south, covering the earth
with luxuriant vegetation and arousing nature from
her lethargy, brings back all the attractions of our
native hills. It is then—as nature begins to re-
cover—as the trees, that we have admired from
childhood, and with which are associated the plea-
santest recollections of our lives, renew their ver-
dure—as the leaves open to the soft breezes, and
a grateful fragrance pervades the atmosphere from
the various brilliant blooming flowers that beautify
the landscape and exhale the early dew, which
goes up to heaven as their morning sacrifice—that
the soul of man is cheered and filled with joy, that
the finest feelings of his bosom gush forth, and he
is prepared to commune with himself and his God.

It is not possible to look with an inquisitive eye
upon the works of creation, as manifested in the
sanctity of the woods, where the primeval silence
of nature reigns unbroken—where the leaves hang
sleeping upon the boughs, and the lily rests quietly
upon its tender stalk—and behold the old guarled
oak, that has buffeted the storms of centuries,
sleeping beneath its shade successive generations
—which has seen one race vanish from their woody
retreats, and another occupying their places—and
behold beside it the young sapling, that dares hard-
ly trust itself in the sepals breath—without feel-
ing his soul swell with the teachings of nature,
and the remembrance of events that crowd upon
the mind.

It is not possible to behold the sparkling stream-
et, bursting from its fountain, and trace the various
forms and changes that are going on around us—
it is not possible to hear the sweet music of the
birds, warbling forth their notes from every bough
—without feeling the mind impressed with a sense
of the wisdom of our Creator, and conceiving
pleasures and delights unlike and far purer than
can be gained or conceived of in the crowd and
noise of the city. No wonder that Virgil, as he
meditated upon the joys of rural life, and cele-
brated in undying verse the beauties of Italian
scenery, should cry out in ecstasy, "O fortunatos,
sua si bona norint"—Too happy, if we did but
realize the advantages of retiring from the din
and bustle of the world, to enjoy the simplicity that
nature uses. Surrounded by such purity and
splendor, the soul involuntarily feels itself approach-
ing nearer the presence of God, and conversing
with the Father of spirits, through the works of
his hands. It heaves a wish for purity, resolves
upon holiness, and strives for happiness from its
true and proper source. It is there, alone with
God and his works—out from the current of fash-
on and business—escaped from the stimulants of
society—that the mind is cast upon itself. It sees
its weaknesses and necessities—the vanity of the
world—the emptiness of honor—the meagreness
of riches; and rising above them as unworthy of
its high destiny, it longs for its eternal resting
place—its pure river of life, clear as crystal; and
where it shall gaze no longer upon the forest that
fades beneath the autumnal blasts, but upon the
"tree of life," whose "leaves are for the healing of
the nations."

**PO L I T E N E S S.**

Many seem to imagine, that politeness consists
in a few unmeaning gestures and ceremonious
forms; and regard it much as they do fashionable
and splendid garments, which are properly reserved
for particular occasions, where, being exposed to
public view, they more readily attract notice and
admiration.

True politeness may, indeed, and will, appear in
public, and will never fail to excite pleasurable
sensations in the mind of the beholder, unless its
forms are practiced merely for display, when it
must lose its power to please, and become uninter-
esting and even disgusting to refined and discin-
erning minds.

Some practice affectation with considerable
effect, and vainly suppose that this is all that is
necessary to constitute them truly refined. Such,
however, must find themselves laboring under a
foolish delusion. Their conduct is not even a reflec-
tion of the pure spirit of politeness. It may
pass for a time, as the imitation jewel will pass for
the genuine; but the flimsy covering is not suf-
cient to hide the base deformity which lurs
beneath, and exposes the individual practising it
to merited derision and contempt.

True politeness will first exhibit itself at home;
and, although it does not seek for notice, it will not
end there, but will spread its enlivening and refini-
ing influence over society.

It is said, that females, generally, are more
inclined to practice affectation, than the other sex.
If we are guilty of practicing deception, I presume
they will not deny that they are guilty of pretend-
ing to admire that deception. Judge ye which is
the more guilty.

It is often very difficult to ascertain the true
character of ladies abroad. To learn this, it is
said, they must be seen at home, where they do
not expect observation. Did we strive more to be
polite at home, and less to appear so abroad, we
might be instrumental of commencing a revolution
in morals and manners, which would be circulated
as far as our influence should extend.

There is much politeness in the world which
can with no more truth be called so, than darkness
can be called light; and were it not for the mis-
taken ideas which many entertain respecting it, there
would doubtless be more of the substance and less
of the shadow discoverable. True politeness must
proceed from the feelings of the heart. Let the
fountain be pure, and that which proceeds from
the fountain will be pure also. Let the feelings
of the heart be kindness and love to all, and we
shall not be obliged to make great efforts, to have
our actions in accordance with the best rules of
politeness. "Do unto others as ye would that they
should do unto you." "Be not unmindful to en-
tertain strangers."

**F L A T T E R Y.**

Every one is ready to cry out against flattery,
and almost everyone would be quite unwilling to
acknowledge themselves, and very much mortified
to have others think it possible for them to be,
affected by it. Yet perhaps there are but few who
are insensible to its witching power. The intoxi-
cating draught would not be swallowed were it
presented bearing its own name, to make it palatable
it is usually mingled with, and bears the name of
truth and sincerity; and if it be but tasted its influ-
ence is so soothing, so gratifying, causing one to
feel so delightfully satisfied with himself; that poor
human nature seldom turns a deaf ear to the en-
chanting voice of those who bid her drink. But the
contents of Comus' fabled cup were not more baneful than is the flatterer's charmed potion. The former is said to have changed mortals to monsters in appearance; the latter thus transforms the immortal mind. The thought of graceful forms assuming shapes of horrid deformity is indeed frightful, and one from which we well may shrink; but is it any more disagreeable than that beings who were intended to be adorned with the lovely graces of benevolence and humility, should display the disgusting selfishness, and the silly self-conceit, which are peculiar to some of the brute creation.

We have only to look about us, to be convinced that it is possible for flattery to produce this effect. Take for example a child under its influence; it naturally concludes, that there is not a more important personage than its own little self. It is therefore continually making demands on the time and patience of others, in order to gratify its every whim. And how quickly does it resent the supposed injury, if another child is noticed in preference to itself.

But its effects are equally pernicious on 'children of a larger growth.' Observe that young man, who has been flattered into the notion, that he possesses superior talents. He is so full of his own consequence, that he can scarcely speak on any subject, without bringing himself forward to display his imagined superiority. He does not mistrust that he is becoming an object of ridicule and universal dislike and contempt.

On that young woman it is exerting a still more fearful influence; it has caused her to become so enamored of her beautiful person, that she seems to have forgotten the immortality within. 'Twould be well for the fair one, if some power were permitted to hold her in a spell of ugliness, until the flatterer's suene song should cease, for so long as she is charmed by that, the voice of truth will be unheeded. While we pity the poor victims, how is our indignation excited against those, who are the cause of their infatuation. But ere we pronounce our maledictions, let us pause a moment, and ask ourselves if we are without blame in this matter.

Let us resolve, in our intercourse with the world, that none shall be confirmed in ways of folly thro' our instrumentality. And let us ever cherish feelings of gratitude and esteem toward those who speak the truth, however much it may be against ourselves.

S T A N Z À S.

They tell us earth is dark and dull, That woe has fixed her empire here, And all its length and breadth is full Of Disappointment and Despair.

And all who roam the desert through, Assailed by dark, unfounded fears; Proclaim the gloomy maxim true, That earth is but a vale of tears.

They tell us Hope will sometimes weave A gorgeous web of promised joy; But that she flatters to deceive, And lures us onward to destroy.

What makes it thus? Has He whose power Spread out this world so fair and bright, Bid blackening clouds around it lower, And wrapped it in a moonless night?

It is not thus—but Sin has come And flung his blasting mildew round: This binds on man the bitter doom, And clothes with thorns and briers the ground.

The heart that shuns its blighting power Will never mourn how dark the scene; But earth will seem an Eden-bower, All radiant with undying green.

I would, fair friend, that Virtue, still, Might make thy gentle heart her throne; Her mandate ever be thy will, And thou her power obedient own.

Grope not one hour in Error's might; But hasten from its starless gloom, Where Truth, full-orbed, will shed her light O'er all th' pathway to the tomb. Then life will be a long, bright day, And when the eve of Death draws nigh, Thy sun shall set with cloudless ray, And calm shall be thy evening sky.

And when thy dust returns to dust, Thy spirit heaven-ward then shall soar; There with the holy and the just, 'Tis not to suffer, sigh, and sin no more.
HUMAN VICISSITUDES.

Upon all created things is change legibly written. There is nothing to which we can point and say, here is an exemption from the lot and law of our being. We are wont to imagine that a favored few of the human race are free from the evils to which we are particularly subject, and, perhaps, are disposed to repine at the seeming partiality of the all-wise Dispenser of human affairs. But let the circumstances of our individual existence be as they may, is it possible for us to determine what ought to be our exact condition, or can we fancy a situation, for which we would exchange our own?

In every condition, under all circumstances, it becomes a duty to ask the end and aim of our existence. Whence came we? Whither going? are questions of infinite importance, and should be answered without delay.

The advance of mind in human knowledge prepares that mind for heavenly wisdom, for as we comprehend the works of God—so far are we prepared to enjoy the Deity himself. "It is true we can never hope to know as he who knoweth all, but, as far as the archangel has progressed, so far may we advance; and as ages roll, the mind will continue to acquire the knowledge of the great and good.

The practices of life, depend upon the train of thought indulged, and if we consider for what we were created, methinks we should carefully avoid the perversion of any of the faculties with which we are endowed.

The utmost limit of human knowledge must have a centre, and where can we better place it than the present extent of man's attainments. To live without performing one act tending to benefit our world, is proof of ingratitude, of the baser sort. Many are disposed to ask what can I do? I answer, 'Weed thine own garden.' If this be done, help thy neighbor. We may not be remembered, 'tis true, but that is no reason why we should not try to be, and the fact that "one hundred years hence" and we shall be as tho' we were not, is not sufficient excuse for present neglect. We are doomed to experience the bitter truth, "passing away;" and often do we feel that change is no distant thing. To us the grim destroyer may e'en now he ready to say, "Time is, time was, but time shall be no longer." Shall we not, then, seek to secure an unfailing cup of bliss, far, far beyond the reach of sorrow or the flight of years?

MOMENTS.

"Throw time away,
Throw empires, and be blameless—
Moments seize,—heaven's on their wing—
A moment we may lose, which worlds want
wealth to buy."

MOMENTS! what are they?—The invisibilities of time; specks, undiscovered by the gaze of mortals; particles, that fill up the measure of time, and urge man forward to eternity, pregnant with all that is lovely, yet feared,—with all that is desirable, yet dreaded,—with all that is really worthy of attention, and with all that should excite a painful apprehension in the mind of an intelligent being.

That there is a priceless, incalculable value belonging to moments, no reasonable person will deny. Ask the murderer, as he stands, convicted and condemned, upon the scaffold,—as the halter tightens upon his neck, and his frame shudders in view of the awful chasm and untold terrors that his imagination has conjured up,—ask him in that dread hour, when he stands between heaven and earth, unprepared for either, the price of a moment. He exclaims in an agony, 'it surpasses all human comprehension; heap millions of worlds upon millions, and add the vast creation extending through an eternal space, and I would give them all to recall one moment that I have idled away in pleasure and sin.'

Inquire by what means the orator has gained the power of fixing the attention of a delighted auditory,—of opening the secret springs of the soul, and pleasing and instructing the mind? Inquire of the philosopher, who has risen to eminence and renown, how he has been enabled to unravel the intricacies and explain the phenomena of nature,—how he has ransacked the earth and seas, subdued the elements, given laws to the comet that dashes through the heavens in its fury,—how he has calculated the distances and gauged the dimensions of the far off worlds that illumine the canopy of heaven, so that man may truly say, 'see all things for my use:'—they point you to moments,—moments of toil and labor, stolen from the season of repose, when the world was at rest, and Luna kept the vigils of the night.

O how many, by the misimprovement or non-improvement of these points of time, so insignificant in themselves, but whose aggregate makes up life and decides the future, have been ruined forever,—had their noon-day pass as a blank, and the evening of life clouded with sorrow and regret. He then is wise who watches their little comings, and grasps them as a wealth not bought with gold.
Moments—The Red Man’s Appeal.

Though the Creator has given to man time sufficient for all the purposes of life, yet, when we see that he has not only a physical nature to be sustained, but is endowed with moral and intellectual faculties, which are to be cultivated and improved, we are forced to acknowledge that his span of life is none too long for the accomplishment of such vast and noble designs.

It is a truth, long since avowed and admitted, that ‘man is the arbiter of his own fortunes,’ that when he determines to rise in the scale of intelligence and virtue, he may execute his purposes, in almost any circumstances or situation. He may be coerced to toil and labor from the early dawn till the last glimmer of light that fades away in the west, yet the mind, free and unconfinable, as the air that fans his moistened brow, cannot be chained; but in its nobleness rises above the degradation of the physical nature, and laying hold upon the lofty turrets of truth, and beholding the bright unclouded summits to which it may rise, becomes fired with ambition, and in its energy treads down every barrier that obstructs its progress. You may immure the human body within the walls of a dungeon and load it with manacles and chains; but the mind, ‘immortal as its sire,’ chainless as the wild foam of the ocean, seeks no aperture for escape; but may wander at pleasure among the beauties nature, go back and dwell with the animals that cropped the grass in the beds of the rivers before man had existence, or forward into the future, beholding the pleasures and glory that it is destined to enjoy, when the heavens shall have passed away, and it shall no longer be cumbered by its mortal tenement.

Whoever will may rise intellectually and morally by the right application of moments, till, morally, he may have attained that purity, and, intellectually, that strength and glory, which shall fit him to live to the advantage of himself and the world, or prepare him for admission to the paradise of God, and the society of angels.

CATO.

THE RED MAN’S APPEAL.

Didst hear that long and loud appeal, From those who in the forest roam? ’Tis pleading for a nation’s weal: O list, my own New England home— To thee it speaks.

’Tis he, who o’er thy hill and dale Pursued with fleetest foot the game— O turn not from his pitious tale, Thy tenant, ere the white man came; He pleads with thee.

It comes from whence the war and chase The happiness of living share; Where no parental arms embrace The group with all-indulgent care— To thee, fond sire.

Where no maternal bosom heaves The softened sigh of tenderness, No hand the wedded slave relieves— Thence comes a voice of deep distress, Mother, to thee.

From that dark land, where social tie, And silken cord, and golden chain, And sympathy from eye to eye And heart to heart—have fled again— Loved one, to thee.

Where no fraternal duties bind The brotherhood of man to man; Where no one dreams of being kind— It echoes from the savage clan, Brother, to thee.

Where social life, and early friends, And home’s endearments are not known, Nor innocence with knowledge blends— There speaks the Indian maiden’s moan, Sister, to thee.

Where pride is magnuminity, Where gentleness is cowardice, And dance and death-song, bravery— A voice from people blind as this, Calm, youth, to thee.

It cries from where no music chains The songster to her native grove; Nor squallid hut, nor hearth retains The semblance, e’er, of filial love— Daughter, to thee.

A chieftain famed for valiant deeds, Would learn the white man’s lesson hence; His tribe, his children,—how he pleads, In earnestness and eloquence, Teacher, with thee.

Lo, from that burning fire ascends Mock-worship to the great white throne; Nor o’er their darkened nature bends One rainbow-hope.—A dismal tone Cries, saint, to thee.

Thy voice is heard, poor castaway, For mercy linger even here; And they who took thy home for prey, Shall tell thee of a better sphere, Prepared for thee.

Yes—though thy wrongs shall want redress, Poor Indian, till the day of doom, Still, here are hearts and hands to bless; And light, that fades not at the tomb, Shall shine on thee.

Cato.
**Religion—The Baptism—Sorrow.**

**Religion.**

Religion is a delicate plant. It shuns the rude blasts of sin, and flourishes most in quietness and retirement.

This plant is of heavenly origin. The embryo was found in Eden, but alas! it almost withered for lack of cultivation. It is a plant possessing many unusual qualities; and with care may be made to show perpetual blossoms. It is not affected by transplanting, but blooms as freshly in Greenland as Italy; and its sweet perfume is as perceptible upon the snowy mount as in the verdant dale. Its genus, class and order are well known: it is of the genus, holiness; class, heavenly grace; order, purity. "Tis not like many plants, often cryptogamian; its qualities are always visible, and it is easily distinguished by its form. Many skillful florists have succeeded in rearing a species of plant, which appear like the true flower in the distance, but upon examination 'tis found that this artificial production is none other than counterfeit godliness, a plant termed by true botanists, a monster of deformity. It is presumed that all have seen this beautiful plant, but have all taken pains to rear it in its natural freshness? It blooms most sweetly in Paradise, and even on earth yields the fairest and most delicate flowers. Its pericarp is the heart, its fruit everlasting life.

**The Baptism.**

Let others tell of splendid scenes, and sounds Mysterious, known but in fancy's realms; As if our earth were not the theatre Of scenes as glorious and wonderful. —The tale I tell is one of real life.

The day was lovely; and the summer sun With bright effulgence shone on Jordan's waves, That lightly danced and sparkled near its beams. A varied multitude had gathered there, Crowding the verdant banks, to list to one Who stood upon the strand. A stranger he, Whose fame had spread thro' all the country round. He spake not words of studied eloquence; But with the simplest speech, he talked of One Who was to come; the long expected One, Their promised Saviour, King; whom seers had said Should soon appear of David's royal line. And there they stood—a strangely mingled throng: The haughty Pharisee, and publican despised, Together meekly stood. Attentively They heard the words, 'Repent and be baptized.' And rejoicingly obeyed the mandate, Preached by the witness of their coming Prince. A traveller, in roughest garments clad, But with a gentle bearing, which bespoke A gentler heart, now pressed toward the speaker. A precious boon he asked—to be baptized.' 'Twas granted. But lo! while from the flood he rose, A dove, emblem of innocence and love, Came fluttering down and lit upon his head; And from the opening vault above, a voice To the astonished multitude proclaimed— 'This is my well beloved Son; hear him.'

**Sorrow.**

No feeling which takes possession of the human breast and opens the deep fountain of the soul, is more dreaded and shunned by many persons than sorrow; though none, perhaps, is more beneficial to the mind, and none, if rightly indulged, would serve to bring the heart nearer where it should be, and lead us to form more correct views of ourselves and consequently conduct us more, in the end, to our real advantage and happiness.

It has often, and with some degree of truth, been said that those who never felt the power of disease, know not its value. I think it may as justly be said, that those who are running the rounds of mirth and hilarity, drinking from the cup of the world's pleasures, know nothalf the enjoyment of life: while those who have seen the clouds of adversity gather and thicken over their heads, and have felt the gentle showers of sorrow like the dews of heaven, descending upon them, when again the sun of prosperity sends forth his cheering beams, meet their warm enlivening influences with renewed vigor and grateful hearts.

Go, ask the christian, when he enjoys the greatest amount of happiness; he will tell you it often succeeds seasons of the deepest sorrow.

How soothing to the person who has been bereft of earthly comforts, who has had hopes crushed and blighted just as they were arriving to maturity; who has seen taken from his embrace his nearest and most beloved friend, in whom every affection centered, and around whom the sweetest ties that bind together kindred spirits, were thrown. How soothing to the lone widow as she lays in the grave her only son, the legacy of a departed husband, in whose little face, in her disconsolate moments, she had tried to trace the lineaments of its father's countenance, whose infantile prattle and innocent smile alone could send a thrill of joy to her bosom.
Sorrow—Friendship—Real Worth, or the Lawyer and Laborer.

and light her eye with gladness, to turn aside from the vanities and frivolities of earth and give vent to the feelings that struggle in the bosom by indulging in sorrow. It brings back the remembrance of happier days,— tempers and subdues the violence of the passions,—weans the heart from the world and leads it to trust in humble reliance on that Being who disposes all events. Such a sorrow is preeminently a godly sorrow that needeth not to be repented of; which preparesthe soul, when it shall leave the things of time, to enter that better habitation fitted for holy enjoyments. H. L. M.

FRIENDSHIP.

A FAIR exotic I have known,
Of lovely form, and fragrance rare;
Fairer than rainbow hues it shone,
Brighter than gems which monarchs wear.

Though planted in a "vale of tears," Where grief oft rends the bleeding heart, It calms to peace distracting fears, Hope, joy, and life its fruits impart.

This plant will thrive luxuriantly, Where Love sincere, and Truth are found; But, doomed to cold Formality, Its leaves are withering, scattered round,

With sordid Selfishness it dies; With Ostentation cannot dwell; From Pride and Envy swiftly flies, To seek some peaceful, happy dell.

Let me claim this plant as mine— Cherished within my bosom, be; Its tendrils round my heart should twine, Reared by meek simplicity.

Its name is FRIENDSHIP—hallowed name, Transplanted from a heavenly bower; To bless our world with peace it came, And here display its magic power.

In heaven it shines with holy light, With perfect peace and purity; No sorrow there, or sin to blight, It blossoms fair, eternally.

REAL WORTH.

THE LAWYER AND LABORER.

Real worth does not consist in birth or station. It is a gem too pure, too sacred to be enjoyed without individual effort. In proof of this fact abundance of evidence can be adduced. Look at the sons of the wealthy and the great; how many of them become profligate, a disgrace to their friends and the world. How few ever rise to eminence, compared with the number of those who begin in obscurity. Two cases illustrating this point will be given. Frederic G. was the only son of a lawyer. Mr. G. was a man of worth and abilities, who by close application to business had won a tolerable share of fame, and accumulated a handsome property. In short, he was what was commonly termed a rich man. But his better half was of that unfortunate class of whom it might be truly said, having ears, they hear not, and eyes, they see not. She was the daughter of wealthy parents, and had been taught to consider it as the height of vulgarity to even speak the word "kitchen"; and would not for all the world have disgraced her standing by being seen in so unrefined a place. Of course she was highly qualified to educate her son for the duties which the sequel will show he performed. Nothing worthy of notice occurred in the history of young Frederic until he was seven years old. At this time his tender mother considered her darling old enough to attend school, provided a servant could go with him to and from the same, and he could be excused rainy days. His progress during the first three months was rapid; he learned nearly all his letters, and undoubtedly would have mastered the whole during the next term, had he continued. But his mother, entertaining somewhat different opinions respecting her son's progress, determined to have him removed to another school where he could be advanced to a standing with those of his years. He was accordingly removed. But here the progress of our hero up the hill of science was extremely slow; for being almost entirely ignorant of the rudiments of education, his progress in the more advanced branches was necessarily retarded.

He remained, however, more than a year, to the no small annoyance of the whole school, when his mother sagely concluded all schools were below the level of the boy's capacity, and in his present situation, her son was altogether an "unappreciated genius." He was accordingly graduated at the age of nine as a gentleman at large, or in modern parlance, a genteel loafer, which profession he most assiduously followed for many succeeding years. At the age of twenty he conceived the sublime idea of becoming a lawyer. Accordingly he entered his father's office, and applied himself as closely as his dissipated habits would admit, until having learned a sufficient number of set answers, and his father being one of the examiners, he made application for admission to the bar in the county of C. He passed an examination much in-
Real Worth, or the Lawyer and Laborer—Fading Beauties.

FADING BEAUTIES.

The Almighty seems to have intended that the beautiful things of earth, fading and ephemeral as they are, should serve to remind us of our frailty, and of the fleeting term of our existence here. The lessons they teach, though mournful, are beneficial. We gaze upon a flowret, just expanding 'neath the mild rays of a summer's sun, and we deem it impossible to imagine an object more lovely; we look again, and the "bud of promise is no more"—'tis plucked by some rude hand—or its delicate leaves are scattered by the wind, painfully reminding us of blighted hopes, and loved ones, "Snatched in Death's propitious hour."

We mark a streamlet gliding swiftly to the sea; and then we remember, even so is the stream of time hastening to mingle its waters with the ocean of eternity.

If we cast our eye over the broad "waste of waters," we think of those whose bones are bleaching in its hidden caves. And so, with all things else. Upon all is written "fading away." But the glorious stars

— A charm is theirs,

That the earth, the proud green earth has not.

They, in language which cannot be misunderstood "declare the glory of God."

How often when our eyes are fixed upon the skies, do our thoughts soar away from the fading beauties of earth to Him who has said "as the heavens are above the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." When the unnumbered hosts of stars shine out, how are we struck with awe and admiration at the thought of Him who has created these systems; and with what humility do we remember our own feeble powers, which can scarce ly grasp an iota of His infinite creation. When the sun displays his brightness, how forcibly are we reminded of Him who causeth the "sun of righteousness to arise with healing in his beams," upon all who fear his name. When the sky is overcast with darksome clouds and the lightnings flash with fearful splendor, we tremble yet admire, for the mind's eye beholds Him with whom is "terrible majesty," resting upon the storm.

Who has not fancied, when trying to pierce the "fathomless depths" of a summer sky, that the spirits of departed friends were looking upon them, and regarding them with the same tenderness they manifested while here in the body.

That the spirits of the departed dwell beyond the sky, may be a delusion. If so, 'tis a sweet de-
Fading Beauties—The Contrast.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
Who centered in our make such strange extremes!

The different characteristics and habits of men have ever been an interesting study and a subject of much inquiry. But whether all minds are, or are not, originally equal, having the same natural powers and faculties, yet it requires not much phrenology, or vast research in philosophy, to discover that men, considered as moral and intellectual beings, from some cause, are very dissimilar; and the analogy between the higher and lower classes, is often less than between the lower and the brute, or certain species of the brute creation and plants. Hence men engage... such a variety of opinions upon the same topics, give descriptions of the same events in manners as diverse, as though they had lived in different ages or even worlds; and it is from the same cause that they run into contrary pursuits in life, yet all having the same great object in view—Happiness, which has so justly been termed

"Our being's end and aim;
That something still which prompts th'eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die."

The one chooses the calmness of retirement, and loves to employ himself in considering the beauty and harmony of creation. He desires nothing so much as the serenity of literary seclusion. Another, miserly and penurious, is constantly plotting schemes for the obtaining of wealth, and is ever uncontented save in the excitement of profitable trade. It is here he sips his delight and derives his enjoyment; while his whole soul, every affection of the heart, every volition of the mind, is absorbed and engulfed in the fathomless, boundless ocean of self. Question him of his prospects and hopes. Money, his answer. It is the impetuous, predominant desire of riches in which his soul revels, as the bright uncounted wealth rises in the imagination towering over all other objects:

It is that which disturbs his dreams, clothes his brow in the vesture of cares, and sweeps away the last vestige of pure, unadulterated happiness. Ask him of his God; and his quick reply must be, money. It is the molten deity upon which he depends in life, and by gold he often hopes to gain the blessings of heaven. He passes through life as changeful as the fortunes of a day,—constantly perplexed and troubled. Nature, variegated and beautiful, affords him no pleasure. The graceful waving of the ripening grain,—the blooming freshness of the rich foliage,—the golden fruit of summer and the full exuberance of early autumn, attract not his attention. What to him is the enjoyment of the free, unstifled breezes in the shade of the enchanting grove or the wide spreading oak? What new impressions for his artificial soul has the sweet music of the winged songsters, or the mighty river rolling forth to join the father of waters, and reflecting from its mirrored surface the over-hanging banks, jutting cliffs and verdure-covered forests?

The hoarse roaring of the cataract, as it pours in grandeur and magnificence to the depths below, as it throws its foam in one broad glaring sheet on the craggy rocks, pass him as a tale of olden times. The broken clouds, the tumultuous wind, the thunders roll up the summits of the mountains,—the lightnings, lurid and burning, stream from cloud to cloud, dragging their fiery trails along the heavens, yet they excite not one emotion of sublimity in his sterile, frozen bosom. His cry still is, money! money! and as the winds sweep by him with their raging gusts, he fancies he hears the voice of poverty from the blasts, and beholds the spectre of want upon the whirlwind. Ever dreaming of trouble, he sees the ocean lashed in fury, and imagines his homeward bound ship tossed upon its mountain waves,—now sinking with the receding billow, rolling and straining at every knee and bolt,—now rising almost to the very heavens amid the boiling surges; while deeper and deeper the clouds gather over her, and the winds howl thro' her rigging. Her whitened sails are stripped in ribbons; and she lays unmanageable amid the contending elements.

By such phantoms is his miserable soul harassed. There is not an event in life, but touches the crouching arteries that twine around the heart, and disturbs his repose. Youth passes away, with all that is manly and noble; the current of his affections is frozen,—the drama of life nearly closed,
and the curtain is about to fall, that shall shut his
gold forever from his view.

He may have obtained his object. His bark is
freighted with the produce of the Indies—his cof-
fers are filled to overflowing—his minions trem-
bling do his service; while the world, to whom
wealth is virtue and intelligence, term him great,
**honorable,** munificent; though the cry of the widow
and orphan have never touched his heart, much
less his pocket. He may have fully proved true
the words of a certain poet, where he says,

``So goes the world;—if wealthy, you may call
This friend, that brother—friends and brothers all.
'Tis wealth, good Sir, makes **honorable men.**``

But has he yet arrived at the ultimatum, where he
could enjoy true happiness? No: avarice still
sways his thoughts, and urges him on, exciting a
craving desire for that which can never satisfy.

He may yet continue to exist, but his reason is
debased and heart corrupted. Miserable man! hav-
ing neither joy in life, or hope in eternity.

Of the superiority of him, who has employed his
time in the cultivation of his moral and intellectual
powers, there can be little doubt. Mark his calm-
ness and dignity. He may be scorned by kings
and princes, but he knows there is a power in
virtue and science, that can make thrones tremble.
He may be ridiculed by the low and vulgar, but
*Tis wealth, good Sir, makes **honorable men.**

If a philosopher, we see him analyzing his thoughts,
arranging his plans and lost in reveries, as dark-
ness veils the earth and sleep locks up the senses
of mortals. We behold him in close conversation
with those, whose ashes have slept in the quies-
cence of the grave for centuries. He goes back
unto the shady groves of Paradise; and as he sits by
the streams that water the garden, holding converse
with the guardian angels, he contemplates man
in his pristine holiness, glory and power, when the
mind, untrammeled by custom, unpolluted by sin,
took in immensity at a grasp and ranged the fields
of space in its investigations. He walks with the pace
of rolling years and views the revolutions of
ages. Before him Babylon throws her arches o'er
Euphrates' conquered tide,—Nineveh rears her
artificial gardens and turreted walls, challenging
the strength of embattled hosts,—the Red Sea
discloses its coral deep,—Greece gives birth to
heroes and sages, and Rome, imperial, seven-hilled,
eternal Rome, rules the world. All men are pres-
ent with him. With Socrates and Plato, he seeks
the deep fountains of philosophy. With Homer,
he visits and regales himself on Parnassian heigh-
ts. There is no place so hidden as to escape his
notice—none so common as not to present a thou-
sand wonders. Not content with the study of men
and their transitory works, he peirces the recesses
of the earth, and almost renders transparent our
opaque ball, bringing to light the secrets of nature,
and the laws by which, as well as when, and of
what, it was formed.

He picks up the leaf that quivering in the breeze
fell in his path, and by the aid of his own inven-
tions, a new world is brought to view. He sees on
its surface the extended plain—the rock ribbed
mountain—populous nations and broad oceans;
and as the inhabitants feel their trees—drag their
timber from the hills—build their houses and vil-
lages, he almost hears the sound of the ax, and the
hum of the busy artist. He beholds in one part,
the crowded port—in another the desert, the glen
or the sea; and while he gazes with wonder and
delight, on this new creation, the puny, short lived
race lead forth their armies to battle with all the
regularity and discipline of veteran soldiers.—
Their weapons glitter in the sun-beams; and, as
the battle rages, the field is strown with the dead
and bleeding. Again they gather in council of
state, and their low buzzing by turns fills their
halls with sadness or joy; but while he has looked,
one generation has passed away and another is
improving upon the works of their fathers.

Thus before him all nature teems with life.—
There is not a straw that drifts in the rivulet, but
is the grave of engulfed thousands—not a mote
that flies in the air, but is pregnant with life.

He peoples the planets, suns, moons, stars,—
world upon world, extending as far as thought can
travel. He spreads his sails upon the shoreless
ocean of Jupiter—climbs the ridges of the Sun,
and descends into the Moon's excavations, scooped
out by the giant hand of the elements. In one,
he beholds the spirits of the just, who with untir-
ing wings fly from orb to orb, examining the works
of the Almighty, and studying the scheme of re-
demption. He hears their golden harps, as, struck
by angelic fingers, they sound with heavenly notes.
He sees their crowns, as, radiant with gems, they
are held out to entice rebellious man and woo
him back to God. A second is flooded with wa-
ter and surrounded by dense vapors. A third
boils with liquid fire, as though its Creator had
blotted the inhabitants from remembrance forever.

Still unsatisfied, he goes up to the very portal
of heaven; and as he draws near, the cry of the
sentinel angel is, 'Lo, a Christian philosopher,' and from far a thousand voices echo, 'a Christian
philosopher.' He looks—but who shall describe
the scene! Let that daring tongue be silent! Let
not the vain imagination try to point out the beau-
ties of the everlasting throne, where sits the Eter-
nal,—the resplendent brightness of those streets,
where walk the followers of the Lamb, the am-
brosial fruits of trees, bending beneath their sacred
loads. Long and wistfully does he gaze upon the
boundless glories before him; till turning away
and throwing forward his thoughts, he beholds an
unexamined spot, covered with smoke and darkness,
through which occasionally there comes a shriek,
and all is still again. To his eager inquiries, what,
and for whom, is that doleful abode, even the dis-
tant appearance of which strikesthe soul with all
that is horrible, he receives answer—'It is the
prison house of unrepentant man,' where the soul
in despondency and despair, has none to comfort,
none to soothe,—where it is met only by the ma-
niac glare of hopelessness, the laugh of scorn, and
the biting taunts of fiends,—where withering re-
proaches and harsh commands, ringing through
the vast caverns, start up the spiritsof remotest
Hell,—where

"The waves of fiery darkness 'gainst the rocks
Of dark damnation break, and music make
Of melancholy sort; and over head,
And all around, wind wars with wind, storm howls
To storm, and lightnings, forked lightnings, cross,
And thunder answers thunder, muttering sound
Of sullen wrath;"—

where the miser, hard-hearted, unfeeling and sin-
ful,—who took no thought for the cultivation of
the better faculties with which God had endowed
him,—is forever shut out from his ill-gotten wealth,
and punished for his daring impiety.

The philosopher, dropping the scalding tear
over the miserably impenitent, and catching once
more the sound of those chanting the immortal
song of truth and purity, recalls his wandering
thoughts; and all his investigations ending in
'wider views of God's unfathomed depths,' he of-
fers a fervent prayer to the great Creator, and turns
his attention to the wants of his race and the hap-
piness of his fellow men. He points them to hea-
ven, as the land of hope, the home of the saint;
and he sounds betimes in their listless ears, the
warning given by the harsh discords of fallen
spirits.

How vast, how great the difference, how striking
the contrast, between the miser and the Christian
philosopher! The one knows nothing—sees no-
thing—feels nothing—desires nothing, but his
own little, mean, insignificant self, and the trash
that he would bury in the tomb by his side.—The
other,—who can limit his depth of thought—his
vastness of understanding—the extent of his ac-
quisitions, happiness, holiness, love? Who can
measure or recount the blessings he pours upon
the world? Though he takes in eternity at a glance,
and systems of worlds roll in harmony before his
gaze,—though he holds communion with heaven,
and studies even the nature of the Deity,—yet his
ear is open to the cry of distress, and his hand
liberal to supply the wants of the destitute and
needy. Tracing the 'labyrinths of thought, asso-
ciation, passion, will,' he can strike the hidden
springs that move men to action; and he lives, the
glory of himself,—the benefactor of his race. He
catches the silver trump of liberty, and as its blast
ring over an enslaved world, man breaks his chains,
starts from the dust, and forgets his woes. He
throws open the volume of inspiration, and man
awakes from his sleep and lays hold upon eternal
life. His wand strikes the rock of science, and
the streams of literature gush forth to refine and
improve the world.

"Yet from his high pursuits he still returns
Home, with an humbler and a warmer heart.
And none so lowly bows before his God,
As none so well his awful majesty
And goodness comprehend."

In view of all the facts, that rush upon the mind
in contrasting the two characters before us, who
would choose the part of the miser, to be clothed
in 'purple and fine linen' for the few hours, the
brief span of life—constantly meeting with in-
creased cares and disappointments, and at last sink
away with no other hope than can be found in 'he
died and was buried'? O who will not rather
seek to enjoy the true pleasures of time, which
spring from holiness and wisdom—from acquiring,
and giving real benefits—from pointing the inquir-
er to, and still retaining the hope of heaven.

A S K E T C H.

It was evening. The piercing storm of a De-
cember night beat rudely against our dwelling,
and the bleak winds whistled mournfully through
the branches of the old elm before the door, whose
aged top was now shorn of its beauty and pride,
and bared by the merciless blast, to the inclemen-
cies of the wintry weather. But the storm was
unheeded within. The curtains were drawn,—the
glowing embers on the hearth and the blazing fire
formed a striking but pleasing contrast with the
dreariness of all without. The brilliancy of the maple wood, as it burns, unstinted, on the country fire, and the group which there gather around it, need no description here. We have all seen, and felt too, their magic power; and not one of Columbia's children, who were reared among the green, though sometimes snow-capped, hills of New-England, can ever forget the satisfaction with which, on a wintry night, when the winds blew sad and drear, he drew up his chair, and seated himself at the home fire-side, in the circle of the few and the dear.

Such was the eve of which I now speak. My mother had just returned from a neighboring State, whither she had been to visit her relatives. She had previously given us the details of her journey, and promised that, at the evening hour, she would give us a little narrative, in which we should feel a deep interest. My little brother drew up her arm-chair, and laughingly said, 'Come, my dear mother, resume your throne, which has been so long vacant.' With a pardonable selfishness, he then seated himself by her footstool, with an air that told us he had obtained the seat, which, being the youngest, was his rightful and privileged station. The group being all collected, my mother looked around upon us, and I caught the sound of a low but distinct sigh. She hushed it, and said, 'My children, I wish not to disturb the joyous gladness that is visible in your countenances; but the story I am going to relate, has in it more of sadness than of mirth; and if it does not remove the smile from your faces, will dim its brightness there. But I will tell it you, hoping you may profit thereby.

'You have often heard me speak of Henry H——, my favorite cousin. He was nurtured by affectionate and pious parents, whose only and darling child he was, and whose first care was to implant and nourish in his young mind the principles which should govern his future life. His early cries were hushed, his infant murmur stilled, and his cradle slumbers prolonged, lulled by the soothing voice of his devoted mother, singing beside him the songs of her Redeemer. The first word he was taught to liep, was the name of Jesus; and daily did he hear his name mentioned, when, at the evening hour, they surrounded the family altar; and the earnestness with which they then prayed for this, their darling son, was never forgotten by him. Before he attained his ninth year, death had rendered him an orphan. My father adopted him as his own, and having no other, he was to me as a brother.

'At the age of twelve, I, too, was left a hapless orphan, and Henry again bereft of a home; but we remembered what our departed parents had so often told us, that 'when father and mother forsake us, God would take us up.' and together we besought the God of the fatherless to be our Protector. A kind uncle received us into his family, but the tenderness with which he treated us could not make us forget we were orphans. Being alike deprived of our nearest earthly friends, we became still more attached to each other. In childhood and in early youth, he was my constant companion. Our school days were passed under the same roof, and I saw displayed, in his daily life, the excellencies of his character—the goodness of his heart. Courteous and friendly to all, the law of kindness was ever in his eye,—its language ever on his lips. Possessed of an amiable disposition and noble principles, he was beloved by all who knew him; and we who knew him best duly appreciated his worth. His mind was of no ordinary stamp; but cultured and enriched by study, reflection and observation, it seemed a never-failing spring from which flowed a thousand refreshing streams to render pleasant the journey of his life. In itself it was a choice treasure, rich in intellectual wealth, as inexhaustible as the mines of Golconda, and more to be prized than all her treasures. With a slight tinge of the romantic, he was an enthusiastic admirer of nature. He beheld her not with the indifference of a careless observer, for he saw in her the handiwork of the great Master-workman, whose character and attributes filled him with wonder, admiration and reverence. He was one of those rare beings, who 'cull flowers from every plant, learn a lesson from each shrub, and find good in everything.' Sensitive in the extreme, a harsh word, or a glance of coldness from one he supposed his friend, would have stung him to the soul. Cautious in chiding others, their feelings were ever held more sacred than his own.

'Such was Henry H——, and such the amiable traits of character, which shone conspicuous in his life. He seemed to have imbibed a love of virtue and piety, and at the time of which I am now speaking, he was a devoted and zealous christian, a bright and a shining light in the visible church, a glittering star in the firmament of christian benevolence and philanthropy. The precepts he uttered were drawn from the pen of Him, who taught as never man taught. Example gave a peculiar zest to their impression, and the words which fell from his lips, would have been heard with admiration, even had they proceeded from the sanctity of the pulpit.

'And, you will ask, did his path continue thus bright? Was his life ever thus peaceful and hap-
A Sketch.

The path in which he should have walked continued the same, and ever will. Ages may roll away; all that is earthly may change; yet the Christian's path remains bright and glorious, and while he walks therein, nothing need he fear. But Henry changed; he departed from it and trusting too much to himself, took his eye from the heavenly star that had hitherto guided him. The consequences were, he became bewildered in the mazes of the world. And, my dear children, (she continued,) Henry is not the only one who has thus wandered. Many, very many, have strayed away, but the consequences to all have been the same—sorrow, bitterness, and agony of soul; and may you never reap the bitter fruits of departing from known duty, and the right way.

You ask me how it was that Henry forsook his God? I cannot tell, and yet I watched his fall—I marked its progress. I saw his zeal was abating—his love growing cold—the firmness with which he grasped the believer's hope diminishing, and he turned a wistful glance on the honors and pleasures of the world. The light that guided him grew fainter and fainter, till the gloom of entire darkness surrounded him. Yet the lamp was not changed, nor was the light that it emitted less splendid or glorious, but Henry was receding from its brightness. I saw and lamented it, and wondered too, that, after having feasted on the rich dainties of the heavenly kingdom, he should turn a longing look on earth or expect to find in riches, honors, or the pleasures of time, aught to satisfy an immortalmind. He was now almost in a state of spiritual stupor; still conscience often loudly reproved him; and to stifle her cry he mingled with the gay, but never with the vicious; for the principles of morality and virtue were too firmly fixed to be easily eradicated. He had a regard for his character and his friends, though he regarded not the duty he owed his Maker.

Doubtless you will ask, 'What then was wanting? If his outward conduct was unexceptionable, morally good, and benevolence and good will were manifested in his life, was he not reconciled to God?' I must tell you, though Henry possessed many amiable and noble qualities, which endeared him to us—though many traits of his character were excellent and lovely, exalting human nature in the opinion of observers, yet the eye of infinite Purity saw wrong and sin, where his friends, biased by his social virtues, saw almost perfection. He was wanting vital piety, active faith, holy zeal, ardent devotion, and that spirituality, without which no one can prosper in the Christian course—without which he will soon grow weary, falter, and at last relinquish the hope which he obtained by humble and earnest prayer. Henry knew it. Convinced of his situation he sorrowed, yet not with that godly sorrow whose fruit is repentence; but he sorrowed, that in disobedience he found not the same peace and joy as in communing with God. He was now uneasy, and he soon found that 'the way of the transgressor is hard.' After completing his studies, he removed to a neighboring state and settled in business. We preserved a correspondence, but his letters were unlike those of former times, when occasionally absent for a few weeks. He now seldom mentioned the subject of religion except at my request, when he would revert to the happiness which was his in those days, when his greatest joy was to do the will of his heavenly Father, and then with a gaiety, which I knew to be assumed, would write of his schemes and prospects.

It was evident that he was in a state of deep spiritual declension. In after years, when again released from bondage, he told me the exercises of his mind during this season of, as he termed it, 'living death.' He told me how by disobedience he fell, and that his unbelief prepared for him the veil that to his faithless eyes seemed as immovable as the everlasting hills. In this he was wrapped as with a garment, and the darkness in which he was enveloped was more dreadful than that of Egypt.—It was the awful gloom of a soul in bondage! He knew that he was wretched, yet it excited him not to profitable exertion. He thought of infidelity, and asked himself whether that would not lay the foundation for his permanent happiness; but there he could not rest. Nature declared there was a God, and all his works proclaimed his wisdom, power and glory. He flew to fatalism, and there sought an excuse for his wanderings, but conscience still smote him. 'No one,' said he, 'could imagine the inquietude of my mind, and still I was not alarmed.' I saw him occasionally during the time of which I have been speaking. That he was changed, was evident to all. He was still the gentleman, philanthropist and trusty friend, but the faithful Christian was not now exemplified in the life of Henry H—. I saw him again, and traces of sorrow in his countenance plainly indicated that, if he had not seen outward affliction, he had suffered the more intense grief of a wounded spirit. 'Henry,' said I, 'why are you so deeply depressed?' He made me no answer. I said, 'Where is the confidence you once reposed in me? Tell me, are you unhappy?' He replied, 'Yes.' 'Have you been unfortunate,
I then asked. He again replied, ‘Yes.’ Thinking he referred to loss of property, I chided him for repining, after having received such great favors from the hand of the Almighty, and expressed my astonishment that a mind like his should be so depressed for the loss of paltry riches. ‘O spare me, Eliza, spare me,’ said he; ‘you know not what you say. The loss which I lament is of far greater consequence than earthly toys. It has no comparison with worldly goods. A few years ago,’ he continued, ‘I could have been deprived of the last farthing—could have consigned to the cheerless silence of the tomb the nearest and dearest friend I have on earth, and methinks I could have borne it all with the fortitude of a christian—the calmness of a philosopher.’ But, said he, ‘the anger of an offended, a neglected God, who can bear? I have lost that spark of heavenly fire,—that plant of divine origin; I have lost the approbation and favor of my God; and I know not but I have lost my soul. And yet this heart, hard and insensible to the gentle voice, the faithfulteachings of the heavenly monitor, will not bow; stubborn and rebellious, it will not yield, will not obey the voice of reason, the dictates of conscience or the Spirit of truth. Would that it were otherwise—that the emotions of my soul, the motives which excite me to action, were subservient to my will; and yet were it not so I should not be thus culpable. Alas! I do not understand myself, I cannot comprehend my God, but this much I do know, that before Him I am guilty, convicted and condemned.’

‘A friend of his, being present remarked, that his uniform virtuous and moral life deserved not such severe self condemnation. ‘Talk not to me,’ said he, ‘of morality; talk to the criminal on the gallows about to surrender his life to satisfy the demands of justice, the outraged laws of the land,—tell him if you will of the comparative merits of his life,—comfort him if you can by speaking of the lenity with which he will probably be treated in consideration of the limited number of his offences. Will he not tell you, ‘ah! that will not save me; for one transgression of the law I suffer the penalty of the whole.’ If he then who breaks the laws of man escapes not, shall he escape with impunity who sins against infinite perfection and heavenly purity? Tell that criminal, if you please, of merit; but O! talk not to a sinner, suffering the severe, but just displeasure of a neglected God—talk not to him of morality, of his goodness, in abstaining from crimes, which, perhaps he had no inducement or inclination to commit! Cry not to him ‘peace, peace,’ when it is expressly said in Holy Writ, ‘There is no peace to the wicked.’ Rather strive to disturb and drive from its secret lurking place the remains of sinful slothfulness and slumber. O! would that I might never rest till I knew of a certainty whether I were indeed doomed! I reminded him of the promises.—They were once mine,’ said he ‘but how foolishly did I relinquish them—how wickedly discard my Saviour. Truly, I am wretched and miserable.’

‘For days he remained in this frame of mind; but his sun was not to set in darkness. ‘Peace’ was spoken to his troubled soul by Him who stilled the angry waters, and at whose command the raging billows ceased their motion. Then, as the morning star seems to shine with renewed brightness and increased splendor after emerging from a cloud, and still more lovely by being contrasted with the darkness which preceded it, so did Henry emerge from the gloom in which he had been enshrouded as with a garment. His harp, which had hung in a long and death-like silence upon the willow, was strung anew to the praises of his God; every place which he frequented, whether the fireside, the fields, the flower-garden, the grove, or the wild-wood, was to him the place of prayer, and was made vocal with his praise.’

‘It was happiness to us who loved Henry and who had anxiously watched his erring step to see him thus engaged, and I doubt not but that the heavenly choir redoubled their joyful songs and swelled new notes, even loftier and nobler than before, when the herald angels proclaimed in heaven the glad news of Henry’s conversion. ’He now endeavored by his devotion, ardor and perseverance, to shun the errors and follies of his youth and ever after continued the firm and zealous advocate of vital piety. His example corresponded with his precepts and he labored with untiring perseverance in the cause of his Redeemer, till called by his Divine Master to receive his reward, to claim his crown in the blest regions of eternal day, I saw him at intervals during this period and a few weeks since I saw him on the bed of death. Entering the room unperceived by him, I gazed for a moment on the altered features of my dying cousin. I knew that I was in the chamber of death. How had the vigor of life departed!—his strength had become weakness, and his arm, which a few days since was powerful in the conscious strength of manhood’s prime, now lay weak and powerless by his side; his earthly frame was fast decaying, but his soul was ripe for glory; the brightness of his eye, glowing with celestial fire, told me that the spirit that lit it with such unearth-
ly radiance was hovering on the confines of another world—on the borders of the heavenly Canaan—that it longed to be gone, and almost spurned the fetters which bound the prisoner to earth and kept it from God. But he was soon to rise triumphant, unencumbered and free. He observed me and said, I wished you to see how good the Lord is to me—that he will not forsake me in the hour of my greatest need; he is with me; his conquering arm supports me, and, blessed be his name, he has given me an assurance that he will never leave me.

You, Eliza, was my early companion; our childhood was passed together, and you was my chosen playmate; and during the years of our lonely orphanage, you was still with me and your tenderness and affection soothed the lorn heart and cheered the otherwise solitary hours of one, who, bound to you by the ties of kindred, was perhaps dearer, because he had borne the same loss as yourself. In the slippery paths of youth, you was yet by my side, the friendly, faithful monitor, the guiding friend, and had I followed your counsels, I should have shunned those dangerous shoals on which I well nigh wrecked my eternal all. When I wandered, a stranger to myself and God, and sought for pleasure amid the world's gay crowd, you went not with me there, but you followed me with your eye, your tears, your prayers; your admonitions haunted my waking and my sleeping hours. When I wearied with fruitless toil I turned and sought the favor of my God, you was again by my side, dispelling the gloomy doubts and strengthening the first feeble hope, which arose to cheer me; when again freed from the trammels of error and sin, the glad praise of your grateful soul told me how devoutly you had wished, how earnestly prayed, for my conversion. Through all, you have been my friend, indeed; God bless you for it! But now even you must leave me; I must walk alone through the dark valley of the shadow of death; and yet I am not alone, for God, even your God, is with me. Standing on the brink of eternity, I fear not, for I know in whom I have believed, and my soul, stayed on God, has the assurance it will not be betrayed. The sting of death is past. Christ has conquered the last great enemy, and to Me He is 'all in all.' Now I am ready to die; I am done with earth; no longer do I claim in her a home; the heavenly convey are waiting to bear me to the haven of eternal rest—and why does the messenger delay his coming? His voice faltered—his breath grew shorter—it ceased. I took his hand; the icy chillness of death was there; the soul of Henry had burst its bands and fled.

I gazed on the mortal remains of my beloved cousin. The dread tyrant had done his work. Though he came and was received as a friend by the departed, he had claimed him as his own. His countenance was pleasant and lovely even in death, for the smile of meek and holy resignation was there and its expression told me that the spirit which had animated it, was conscious to the last of its heavenly destination, and had now gained its celestial home. I left the chamber with a saddened, though I would hope, not a murmuring heart, for I saw that God was favorable unto him; I had seen him die and knew that his end was peace.

I have told you the story of Henry's life, of his wanderings and consequent griefs, of his return, and his happy, peaceful and triumphant death, and O, may it teach you wisdom, so that by shunning his errors, you may be spared his sorrows, and so live that death to you will be disrobed of its terrors and be received as an expected and welcome friend, even as it was to Henry.

We recommend the perusal and study of the above excellent article to all our readers, on account of its practical application to so many cases in actual life.—Ends.

THE SISTERS.

GENTLE reader—my story is no varnished tale of unusual occurrences. It is a simple statement of facts—a faint tribute to the memory of two of our own associates—I say our own, for they were engaged in like employments with ourselves, and shared in the same pleasures and privileges. Adaline and Nancy Lawrence are among our fairest ones, were natives of New Hampshire. Their youthful years were spent among her sunny hills or in the cool of her verdant dales; and thus with them did time roll space:

But death, ever 'going about seeking whom he may devour,' fixed his keen eye and cold grasp upon the father, and the sisters were soon left fatherless. Those to whom a kind providence has continued parents, friends and home, know but little of the sorrows of widows and orphans; they may think they sympathize with the afflicted, but ah, how unfit are they to offer sympathy till they have drank of the same bitter cup. Adaline being the eldest, soon found it necessary to seek for herself a home, for the circumstances of the widowed mother, forbade her continuance beneath the roof of the homestead. For some years she labored in the family of a country clergyman. Here she met with kindness, and often has the
The Sisters—Editorial Remarks.

The writer heard her mention, with emotions of tenderness and love, her residence with this family. But as all are aware of the extreme smallness of compensation to help, I need not explain why Adaline became a resident in this goodly city. Suffice it to say she came, friendless and alone—but the stranger found a welcome in many a fellow stranger's heart. Active, industrious, and intelligent, she deservedly won the regard of those she met in her daily avocation; and long will her memory be precious.

After a residence of some months, her sister came to live and labor with her—and many will remember the fair-skinned, light-haired child, for child she was, when she first dwelt among us.

Educated by those who remembered their Creator, these sisters did not forget (like too many) the house of God—thither were their steps directed, and the Sabbath sun shone upon them in its peculiar beauty as they wended their way to the temple of the Most High. 'Twas in the house of prayer these gentle ones learned, not only to live, but to die. Convinced of the depravity of their natures and the sins of their youth, they sought and found the pardoning favor of Him in whom the 'weary have rest.' With their hands they subscribed to the Lord—and faithfully kept their vows.

This life so checkered o'er with ills, soon brought a deeper sorrow to many hearts—consumption, that 'syren,' marked them its prey. Slowly they drooped and withered, until the silver cord was loosened and the golden bowl broken. Emaciated, wan and sick even unto death, they returned to a mother's dwelling, to linger a few brief days and then to die.

Who can paint a mother's grief, when the children of her love and the hope of her years expire upon her bosom. Aye, tenderly will a mother watch till the grey dawn appears, and e'en then will she not forsake the dying child.

Adaline, the eldest, died first—and in the funeral train was seen a wan pale face, that seemed to say, 'the day of my departure is at hand.'—'Twas the sister, supported to the grave she then marked as her own resting place. A few days and she who visited the city of the dead, was borne thither to return no more. Sweet, aye, triumphant was their death; pleasant were they in their lives; and in death not long divided.

E D I T O R I A L

We offer this number of the Operatives' Magazine as a specimen of what our operatives can do upon subjects of utility and importance. We shall wear no disguises, but shall endeavor to encourage the cultivation of the intellectual and moral energies of our operatives, by offering them a medium of communicating their thoughts upon moral, religious and literary subjects, but not for the publication of nonsense.

The Magazine will contain original articles on religious and literary subjects. Those upon literary topics must be moral in their tendency and manly in their style. Those upon religious subjects must be written with candor. Articles of a sectarian character entirely, will be excluded.—Those which inculcate the doctrines of the Bible as understood by evangelical christians, without their peculiarities, will be admitted.

Here the muse may sing, provided she does not make discord with truth. Here the poet and wit may bring their 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn,' provided the breathing be not poison, or the burning, 'strange fire.'

We expect success in this undertaking, because our object is a good one, and our whole motives for action are before the public. Judge ye of the merits of the work and then decide, but never let it be said that our operatives are degraded or incapable of maintaining their proper rank and standing in the moral and intellectual world.

We solicit communications from operatives of both sexes, which may be left with the publisher, requiring only, 1st, that all articles shall be entirely original; 2nd, that, (whatever may be the signature,) the real name of the writer shall accompany each communication.

We have an apology to make for any lack of variety, and also for the arrangement of the articles in this number, hoping to make up such deficiencies in future. The publication being in a great measure unknown necessarily rendered the communications few. We have however a number of very interesting articles on hand which will appear in our next.

E L L A:
Hope, in the lowest acceptation in which it may be used, is the confident expectation of some desired good. The very word, isolated though it may be, implies satisfaction. Some have attempted to detract from the value of hope for the reason that its anticipations are not always fully realized, and have tauntingly asked, 'what is hope—what benefit arises from its implantation in the human bosom? For (say they) it causes deeper gloom, when it proves fallacious.' Let those—if such there be—who have never experienced the elevating influence of hope, quibble about its worth; but O! let grateful incense arise from our hearts to the benificent Giver of all good, for this inestimable blessing. Fear may disturb us, apprehension, for a moment, may allay our peace, but hope is still the same; and so far as we possess it, 'tis happiness. Hope is like the friendly star, which, rising on his lonely path, lights the benighted traveller. It is like the grateful pool amid the burning sands of Sahara, to the thirsty wanderer. It is like the refreshing spring which issued from Horeb's rock, when smote by Moses' rod at the command of the Almighty, to still the murmuring hosts of Israel. It is like a feast of good things to the half famished beggar. Why ask then, 'What is hope?' Rather ask what is it not? for there is nothing connected with the idea of hope but what is agreeable and consoling. Hope never, like memory, brings to the eye the tear of unavailing regret, nor to the lips the sigh for departed happiness and peace, nor to the mind the bitterness of repentance. What is it that starts the scalding tear from its fountain, as the reflecting mind, lives over again the years long since departed? Ah! 'tis the sting of memory. But hope has no sting, and the child of misfortune turns mournfully from memory, while he looks towards hope which, perchance, he can just see,—he looks again, then dries his tears and smiles.

We love to think on portions of the past, especially of the innocent hilarity of childhood, and on some particular associations we linger with a strange delight and almost wish we might dwell forever amid its enchantments. Anon the lights are obscured, the shadows are presented, and we sorrow. Who would linger forever on the bounds of memory, now plunging into the wilderness of regret, emerging to wander in the vale of disappointment, stumbling on the mountains of discontent and rise only to mourn in the valley of repentance. O! who would wander there, when he might ramble in the fertile, blooming fields of hope where all is bright. We have heard people wishing that a portion of their existence, or the part they had acted on some occasion which they now regret, was obliterated from their memory; but we never hear the like of hope. All crave her presence, beseech her aid and the only spark of happiness of which the most miserable is possessed is derived from her. Therefore may we not infer that it is the utter abandonment of hope which will render them misery of the finally impenitent so intolerable to themselves.

We have listened to the grey headed veteran and aged matron as they related the tales of other times, but ere they finished, the responsive sigh told us that memory had touched some tender cord and caused a pang. Hope never caused a sigh nor yet a fear of sighs. 'Tis hope that awakens the youth to exertion, prompts him to improvement and though obstacles may arise to impede his progress induces him to persevere, and while toiling up the rugged steeps of science, hope joyously points him to the bright summit yet in the dis-
tance, and urges him on towards the desired goal.

What supports the aged father, bending under the weight of years and mourning the waywardness of a profligate son? Is it the remembrance of his promising character for usefulness and honor, in early life? No; that but aggravates his grief, and by reminding him of what he might have been, makes his heart ache with keener agony as he reflects on his present condition. 'Tis the hope that his son may yet be reclaimed—that rising from the pit into which he has fallen, he may yet return, like the ancient prodigal, a humble penitent. And this hope the aged father grasps as his all.

What was the most consoling thought to the French emperor when bound a prisoner to Helena's sterile rock? Was it the remembrance of his former greatness? Methinks a pang of anguish darted through his soul at the thought of his blasted fortunes. But he hoped once more to live in his glory, or that, in the young Napoleon, his name should still be great.

What induced our pilgrim fathers to leave the mother country, encounter the perils of the great deep, and in the wilds of America, surrounded by savage tribes, undergo the hardships of a new settlement? It was the hope of enjoying in a stranger land liberty of conscience and religious freedom which was denied them in their own; and that they might bequeath to their children the same blessings. Why did our revolutionary sires dare rise, when few in numbers and weak in all the resources of war save the determination to live only as freemen, and spurn, as they did, the chains that Britain's haughty tyrant had forged for them? It was the hope that the justice of their cause would plead for them—that Heaven would prove propitious and the God of armies be their defence. 'Twas hope upheld their spirits and left them not, till they saw the full completion of their wishes in the star-spangled banner, as it waved in triumph, over the land they had so nobly defended. Had memory been their greatest enjoyment they might have dwelt forever on former liberty, sighed and pined in utter hopelessness over departed freedom, and for aught they had done, we should now be groaning beneath oppression's iron rod, scourged by her cruel lashes and galled by the heavy fetters of monarchical tyranny. Was it only the remembrance of injuries that strengthened the heart and nerved the arm of Washington for battle, when with his little patriot band he met the mighty foe? If so, then revenge incited him to action. But say it not—stain not the warrior's memory with a blot so dark. A passion so base as revenge never burned in the bosom of Washington; it was the hope that Columbia, his loved, native land might yet be free—that no despot's foot should ever pollute the soil—that drenched our plains with the blood of the brave. It was the same hope—the hope that the God he served would vouchsafe his aid, that afterward moved the soul of our devoted, Christian soldier, when retiring from the camp, he bowed before his God amid the pines of Vernon—when he thought himself in the presence of Jehovah alone.

What soothes the afflicted one, grieving with sorrow too deep for consolation, too sacred for human sympathy and too pungent for all to understand? Is it the remembrance of former felicity, of buried joys, of friends estranged, of earthly happiness, embittered by no sigh, now, alas! forever gone? Is it the remembrance of these that calms the stricken one? O no; 'tis hope gently whispering 'there's no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.'

What cheers the weary one of earth, on whom fortune scarce ever deigned a look but to give a frown, driven by winds perverse and cruel, grasped by misfortune's cruel hand, harrassed by foes, wounded by those he thought his friends—say where is his happiness? Memory, perchance, would gather round him clouds of deeper, darker hue, but hope, ever relieving the distressed, tells, 'there's rest in Heaven.'

It would require the wisdom of a philosopher, the pen of a ready writer, the soul-stirring eloquence of an orator—yea more, an angel's tongue, to describe the excellencies, pleasures, enjoyments of hope, and then the half would not be told. We may possess them, we may experience their raptures; but we can never express the real worth of that inestimable gift. It is the richest boon, save one, that Heaven ever gave to man; and even the gift of the Savior can hardly exceed it, for what would that avail without a well grounded hope in the atonement?

We have seen the Christian rejoice even in tribulation. Skeptics have expressed their surprise that humanity could be so fortified by a power invisible; but those who have experienced the love of God in the heart and enjoyed the elevating influence of the same, do not wonder that he whose hope is in the God of Israel, should rejoice with an exceeding great joy. Though the storms of adversity howl around him, he can still be cheerful, for his 'hope is as an anchor to the soul.' See the dying Christian on the very verge of eternity.—Memory may fail him, but his hope grows brighter as he nears the consummation of all earthly things.

Does then the recollection of his good and worthy actions enable him to meet death with calmness
resignation and peace? O! how does he cry out, "Mention not to me the things and actions of earth!"

Christ is my salvation and I rejoice in the hope of a glorious immortality beyond the tomb. Here is his happiness, and the ardor with which he grasps it—the fervor with which he clings to it, and the unearthly fire with which it lights his eye, tells, "it is rapture to the soul."

Should we seek our greatest enjoyment in memory, then truly we should be creatures of earth tenfold more grovelling than now. The noblest powers of the soul confined to the things of time, we should seek no greater good than they afford. Memory is confined to terrestrial things, while hope, spurning such narrow bounds, soars away into the broad immensity about it, and finds "good in everything." Hope points us to the regions of eternal day, where, pure and sinless, in angel innocence we hope to be perfected.

Who would exchange the soul-enrapturing joys of hope, for the earth-born, earth-tainted pleasures of memory? O! they are all grovelling, and we envy not the mind that is satisfied with such low and base enjoyments.

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**RELIGION.**

**WHAT** is it gives to youth a charm,

To age doth peace impart,

To every station adds a grace,

Inteneratesthe heart;—

Whose influence cheers our darkest hours,

And bids our sorrows cease,

Which purifies each sterling thought,

Gives life and joy, and peace;—

Whose genial rays with sheen can cheer,

The prisoner's lonely cell,

Which can the widow's grief assuage,

The orphan's tears repel;—

Without whose influence life's a void—

An evanescent gleam—

A chaos fill'd with grief and woe,

Without one kindly beam?

When call'd to part with friends most dear,

And joys are on the wane,

What is it whispers, 'weep no more,

You part to meet again'?

Illustrious Seraph! thee we hail,

Divinely bright and fair;

RELIGION is thy name on earth,

May we thy influence share.

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**SPRING.**

How delightful the sensation that we experience as the vernal season advances; as old winter, fearful of his destiny, hastens back to northern climes, to regions more congenial with his nature, leaving his sportive offspring to trip forth, and with the soft music of her voice, awaken sleeping nature to active life. She reaches out her magic wand, touches the dormant energies of vegetation, and it springs forth in blooming beauty. As she looks, around upon universal nature, the early flowerets joyously peep forth from their solitary confines, the violet thrives in the secluded recesses of the vale, the rose plots luxuriate in radiant loveliness, and the young buds open their crimson treasures, and scatter their rich perfumery through the atmosphere. At the sound of her voice, the melancholy gloom of the naked forests disappears, and she clothes them in a glowing livery of fragrant and beauteous foliage, causing them to appear, when situated at a distance, not entirely unlike a rich and magnificent drapery, hung in the cerulean vaults of heaven, and resting upon the earth. She sports over the plains, and her track is marked by a profusion of green verdure. She smiles upon the hills, and they gratefully return the salutation. As she approaches 'the floods clap their hands, and the hills are joyful together,' the gushing fountains break their silvery enclosures to greet her with their bubbling music. The rivers long bound in icy chains burst asunder their brittle bands and resume their wonted course, while they shine in the brightness of the sunbeam, and meander unrestrained over the rejoicing plains.

To a mind which is happily possessed of a taste for the beauties of nature, the appearances of Spring address themselves with peculiar, and more than ordinary attractions; every motion, every sound seems to convey an agreeable impression, and, in this morning of the year, awaken new thoughts, however unworthy of our consideration they might appear at any other season. The noisy aclamations of youth, just emancipated from the restraints of winter, the occasional bleating of harmless flocks upon the hillside, and the deep lowing of the cattle in some far off valley, are sounds which, when they fall upon the ear, accompanied by all the pleasing associations of spring, are not utterly destitute of beauty.

The thrilling notes of the feathered songsters, as they resound through the groves and echo from rock to glen, cannot but arouse from its stupidity the coldest heart—cannot but leave in the mind of the skeptic an uneasy sensation, cause the moralist
to blush, and impart to the Christian a loftier emotion of reverence and adoration.

For the person who can justly appreciate its beauties, there is an enlivening power in spring, an ever varying bloom, a gentle loveliness which refines the heart, softens and relaxes the clogged nerves of the soul, melts down the sterner passions, and, casting out the gross and impurity, elevates the mind both morally and intellectually.

JOLIET.

THE ORPHAN.

‘In this cold world, there are none to bless,
And few to care for the motherless.’

So said Ellen S——, as she rested her aching head
upon her pillow. Sad, and alone, she felt the
bitterness of the poet’s strain——

‘Alone — it is in that deep word,
That all my sorrow lies.’

Rearred in the bosom of a family where religion
held her peaceful way, Ellen knew but little of
the world or its unfriendliness. ‘Riches without
wings’ was the portion of each, and death could
not rob them of their inheritance. But love
is not a sufficient shield against the invidious
approach of death. He ever has, and ever will claim
his own. He seizes the casket, but the jewel is
far beyond his power.

The mother became the first victim, and the
greedy grave yawned and pressed this choicest of
earth’s treasures in its bosom. The bond once
broken, link after link was severed, till all save one
were gone. She, the subject of our present sketch,
lived on, but few flowers were scattered in her
pathway to the tomb. ‘Tis true, here and there a
heart throbbed and a smile welcomed her, but
Ellen would never seek a smile unless first greeted.

Her father’s means of support for his family, end-

ended with his labors, so Ellen found the necessity
of self-exertion, and in so doing faculties were
brought into exercise of which she little deemed
herself the possessor.

Experiencing the bitter truth of the apostle’s
declaration, ‘the fashion of this world passeth
away,’ she often added,

‘There’s not a spot beneath the stars,
In which the heart can hide.
Secure from some besetting ill,
To human lot allied.’

In early life she sought her portion and home
far, far from earth, and professing her faith in Jesus
she built about her a bulwark of defense, a shelter
from the storm. Many, oh too many, seek to
drown their sorrows in the pleasures of earth; for-

getting, alas! that beneath the garb of pleasure
is hidden a deeper fount of sorrow than affliction
ever imparts.

An Orphan’s feelings none can divine, save those
who have themselves wept at the grave of their
earthly guides. Their hours of loneliness, as they
traverse this ‘garden of graves,’ none can ever
imagine; and when home with its dear delights
is recollected it seems almost a dream. Such a
heart oft exclaims ‘did one ever call me daughter,
or sister? and will the sound greet me again?’

And often do they list to catch the music of a
mother’s voice or a father’s blessing.

Years rolled on, and Ellen fell a victim to dis-

ease. The gentle and the good must die, but oh,
how sweetly do the daisies bloom upon their graves.

Ellen knew her hour was come, and long and
patiently had she awaited it. And when it came
a song almost unconsciously burst from the lips
of the Orphan as she passed away, which will
never be forgotten. An angel spirit, mayhap, a
mother taught the strain, as the sufferer bade fare
well to earth.

My feet often pass the spot where all that’s
mortal of Ellen reposes; and at her grave sweet
hopes dawn upon the spirit—hopes of immortal
blessedness.

A. G. A.

BENEVOLENCE.

Of all man’s moral endowments none is more
frequently called into exercise than benevolence.
Surrounded by want and wretchedness, we cannot
fail of seeing enough to bring forth the finest and
most hidden feelings of the heart. That we were
created to employ such feelings in cheering and
comforting our distressed fellow pilgrims, is evident
from the fact that we are constituted social beings.

Opportunities for exercising benevolence are
innumerable; for it does not always consist in be-
stowing our goodst to feed the poor. It often falls
to our lot to witness suffering distinct from temporal
wants. Mark you the tear of the orphan; will gold
supply the place of the father? will gold cheer
the heart of the motherless? Ah no, ‘tis then kind
words are ‘like apples of gold in pictures of silver.’

How truly has it been said, a kind word outweighs
millions, and a kind look is ample and
sufficient reward for years of privations, and it may
be laid down as a safe rule that——

Friendship bought with kindly words,
Will last when fortune flies.

The benevolent heart neither beats or enjoys
the less, for having relieved the needy; the coun-
tenance is none the less cheerful for having impart-
ed its smile to another, neither is the step the less buoyant and elastic because it is directed to the dwelling of sorrow.

True benevolence leads its possessor to cultivate all the better feelings: it sheds a halo of peace and joy o'er the heart of youth, and proves a crown of glory to the whitened head.

ELSIBETH.

LOVE OF HOME.

There is a charm in the mention of home, which touches the finest and most delicate cords of the heart, and draws forth emotions of the sweetest and most perfect harmony. Even at the perusal of our caption, how many a heart will beat more rapidly, and experience a warmer glow, as it fondly turns towards its own loved home; as it runs over and enumerates the various visions of the past, the innocent sports of thoughtless, happy childhood, the many hours of lively intercourse with affectionate and devoted friends, the calm serenity of the Sabbath morning, as the pious villagers gathered themselves slowly and solemnly to the house of worship; or the still more imposing spectacle of the family devotion on the Sabbath evening, as the hum of many voices seemed to rise like sweet incense towards heaven. In a word, the mention of home calls to remembrance the most gratifying associations of our existence.—And how very apt are we, when under the influence of this inherent principle, to exclaim in the language of a late favorite poet of England, 'Sweet! loveliest village of the plain, Where health and plenty cheer the laboring swain.'

I say inherent principle; for the love of home is a principle deeply implanted in the human breast. It has its origin in the first buddings of the intellect. It grows and expands in perfect union with the expansion of our faculties. It is not confined to the narrow limits of clime, country, or language. The loftiest mountains, whose cloud-veiled summits are invisible to our eyes, cannot set bounds to its action. The widest ocean is no barrier to its powerful operations. It is a principle as extensive as the habitations of man, as broad as the wide-spread abodes of humanity. The love of home is a principle of our nature, which claims exclusive kindred with no class, no condition. It is possessed alike by the penurious beggar in his scanty covering, and the haughty courtier in his gaudy apparel. It may be found to exist with the uncivilized and the civilized. It forms an ingredient even in the composition of the most barbarous savage, and burns with powerful intensity in the bosom of the most polished citizen.

Take the negro from his home and his heart clings with passionate fondness to the purling streams, the sultry rays, and the sandy, unproductive deserts of his native Africa. Or visit the frozen regions of the north, and enter the repulsive abode of the rugged, storm-worn inhabitant of Lapland. His country possesses attractions far more endearing to him than any, or all others. He would not exchange his snow-wrought cabin for the most gorgeous palace of sunny Italy; no, not even for a residence in our own free and happy New England. The mountain boy of Switzerland never departs from his native clime, but with the strongest reluctance, and as the towering peaks of his loved hills disappear in the mazy distance, they become more dear to his heart, and more vivid to his glowing imagination. And it is not unfrequently the case, that the cheerless exile of Switzerland falls a devoted victim to that pure and holy emotion, the love of home. How powerful are its influences! How closely is it interwoven with the most subtle fibres of the heart! How impossible to erase it! How potent its charm through the whole tenor of life! How impressively it speaks even in the very actions, that,

'where'er we roam,'

Our own, best country is our home.

Say, gentle reader, who hast left a pleasant, peaceful home to engage in the busy scenes of life, does not an ardent thought often go back to the days of childhood? When engaged in your daily occupation, or in the solitary, calm, noiseless hours of midnight, hast thou not loved to indulge in the visions of ever voluntary memory? And will not many hearts join with mine, as I endeavor to select from the wide and prolific fields of memory, a few of her fairest flowers? Are there none who will recognize some sweet picture or incident, which memory has impressed upon their own minds, as I call to view a few of the many delightful scenes of my native place?—The rising hillock whose summit smiles with the first tints of morn, and is gilded by the last beam of the departing sun;—the noisy cascade, that tumbles its broken waters at a short distance in the rear of my father's dwelling, whose spattering foam was wont to spread a continual dew upon the flowers I carefully cultivated upon its banks;—the sequestered arbor, curiously formed by the natural growth of the trees and brushwood, inviting the wanderer to its cool and shady retreat, from the sultry rays of the mid-day sun;—the melody of the happy songsters as they played from bough to bough;—the gentle breeze that seemed to whisper a farewell thro' the
rustling foliage, as I departed from home;—the farewell of early friends;—and above all, the last adieu of my parents—oh! never will the deep impression of that moment be erased from the tablet of memory, when a fond father bent over me, and as he placed his hand upon my head, implored heaven with trembling accents, to bless and protect his thoughtless child; while my mother, with pious care, placed a holy Bible among the little necessaries that she had prepared for my trunk.

But memory is not the only source whence we derive happiness when absent from home. There is a rapture in the thought of again returning. The rich fountains of anticipation are open from which we may draw, and enjoy happiness, (by the aid of fancy) far in the future. With what lightness of heart do we apply ourselves to our occupation as the period draws near for a visit to our homes? With what delight do we anticipate the welcome smiles of friends and acquaintances, and the affectionate embraces of those we love?

Nor is this feeling peculiar to a few. No! It is universal, it embraces all. The heart of the soldier leaps for joy, as he turns his steps homeward. ‘The sailor boy on the giddy mast,’ feels an enlivening impulse upon the first appearance of his native land, though it be far in the distance.

The christian, too, partakes largely of this feeling, as he looks forward to the fulfilment of the promises, and beholds with the strong eye of faith, ‘the house not made with hands,’ the ‘heavenly Jerusalem,’ whose inhabitants, clothed in robes of spotless white, are ever chanting praises to the Sovereign of the universe. And his whole soul glows with a heavenly rapture as he realizes that he is to have an inheritance in those blest abodes, when his earthly pilgrimage shall have ended.

FRIENDSHIP.

This is one of the richest and most desirable of temporal boons dispensed to terrestrial beings. It yields the peaceful fruits of virtue and awakens the loveliest affections, and causes the most endearing relationship between man and man.—Its origin is in pure benevolence and genuine philanthropy. It is the dispenser of cheerfulness and tranquility to all within the circle of its embrace strews the pathway of life with flowers, and tinges the face of society with a beauty equalled or surpassed only by the religion of Him who died that we might live. And is it too much to assert, that it enstamps upon its votaries the express image of Him whose likeness we are? Placed as we are in this state of existence surrounded with the turmoils of the world, in the present imperfect state of society, our lives would be one continued scene of disappointment and perplexity, were not the gems of true friendship here and there to be found.

‘Tis friendship that gladdens our hearts, sustains and animates our affections, and enables us to endure the many adversities to which we are subjected.

We frequently feel the need of friends and rejoice when we have found one on whom we can at all times confide. May it ever be your happy lot, dear reader, to be surrounded by those who will not desert you in the hour of trial. You may possess all the beauty of shape, and loveliness of mind which nature is capable of bestowing; and yet, left without friends, this world would be to you but a dreary wilderness. While, on the other hand, the sweet society of friends will soften the sorrows of your heart, alleviate your cares and smooth down the rugged path which all must pass, and light up in the bosom those sacred enjoyments which shall cause nature to appear to you lovely as the morning, and the desert to bud and blossom as the rose. It will doubtless be obvious to all, that though earthly friendship possesses many, very many sweets, yet as all things sublunary soon must wither and die, how important it is to make Him our friend, who, when on earth,‘had not where to lay his head.’ We may make many friends in this transitory life, and they may flock around us with their sympathetic feelings to soothe us in the most afflictive events of life; but they cannot save us from the impending woes that God has said to be the portion of the finally unregenerate. Let us remember, then, how uncertain are all things here below—that they are as evanescent as the morning cloud and early dew—that

‘The eye to day that glances bright,
To-morrow morn may fade;
And perish with it each delight,
That its own beam had made.
The flower now that’s opening fair,
May fall ere evening close,
And not a leaf hang withering there,
To tell where bloomed the rose.’

MEDITATION.

What can be more delightful, or beneficial, to the christian, than the hour of meditation. When the toil and labor of the day is past, and we retire to seek refreshment in sleep, with what pleasure does the christian open the sacred volume, and ponder upon its mighty truths; and then with a heart overflowing with love to God, he approaches the
throne of grace, and there presents his sincere thanks to his heavenly Father, who has shielded him from danger and bestowed on him the comforts of life. He earnestly prays that he may be kept from temptation, and enabled through grace to walk in the footsteps of his Redeemer, and that when his pulse shall cease to beat, he may be safely landed from the troubled waters of this world, on the peaceful shore of immortality.

But it is not thus with those who have not the fear of God before their eyes. They are wholly absorbed in the business of this life, and making every effort to procure a vast amount of worldly goods; which if obtained, so far from proving a blessing, often serve to increase their trouble and anxiety. They allow themselves no time for reflection and pass on through life, regardless of the future until the hour of death arrives,—when they find that repentance is too late.

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**ARABELLA.**

**THE SCENES OF NATURE.**

I love to wander in the wood,
When April's warmth has waked the flowers,
And in her deepest solitude,
To gaze upon fair nature's bowers.

I love to listen to the brook,
With sweetest music in its songs
Imparting to each fairy nook,
Fresh verdure as it winds along.

I love to see the wild wood flower,
With blushing beauty raise its head—
Enjoy of life its transient hour,
Then sink upon its mossy bed.

These scenes to me are dearer far
Than those which gilded halls afford,
Though mirth, and gladness, mingled there
With beauty, crown the festive board.

Here in these wilds has nature spread
A richer feast t' exalt the mind,
To teach us virtue's paths to tread,
Which lead to pleasures more refined.

Father, whene'er these works of thine,
With raptured gaze my senses rove,
May I, with humble rev'rence, learn
The wondrous lesson of thy love.

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**SYMPATHY.**

Sympathy may be defined as that part of our nature, which is affected by the affections of others. Perhaps there is not a quality of mind, the distribution of which, has been so greatly varied. It has been supposed that there is not a faculty of the human mind, which is not possessed, to a greater or less extent, by every individual, of rational powers. Sympathy, properly speaking, is not a faculty, but arises from the action of the faculties. But let its operations or manifestations be what they may, it affords an interesting theme of contemplation for the observer of human nature. We observe one, whose feelings are tender and sensitive; another, directly the reverse. The former is kind and affectionate, entering into the affairs of his friend, with all that eagerness and interest which characterize the management of his own. If he sees a fellow creature in distress, his hand is immediately extended to his relief. With a heart always ready to commiserate the subjects of affliction, he administers consolation and comfort wherever he can find opportunity. These actions, spring not from ambitious or selfish motives, but from the emotion we call sympathy.

How opposite the character of him, who is a stranger to this feeling. His appearance is usually cold, distant and repulsive. He takes no interest in the concerns of others, unless it be to gain his own ends and advance his own interests. To him the needy might apply in vain, and the oppressed would still groan under his oppression. He is a stranger to all those feelings of affection, which invariably predominate in the bosoms of those who mingle and sympathize together in the joys and sorrows of life. He stands alone, untouched either by the pleasures, or pains of those around him.

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**HINTS.**

'The wise will seek a portion richer far
Than Conda's mines or Peru's treasures are—
Not of a burnished tinsel—glittering kind—
The nobler, blander beauties of the mind.'

Since there is a time when the youthful must cease to be young, and the beautiful to excite admiration, to learn how to grow old gracefully, is perhaps the rarest but most useful lesson ever learned by woman. And it must be confessed an exceeding severe trial, for those to lay down beauty, who have nothing else to take up. It is for this sober season of life that education and religion should lay its rich resources. However neglected they may have been, they will be wanted now.—

When admirers fall away and flatterers are mute, the mind will be driven to retire into itself and if it find no entertainment at home it will be driven back upon the world with increasing force. Yet how many, forgetting this serious truth, educate themselves, exclusively, for the transient period of youth—for the crowd, and not for themselves—for show, not for use—for time, not for eternity.
DEATH OF HARRISON.

My country's banner hung aloft, and waved
Its graceful folds in upper air. But not
As it was wont, did gladness beam from eyes
That looked thereon. It lay in sadness on
The breeze, and, clad in weeds of death, looked
Unspeakable. The tolling bells, with slow
And measured accents, peal on peal, spoke each
A lesson of mortality. The city heard
It. Far and wide the echo spread; and rocks,
And hills, and dell and streams and woods and heaven's
Blue arch responded to the awful music of
The tomb. My ear gave heed; and with
A heavy heart I heard the message of
The chiming bells—

"Land of the Free,
Tidings for thee!
And tidings that appal.
The solemn tone,
The fearful moan
Is from thy Capitol.
In reverence bow thy drooping head
And learn, thy President is dead.

"Flag of the Free,
Sable for thee!
Put thy deep mourning on,
Proclaim to earth and sea and sky;
None are too great, too good to die.

"Hearth of the Free,
Sackcloth for thee!
In palace and in cot.
Thy far profound
Hath felt the wound—
Lament his fall—a friend of peace—
An almoner of social bliss:"

The death-knell ceased. I turned
Away to weep and as I mused upon
The melancholy scene, I seemed to hear.
A still small voice, a messenger of love
And faithfulness—

"Mortal! let this picture be
Emblem of thy destiny,
Seen and understood by thee,
Warning from on high,
Mortal! thou must die."

Softly, gently, whispering, come
Voices from the silent tomb—
"This is not a place of gloom,
Christ the grave hath blest,
Tis the christian's rest."

Is it not that death-chilled tongue,
On whose words a nation hung?
Is it not that harp unstrung,
Strung anew in heaven,
Holy and forgiven?

That mournful sound that came
So noiselessly up from the narrow home
Of HARRISON, was mingled with a wild
Dirge, on the still air borne. It was as 'twere
The sound of many floods—a people's grief,
And doleful was the note of woe. Alas!
For many a smitten heart, and weeping eye,
And disappointed hope.

"Twas sadly sweet
To see the tears they shed for him. Far more
Distinct than words, I in that volume read,
"Behold the nation loved him? and its broad
Expanses sent back the echo—loved him?"

But
A cloud hung o'er the churchyard. Brighter than
The vivid flash that lays the mighty low
The unsheathed sword of Justice gleamed. It

The instrument that smote the people's heart,
And Judgment spoke, ah! louder tenfold than
The thunderbolt. I listened, and methought
My country listened too—

"Ye children of
The dust, well may ye weep; mine ear hath heard
Your songs of revelry and mirth, your shouts
And party strifes, your triumphs and your worn
Out words—defeat and victory. Was this
Befitting those that wear the christian name—
The land so signal and long, I best? Have ye
Forgot the curse to man that trusteth in
His fellow-man, and maketh flesh his arm?
Know ye to whom ye owe your liberty,
Your greatness and your strength?

The Hand of Love
Hath touched you, that ye might awake and up
To gratitude and duty. "Twas best to show
you that
The King of kings, the Conqueror and Lord
Of lords is your defence; and when He breathes
A blighting mildew on your hopes, where are
They all? What now is he in whom ye placed
Your trust? I took his breath away
He lies alone and helpless. Nought of him
Is left you save a handful of the dust
Ye tread upon. Ye well may weep. Your grief
Becomes you! but forget not—why ye mourn."

ADELAIDE.

RELIGIOUS FAITH.

By religious faith we understand not merely a
speculative belief in the existence of the Supreme Being, but such a conviction of the truths of revelation, as will purify the affections, guide us in the performance of every act in life and show its divine origin by the healthful influence it exerts on the character and conduct of its possessor. Such a faith is of the highest value to man, a source of earthly felicity, and when all other joys fail, it remains an inexhaustable fountain of happiness.

Those who deny the authenticity of the Bible deprive themselves of the only source of correct
and indubitable information concerning the creation of the world and the first generations of men, and thus remain willfully ignorant of the most interesting events recorded in history. If we discount the testimony of the sacred writers in regard to the object and destiny of man, we must consider him the greatest wonder in the universe.

Placed as he is in a world of beauty and magnificence, in which he finds much to admire and love, but nothing that can satisfy the aspiring mind; we behold him pursuing one phantom after another, yet never at rest, and while in the act of forming new schemes of happiness, the king of terrors points his deadly dart and he sinks into oblivion with the beasts that perish.

As the rays of the sun dispel the darkness of night and give cheerfulness and beauty to the face of nature, causing every living thing to rejoice in his renovating beam, so does faith approach to man in his dark and gloomy state. It scatters the clouds of doubt and error that obscure his vision, inspires him with the glorious hope of immortality, and affords him abundant consolation in the hour of trial and affliction.

TO A BROTHER ON HIS BIRTH DAY

Nine years to-day, my brother,
Since thou first saw the light,
Of this gay world which now to thee,
Looks beautiful and bright.
The sun of joy is beaming,
Upon thy youthful way; And Hope's gay flowers are blooming fair,
And may, like flowers decay.
A Father's eye is on thee,
Oft dim with anxious tears; And while the future he surveys,
What hopes are his,—what fears!
A Mother's heart is yearning,
Toward her darling boy; Wound not that gentle heart, but be Its solace, and its joy.
A Sister's heart is with thee,
Where'er thy feet may rove; Her purest prayers go up for thee, Warm with a Sister's love.

Bright years be thine, my Brother,
Till manhood crowns thy brow; Then may our hearts with rapture thrill To find thee, pure as now.
When life's last day is closing, And all its scenes have past; Thy spirit in a brighter sphere Shall find its home at last.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

How many associations, sweet and hallowed, crowd upon the mind at the return of Saturday Night. The cares and anxieties of the week are past and forgotten; and the unwonted stillness which gathers around seems indeed a fitting prelude to more pure, more holy, more heavenly time, which tired nature, hails with renewed joy at every succeeding return. 'Tis then the din of busy life ceases, and the worn out frame seeks its needed repose, and the mind its relaxation from earth and its concerns. With pleasure do we look forward to the coming sabbath in which we may enjoy a foretaste of that eternal rest which remaineth for the people of God. How wisely and beneficently has He set apart this day for man's peace and happiness.

This time is greeted by almost every individual, let his situation or occupation in life be what it may, with joy and delight. The tired labourer seeks now his own neat cottage, to which, perhaps he has been a stranger during all the week, where a loving wife and smiling children meet him with smiles and caresses. Here he realizes the bliss of hard earned comforts—enjoys the society of those for whom he has labored; and the bright anticipations of domestic happiness, which have cheered him through the week of incessant toil, are now realities. Released from the distracting cares of the week, the professional man gladly beholds the return of Saturday night, and as gladly seeks, in the clustering vines nourished by his own parental care, the reality of those joys which are his to know only at these peculiar seasons.

The lone widow, too who has toiled on, day after day, to support her little charge,—how gladly does she resign her cares at the return of 'Saturday night,' and thank God for those kind resting places in the way of life, by which she is encouraged from week to week to hold on her way.

It is at this time that the devoted minister of the cross, has shut from his mind the things of earth, and is devoting himself, soul and body, to the Most High God, in preparation for the duties of Holy time.

If there is any individual that looks forward to this season of rest with feelings of anxiety, it is the School Teacher. Burdened, as he is with cares, anxieties, and perplexities, enough, almost, to sink him to the grave, he can at this time throw off this load of trouble, and enjoy all the peculiar blessings of the day of rest. But to whom is the return of Saturday night more pleasant, than to the devoted Christian? How he looks up amid the blessings showered upon him from day to day, and thanks.
God with humble reverence for their continuance. His will is expanded at the thought of waiting on God in the sanctuary on the coming day; and gladly forgets the narrow bounds of time and its concerns, that he may feast on joys ever new, ever glorious, ever sufficient to satiate the longing soul that rightly seeks supplies. It leads him to contemplate the coming night of death—the glorious resurrection morn, which shall usher him on the full realization of those joys—that endless Sabbath—that perpetual rest, of which this, with all its blessedness, is but the dim shadow, and faint foretaste. 'Tis pleasant to contemplate the wisdom and goodness of God in instituting this day of rest, and notice the peculiar blessings which have followed its observance from the time that the great Author of the universe rested from his six days' labour, to the present. But while we hale with delight this hallowed day, let us not forget the millions on whom the sun rises and sets, without creating one emotion of gratitude, throughout whose land, the Sabbath bell has never been heard, and no sanctuary points its gilded spire to the sky, nor herald of salvation lifts his voice to teach the way to Heaven. No; rather let us as we assemble in that sacred temple—sacred to Heaven, offer our prayers that the time may soon come, when every being that bears the image of humanity shall hail the Sabbath with delight, and quite around this globe the voice of prayer and praise ascend to God.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

Many of the enthusiastic admirers of nature fondly imagine that perfect happiness may be found in her 'calm retreats and sylvan shades.' But though 'self-approving, God-approving joy' dwells not—

In drops of dew, however pure; in gales however sweet; in wells however clear;
In groves however thick with verdant shade;—
yet to listening hearts Nature proclaims with a thousand tongues, what must be our character in order to attain it.

We gaze on the river, so peaceful and clear; and with the music of its unceasing murmurs there arises a voice saying in sweet thro' chiding tones, 'Restless mortal, would'st thou have in thy soul a fountain whence shall flow exhaustless streams of peace? Then be pure.'

The simple flowers of the field are speaking forth, in the expressive language of emblems, innocence and purity. We gaze upon the fair blue skies and involuntarily breathe a wish to resemble them in purity. The free, glad notes of nature's songsters strangely contrast with the tumult of unshallowed passions, and the strife of unworthy desires. And they seem rebukingly to say, 'Care-worn and disappointed one, would you possess a heart ever free from jarring discord, and ever attuned to harmony and melody? Then be pure.' And the terrific tempest thunders forth the same faithful admonition. This is its language, 'Say, fearful, trembling mortal, why does now thy courage fail, and thy heart faint within thee? Is not cowardice the offspring of guilt? Would you be calm and fearless amid the storm, though the earth should be shaken to its centre, and the elements dissolved? Then be pure.'

Though all nature is pouring into our hearts her lessons of purity, she directs to no healing waters, where impurity may be washed away. But the God of Nature is the God of Revelation, and both give blessed instructions; but, when the former ceases to speak, the latter raises its voice and tells of a fountain in which the sin-polluted may be cleansed from every defilement. Go then, Earth's children, there bathe and be pure.

MY FRIEND'S DEATH BED.

'Oft as the bell, with solemn toll, Speaks the departure of a soul, Let each one ask himself, 'Am I Prepared, should I be called to die.'

Well would it be for the survivors, as they gather to pay their last tribute of affection to the departed, did they pause to consider the solemn admonition, 'Be ye also ready.' But alas! such reflections as the coffin and the grave are calculated to inspire, are too soon forgotten. The 'mourner may go about the street' in the habiliments of woe—but the feelings of the heart are often sadly at variance with the outer man.

Were the ravages of death, 'like angel visits, few and far between,' it would seem less culpable, if such admonitions were sometimes unheeded. As it is, we are painfully forced to acknowledge, that 'man forgets, what most he should consider.' There is a painful something in death which is known, only to those who pass the portal of the tomb. None have been initiated into the secrets of the grave and then returned to proclaim them, and consequently, all we suppose is but a dark and dreamy conjecture.

But to my story, and sad as it is, because of the separations which death causes, 'tis also consoling—for it is not sorrow without hope. Three years have rolled their tide of deeds into the ocean
of eternity, since Charlotte S. slept in the cold embrace of death. She was not, 'gifted,' as many style their friends, but, she was 'good.' Her life was characterized by an humble walk with God, a firm reliance upon the blood of Jesus. As the sun sinks in its western bed, and sheds a softer radiance as it goes down, so did the dying christian throw a halo of joy o'er the spirits of the survivors, as she triumphantly departed to dwell with Christ. Her end was emphatically "like the end of the righteous," and she, amid the agonies of death, bore testimony to the truth of the poet's strain, "Jesus can make a dying bed Feel soft as downy pillows are."

During a severe and protracted illness, which she bore with christian resignation, she confidently affirmed her belief in the sure mercies of Christ, and urged the claims of the gospel upon those of her friends, who were 'living without God and without hope in the world.' Amid the sharp conflicts of disease she murmured not, or repined; ever remembering that the pathway to the grave was once trodden by her Saviour and Lord. With a hope fullof immortality,she breathed her last sigh in the arms of a sister, and when the morning of the resurrection shall dawn, 'twill doubtless be seen that though her lot was an humble one in this life, her reward is glorious in heaven.

The simple moral of this tale I fain would hope may be impressed upon every heart. With the evidences of christianity before us, as exemplified in the death of one who was a resident of our city, who lived and died with us—shall we not see to it that we possess a title to an heavenly inheritance, so that when earthly hopes fail we may be received into everlasting habitations.

**INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF AN OPERATIVE.**

'**Bless you my daughter, God bless you,'** said Mr. W. as he laid his hand upon his daughter's head. 'May a kind heavenly Father watch over and keep you, while you are free from the restraints of home.'

Lucy made no reply for her heart was full.—The deep fountains of the soul were touched, and the father's blessing kindled new feelings in the breast of one who was soon to find herself a home in a distant city.

Permit me here to introduce the reader to the family of Mr. W. to whom I have already referred. His homestead is situated in the western part of Vermont. The family consists of five persons—Mr. W. and wife, one son and three daughters. The house is the abode of plenty, yet Lucy having heard of the compensation received in manufactories, longs to call such 'wages' her own. She has prepared her little wardrobe and is ready for a 'start;' yet she lingers—one more look and she must away, and yet her heart almost misgives her. 'Can I, can I go,' she mentally exclaims. The tears gathering and glistening are hastily brushed away, while she returns a hasty good bye, and the rolling wheels are lost in the distance. Lucy gazes upon each flower and shrub along her way, and beauties she never saw before, discovered themselves, as she went forward. But we will hasten over the scenes of her journey, for all who have travelled in a stage coach know better than I can describe, the accompaniments of such conveyance.

**Years work wonders, and Lucy felt that change was one of time's wonders, as she neared the home of her childhood.**

Five years had passed since the morning of trial and yet of hope. She had become fully acquainted with an operative's life, and known its fatigues, as well as pleasures. She returned an altered, if not a better being. The privileges of Lowell had been sanctified to her, and the morning and evening prayers of a godly father had been heard. She had found a home in the house of God, and a name among his people.

Circumstances had indicated that it was the will of God that she should go forth and bear the blessings of the gospel to the wilds of the west. She consecrated the talents she possessed to the Giver, and hastened to seek the benediction of her parents upon her decision. The hour of meeting, though long anticipated, was an hour of sorrow. 'How can I give thee up,' was the deep feeling of those parents' hearts. But they remembered Him who has promised to 'keep that which is committed to him till the last day,' and they were comforted.

The farewell was given intears, for each one felt 'twas a long and last farewell.

**Let us visit a retired village in the west and view its progress in arts and refinement.** But a few years have passed since the axe resounded for the first time in the dense forest. Now a thriving village with its church and school-house, greets the passer by. The teacher of the village school is on the green—methinks I've seen that face before, yet it is so pale I scarce can tell, yes, 'tis, 'tis Lucy W. 'But care has written its marks upon her brow and her step falters.**
Again we visit the scene of her labors and Lucy W. is not. Slowly she drooped, and, like spring flowers nipped in the bud, withered and died. A grassy mound and a plain white stone is all that designates her resting place,—and yet not all, for her memory is embalmed in the hearts of many, who were guided by her counsels to the Lamb of God.

ENEA.

Messrs. Editors:

I am well aware that the event which forms the subject of the following lines has lost much of that freshness and interest with which it was invested at the time of its occurrence. The poem, was commenced about that time, and proceeded with to the extent which is now placed with much diffidence before your readers. Nothing but the importunate solicitation of some friends, to whose literary taste I could not but pay deference, could have overcome this diffidence, and induced me to place it at your disposal. Had you allowed me a little more time for revision, since it was first asked for publication, I think I could have improved it, but as it is, you, and your readers must take it, with all its deficiencies; and all I wish from you and them is a charitable judgment, and a good natured criticism, and if I am well used in this respect, I shall make an attempt to complete it, as I have opportunity, and inflict the remainder upon you in some future number. T. P. W.

THE LOSS OF THE LEXINGTON.

RELENTLESS monster! at whose ghastly frown, Life's fairest forms, like flowers are withered down, All conquering Death! beneath thy sable pall, Like autumn leaves, what countless victims fall. Thine arm of power holds firm the sceptre clear; And wide-spread havoc marks thy dread career. Beneath thy withering glance, how dim they grow! Youths, Manhood, Age, alike before thee fall, And own thee Conqueror, King, and Foe of all.

In gloomy pomp along the Island's coast, The monarch, Winter, rears his throne of frost. The flowers that on the breeze their fragrance shed, Their leaves have withered, and their hues have fled. The landscape smiles no more, for vale and hill, He wraps in one broad mantle white and chill. The numerous streams whose waters fill the Sound His icy manacles have firmly bound; No longer now through verdant meads they flow, But on their silver breasts, the ice and snow, Lie like a death-shroud; and no whitening sail, Spreads its broad bosom to the favoring gale; While the broad heaving Sound his fury braves, And dares his chilling power to bind his waves. Behold that gallant steamer calmly glide, As if self-govern'd, o'er the swelling tide. She seems some native monster of the deep, So fearless through its bosom doth she sweep; No canvas wings from well-rigged yards are hung, To woo the breeze and speed her flight along. Superfluous these, while mightier agents urge Her bird-like passage o'er the yielding surge. That honor'd banner which where'er unfurl'd, Receives spontaneous homage from the world, From the tall staff displays its stripes and stars, The proudest ornament she ever wears. Dreadless she now moves on, as not aware Of those fierce flames that from her form would glare, And fling their fitful gleam across the wave, And light her passage to her ocean grave. But onward, onward, still she drives unscared, As if the elements, with scorn, she darr'd. The joyous crew, with hearts all light and gay, Sing at their toil, and laugh their cares away. And the bright throng which on her decks appear, Dream not of death, so dismal and so drear; For little, little do those doomed ones think, That they are verging towards destruction's brink. Yet thy destruction hastens swiftly on, Thine hour is nigh, Oh! ill-starr'd Lexington.

Evening steals on, the dim descending sun Has hid behind those clouds of sober dun; The distant, snow-clad hills that lift on high Their bald, white peaks, seem blended with the sky; The dark green billows rudely rise and roar, And dash monotonously against the shore; The screaming gull has to his eyrie flown, His head warm pillowed on his breast of down; The night wind seems some mystic harp to sweep,
Its wild tones mingling with the moaning deep;  
Darkness erects her throne o'er earth and sea,  
And spreads o'er all her sackcloth drapery,
'Tis night, and not one solitary star  
Darts through the gloom its radiance from afar;  
The cold, pale moon, fair Empress of the night,  
Sheds on another sphere her welcome light;  
Far o'er the sky the dusky clouds extend,  
Noiseless and thick, the featherly flakes descend;  
But the stern spirit of the winter storm,  
Enshrouds not in those clouds his sullen form  
In gloomy splendor, riding in his wrath,  
With sateless Ruin following in his path.  
No startling signs in sea or sky appear  
To fill the watchful mariner with fear,  
But to the winds each anxious care he flings,  
In the mild music of the song he sings.  
Securely too that gallant steamer sails,  
Nor heeds auspicious or opposing gales;  
Nor seems there on the deep a happier throng,  
Than those she now so proudly bears along.

No doleful fears that this will be their last,  
Invade their bosoms at their glad repast;  
But mirth and wit their magic powers unite  
To banish sorrow from that fatal night,  
And Beauty's dulcetsongs fix many an ear,  
The last she warbles, and the last they hear.  
Prepare ye doom'd! for Death's worst form prepare,  
His sternest ministers are lurking there.

'E'en now appalling danger bursts to view,—  
See! there's a bustle 'mongst that anxious crew;  
'Tis not that blackening reefs ahead uprear  
Their cragg'peaks, and tell of ruin near;  
'Tis not that winds are rising, and the waves  
Come bellowing upward from their dark, deep caves,  
And threaten to devour.—No—Fate has sent,  
As if in wrath, a fiercer element.

God of the elements—Earth, Air and Sea—  
In this, their hour of woe, they turn to Thee!  
Stretch out thine arm of power, avert their doom,  
Ere 'neath the whelming wave they find their tomb;  
Let pass, if possible, that bitter cup,  
Ere at thy high behest they drink it up.

'Hark! there's a cry of horror on the gale,  
And every face is turning ghastly pale.  
Each looks at each, astounded and dismay'd,  
As if the hand of Fate was on them laid,  
Or some dread angel flar'd before their eyes,  
The dark-writ scroll of all their destinies.  
Devouring fire has kindled, and they see  
Ruin and Death, from which they cannot flee;  
The flames are rushing from that fire-wrap'd room,  
Like lava from the deep volcano's womb;  
Those cumb'rous bales—that burden'd deck—that load,  
And round that dangerous spot insanely stowed,  
That heated timber, wreath'd with lurid flames,  
Like summer chaff, or sun-parch'd stubble seems.  
The hostile element is quickly thrown,  
Flood after flood, its potent foe to drown;  
Yet 'tis a hope forlorn, a bootless game,  
While the dry fuel feeds the starving flame;  
Destruction with her work drives madly on,  
And, ere the morning dawns, her victory's won.  
Now grim Despair, with her terrific train  
Of kindred fiends, begin their maniac reign,  
And raving Frenzy sits on Reason's throne,  
And marks that group of martyrs as her own.

Oh! is there none, with calm, collected soul,  
Whose voice this storm of feeling can control,—  
Cool this consuming fever of the brain,  
And soothe the minds with grief and fear insane?  
Some noble spirit, who, with steady eyes,  
Can view the danger, and, with efforts wise,  
Apply the means to rescue and preserve,  
While hope and Heaven that noble spirit nerve?  
Must all be immolated here,—must all,  
In death's extended jaws promiscuous fall,  
Must his dread seal be stamp'd forever now,  
On Beauty's cheek and Virtue's angel brow?  
Such worth such intellect, can nothing save,  
From the dark portal of an opening grave?  
To bright-ey'd youth and manhood's vigorous prime,  
Is this dark hour to be the end of time?  
Must all be hurried on this fire wheel'd car,  
To meet their Maker at his judgment bar?  
Yes, the stern edict has gone forth, and ere  
The night has shut her wing, they 'll meet him there.

CURE FOR DISCONTENT.

'O! that I was not obliged to work in the factory,' said Ellen C. to her sister, Jane, as the peal of the bell announced that the toils of the day were over.

'Indeed, Ellen, you seem to be very unhappy to-night; what has caused this disquietude in your feelings? To me this day has been a pleasant one. I have been thinking of the many reasons I have for gratitude to God. While my hands have been employed about my work, my mind has been occupied with many interesting reflections. I have been, in imagination, far away to our native vil-
lage, the home of our childhood; where in gaiety and innocence we played together beneath the shady oak, and where, morning and even- ing, we assembled around the family altar and joined in the petitions of our departed father, as he invoked the blessings of heaven to rest upon us. And now it would be pleasant to return to that loved spot, and cheer the heart of our widowed mother by our presence, but as we know it is our duty to labor where we can best obtain a subsistence without being dependant on others, I think we ought to remember with gratitude, the mercies we enjoy, instead of repining because we do not possess such things as our heavenly Father does not see fit to give us.

Ellen, young and inexperienced, listened to her sister's gentle rebuke in silence. Before her father's death she had known no sorrow, and she had supposed that life was one bright, joyous scene—that no cloud would ever arise to darken the fair prospects before her. Her parents were both remarkable for active and consistent piety. They had early instructed their children in the doctrines and duties of religion, and Jane, a girl of uncommon beauty—exemplify religion in all her actions. Ellen was virtuous and amiable, yet possessed not that brightest ornament to female character, true piety.

Though she had been assured by her parents and sister, that the pleasures of religion were far superior to all the joys of earth, and that a sense of the approbation of God, could alone give permanent satisfaction.

She still pursued the phantom of earthly happiness, and was constantly hoping to obtain something which would afford her that peace, which is found only in the enjoyment of God.

Her bright anticipations, however, were never to be realized. When about sixteen years of age, death entered their peaceful cottage, and after a long and severe illness, which wasted away all their property, the husband and father was laid in the cold and silent grave.

This was an hour of deep affliction, but they sorrowed not as those without hope. As the life of Mr. C. had been that of the righteous, so was his death; and feeling that she could kiss the rod that smote her, his wife looked forward with joy to the hour, when she should meet him again in a land of pure uninterrupted bliss. After the death of their father, it was found necessary for Jane and Ellen to seek some permanent employment, and as an operative's employment was the most lucrative in which they could engage, they directed their steps to this city. Jane met these vicissitudes of fortune, with a calm and subdued spirit: she felt while God was her support the ills of life could never harm her.

Not so with Ellen, she had not yet learned that the path of duty is the path of peace; and she mur- mered, when she thought her fair prospects were brightened, and she must toil with her own hands, for a subsistence.

But the prayers and instructions of her parents were not long unavailing. The proud spirit of Ellen was humbled; she resolved that she would no longer murmur at the dispensations of God, and she soon found in religion, that peace and happiness which none but believers enjoy.

Cheerfulness once more beamed from her counte-

line; she began soon to take delight in the society of the virtuous by whom she was surround-

red; and she has often since declared, that some of the most pleasant hours of her life, she spent at work in the factory.

CLEMENTINE.

THE VALUE OF THE SOUL.

The soul! what is it? whence came it? whether going? with what capacities endowed? have been questions that have agitated the minds alike of all, in every age of this our world; and will probably continue so to do, till the conflagration of all things. One theory has upset another and been advanced by the ruin of its predecessor. But there is one source from which we may learn, upon this important subject, not merely the conjectures of men, but facts indubitable, as unquestionable as our own existence—that source is the Bible. It is here alone that we behold the future, the eternal glory of the immortal mind; and starting with this foundation, we may argue the value of the soul from many considerations. The soul is in its nature, and by the will of its Author immortal. Being a spiritual, uncompounded essence; and having of itself no tendency to decay, neither being capable of receiving impressions, save from its Maker, which will cause its destruction, it must live forever. If then we should prize the soul according to its durability; of what vast importance must be that vital, thinking principle in man, which will exist, when world shall have dashed upon world in the universal destruction of material substances; and whose powers may be employed in giving praise, with the hosts of heaven, and in enjoying the delights and pleasures of the ransomed spirits, when millions of years have rolled into the fathomless depths of the past, without diminishing, in the least, from the endless ages that will ever remain
the legacy of immortal mind? What a shadow, a mere nothing, does human life appear when contrasted with that eternity, the very thought of which cannot be entertained, for a moment, without confounding the reason, and overshadowing the mind! What a small point, like a mote upon a boundless ocean, is time, when compared with that immensity that stretches out beyond the tomb! Well might He whose power could draw away the veil that hangs over the future, and whose omniscience enabled Him to scan the destinies of man, exclaim, 'what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul.'

The value of the soul might again be shown by an exhibition of the faculties and powers by which it deliberates, wills and chooses—by which it calls up, in quick succession, events long past, and throws itself forward anticipating the future. These faculties are capable of endless improvement, and fit man, if properly exercised, to enjoy eternal happiness.

But there is one point, that shows in a clearer light, the infinite worth of the immortal part of our nature. It is the vast price paid for its redemption. Had it been by burnt offerings and sacrifices, tho' a hecatomb had smoked up to high heaven, we had thought it a trivial matter. Had man, frail, weak and sinful as he is, poured out his blood for its salvation, though we had emblazoned his body, defiled his name and rendered his memory sacred by every endearing title, yet the soul might have been considered of little importance; nay, had even Gabriel come down from his pillared throne in the skies, laid aside his golden harp, and, for a time, ceased to mingle his voice with the loud hosannas of the heavenly choir, though we had acknowledged the love and goodness, yet it had been an offering altogether inadequate. The soul of infinite value—guilt of an infinite offence—could be ransomed only at an infinite price—even by Him who had created the heavens and the earth, and said, let there be light, and it gleamed forth 'triumphant radiance through the world,'—by Him who had quickened into life the innumerable multitudes that live and move on the face of the vast creation—even by the everlasting God.

If the condescension of the Saviour had been the only offering, it had been a price above all calculation—surpassing all human conceptions; for He who had received the highest praise and adoration in heaven, not only humbled himself by laying aside his greatness and glory, and took on him the form of man, but he made his appearance on the earth in man's lowest condition. He became a wanderer, out cast and rejected of men—the son of a humble carpenter, without place, or power, or wealth—deprived even of a covering to shelter his head from the blast and the storm, and heard only by a few—the poor and lowly.

But the redemption of the soul included not only the condescension of the Savior, but his sufferings as a man, which were of the most excruciating kind. Behold him as he hangs on the cross, his hands torn by nails—his head pillowed on thorns—his back lacerated by the scourge—his side pierced through by the soldier's spear, and tell us, was there ever pain like that? See him, as he hangs, hour after hour, between the heavens and the earth—taunted and reviled—without even water to quench the raging fever that burned in his flesh, and boiled in his blood, and count up, if ye can, the cost of a soul.

The bodily sufferings of the Saviour, however, were light in comparison with those of the mind, which so far exceeded all others, that he cries out in the strong language of scripture, 'my soul is exceedingly sorrowful'—nay more, for he adds, 'even unto death.' Look at him, as he goes into the Garden, there alone to drain the cup of God's wrath. What caused that sweat, that groan, but suffering of mind? No one had yet done him violence—the blue heavens, soft and lovely, hung over him—the stillness of night was around, with scarce the sighing of the wind to disturb the universal silence of nature—what so convulses his body that the warm blood trickles in big drops to the earth? Ah! there was suffering and sorrow of soul for the soul's redemption that testified in thunder tones, to the immense, incalculable value of the immortal spirit. It was the same intense anguish of mind that caused him, on the cross, to cry out, with a voice that started even the sleeping dead from their graves; and caused the inanimate creation so to sympathize, that 'nature sighed thro' all her works'—the heavens were hung in black and rolled together, as by contending elements—the thunders muttered upon the sides of the distant mountains—the solid granite was rent asunder, and earth quaked to its lowest cavern and extremest verge. Such was the suffering for, and such the price of, the soul's redemption.

Reader, hast thou duly considered the inestimable value of the soul, of so much worth that it can never be computed, measured, or conceived? It is the stewardship of a spirit whose term of life is equalled only by eternity, and whose powers may expand through interminable ages, that is committed to thy care. O! how necessary that the interests, wants, and safety of this priceless gem, should be looked after and protected, that it may be happy, when its earthly casket shall have worn out and decayed.

Everes.
FAME.

‘Her voice was sweet to mortal ears,
And touched so pleasantly the strings of pride
And vanity, which in the heart of man
Were strung harmonious to her note,
That many thought to live without her song
Was rather death than life.’

Ours is a strange world. Let us imagine ourselves with Cowper, peeping through the loopholes of retreat upon it. What a busy swarm of beings! Now following this path, now that—seeking one thing, then another—climbing and falling—winning and losing, scarce one of them seems, for a moment, in the same place, occupied with the same thing. There is one object, however, which many are seeking more earnestly than any thing else. It is fame, or the applause of their fellow mortals. Let us watch them for a moment. Here comes one whose proud bearing and haughty glance show that he, at least, deems himself deserving of fame: he speaks and the fountains of eloquence seem unloosed; he handles the most intricate affairs in politics and the most lofty and abstruse sciences, as it were, with ease and carelessness. The multitude listen, bewildered and amazed, to words which seem to them to flow from an inexhaustable source, and they join in bestowing upon him their loudest acclamations; but just as his foot is about to rest upon the highest pinnacle of fame, he is hurled, by some misfortune, from his dizzy height to, or even below the common level of his race.

Another approaches. Mark his ‘frenzy rolling eye,’ his thread-worn garments, and, more than all, the huge roll of manuscript under his arm; he is a poet. His productions are examined; some admire, many censure, and then they are suffered to mingle with the immense mass of similar effusions,—which the Muses have so liberally bestowed on our age— with them to float quietly down to oblivion. Poor fellow! Is he not to be pitied? Doubtless he has wasted the midnight oil for many a weary night, while constructing those rhymes whose harmonious jingle was to be heard by so few ears beside his own.

Yonder is one who has chosen a far less innocent way to gain that emptiest of all empty things—a name. He has laid waste cities and villages murdered the helpless and infirm, and clothed some of earth’s loveliest spots in gory vestments; and now he comes bringing his sword reeking with the life blood of thousands as a title to immortal fame. Nor is he refused; for such is she,

“Applauding most what least deserves applause.”

But what can that inferior looking person have to recommend him to popular applause? Ah, do you notice those golden stilts by which he is elevated above his fellow men. Let them be taken away and he will soon sink unseen amid the throng. He has been all his lifetime scraping together heaps of silver and gold by which to gain a name. He has done this: do you not see how the multitude cringe and bow before him? but methinks, their eyes are less often turned to him than to his glittering possessions while he is intoxicated and blinded by their fulsome praises, struts about upon his stilts, believing them all sincere, and himself the greatest man living. Well, let him think so, his fame will last no doubt, till his pockets are emptied, then he must consent to be numbered with ‘the things that were.’

But there are some of our own sex—what offering can they bring to the shrine of fame? ’Tis their beauty of face and form. They have sought the assistance of art and fashion to adorn their persons, and now see how eagerly they listen to the buzz of admiration with which they are greeted by the gazing crowd. They do not know that the flower that ‘blushes unseen,’ is far sweeter than the ‘rose that all are praising.’ Alas that woman should pursue a shadow so unworthy of the ‘immortality within.’ She forgets how soon youth and beauty will fade away, the voice of fame retire, and she be no more remembered in the land of the living. We will gaze no longer. I love not to think of the frailties and follies of mankind, especially as I am not quite sure that I am free from all of them myself. Yet after all this reaching and swelling and stretching after fame, what is it? nothing but a few smooth words spoken in a moment and as soon forgotten; or as a humorous writer has said, a half a page of dirty paper.

FA M E—R E F L E C T I O N S I N A G R A V E Y A R D.

Now every trifling thought has fled,
For consecrated ground I tread.
O! would that I might often turn
To this lone place, and wisdom learn
Among the silent dead.

Here crowds of active forms are crush’d,
And many much lov’d voices hush’d;
The old, the young, the grave, the gay,
Who from earth’s scenes have pass’d away
Here mingle, dust to dust.

A saddened sound seems floating by—
But ’tis no earthly melody;
It comes from each low bed of clay,
And mournfully I hear its say,
Mortal! thou too must die.

I may not in these shades remain,
I ne’er may visit them again,
And other sounds will greet my ear;
But oft my humbled soul will hear,
That deeply thrilling strain.

O Thou, whose own all spirits are,
Be gracious to a suppliant’s prayer.
Incline my heart to love thee here;
That I may die without a fear,
And haste thy smiles to share.

AUTH.
Early one evening in June, A. D. 1835, a stage-coach was seen rapidly passing the avenue which led to the somewhat antiquated domain of Mrs. Clinton, and, the next moment, a tall gentleman, dignified in his appearance, alighted and was met at the door by the mistress of the mansion, but as soon as she heard the well known voice and affectionate, familiar address—how are you Sis?—she fainted in his arms. Restoratives were immediately resorted to, and she was soon able to converse with her beloved Clarence.

Mr. Sinclair, (for this was the gentleman's name) after making affectionate inquiries respecting her family and prospects, and recounting the many affecting scenes he had passed through during an absence of twenty years, gently reproved her for that want of self-command, which is so necessary in all the walks of life. Mrs. Clinton excused herself by again detailing the many afflictive scenes she had been called to pass through, since they last met; viz: the death of a beloved husband, three lovely daughters, and likewise she had been obliged to sell her house in town, about seven miles from the beautiful village in which she now resided.

"But, Hester," resumed Mr. Sinclair, "you have still this comfortable domicil with all things appertaining thereto, that is necessary to render life desirable; an affectionate son who promises to be a solace to us both, in our declining years—for I had forgotten to tell you that I have returned for the express purpose of spending my remaining days, be they few or many, with you. Afflictions, I sincerely believe, are essential to happiness, or, as one has said, 'afflictions from above are angels sent on embassies of love, to pluck our flowers of hope from earth and plant them high o'er yonder sky, transformed to stars and fixed in heaven.' Let us look around for those less favored than ourselves, and surely the search will not be an arduous one, for many, very many, even in this land and at this pleasant season of the year, are destitute of the very comforts of life. And now, by the way, what has become of our mutual favorite and friend?"

"Indeed, I cannot tell you," replied Mrs. Clinton. "we corresponded for a number of years, after I left L.; and she, if I recollect, in her last letter informed me that she was soon to marry and remove to one of the western states, but the name and the place of her residence I have forgotten."

"Well," replied Mr. Sinclair, "I think, in the morning, we must take the cars and make our way to the old farm which, you recollect, was owned by Caroline's father, where we so often repaired in our Juvenile days, to partake of their strawberies and cream, on a Saturday evening, after the toils of the mill at L. Do you not remember that even then her motto was contentment, and that, in order to impress it more indelibly on our minds, she would entreat us to look on those less favored with health, friends and the other blessings of life."

Mrs. Clinton nodded an assent; but it was evident that she was not pleased at hearing him allude to her former employment.

And now, kind reader, while Mrs. Clinton and her brother leave us to take some refreshment and retire for the night, let us recall their early history. Hester and Clarence Sinclair were the only children of a clergyman honored and beloved by his parish—for his piety and interest in their present and future welfare; but whose salary was such that at his demise nothing of value was left them but a small library and the affection of his friends who, with all their good wishes, were able to ren-
der but little assistance, it being a place whose inhabitants, though frugal and industrious, could ill afford any expense above what is common to the yeomanry of New England. After many consultations, held by their friends, it was thought best that these orphans (their mother having died several years previous to the time of which we are speaking) should be placed at a manufactory, about fifteen miles from their present residence, under the care of Miss Caroline Selden, the friend we have before alluded to.

This young lady at this time was about twenty years of age. She, esteemed and beloved by her friends, for her amiable deportment and activity in business, had been acquainted with the children of her pastor from their infancy. Her father had for a number of years been the tenant of the only house of entertainment in the place, and what time could be spared from her daily avocation, was usually spent in reading works which were kindly loaned her by Mr. Sinclair. Possessing a grateful heart she never forgot the favors bestowed on her by that pious clergyman and his lady. Her father had a year previous to the death of Mr. Sinclair, removed to the town of S., about one mile from the mill where the three friends were now employed. The location of the village was delightful. It, being situated on an eminence, had a view of the surrounding country and the noble stream which gave animation to the scene. A farm and garden, which abounded with many of the fruits and flowers indigenous to New England, and other appendages considered necessary for the comfort and convenience of man, were now in the possession of Mr. Selden. Caroline, possessing more of a business turn than is usually observed in women, resolved, at the age of eighteen, to seek employment in the weave-room of this establishment. She at first determined to stay but one year; but the increasing expenses of her father's family—her desire that her brothers and sisters should receive all the advantages of education within their reach—together with her valuable services in the department to which she belonged, induced her to remain another year. At this time her youthful friends joined her—the elder only sixteen, the younger but fourteen years of age. She resolved to assist them, as much as lay in her power, in acquiring a knowledge of their business; and after the toils of the day she would read to or hear them read, and give them such advice as to their deportment and treatment of others, as, it appears, was never obliterated from their memory. With what delight was Saturday evening looked forward to, when they all repaired and were welcomed to the beautiful villa occupied by Caroline's father! There, after the usual treat of fruits, flowers and other luxuries, reading, music and conversation, which often alluded to the piety and virtues of their parents, occupied their attention. Thus passed the time from Saturday evening till Monday morning—going to church never being left out of the duties of the Sabbath. Thus passed six years.

Clarence Sinclair, whose employment on entering the manufactory was that of carrying filling from the spinning to the weave-room, and returning with the empty bobbins, had become at the age of twenty-two an efficient machinist. This business he well knew would be far more lucrative at some other place than at this establishment. But his affection for his sister, and her comparatively unprotected situation, led him to remain where he was, for the time, be the sacrifice ever so great. The golden rule which he had learned from his bible and seen enforced by the example of his venerated parent—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them"—seemed never to have been obliterated from his mind. But an event soon transpired which entirely changed the prospects of the three friends. Hester possessed considerable personal beauty; she, now about twenty years of age, had received many useful lessons in economy from her friend Caroline, and was remarkably plain and simple in her dress and appearance—yet always attractive, by exercising her superior taste and judgement. An old friend to Mr. Selden, who had ever sustained a fair reputation for integrity and good management in business, offered himself in marriage to Miss Sinclair and was accepted. The most intimate friends of the bride elect were invited—all of whom were operatives—to the wedding. Mr. Selden and family, with her brother, attended the bride and bridegroom to their future home, with all the eclat usual on similar occasions. Although his sister was but ten miles distant, poor Clarence was now lonely indeed. The books which composed his father's library had been kept at the house of Mr. Selden since their residence at S.—, and had been read again and again, by the brother and sister, with both pleasure and profit; but after the departure of his sister, study and business had lost their accustomed zest. Habituuated to, and being extremely fond of, pedestrian excursions, seldom a week passed that he did not spend an evening with Mrs. Clinton. About one year after her marriage, he was offered a large salary by a company, to superintend the erection of some machinery, at a con-
siderable distance from the place of his birth.—Strange as it may appear, he did not return to his friends, till after an absence of twenty years—at which time our story commences—although a correspondence most of the time was strictly adhered to. On hearing of the death of his brother-in-law and nieces, he severely censured himself for having remained so long from those who had claims on him by the ties of consanguinity; and immediately repaired to visit his sister at M. In the meantime the family of Mr. Selden had removed to a distant part of the western country, and reported that many of them had died during the prevalence of an epidemic which raged there a few years since.

‘Hester,’ said Mr. Sinclair, after they had been seated a few moments in the cars, the morning after his arrival at M., “we have certainly been very much to blame for losing all cognition of the destiny of our excellent, early friends, the Seldens. I think it best on our arrival at the depot, to go directly to S., visit the old mill where we have spent so many pleasant hours, and then take a walk to the homestead which is but a mile further.”

Mrs. Clinton assented. On entering the manufactury not a familiar face greeted their gaze.—The machinery alone looked familiar; but just as they were about to leave the weave-room, Mrs. C. expressed a desire to take a turn up the alley, a part of which she formerly occupied. She had not proceeded far before she was visibly affected, and requested her brother to lead her to the door as quick as possible. In leaving the mill, they immediately proceeded toward the farm, and her brother inquired if she was ill, or what caused her to change her mind so suddenly.

‘Did you not observe that lovely, interesting girl who occupied the same place, in the room, which was formerly had by Caroline?—the resemblance was so striking—but it is twenty years or more since she left this part of the country, and her sisters have not been in this vicinity for a long time? Nothing more was said till they came in sight of the farm, when they both involuntarily exclaimed ‘how changed!’ The beautiful flower-garden in front was no longer to be seen—a wagon with three wheels,—a broken wheel-barrow—a grind-stone and several other articles which if repaired and in place would be of use, but as they were, had not a very pleasing appearance, were strewn before the door so as nearly to prevent an entrance, many of the fine fruit trees were gone—some of the rich pasture land was overgrown with bushes—the house evidently suffered for want of repair and some of the buildings were razed to the ground. It being a sad sight to our visitors, they soon repaired to the next dwelling to inquire after the destiny of the Seldens.

‘Alas, poor man!’ exclaimed the venerable host, “he little suspected the trouble which lay before him when he mortgaged his estate, to my son, for twelve hundred dollars; but he needed the money, at the time, to remove his family; but having a presentiment that he should one day return, he preferred that to selling. I have been informed that his wife and all his children excepting one, died of fever, soon after their arrival at the west. He, it is said, did not long survive them. His daughter, the only one living, I am told, married a gentleman who was very unfortunate, losing considerable property by fire and other casualties, in the course of a few months, yet his lady and her amiable daughter had both made great exertions to redeem their property, before they returned to this place; but my son just informed me that he had advertised it for sale, on Monday next. I suppose those exertions have proved ineffectual, I sincerely pity them, after toiling for so long a time and saving a few hundreds, that they should be obliged to give it up. They are so benevolent too, for I am told, they have never been known to refuse their aid to any in distress when in their power to relieve them.”

Mrs. Clinton could hardly believe their old friend so near them, and after learning from the old gentleman that her name was Ambrose, entreated her brother to repair to the village hotel, whence she wrote a note to her old friend, informing her of her arrival in the village—the great desire she felt to see her and begged of her to specify the time and place of their meeting. Mrs. C. had now no doubt but the persons she saw in the mill, who so much resembled her friend, was the daughter of Mrs. Ambrose.

‘It must have appeared very strange to you, Hester,’ said Mr. Sinclair, “that I should have stayed from you and the loved friends of my youth for nearly twenty years, and I can assure you, that that faithful monitor, the conscience, has often reproved me for so doing; but the considerations that you had a protector, in whom I placed the most implicit confidence, had a tendency to cause me to have no anxiety on your account. The country I had chosen for my residence, you are aware, has held out great facilities for the acquisition of wealth, the climate too is delightful, giving a buoyancy to the spirits and invigoration to the physical powers,—such as we seldom enjoy in New England. The
anarchial state of the country, and the jealousy of
many of its inhabitants towards foreigners, rendered
it extremely difficult to convert the property—
there amassed, into money, or leave the country in
safety. But as soon as I heard of the demise of
Mr. Clinton, I can assure you, I lost no time in
coming to you, and I now much rejoice, that I
shall have an opportunity to express the gratitude
I have ever felt towards the Selden family, for their
unparalleled kindness to us, during the years of our
childhood, though I am well aware that money
cannot repay the debt of gratitude we owe them;
yet I am resolved to spend a few hundreds in re-
deeming that estate for Mrs. Ambrose, where we
have spent so many happy, happy hours. Mrs.
Clinton acquiesced with much pleasure.

Mrs. Ambrose lost no time, but hastened to these,
as she supposed, long lost friends. Painfully af-
fected was this meeting. Mrs. Ambrose rehearsed
all that they had heard from the old gentleman, as
above cited, with very many other affecting scenes
through which she had been called to pass.
The friends were silent for some minutes, when
Mrs. Clinton remarked 'how strange, Caroline, that
one, so good as you, should be called to pass thro'
such severe trials.'

"Call me not good, my beloved friend, could you
but have known the exceeding obduracy of my
heart, at this time, how oppos'd it was to the will
of Him who doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve
the children of men; you would think otherwise,
yes, we may possess amiable and affectionate dis-
positions—we may be benevolent and kind in our
intercourse with our fellow men—we may feel great
sympathy for the woes of others, but, if we reject Christ—if we
reject Christ—if we do not receive him as our all-sufficient Saviour—
we are as very guilty and sinful before a pure
God as the most abject of the human race. This
was precisely my case, until I was led by the Holy
Spirit to exclaim, 'the heart is deceitful above all
things and desperately wicked.' I had passed thro'
many afflictions but not till the last or, I might say,
dearest earthly tie was about to be severed did I
from the heart say, 'It is the Lord, let Him do what
seemeth Him good.'"

"But yet," returned Mrs. C., 'you must think you
have had more than your share of affliction.'

"So many of my friends would fain persuade me,
but I verily believe, that whom the Lord loveth he
clasteneth,' and although 'no affliction for the
present, seemeth to be joyous but grievous, yet
afterward it yieldeth the peacable fruit of right-
eousness unto them which are exercised thereby.

I was too much attached to the things of earth and
had placed too much confidence in good works, but
these will appear but a poor foundation when we
are brought to see the exceeding sinfulness of sin.'

Mr. Sinclair and his sister appeared to feel this
conversation deeply, and there is good reason to
hope from that day, 'they sought the plant that
long their ardent search had overlooked and found
its sovereign virtues.' Mrs. Ambrose was infor-
med of Mr. Sinclair's determination to redeem her
property, with calmness and gratitude; but, when
she found the actual preparations making for her
reception, it had an effect on her health which af-
fictions had failed to do. A violent fever ensued,
attended with delirium; but the faithful care of
Mrs. Clinton and Maria—(Mrs. A.'s daughter) soon
had the desired effect; yet for a number of days
all feared to inquire of them lest the dreadful an-
swer should be that "all is over." The friends de-
determined to spend the summer together at the
beautiful village of S. Mr. Sinclair superintended
the improvements on the farm, while Mrs. Clinton
assisted Mrs. A. and Maria in furnishing the house,
and filling up every part as near as possible to what
it was when they left. The old library was replen-
ished, to which all the girls employed at the mill
had access and while there, ever found real friends,
in sickness and in health, in the new tenants, at
the 'redeemed farm.'

Mr. Sinclair renewed his acquaintance with an
old friend for whom he had great respect and es-
estem, and, although the rose was displaced from
her cheek, he could see that the beauties of religion
more than made amends—and although the casket was
somewhat faded, the jewel had lost none of its
beauty. They were united in wedlock the ensuing
autumn.

Hitherto we have said but little of Mrs. Clinton's
only remaining child and son, suffice it to say, that
at the age of fifteen, he was placed as an appren-
tice at a large cabinet and furniture ware-house,
where, by his exemplary conduct, ingenuity and
attention to his business, he won the confidence of
his employers and the affection of his associates;
and had now, at the age of twenty, a fair prospect
of becoming a partner in this flourishing and lucra-
tive business; while by his frequent visits to the
'redeemed farm,'—the cordiality and pleasure with
which he is ever received by the mistress of the
mansion and her daughter, we should not be at all
surprised, if it should soon be announced in the
public journals, that Maria Ambrose was the happy
bride of Augustus Clinton.
ALONE WITH NATURE—A DIALOGUE.

EMMA. How strange!

AUGUSTA. What is strange?

E. That there should now exist between us the love and confidence of sisters, who were once entire strangers.

A. Ah, that is one of the bright sides of a factory life. Many, like us, have been made glad by an intercourse with kindred minds, who, had they remained at home, would probably never have known the pleasures of exalted friendship.

E. I can bear witness to that. Some friendships which I have here formed, cause at times my heart to leap for joy, for they are such, as, I delight to think, will receive the impress of immortality.

If I have ever been blessed with good society it is since my residence in this place.

A. And yet how frequently has it been remarked, that 'there is no society in Lowell.'

E. But, recollect, 'tis only from those who would disdain to be employed in the mills, and whose ideas of good society can be realized only when surrounded by wealth and fashion. Some perhaps might scornfully smile at our complacency in ourselves, and our estimate of good society, but we are, in fact, a truly republican community, or rather we have among us the only aristocracy which an intelligent people should sanction—an aristocracy of worth.

A. I have a thought, too, which would probably cause some to smile; but which is unquestionably correct.

E. What is it?

A. I'm thinking how many, by coming to the factories, have received a refinement and dignity which is the charm of female character, by associating in their daily employments, with those of such a stamp, as 'caste' would have forever excluded from those privileges in their native towns.

E. And how many, too, have within the walls of
a factory tasted the peace of sins forgiven, and, for the first time, there enjoyed high and holy communion with the Father of Spirits. And how many have here prepared themselves for extensive usefulness, and have gone out from us to be ornaments of society.

A. Why is it, that so many are prejudiced against a factory life?

E. I can not account for it satisfactorily to my own mind, but suppose that through ignorance, they have imbibed the impression, that factory operatives in our own land, must of course, be as degraded as in foreign countries. And even now among us, there are those who say that manufacturing establishments have a tendency to degrade those employed in them. But I would that those who are thus prejudiced, would come among us and see if appearances speak a retrograde movement in point of intelligence or morality. Let them point, if they can, to a community where literary and religious privileges are more prized, or where they are more abundant.

A. But can you not look back to the time when you were as bitter as any one in your prejudices against factories?

E. I can indeed. 'Twas a sad hour to me when my father declared his intention of removing to Lowell, it seemed so like a degradation of our family; for every one in our little aristocratic village thought meanly of those connected with factories. And I well recollect some of my first thoughts on entering the mills. I imagined that the girls would regard it something like condescension on my part to labor among them, but my silly pride was soon humbled by finding those there whom I was constrained to acknowledge my superiors in every respect.

A. Do you think from any aspect of our circumstances, there is anything to warrant the conclusion that we shall one day be as oppressed and degraded, as factory operatives in foreign countries?

E. No, there is is in my opinion much to prove the contrary. We inherit from our fathers an independence of spirit, which rises at the first appearance of oppression on the part of our employers, and it is their interest to be honorable in their dealings with us, in order to retain our services.—We are free, and can use our freedom, though our voluntary labors have been baptized with the name of 'northern slavery,' by the apologists of southern tyranny. There is another consideration,—many of those employed in the mills are members of the most respectable families in New England, and the proprietors, were they disposed to treat us with injustice, would shrink from meeting the ignominy and contempt which such a course would bring down upon them from every direction. While thus protected it belongs to us to show to the world that

'Honor and shame from no conditions rise.'

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THE HEART.

"It never breathes true melody
Till God has touched the strings."

I listened, not long since, to music of the most surpassing sweetness; it came to my wearied spirit with a soothing, subduing influence, and so enrapturing withal, that I thought no loftier strains might be breathed, even from a seraph's harp. The instrument from which it proceeded is one of the most wonderful and complicated mechanism. It has many strings; some of them so delicate that even a rude breath will shatter them, and others capable of producing tones of unequalled richness and strength. These are invisible to all save those to whose care it is entrusted, and to them, the sources of its spontaneous music, are often-times a mystery, which with their utmost vigilance, they can but dimly penetrate. No eye save His who made it, can see and understand it perfectly. It was He who bestowed it upon our first parents, and inspired it with harmony, such as is heard in his own abode; and for a time, the groves of Eden were made glad with its melody—but alas! there came a spirit of darkness, and by artful wiles succeeded in touching the strings of this mysterious harp, crushing many of its finest fibres, and filling it with discord, so that to this day, it breathes but faintly the pure notes to which its Maker tuned it. There was a youthful being who had in his possession one of these instruments,—he had received it with his existence, and its tones were not yet called forth with all the vigor and firmness of a practical hand; but though they were as yet feeble, he had often heard harsh dissonance among them. Often, when songs of joy were swelling unconsciously there, rough, grating tones would arise, and entirely drown every gentler sound. He knew not at first, that it was caused by the evil spirit which had ever brooded over it,—yet he felt that it ought not to be thus; the harp itself, by its beautiful and perfect structure, told him that it could not but have been formed for harmony, and he said, "it shall no longer utter discord, I can teach it better strains." And he strove to do so, but it had been too long, and too fearfully out of tune, to yield to strength.
THE HEART—PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE.

"Look not mournfully into the past, it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present, it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart."

There is something in these sentiments which may strike a responsive chord in every heart, since there is no human being, whatever be his character or circumstances, to whom they may not at some period of his existence be applicable. One state of probation accomplishes these three divisions, the present, past and future. Over the former, memory alone has power. Touched by her magic wand the page of past days is before us; and we may read the record of childhood and of youth. We recall those earlier days, when life was before us as a bright, untrodden path, and flowers sprang up beneath our feet as we wandered carelessly along, contented with the present, and cherishing no vain remembrance of things gone by, nor looking with an anxious glare into the dim future. Childhood had its sorrows, but they were like the clouds of an April day, making its sunshine seem the brighter. The fancy visions of life's morning pass away, and its mists disappear beneath the light of truth. The roses have not entirely faded, but the dew drops which we mistook for gems, have vanished to return again only in tears. We begin to see the world as it is—not as it came from the hand of its Creator at first, bright and beautiful, but every where stamped with the effects of sin.

"There are hopes promising well, and love-touched dreams for some, And passions, many a wild one, and fair schemes, For gold and pleasure."

These are wrought into the tissue of youth. What are they? Let manhood and old age reply. And when time lays his unsparing hand on the frail fabric and its vivid colors fade and become dim with the lapse of years, we ask again, Where are they? and echo alone answers "where?"

Yet, "look not mournfully into the past." There shall be found in its records many a tale of disappointed hopes and blighted expectations; many a dream, sweet indeed while it lasted, but from which there was a dread and final awakening. Memory may waken from their slumbers the visions of vanquished years, but they return no more. "The past comes not back again." Alas, what lofty devotion, what blissful recollections, what high hopes, what unsullied love, what pure affection, what ardent patriotism, has been swallowed up by thee, thou unrelenting past!

I would speak of the present, but the shadows
PAst, PREs ENT AND FUTURE—ON THE DEATH of A FRIEND—IMMOR TALITY.

memory has raised are obscuring it from my view. Yet this alone is ours. Let us then wisely improve it. And how shall this be done? Not by vain regrets for past joys or endeavors to penetrate the mists which may be gathering over the future, but by steady, persevering improvement of the opportunities God has given us to do good. The true path of happiness is the quick path of duty, and whoever strays from it, whether it be to wreath his brow with the garlands of earth's pleasures, or the laurels of fame, or to follow the more dangerous, because more beguiling forms of creature attachment, may expect no real peace till they find themselves once more in the only way which leads towards Heaven. "On the margin of celestial streams alone, those simples grow which cure the disease of the soul."

Having by wise improvement of time, laid up a store of remembrances which will not be painful, when that which is now future, shall be present, let us "go forth to meet that future without fear, and with a manly heart; trusting in the care of a kind providence, and ever keeping in mind that there is before us an eternity of existence.

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LINES ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

I HAD an early friend;—his beaming eye Told that his soul was not to linger here; And often, as I thought, 'he soon would die,' My cheek was moistened with a bitter tear. Then would he wipe those gushing tears away, And whisper comfort to my troubled breast, Would raise his failing voice, and gently pray, That I, with him, might dwell among the blest. He spake of death as of some favorite friend, Who would release him from this dull abode— Whose mighty arm the envious veil would rend, And lead him upward to his father, God.

He passed away. 'Twas then affection's flow Gave way to silent grief and anguish keen, Such anguish, only as the young hearts know, Ere sorrow shows what all her poisons mean. Years have rolled on,—and as they slowly move, Each takes a portion from the freezing chill That gathered round my heart, as he, whose love I prized so fondly, passed away; yet still Methinks, I saw within that loved one's form, All that was pure, and beautiful and fair— Virtues that wither 'neath the world's cold storm, But bloom in heaven, to shed their fragrance there.

IMMORTALITY.

What an assemblage of hopes the sweetest, purest, noblest of which the heart is susceptible, cluster around that one word immortality! To a believer's ears it ever comes like a rich strain of music, awakening in the soul sacred, unutterable joy. It comprehends not only the introduction of the soul to a state of never-ending sinlessness and felicity, but it includes likewise the transformation of these bodies to the likeness of the Immaculate Prince of glory. Though now but cumbrous weights of mortality, destined soon to return to dust, we have the sure promise that they shall a-wake from the tomb in immortal beauty. And perhaps as one has conjectured, "with powers no longer to be merely the machinery employed by the soul, but a part of its own essence." And that blissful period is rapidly advancing; pale sufferers, wasting away under the withering power of disease and pain, ye may triumphantly shout, "Ye wheels of nature, speed your course, Ye mortal powers decay;" for soon the vigor of nature is dried up, by the sorrows of bereavement, soon shall ye meet again the pure and loved ones, over whose graves ye now weep; ye shall meet to part no more, where "there shall be no more crying," for "God himself shall wipe away all tears from your eyes." And ye whose hearts are lacerated by the callumies of malignant spirits, be comforted; for ye near the confines of a world, "where the wicked cease from troubling," and where innocence shall be seen by the clear light of heaven, "for there is nothing covered that shall not there be revealed, nor hid that shall not there be made known." And ye who sigh in solitude for the sympathy of kindred minds, and for the friendship of earth's "gifted and good;" soon with them shall ye have entered the 'spirit land,' where probably each reads the heart of each, as distinctly as they are now beheld with mortal eyes, the forms of mortality. With souls so purified, that every thought is such as the holiest being may regard with complacency and feed from the depressing consciousness of un-worthiness which now so mars your peace, there face to face, and joyous shall be your communion.

And ye whose unquenchable thirst for knowledge is continually increasing, soon shall ye slake your thirst at the Fountain-head of wisdom. And ye who are reaching after perfection, whose uppermost desire, is to be holy even as God is
holy, soon shall ye be satisfied for ye shall awake
in his likeness.

Who will forbear to offer the incense of grateful
adoration to the father of our spirits, for the glori-
ous things which he has purposed and revealed
concerning them, and to Him who has brought
to light, life and immortality? None but those
who are chained to earth by the love of its degrada-
ting pleasures;—those who breathe not one asper-
ation after a pure state of existence, and could they
choose for themselves, would prefer to live always
in a world of sensual enjoyments. And well they
may, for with their present character, an exchange
of worlds would be but the sealing of the spirit's
doom to misery and black despair, as lasting as its
own existence.

DECISION OF CHARACTER.

The traits by which men are sometimes charac-
terized, resulting in nature or from habit, are va-
nous and many; yet, perhaps, there is none so im-
portant in the formation of character as firmness
or decision. Not only is it valuable and desirable
in itself, but it gives efficiency and energy to all
the other qualities of the mind, which without it,
would be of little benefit to their possessor. The
best time for its cultivation is the season of youth,
—that dangerous period, when vice puts on her
most attractive forms and woos the unwary to de-
struction,—when temptation spreads her thousand
snare for the feet of the inexperienced,—when
the heart and the intellect receive impressions
that years can never efface, and which influence all
the subsequent acts, and govern the eternal future
for the soul's weal or wo.

The opinions of men will vary upon all impor-
tant subjects; and hence it is necessary that we
should possess that quality of mind that will ena-
ble us to regard the opinions of others only so far
as they are based upon truth and justice; and not
allow the notions of the unprincipled and vicious
to draw us from the path of duty, or the frowns
or flatteries of those who surround us, move to
us to actions which conscience condemns.
There is nothing that tends more to cherish the
better feelings of the heart, and enhance those
brighter and nobler qualities that are alike the hon-
or of the good and the glory of the great, than de-
cision of character. With it a person 'may stand
against the world,' in conscious rectitude and dig-
ity;—without it there is "none so low as to do
him reverence;"—with it, he is like the sturdy oak
upon the mountain's brow, that has breathed the
storms of age, and at every returning tempest on-
ly takes deeper root in its native soil;—without it
he is like the aspen leaf that trembles beneath the
zephyr's breath, and cringes at the soft balmy
breezes of summer.

We should endeavor to cultivate decision in
all we do, for the benefit of our fellow men. So-
ciety has claims upon us,—humanity, suffering, de-
graded, bleeding humanity has claims on us—
Heaven, as the author and preserver of our being,
has claims upon us; and in as much as we shall
ask and expect assistance when in want and af-
flicted, in so much should we be ready to meet the
wants and claims of others. But though we should
have good and holy purposes; and devise the most
excellent plans to benefit the world, yet without
decision they will never be carried into effect, and
for aught we shall do, with all our powers to do
—good—our benevolent wishes, and good intentions
to act, the world will be no better for our having
lived in it.

Decision of character is also necessary for our
own happiness. A person of a wavering, vacillat-
ating mind, is evidently a stranger to peace;—
There cannot in such a heart exist that indepen-
dence,—that noble sternness and grandeur of
soul which have characterized the great and the
good of every age, and which enables one to
overcome the trifling difficulties that must ever be
met with on every hand, and look abroad upon the
storm and tumult of the world, unmoved and un-
shaken.

Could the youth of our land, knowing that they
are dependent on themselves for happiness and
friends,—for esteem and estate, add to that knowl-
dge, firmness, independence and decision of
character, such as common circumstances cannot
effect, then might we truly expect an advance-
ment, in every point of view, that would more than
ever distinguish us from the nations of the earth.
Such a people, standing as firm-fixed as the crags
that girt the sea, and heave back the ceaseless
billows of the ocean, would bid defiance to op-
pression and despotism of every kind; and while
they strive for the good of themselves and others,
there would not be that pandering with vice because
it is fashionable,—that participating in wickedness
because it is common; or that time-serving spirit
which leads one to please the rabble, when he is
conscious they are wrong and their path-way leads
to ruin. With such men honor would belong on-
ly to merit and virtue, and ambition would have a
higher aim than self-aggrandizement obtained by
the ruin of others; and religion a more worthy
object than the gaining of wealth or popularity.
Let us then endeavor to be, and far as our influence extends, render our population such as virtues shall ever delight to dwell among; and with whom the liberties and honors of our fathers shall descend, untarnished and unsullied, to the last generation of our race.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DOING GOOD.

"Hast thou ever weighed a sigh? Or studied the philosophy of tears? Hast thou descended deep into the breast, And seen their source?"

The poet has said, that self-interest is the ruling passion of man, which saying has scarcely been proved any thing less than a truth, by human reasoning or human actions; and which will always remain true, to a great extent, while the moral universe shattered by sin—thrown from its orbit by the usurpations of the unholy passions that now reign and rule in the breast of man, shall continue to exist. From the fact of the universal selfishness of mankind—of their continual striving for individual aggrandizement which by thousands is considered the grand climax of human ambition—the great ultimatum of life—we say it is from this fact—the devotion of man to what the world terms greatness,(that being determined by the contemptible criterion which the whims of mortals have conjured up,) that he becomes so liable, as his reckless acts every day prove that he is, to trample upon his fellows—to let down his iron heel of despotism upon the fatherless and the widow, and to grind the faces of the poor in the dust; and as he walks up to the throne of nations, he leaves his path strown with the bones of his fellows, merely that he may stalk a day upon the high places of the earth, the wondering astonishment of his own conceited selfishness. He forgets all the while, that he, like other men, is mortal! He ceases to remember, that the veriest insect that breathes into Adam the breath of life, which breath, or life, became a living soul, has also breathed into all other men the same breath which has become in them, life and soul. And the exercise of which, is governed by the same eternal and unchangeable laws; and by acting in harmony with those laws it can no more fail of reaping the benefits of them, than the sun under the law of God, can fail to blaze forth in the morning, or the moon to light up the darkness of the evening.

The question, then, is, what effect do benevolent actions have upon the moral and intellectual progression of man. It has a decided effect, in what ever way we view him. Action is a part of man's destiny. By reason of the serpent's ingratiating himself into the favor of woman, man has been doomed to live by the sweat of his brow—to dig in a sterile soil and associate in a selfish world. To act or die—to work or starve are the only alternatives afforded him. To act benevolently is action of the highest order, noble, dignified, heavenly. It is acting as did Heaven, when was found in the celestial regions, thoughts of man's creation. The
same God that said 'let there be light,' also gave man the power of enjoying that light. He who made melody to ring through all creation—turned to music the sighing winds—the roaring cataract—the muttering thunders—also made the ear of man to catch with pleasure the joyous sounds of nature. He who spread over every hill a thousand sweets and loaded every breeze with fragrant odors, likewise gave to man the sense of taste and smell. It is true that there is a limited pleasure to be had in sensual indulgence, but it is also true, that those joys are short, transitory, and almost always leave the bitter dregs of misery in their polluted cup. But even should they last thro' life, they are soon gone, and the grave closes over them forever. What does the epicure, as he feasts from earth's dainty dishes, and slakes his thirst with her sparkling wines, know of true enjoyment, compared with him who shares his humble repast with the starving beggar. What doesthe miser, whose days are spent in anxious toils to gather together the trash of earth, and whose dreams even are disturbed by the fear of losses, know of real happiness, compared with him whose liberal hand is ever ready to supply the needy.

The changing seasons are admirably adapted to lead the reflecting mind in contemplation of its own immortality. Can one refute the sacred volume of revelation, while he beholds it so legibly on the works of nature? Can the intelligent, the immortal mind, view the display of supreme power—the perfect order and harmony of all his works, and yet deny his own immortality?—supposing God to be eternal, and yet not to have created any thing to exist hereafter? Can the vegetation of earth become re-animated, and display the spring beauty of existence, and mortality not become revived in the world of spirits, but doomed to slumber with its original chaos? Limited indeed must be the felicity of an expansive mind, if the idea of happiness leads no further than the confines of the grave; shut entirely from view of the far beyond—the eternal perpetuity of bliss—the realm of celestial glory—the divine perpetuity of Infinite Happiness.

The effects of doing good, upon the individual actor, is peace of mind, which flows from the benevolence of the heart—a benevolence that looks upon humanity, wherever it suffers, with sympathy. A benevolence that takes into view the final effects of its operations, and calls forth to aid the deep feelings of the soul—those feelings that excite men to action. Such a benevolence gives dignity and beauty to man—it adds grace to all human actions, and human authority, while meanness stands abashed before it.

CATO.

SUMMER.

Delightfully animating is the aspect of summer. Nature once robed in the congealed habiliments of snow, apparently lifeless, has become re-animated, and arrayed in rich foliage, prepared to perfume the air by its blossoms, and enrich the autumn with fruit; the bright beams of the mid-day sun, seem to linger and play around the exhilarating prospects as if to speak the wonders of the hand divine, and point to nature's God.

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ESTELLA.

WHERE IS THE SPIRIT'S HOME.

Is it in some glorious place,
Far away in boundless space,
Where the sunbeam dares not stay,
But in brightness melts away?
Are its broad and fair domains
High above on azure plains,
Where no taint of earth may come—
Is it there—the spirit's home?

Or those isles that far away
In the ether ocean lay:
Are they realms, all pure and bright
Glowing with celestial light,
Where the soul from earth set free,
Clothed with immortality,
Shall, with wings unfettered, roam—
Are the stars the spirit's home?

When the flesh decayed, shall drop,
Will the soul fly swiftly up
To the Everlasting throne,
And behold the Spotless One—
Or to worlds far distant soar,
And immensity explore?
Oh! to lift the veil, and see
Where the spirit's home shall be!

But the spirit soon shall know
Its eternal weal or wo,
To a blessed home be borne,
Or in endless exile mourn.
Be ours pure and holy here,
Then when life's last hour draws near,
Angel-tones shall whisper, 'come,
For with God shall be your home.'

CORNELIA.
THE DELUGE.

Of all the catastrophes that have ever happened to the human race, the deluge stands foremost, as surpassing them all, both in its nature and its consequences. The grandeur and extent of that awful event appears almost an imposition upon the credulity of mankind; and imagination, extend as it will, can never picture the terror with which it must have come upon our race.

In the fearful energy of its fury, at the roll of one mighty surge, it swept, into the shoreless ocean of eternity, the population that had gathered upon the earth. It severed at one fell-blow, all the endearing ties of society, breaking up and destroying the great fountain of human life, save in one small house of earth's more virtuous children. They, housed in a little bark floated on the element that had proved the destruction of all with whom they had in any way been associated——upheld by the Almighty arm that upholds the universe, and watched over by that eye that scans immensity, moved on, unhurt and unharmed, over the death-bearing waves that curled and threw their white foam, as they dashed over the tops of the mountains, almost to the very heavens. Verily, Omniscience must have guided that frail bark through such a wild, sweeping storm. This family were heaven's chosen witnesses selected to behold the fearful displeasure of God, as manifested in the destruction of those who had outraged his laws by their unholy actions.

Man who was created the noblest of all things, in the image of his Maker, had fallen from that state of happiness, his mind so great and powerful, had become debased and grovelling; and scarce a trace—a vestige of original purity could be discovered amid the universal darkness and degradation that had fallen, like the pall of death, upon the world. Man had forgotten his Creator who in justice was forced to censure in wrath, in vindication of his righteous government.

On that memorable day, when the windows of heaven were opened, and the surcharged clouds poured forth their contents, the sun rose with its accustomed brightness; the beasts and birds awoke as the first beams of morning gilded the eastern skies; nature was robed in all her verdure and beauty; and man, lost, ruined man prepared to enjoy the anticipated pleasures of the day.

The one thought of the banquet, the song, and the dance; another, scarce recovered from the last night's revel, turned himself again to his cups, and called upon his friends to drown all care and sorrow in the red wine. Some wandered forth in the fields to enjoy the refreshing breezes; while others turned to the temples to worship not the true God, for he was forgotten, but images whose only value was in their covering. There was the bride with her gay attire and smiling countenance; and there was the fond mother as she pressed her first born to her bosom, and looked forward to the time when he should mingle with the busy throng of men, and act his part in the great theatre of life; and all, unmindful of the warnings which had been given them by that pious man of God, whom they had ridiculed and taunted, had gone to their accustomed pursuits; if we may except, perhaps, a few, who had gathered around the ark, into which the holy man with his family had entered; and who with scorn might have called to him with their oaths and blasphemies, “come out—come out, and show us what are the signs of its coming! where are the waters that should overflow the land; what now have become of the floods, that should wash the tops of the mountains!” And there might have been female voices mingled in the clamor, as bright visions of future pleasure still danced before them. Deluded mortals! How short their scope of vision!

Anon a rushing sound is heard, as of a gushing tempest, or the rumbling of distant chariot wheels, and is quickly followed by a peal of thunder; while the dark, black clouds heave up from behind the mountains, fold upon fold, threatening and terrific in their appearance. The multitude, struck with horror, start, aghast, and gaze upon each other. As yet the sun shone forth with all its wonted effulgence; and one expressed a hope to his associates, that the shower might yet pass over, or, at least, allow them an opportunity to retire to their homes.

“How frightened mother will be,” said a thoughtless girl to her brother, “for she would have believed the crazy old man long since, if I had not persuaded her from that foolish notion.”

“Perhaps, not so crazy either,” replied an aged man, whose white hair told that he had seen more than one hundred and fifty winters, “for I tell you, my girl, that it will be a heavy rain; and there have large quantities of water fallen in the mountains, as is evident from the rivers being so swollen; they are now almost ready to overflow their banks, and that dry spot where the old man built his Ark will soon be covered. I am almost inclined to believe his story.”

But there was no time to talk. The rain poured down in torrents; and the wind which had been so soft and mild, now raged in fury, razing to the ground the shattered buildings, and uprooting the
trees that had served as a shade to some of the present generation, for centuries; but who were doomed to know their want no more, or ever again to feel the heat of the sun.

Where man was, there was terror; for all had heard, though unbelievingly, the prediction of Noah, for he had labored most assiduously, night and day, to warn mankind of their impending ruin; and as there was but one, common language, the report had spread to the utmost verge of the big earth. The rains continued with unabated fury and the thunders muttered loud, but their voice was almost drowned in the tumult and confusion of earth's fated children.

The agitation and fear was confined to no rank, or class, or condition; but the high and the low were alike overtaken and amazed. "Father," said a prince, who had vainly endeavored to keep the water from the royal palace, "it will be impossible to stop the rain, as the winds have so shaken the building, and the lightning flashes with such a horrid glare, that the servants have long since fled in alarm."

"Call the servants, my son," replied the king, "and let the camels be put in readiness, and the chariots prepared, that we may speed our flight to the mountains. I wish now that I was in the ark with our friend, Noah; for I really believe that he had some correct idea of this storm; but may the Great Bela whom we worship, save us from the fate of which he spoke."

The prince turned from the royal presence to do the bidding of his father; but, in searching through all the halls, not a servant was to be found; for anticipating the designs of the king in their own case; and forgetful of their loyalty and duty in this dread hour, they had sought safety in flight; and for once the prince became the laborer in a stable; and hands which he had thought would never do less than hold the royal sceptre, were employed in servile work.

The King, being at length seated in his chariot, moved forward; but the waters had already overflown the ways, and ere he arrived at the proposed eminence where he expected safety, the wheels fell into a deep ravine, and, with hardly time to call on the 'Great Bela,' he was plunged beneath the surface, to a watery grave.

As the waters continued to rise individuals, families, nations were swept away, till few remained; and they upon the tops of the highest mountains; yet they still clung to life, and hoped against hope. As the waters washed upon one crag, they climbed to another, till they had gained the last peak; and even then they would hope that the waters might abate. But there was no reprieve. The waters had no bounds over which they could not pass; and before many days—with the exception of Noah's family—the last of that doomed race—of those hundreds of millions, had gone from the ocean that covered the earth, to the ocean of eternity—had left the flood of tried events, for the untried future.

DUTY OF CHILDREN TO PARENTS.

"Honor thy father and mother," is said to be the first commandment with promise. This admonition is often considered as addressed to very young children who are not capable of judging and acting for themselves, and are immediately under the protection of their parents. Truly there is nothing more desirable in the conduct of a child, than a cheerful obedience to its parents. But, may not this be addressed, with equal propriety, to children of a "larger growth?" What is there in the character of a young man more amiable and ennobling than a kind and affectionate regard for his parents, particularly his mother who has been his protector in infancy—his guardian in childhood, and his counselor in youth. When we see a young man kind and affectionate to his mother, and consulting her wishes in preference to his own—making her cares his cares—sympathising with her in affliction, and providing for her wants, we may safely rely on that man's integrity, and safely conclude that he possesses feelings noble and elevated; and if we follow him through life we shall see, that he is prosperous and happy. On the other hand when we see one who is unlike to his mother,—who treats her with coldness and cares not for her wants, we may justly conclude, that his mind is one of the baser sort, that he possesses the feelings of a brute rather than a man. How often have our hearts been pained by seeing a child treat with scorn and contempt, an aged parent; and there are children who will not own their parents to others, because they are 'old and poor.' Such children know not the value of parents, but they may learn some day how to prize them. Many persons have formed a mistaken idea, that it is something degrading to treat with warmth and affection an aged person, forgetting that they too may be old,—that they too may need attention. But how thought the immortal Washington on this point? Does not his conduct refute this? Mark his deportment to his mother,—see him at the age, when the fire of ambition burns highest in the bosom of youth, after having received a commission as mid-shipman in a British ship-of-war, and his
clothes and trunk were sent on board, hastening to his mother to bid her an affectionate adieu; and as he was about to part with her, she wept bitterly at the thought of such a separation, and told him it was more than she could endure. He immediately got his trunk ashore! He could not bear to inflict a wound on that dear life which had so long and so fondly sustained his own. And does this indicate weakness of mind, or indecision of character—on the contrary, it shows how noble were the feelings of his heart. And could we trace out the character of the most eminent men our country, or any other, has produced; and learn the history of their childhood and youth, we should generally find they loved and obeyed their parents. There cannot be a more striking example, than that of Jesus Christ, the Great, Incarnate Son of God; infinite in wisdom and understanding, and yet submitting to obey the commands and instructions of human beings! Mark his conduct on the cross, surrounded by his cruel persecutors, with the sins of the world resting upon his innocent head; even then in that hour of overwhelming distress, he thought of his mother as she stood by the cross, witnessing his sufferings. He knew he was about to leave her without any means of support; and his language truly indicated feelings of the deepest anxiety.—Looking around upon his disciples, his eye rested upon his best beloved friend, to him he said, 'be hold thy mother,' and to his mother, "woman behold thy son." Thus providing his mother a home, and leaving us an example worthy of imitation.

Many are the advantages we derive from honoring our parents. In the first place, we have the promise, 'that our days shall be long upon the land,' and how often have we seen this verified, not only by a long but a prosperous and happy life. Had Washington listened with a deaf ear to his mother's entreaties, he might never have reached that station of honor and usefulness which he did; he might have fallen in some almost obscure battle and his name sunk into oblivion. But it was not so to be, Here that his noble mind, began to unfold itself, and that sense of right which ever marked his life, began to be manifest.

Let us never forget the wise man's admonition, "My son keep thy father's commandments and forget not the law of thy mother." May our unkindness never cause them to exclaim in bitterness of soul,

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is, To have a thankless child!"  

M. E.
ASKETCH—A MORNING WALK.

How lovely is the appearance of summer, when the trees put on their most beautiful foliage—the earth spreads out its verdant carpet, and the skipping of the young lambs upon the hill sides, or the joyous chorus of the birds in the beautiful groves—all seems to awaken in the reflecting mind, the most beautiful and thrilling feelings—a response to the voice of nature. It is scarcely possible for the mind to become so lost and hardened, that we may walk among the wild-flowers that open to catch the early dew—that we can stray along the mossy banks of our beautiful rivulets, and behold how heaven has prepared all things for our happiness, and evidently designed them all for our good, without feeling, also to praise nature's God—the fount of all beauty and enjoyment.

I had wandered forth ere yet the sun had commenced his course in the heavens, and directed my steps to the banks of the Merrimack that so carelessly was rolling its tranquil waters to mingle with the great deep; and as it passed along reflecting from its smooth and placid surface all the variety of its shores. Here I stopped for a moment to meditate upon the surrounding objects, and, as I gazed, my thoughts went back involuntarily to other times; and as star after star appears on a summer's night, so came up on the horizon of memory, in regular order, the events that had transpired on the place where I then stood; and there was pictured the happy tribes—that noble race, that once inhabited where we now possess; and on their trail, the horrid, cruel murderous and unchristian acts of their persecutors; until the last, the soul survivor of mighty nations, looking indignantly upon his persecutors, and showing that his proud soul was not yet humbled, stretched his brawny arms, as if to the Great Spirit, and vanished forever. I started even at my own thoughts, as if they were a dream; and asked myself the question, where are those who once walked and talked, after their manner, as we now do? where are the men that roamed through the forest; and where the women and children that made the woods ring with their shouts? And echo, coming from every hill and tree and rock, as if they would enquire, asked, where?

Once this entire land was spread with the tents of the red man. You might then have seen him, as he stood unbroken and uncorrupted, with all the virtues and dignity and beauty, that nature unassisted by religion, can ever bestow upon mortals. The waters then were known as his fishing grounds—from the hillocks and the knolls went up the smoke of his council fires—the woods echoed with the report of his rifle, while the wild-fowl fell before its deadly aim—upon the still dim of evening went forth the shrill sound of his battle song, or the deep plaintive notes of mourning and lamentation as he bowed over the grave of a friend; but where are they now? I need not answer.

Their canoes no longer skim the waters of our rivers, nor do their paddles sweep the surface of our lakes—their council fires, one by one, have
gone out, their ashes have been scattered to the winds, and long since has their smoke ceased to mingle with the clouds,—their last war song has been chanted,—and they have left none to sound the requiem over their graves,—all to their graves gone down.' But, as my time was limited, I could not stop long to meditate upon their fate; and resumed my walk to gaze upon the glories and beauties of the waters, the woods, the fields, and the sweet, blue heavens that with tinseled clouds and gorgeous drapery, enclosed the scene; and while beholding all that was around me, and calling before the mind, as far as memory and imagination would enable me, the event of the past and future, I was led to think upon the Creator of them all. O, what are the feelings that rush upon the mind, as it grasps, as far as it is able, the idea of God—a being who with a breath spake into existence all that is, and who with another could return them to all their former nothingness or chaos; the work of whose fingers are the heavens, and from whose hands the innumerable worlds that roll with such regularity and order, in the immensity of space around us, were thrown into their orbits, and bid perform their stated courses. As I reflected upon the vastness of God's works, and greatness of his power, together with my own insignificance in the universe, I was overcome with the thought, and sunk down upon my knees, exclaiming with one of old, 'Lord what is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man, that thou visited him.' I realized that as a part of creation, my insignificance scarcely entitled me to a name or place among the works of God; but by the immortality of the soul—the redemption of Christ, and the adoption that the divine mercy has seen fit to extend even to us, rebels and sinners; I was not only an important part of the creation; but had a right to call God by the sweet appellation of father; and claim his aid and protection, as holding that endearing relation. I sat musing thus till roused by the peeling tones of the bell which told me that I was wanted, when I arose and walked into the city where, as usual, all was noise and bustle, but my mind had enjoyed a calmness and serenity not easily effaced, and I felt that I was much profited by my morning walk.

V. C. N.

TO MY SISTER.

I ask not that the glittering ray
Of wealth and pomp, may guild your way,
As through life's rugged paths you stray,
My sister.
A DAY IN JULY.

"Now the rosy morn
Steals across the mountain gray;
Hark! the hunter's silver horn
Wakes the sleeping echo's lay!"

It is a summer's morning, beautiful and delightful! To persons of lively sensibility and imagination, this must be the most pleasant time of the year; for who is there, that has a heart so cold as not to feel its genial influences, participate in the joy that pervades all nature and love the soft, rich coloring that the season has given to all that surrounds us? Who exists, that loves not to stand at such a time, and gaze upon the scenery, as the crowing of the cock announces the approach of day—as the morning dawns through
the clouds of the east, and disrobes the fields
and hillocks, the misty mountain tops with
frowning rocks and dizzy heights, and the
verdant lawns that stretch themselves at their
feet, with the playful streamlets that gladden
the scene, of their darkness? What heart
does not leap for joy at the very thought of
being upon some elevated spot and reviewing
the indescribable beauties of nature, as the
sun, the monarch of day, rises fresh and hu-
mid, sending forth his light to awaken and
cheer the slumbering earth? How pleasant
to wander abroad in the open fields and inhale
the soft pure air, as the mists roll up from the
woods, the plains, and the waters! Yonder is
a thick grove, reposing in the graceful folds
of its waving verdure—dewy pearls are spark-
ling there from every leaf, and the trees even
seem decked in gems to meet the day. The
dowry tribes, the happiest, apparently, of all
things that live, as they jump from bough to
bough, send forth a thousand notes of music
upon the current of the breezes. The cattle
that love the cool and the shade, unmolested,
crop the rich herbage. It may be that the
timid squirrel peeps out upon me, in my walk,
and at the sight of an accustomed visiter,
scampers away for safety and seclusion. The
buzz of numerous, busy insects strike upon
the ear, as with guided wings they rove on,
twing twang, from flower to flower, straining
up the sweet odors of each to enrich the early
zephyr. The husbandman too mindful that
the sunshine gives place to the storm, the
summer to dreary winter, is out with his im-
plements of husbandry, and fast prostrates
the shrubs, flowers and grass, that adorn the
creation.

See yonder lake sleeping without a ripple
upon its mirror-like surface—the fences, the
trees with their overhanging foliage, the skip-
ing, sportive lambs upon the farther side,
seem to have their counter part beneath the
water; the clouds, the magnificent clouds,
that decorate the face of heaven, are there;
the blue sky is there; and there is the home
of the trout and the pickerel, and above the
crystal waters the lily rears its modest
head, as if to say, here too is my dominion;
how deep it seems, how grand;—but stop—the
world that I viewed in the lake has vanished
—splash—splash—goes the water, a flock
of geese have plunged in, and here follows
their young, perhaps it is their first voyage,
and like the gay youth ignorant of the
world's devices, cut loose from parental re-
straint, they rush joyously forward.

As we dwell upon the subject, how are we
constrained to exclaim, how delightful, how
glorious a summer morning! What peace
and happiness does the rich loveliness of na-
ture afford! Ye who love to muse upon the
character of God, go view his wisdom and
love at this still hour in his works. Does the
flower in thy pathway, speak of any thing but
love? Does the mountain that veils its head
in the clouds, tell of aught but sublimity,
grandeur and power? Go forth, ye that love
health and pleasure, and here drink from the
overflowing fountain that a beneficent Creator
has provided.

It is evening—a summer's evening. The
birds once more issuing from their leafy re-
treats, carol forth their songs in the free bree-
zes of heaven. The lily that drooped its head
upon its slender stem, beneath the burning
sun, and the vine that so closely folded its
leaves, and the foliage that seemed so withered
in the noontide heat, again, as if to bid fare-
well to the day, dress themselves in verdure
and beauty. The hardy laborer is returning
from the clover field with his scythe hung up
on his shoulder. Mark his simplicity and in-
ocence. The vices, dissipation and corrup-
tion of the city, tempted him not in youth,
nor have they reached his humble, happy
dwelling in his manhood. Witness his smiles,
as his wife meets him at the door—as his
children flock around him; he is happy, for
he is free, and in the midst of plenty and
quiet.

The sun has descended the steep declivi-
ties of the west; his last rays are just bidding
adieu to the hill tops, and glimmering upon
the lofty branches of the tall pines. How va-
rious and beauteous are the tints of the clouds,
as the sun looks up from his western couch
upon them. I love to gaze upon their mild
splendor, and indulge myself in the delights
of 'bright imaginings.' Methinks I there see
the fit abodes of happy spirits, where the soul
of poesy, the spirit of purity, and the genius
of loveliness and holiness might linger forever.

The clouds have lost their brilliancy—
darkness has drawn her ample veil over the
face of creation—the songsters have ceased
their melodies—the buzz of the insect world
is still—the hen has gathered her brood be-
neath her wings; while tired humanity seeks
the repose of sleep. The night hawk and the
bat are now busy on the wing. The sweet
voice of the philomel comes from the distant
grove, mingling with the shrill cry of the owl,
and the hoarse, continuous grumbling of the
pond frog. The stars, one by one, send down
their borrowed rays to illumine the world,
and at length the clear, bright moon sheds over all, her silver rays, and we are led to exclaim, how beautiful a summer night.

A taste for the beauties of nature should always be cultivated with the greatest care; for there is nothing that can inspire us with holier thought, or offer us purer pleasures. It is impossible to look abroad upon the visible works of our Creator, without being led to consider his divine attributes and spotless character; and he who would not, from viewing the productions which surround him, recognize therein the existence of God, can see no beauties, and derive no pleasure from nature.

All, to such an one, must be clouded and melancholy and sorrowful. But none who are sane, will meditate upon the things of earth, without a thought of their author—will behold how vast are the benefits heaped upon man, without supposing a giver; and it would hardly be the part of the most thoughtless, to remember how soon “the harvest is past and the summer ended,” without seeing the analogy that the seasons bear to his own life, which quickly passes away, with all that can delight or please, and is succeeded by death—that bleak, dreary, wintry day, which is feared so much by all, and yet which is so necessary, that we may enjoy happiness changeless and undecaying. Since then man is like the flower that soon passes away, “it would appear to be the part of wisdom to found our happiness on the faithful discharge of duty, that thereby we may lay up a rich harvest for the future, and render ourselves acceptable to a just, a merciful Creator.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

How lovely is home, how dear are the friends
With whom sweetly passed my first days;
O could I but linger, until my life ends,
By their side, I would close it with praise.

But tho’ they are dear, far dearer to me,
Than I in my weak words can tell,
Yet my dear native land, I must say unto thee,
And to all my dear friends, “fare you well.”

To the pleasures of earth I must now bid adieu;
To a far distant land I must roam,
Beyond the dark sea, so deep, wide, and blue,
I must seek among strangers a home;—

In a land wherethen Sabbath days never yet smil’d,
To cheer, or to scatter the gloom,
Where the music that breaks on the solitude wild,
Is the yell of the savage alone.

I go, the red banner of Christ to unfurl,
In a region where darkness now reigns,
And the forests, where nought save the war cry
was heard,
Shall re-echo with love’s sweetest strains.

But say, shall I murmur, or dare to repine,
While leaving the scenes that I love?
No; Saviour, for thee earthly joys I resign,
I ask but to share in thy love.

Then with joy in my heart, and smiles on my face,
I’ll leave all, and wander abroad—
Proclaim to the tribes of the desert, thy grace,
And teach them to trust in the Lord.

What tho’ I now take the last, lingering view
Of the home of my childhood and youth,
And bid you my friends, forever adieu,
To wander a stranger o’er earth?

On the wings of the wind our time seems to fly,
The glad day of redemption will come;
We’ll soon meet again above the blue sky,
And there live forever at home.

And the sons of the forest, untutored and wild,
As their own native woods, where they dwell,
Through a merciful Saviour, who for them has died,
Our song of rejoicing shall swell.

C. M****.

SYMPATHY—WHAT IS IT?

Man was formed by his Creator for happiness and improvement; and hence, in order that these designs might not be frustrated, there are existing between men, mutual obligations which bind them to love and assist each other; and for the fulfilment of these obligations, there is placed in man a faculty, or there existsthe production of the combined faculties, that we term sympathy.

Sympathy is to the mind what the blood is to the body. The blood is the life-giving power, the vigor, the sustainer of the physical constitution. Without it man has nothing attached to him, beautiful to the eye, or beneficial to himself or others; for his body with all its noble, intricate and wonderful mechanism, would soon crumble to atoms and mingle with the clods beneath his feet. Thus it is with the mind; without sympathy, its noblest and brightest qualities are dim and tarnished—its powers are frozen up in the chillings of its own icy temperament, and its faculties dwindle and decay.

Man, without the warming fires of sympathy glowing in his bosom, would be truly an
object of pity; like the bleak rock of the ocean, that the mariner guards against in the still night watch, and fears even at noonday, he would be shunned and loathed by his fellows, as devoid of all usefulness and loveliness. The wild cries of his fellow mortals might load the very air he breathes, soliciting an extension of the hand of charity, love and friendship, but they would pass him as idly as the winds which he heeds not; amid all the affecting calls that might be made, he would stand as unmoved as the gnarled oak of an hundred winters; nay, the very footing upon which he rests might be washed away by the many tears of bitterness and grief, while his own eye-lids would remain as dry as the parched sands of Arabia.

An unsympathising man is a total stranger to the most of earth's purest joys. In the social circle he stands like a pillar of iron, taking pleasure not even in the "domestic heaven" that surrounds him. When at evening he returns home bowed down by the toils of the day, and his wife greets him with her smiles at the very entrance of his cottage, and his children gather around him in their innocent sports, there are no words or looks of tenderness to add to their joys, no reciprocation of heart, but he settles down in his moroseness, and by his rigid muscles and stern looks, resembles most the carved marble busts, that used to be placed in the porticos of the ancient temples. Such a being is unmoved even by the tender persuasion of woman, or the artless, innocent prattle of childhood; and if a smile ever sits in mockery upon his lips, it is as he beholds, the misery which he creates. GLEASON.

IDLENESS.

Notwithstanding that all who have ever risen to any eminence in the world, have done it by industrious efforts and persevering labor, yet there is no disorder more prevalent, at all seasons of the year, than idleness. Though it is worse in its effects than the most raging and virulent fevers, more to be dreaded than the Asiatic cholera, and more blasting, withering and deadly than consumption that fixes its fangs immovably upon the children of men, and marks earth's fairest sons and most beauteous daughters for its victims; yet while many rest easy, using no precautions against it, some even deem it fashionable, with all the disgrace that must ever be attached to it, when viewed in its proper light, and with all the marks of infamy that it fixes indelibly upon whomever it attacks.

Idleness is one of the greatest curses that has ever afflicted our race, breaking down the physical constitution, prostrating the mental energies, and weakening and destroying the moral powers. View it in whatever way you will, it is as blasting and desolating to a person's character as the plagues to Egypt, or the monsoons to the verdant spots in the desert. It matters not how promising and prosperous may have been the appearance of things, wherever it goes, it is more to be feared than war, famine or pestilence. It is a fire that scathes the whole surface. It is a cloud that covers the whole sky, and brings on a night of darkness upon which gleams not one star of hope or happiness.

Man was evidently designed, both bodily and mentally, for activity; and idleness is produced by the want of some employment that will bring man into action; and hence when such employment is wanting, and idleness, its natural offspring, is produced, there comes on a torpor of body and lethargy of spirit that are contrary to the laws of our being. Any other vice is more endurable, for there is no other one that so completely saps the foundation of every virtue; for to what purpose is it that we have powers of body if they never come into use? Of what advantage is it that our Creator has endowed us with powers of mind capable of infinite expansion and improvement, if we allow them to rust away by inaction and listlessness? Of what benefit is it to ourselves or others, that we have implanted in our bosoms the germs, whence might spring a thousand good qualities that would adorn and beautify our natures, if we have not sufficient vigor to bring them into action? Where idleness reigns the best minds will be dormant and useless, the fittest opportunities for doing good will be unimproved and worthless, while imbecility and corruption will characterize the people. For proof of the above, we will only refer to the history of individuals and nations. Who have been the men, who have raised the curtain and stood upon the stage the wonder and admiration of their fellow-men? Who are they who have rode upon the whirlwinds and directed the storm in human affairs? Who are they who have most improved the world in morals and civilization? Have they been some prodigies blessed by their Creator with powers more extensive, or faculties more numerous, than he has bestowed upon the rest of their spe-
I D L E N E S S.

Not so! Many were their equals in all respects, wherein nature was concerned, of whom we can only say, they lived and died. What then is the secret of this matter, and where the cause? It consisted wholly in this; the one was indolent, the other active, enterprising, energetic. The one fatally trusted to the future, that it should be as the present and much more abundant; the other leaving the unbegotten future to its own sphere, grasped the present, was covetous of every moment, and worked while the day lasted.

If we should refer to the history of nations the same fact would be observable; for God, while he bid man labor and toil, and "by the sweat of his brow eat his bread," as a punishment for sin, has so constituted him that it is a still greater curse for him to avoid his punishment by idleness; so much so that he seems to have marked indolence with wretchedness, want, and misery, of the most bitter and lasting kind. Hence it is in those countries, where the mildness and serenity of the climate and fertility of the soil enables the inhabitants to live with little else than the spontaneous productions of nature, they are weak and effeminate in every respect, while the worst passions rule in the hearts of individuals, and vice and crime make fearful inroads upon society; on the other hand, where the climate is rough and boisterous, and a subsistence is with difficulty wrung from the hard earth, and where time, which with others might lay upon their hands with uneasiness, is improved to the utmost extent; there is the spirit of industry and enterprise. With such a people all the social and religious feelings of our nature thrive and luxuriate, bringing forth abundant fruits to bless and improve mankind. With them science fixes her permanent abode, and lays open all the intricacies of both matter and mind; here liberty's bird plumes anew her wings with all their beauteous, gorgeous coloring, and stretches them from shore to shore over a happy and virtuous people; while from the silver trump of freedom a blast rings over mountain and hill, vale and glen, that announces to the people their rights and privileges, and makes despotism tremble at the sound in her strongest holds.

The same theory holds true in regard to families, even in the same lands or under the same roofs. The children of the rich, reared in idleness, upon whom the winds of heaven are scarce allowed to breathe, whose only employment is the decoration of the body, or the discovering of some way to make time slide away easily, and who never put forth an effort to advance themselves, never give the mind one stretch to break loose from its chains, have hardly ever been of any advantage to themselves or the world. A long line of venerated ancestors may have preceded them, but it awoke no desire to continue the honors of their house. The arms and banners of their fathers may have hung unsullied in their halls, continually reminding them of virtues they should not dim, of glories they should not cloud; and all the circumstances around may have called loudly upon them to arouse from their dormancy and shake off their lethargy; yet how few, how very few, comparatively, have been truly great or good. On the other hand the poor orphan boy, who could claim no kin or connexion (save in destitution,) in the broad universe, and who has taken to the waters as his home, to be tossed by the angry billows, to be the sport of the chainless winds of heaven, to risk his life, his all, on the bending mast, when the thunders roared in the broken clouds, and the lightnings flashed with their fearful blaze in his very face, has gradually risen till he has been renowned among the ocean's sons, and a ruler in her vast domain. So too has it been with the farmer boy, who was born in the cabin which would neither shelter him from the rains of summer or the blasts of winter, and whose parents have left him in infancy with no other inheritance than the memory of their humble virtues. Mark his course; in infancy even, he feeds his flocks upon the mountain; in boyhood he holds the plough as it turns up the stony ground; there is nothing in his character that designates the sphere in which he is to move, and, if we except the reading of a few old musty books by the light of the moon after his hard day's work, nothing that shows that he takes a more than common interest to know what has been or is in the world. A few years pass on, and we hear of him as his thrilling, soul-stirring eloquence amazes the multitude that are collected in the halls of legislation, or the courts of justice; and yet a few days more and he arrives at the highest pinnacle of human greatness, as by the will of a sovereign people, he is placed at the head of the nation. Such instances as we have named are not isolated, but are every day transpiring in every country upon the face of the earth. And we ask again, what is the reason, in most cases, that the one class rises and the other sinks, or that one man remains stationary, while the other is continually making advancement? There may be, and
doubtless is, a natural difference in individuals, but the distinctions that nature makes, are generally small and easily overcome, while habits which grow upon us imperceptibly, make us whatever we are. How necessary, then, that we should escape the deleterious habit of idleness, run from it as we would from the overwhelming flood or the mountain avalanche.

THE MIZER.

There is no object in the world so really deserving of pity, as the miser. No created being so little answers the end for which he was made as he. Let us for a moment look at him in some of his relations. First, we assume that the Creator is an infinitely wise and intelligent being, and, therefore, that in all his works he has had some design. Then we conclude at once that he had an object in view when he made man, the noblest part of his creation. The question then is, for what design was man brought into existence. Happily for frail mortals, this is fully made known in the revelation which God has made to his creatures. But let us reason for a moment aside from revelation, and see if we can discover from the operations of the natural world, anything that says to man, thou art not made for this world only. Listen to yonder tolling bell, as its solemn tones strike upon our ears; do they not announce in brief the history of mortal man? Does not yonder funeral procession, as it moves with slow and solemn pace, whisper unto us, thou soon must follow? Aye, do not the fading, transitory things of earth everywhere proclaim in words not to be misunderstood, that soon, very soon, we must pass away? Philosophy here is futile. Death and decay are stamped upon all created objects, and each, in its turn must submit to the operations of the destroyer. Here then we have an overwhelming proof of the utter folly of spending a life in hoarding up treasures which can be of no use to us in this world, and which most certainly cannot benefit in any other.

We will suppose a case for illustration. An inhabitant of Greenland forms a determination of leaving, at some future period, his native land forever, and spending the remainder of his days in the torrid zone. In his own country much clothing is necessary to protect him from the cold chill blasts, and preserve life. Near the equator little or none may be worn, and any considerable amount is utterly insupportable. He having fixed the time for his departure, begins to direct all his energies to the accumulation of articles of clothing. He denies himself the comforts of life, deprives himself of necessary food and sleep, oppresses his fellow-creatures, takes bread from the mouth of the widow and the orphan,—all for what? to hoard up a vast quantity of clothing which will be of no service whatever at present, and which, in the torrid zone whither he is going, will be not only valueless, but insupportably burdensome. Who but will exclaim, this man is a fool? Just so is the miser. He is destined ere long to depart to another country, where, even were he permitted to carry his earthly treasures, they would be of no service to him. But he is denied even that pleasure, if pleasure it can be called, for he must leave all. How foolish, then, how utterly foolish, for man to toil out his earthly existence in accumulating that which will hereafter not only be useless, but a burden.

From an observation of the character and conduct of the miser, we may draw much useful instruction. The increasing desire for more, which always accompanies an undue abundance of the treasures of this world, is conclusive proof that man's highest enjoyment was not intended to be in the things of earth. Had it been so the more he could have accumulated, the greater would have been his happiness. But the reverse is true. "The more we have, the more we want," is an adage too universally true to need proof or illustration.

Man has wandered on for nearly six thousand years, every day learning by sad experience,—and still apparently ignorant,—that his greatest happiness does not consist in the exercise of his selfish propensities, or worldly desires. We behold him in all ages engaged in the various pursuits which characterize the eras in which he had a being, but in all worldly, avaricious and selfish. Some it is true, in every age may be found, who have stood aloof from the general current, and used their talents and abilities to relieve the miseries of a fallen world; but compared with the mass of mankind, who have gone on unrestrained in the indulgence of their propensities, they are as but a drop to the ocean. Man has yet to learn that "true happiness is not to be found in this world."

A SKETCH.

'Twas evening, such an evening as all love, and such an one as fills the heart with
emotionsof gratitude and praise to the Cre-
ator. The moon and stars shone with un-
wonted splendor, and the few fleeting clouds
which were to be seen, increased rather
than diminished the beauty of the landscape.
The birds carolled their parting lays as
sweetly as though nought could disturb the
beauty and tranquility of the scene.

Situated in the most delightful part of the
pleasant village of D—— was the mansion
of Sir George Waldron. Every thing with-
in, and without, the dwelling, indicated that
the possessor was a person of wealth. He
had, however, one treasure which he prized
above all others; and that was his daughter.
And truly if a parent might be proud of an
only child, he might be proud of Julia. She
had but just returned from a school at some
distance from home, and, if possible, it was
with more than parental affection and fond-
ness, she was welcomed by her father.— Yet
as she received his blessing, how did she
wish to hear her mother's gentle voice; so
full of tenderness and parental solicitude.
But alas! she knew no mother's voice would
again greet her, for the unerringshaft of
death had entered her bosom, and closed her
eyes upon this world, to unseal them in
eternity.

Julia had just completed her seventeenth
year, and never was an opening bud more
beautiful, and apparently more unconscious
of it. Her figure was slight and agile.
Her throat and brow, fair as alabaster, were
shaded by auburn ringlets, which clustered
around them in thick masses. Yet her
greatest beauty consisted in her intelligent
and amiable countenance, in which modesty,
firmness, and a desire to promote the hap-
piness of others, was finely blended.

It was upon the evening above mentioned,
that a large, and brilliant company were as-
sembled at the mansion of her father, of
which company Julia was to be queen. All
that art or ingenuity could devise had been
collected upon the occasion; and truly it did
seem, as though the hands of faries had not
been unemployed. Julia, habited in a sim-
pledress of white, was the admired of all
eyes, although some gazed with envy. She
was considered the happiest of the happy;
yet she was not so, for her eye caught the
form of her father, pale, and leaning against
a chair for support. She looked again, and
found he had left the room. Oh! how ea-
gerly did she wish for the hour to arrive,
when she could go to him, watch over and
comfort him. The evening, which had been
so long anticipated with pleasure, now proved
a season of the most intense anxiety. But

the longest hour must have an end, and soon
was she by her father's bedside. He had
been suddenly attacked by apoplexy, and no
hope was given of his recovery. How glad-
ly would Julia have resigned wealth, and all
its attendant blessings, to prolong her pa-
rent's life. But He who orders all things
right, had otherwise ordained; and before
the setting of another sun, her father was in
eternity.

It is impossible to describe the feelings of
the wealthy, the gifted and envied Julia.
Her feelings none can portray. He who
said, I will be a father to the orphan, could
alone supply a balm for her breaking heart;
and she with a calm, confiding trust, looked
to Him as she said, "the Lord gave, and
the Lord taketh away; blessed be His holy
name." Oh! think not again, that wealth
constitutes happiness, for it cannot save its
possessor from the tomb.

SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE.

The christian, in whose heart reigns the
peace of God, who possesses a conscience
void of offence toward God and man, ever
hails with pleasure the hour of retirement;
when he may withdraw from the busy multi-
tude, from the toils and strifes of earth,
and spend a short season in calm reflection,
in self-examination, and in communion with
the Father of spirits.

In thus spending an hour of solitude, he
enjoys that sacred peace which the world
knoweth not of, and he returnsto the active
duties of life, refreshed and invigorated;
better prepared to endure patiently the dis-
appointments and trials he may be called to
meet in his intercourse with the world.

It is evident from the nature of man, as
sembled at the mansion of her father, of
which company Julia was to be queen. All
that art or ingenuity could devise had been
collected upon the occasion; and truly it did
seem, as though the hands of faries had not
been unemployed. Julia, habited in a sim-
peldress of white, was the admired of all
eyes, although some gazed with envy. She
was considered the happiest of the happy;
yet she was not so, for her eye caught the
form of her father, pale, and leaning against
a chair for support. She looked again, and
found he had left the room. Oh! how ea-
gerly did she wish for the hour to arrive,
when she could go to him, watch over and
comfort him. The evening, which had been
so long anticipated with pleasure, now proved
a season of the most intense anxiety. But

we should never wish to retire from so-
ciety because of the temptations and trials
we there encounter; these are but to test
the strength of our virtues; we should re-
joice in the furnace of affliction, and pray,
that when taken from it, we may be seven
times purified.

From social intercourse, we derive some
of the purest pleasures which our earth af-
fords. Sad and lonely would be our condi-
tion, were we to be banished forever from
society, never more to hear the soothing voice of friendship, with no one to listen to our tale of joy or sorrow, with none for whom to long, and none to love.

Instead of finding perfect happiness in freedom from care and labor, we should be ready to exclaim with the shipwrecked mariner,—

"Oh solitude! where are the charms,
That sages have seen in thy face;
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place."

—LOIS.

THE HUMAN SOUL.

The human soul, which is designed by its Maker to be a fountain of bliss to its possessor and to those under its influence, is composed of two faculties, the intellect and the affections, or, as they are familiarly termed, the head and heart. The pleasures of the intellect consist in the acquisition and the contemplation of knowledge. The pleasures of the affections are derived from their exercise in social intercourse, and when both are cultivated these pleasures are so delightfully blended and reflect such mutual charms, that it is difficult to separate them, or to decide the exact amount of happiness received from each. Intellectual acquirements are doubly enjoyed when shared with a kindred mind, and greatly enhanced and dignified, when employed in increasing the comfort and happiness of others. And social intercourse is refined and elevated by intellectual cultivation. But there are those who cultivate the intellect exclusively, and who seem to imagine the heart will spontaneously yield the desired fruits, or that by intellectual cultivation it is necessarily made better. But is such an idea the result of observation or experience? Does the chemist in his laboratory, or the mathematician while solving a problem, necessarily feel his heart awakened to a deeper sense of duty to God, and his fellow men. That his intellect will be elevated and expanded, and the powers of his mind enlarged is unquestionable; but all this may be experienced without improving the heart. Indeed, if the goodness of the heart should be measured by intellect, then Satan himself would be found superior in moral excellence, for doubtless he has an intellect more capacious than was ever possessed by the most exalted of our race.

In cases of individuals who come under our own observation, has not a cultivated intellect in many instances, instead of making them better members of society, prepared them for taking advantage of the ignorant, and for the perpetration of many a deed of darkness? Look at the most gifted and learned men of our land, assembled to transact business for the nation. Surely if intellectual cultivation necessarily purifies and elevates the heart; there will be there created an atmosphere of purity and goodness. But what do facts say? They tell us, alas! that knowledge is not sufficient either to improve or preserve the heart; for it is well known, that during the sessions of Congress our capitol is witness to scenes of such gross immorality, that it may truly be called a sink of pollution.

But there are those probably who seek exclusively intellectual cultivation, without willfully perverting it to the injury of others. And such may be happy; but theirs must be a contracted, selfish happiness. They have no social, kindly feelings, and therefore seek not to benefit, or increase the happiness of others by imparting the rich treasures of knowledge which they may have accumulated. Like an ice palace, which the rays of the sun cause to appear dazzling and beautiful, but which reflects no cheering warmth on surrounding objects, they live isolated beings, admired but not beloved. But those who cultivate the social affections are happy in the happiness of all around them. They have learned that—

"...all worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses."

And they shed on all, with whom they are associated, the overflows of a heart filled with love and good will.

It is often and truly said, that 'tis intellect which raises us above the brute creation, and fits us for the society of the highest order of spiritual existences. Yet are not the social affections to form the golden chain of union between us and them? What would it avail that we were endowed with the same noble intellectual capacities, if our souls were not drawn to each other by the sweet attraction of love?

It should be our aim to bring all the faculties of our soul, into their full and appropriate exercise, so that we may at least be advancing toward a perfect symmetry, and "completeness of character." —RUTH.

CLOUDS.

The beautiful in nature is so mingled that many objects derive much of their charm from blending with others. The sweet wild
flowers soon ceases to please when removed from the green leaves with which it is surrounded and contrasted. And the night-storm loses much of its sublimity unaccompanied by the thunder's roar, and the lightning's flash. Thus are the ever-varying clouds dependent on the sun and sky. But in all the endless variety of nature's scenery, is there any thing presented which surpasses them in beauty? No wonder they are so often the theme of poetry; but though language may be found to describe their love-liness, the emotions which they awaken in the soul are perhaps indescribable. A poet has said they seem—

"——— like chariots of saints
By fiery courser drawn, as brightly hued
As if the glorious, bushy, golden locks
Of thousand cherubim had been shorn off
And on the templeshung of moru and even."

And then again they may be seen at mid-day, and often too by the moonlight of midnight, in fleecy forms reposing on the bosom of the deep blue sky, and we can think of nothing with which to compare them, save the white and spotless robes of the pure inhabitants of the "better land." When wearied with the cares of busy life, how are the worn spirits relieved and refreshed, if we gaze awhile on the glorious canopy thus formed above us, while fancy feigns them the curtains of a more glorious world beyond where the weary rest.

THE DEATH OF A BROTHER.

SLEEP gentle one, thy last farewell is sigh'd
To earth with all its sorrows, and thy form,
Lodged in its dark retreat, reposes well
And here 'twill slumber till that voice divine
That call'd thy sainted spirit to the skies,
Shall, thunder-toned, resound o'er earth and sea,
And bid them yield their dead; then shall it rise,
Clad in immortality, no more to die.

At twilight's hallowed hour we'll oft repair
To this lonespot, made sacred by thy dust.
Parental tenderness shall linger here,
Sprinkling with dewy tearsthy flower-clad grave;
And here fraternal grief shall often sigh;
Yet ours are not the bitter flowing tears
Of those who hopeless mourn; we know full well,
That couldst thou cease thine everlasting song,
To speak to us in this dark, distant sphere,
Thy words "weep not for me," would come like balm
To heal our wounded spirits, and to cheer
Our toilsome journey, as we wander on
O'er life's dark wastes of years, until we reach

That calm retreat beneath the verdant sod,
Where we can rest in hope, till the loud trump
Shall call the slumbering tenants of the tomb,
From their dark prison-house, to hear the Judge
Pronounce their final doom. That hour comes on,
Death's shafts fly thick around us; we shall soon
Lie down amid the darkness and decay
Of our last resting place. When we think not,
The Son of man may come.

That healthful glow,
That hung around thy cheek, so like a wreath
Of blushing roses, seemed but to allure
The spoiler, Death, ruthless, to pluck them down,
Thus sudden may he come to us, to me.
Out from my heart fly every earth-born care,
There is no room for you to rankle there;
Henceforth let God and Heaven my spirit fill,
My treasure and my heart I there have fix'd,
And soon, my brother, shall I rove with thee,
In that fair clime, where flowers eternal bloom;
Where living waters flow, where night comes not,
But God himself, he is the light thereof,
And we shall both behold Him as he is—
Till then, farewell.

THE DRUNKARD'S PLEDGE.

It was morning. The day had been ushered in with the firing of guns, the sound of music, and a display of flags; for it was the birth day of the nation. The day on which our fathers had thrown off the yoke of foreign despotism, and declared themselves as all men are of right, and by law and custom should be, free and independent. In my native town, a beautiful sea-port on the coast of Massachusetts, the people assembled at an early hour to celebrate this anniversary, for the first time in a rational, temperate manner; as was becoming such an occasion. They collected not only to rejoice that we were a free nation, and no despot's foot dared touch our soil,—not only that, as a people, we were unmolested and at peace with the world, and blessed in an extraordinary manner, with prosperity and plenty; but also to testify their pleasure, that we were becoming more independent of accident,—more free from vice, more at liberty from intemperance, which had deluged the land, throughout its vast extent, with crime, poverty and wretchedness; blasting the brightest hopes, and crushing the fairest flowers,—to unitedly return thanks, that the inebriate who had been taken in the snare of the fowler, was declaring himself independent of habit, and free from his hitherto slavish appetite. There in that assem-
blage, in a pretty grove, apart from the noise and bustle of the world,—in that group, upon whom even the heavens seemed to smile with approbation, you might recognize the man, who in his early days had been the pride of his family, the joy of numerous friends, and the ornament of the society in which he moved; and who in later days had likewise proved the disgrace of his relatives, the grief of the acquaintances who knew his talent and acquirements, and a burden to the community; until the last flickering hope of his ever being of any benefit to himself or the world had faded. He was there, but an altered man. His person was erect, his step firm, and his countenance gave signs of happiness,—he was a reformed drunkard; and many such united with him in giving thanks to heaven, for their redemption from the thraldom in which they had so long been held. You might have beheld by their side, their happy wives, and their sons and daughters, all participating in, and anticipating the pleasures that are, and will be theirs.

As my eye run over the throng, I perceived that one was absent. He had been known to sign the pledge, and had for a time abstained from his cups; but in an unhappy moment, he had given way to the adversary and fallen. Let us go back and review his history. He had sprung from one of the most respected families in the town, a family of influence, and honor, and wealth; together with the best advantages for the cultivation and training of his intellectual faculties, he had enjoyed all the benefits of religious instruction, and the influence and example of pious parents. Being an only child, he had been nurtured with uncommon care, till he arrived at manhood, when his parents dying, he came in possession of a large estate. He soon entered business, and married; and in the partner of his choice was all that was lovely and amiable in woman. In the times of embarrassment and pressure that have rolled over the country, he met with heavy losses and became bankrupt. Yet he had many things to cheer and render him happy; his friends had the same confidence in his character and abilities; his wife still clung to him in adversity, and by her affection and tenderness would have rendered easy and smooth the rough journey of life; his children loved him as much and as ardently, as in other days; and his daughter the only child that had arrived at the years of discretion, a lovely girl, observing that a change was coming over his mind, would greet him with her smiles, as soon as his footsteps sounded along the walk that led to his cottage door. But all was of no avail, he was gloomy and morose,—sought for pleasure at the public haunts of the town, instead of in the bosom of his family where it might have been found; and it was shortly reported, that he was unsteady in his habits. For a long time the wife and the daughter sought to banish the thought from their minds. They could not believe, that one so generous, so noble, and so gifted, could degrade himself by one of the lowest vices of the age. The fatal truth at last burst upon them, as he reeled home late at night, in a state of beastly intoxication; yet, for a time, he did not habitually reduce himself to such a state, but only on some public occasion; and a hope still remained with the family, that he might reform; but things growing worse and worse, it was at length almost abandoned; and they wept over him as one that is dead to all that is useful and good.

Things were in this condition, till the rise of the reformation in the south, among the inebriates,—that glorious reformation, that has brought gladness and joy, where formerly desolation and gloom had settled,—prosperity and virtue, where only wretchedness and vice were witnessed, and those too, in their worst and most horrid shapes. It has been told in times past, that there was no hope for the inebriate, no regeneration, no redemption; that where alcohol once swayed her sceptre, she would reign forever, but thank Heaven, that opinion has passed away, and a brighter, a more glorious era has dawned upon the world. There is no depth so low, that man can not rise therefrom. There is no degradation so deep, to which he has brought himself, from which he may not be saved! Tread him down as you will, man yet possesses a soul that will not be extinguished. Let him run on his mad career of sin and folly to its extremest verge, and there yet remains in his bosom that, which will restore him to his dignity and grandeur, if he will but listen to its voice—that still, sweet, clear voice, that warns, and reproves, and encourages, and many there are, who have listened to its melodious tones, and are coming home to virtue and God. Among the first that attempted to reform was the subject of our story. He started with the determination to regain the high standing, from which he had fallen. Now, for the first time, he perceived how far he had drifted in the treacherous current, that had urged him to the brink of that whirlpool, where all hope is swallowed up and lost. In going down the stream, it required no resolution, no energy, no self denial; but when he
would breast the torrent, and buffet the waves, it required all the strength of his soul. For a time he sustained himself; and cheerfulness and joy gathered once more around his hearthstone. His home, always tidy and neat, lost the melancholy and gloom that it was accustomed to wear, and the sunshine of happiness began to dawn upon his family. That sunshine—that calm was but the presage of a more bitter storm—it was of slight duration. The tempter was in his path, it met him at every turn and avenue, and bade him partake of the forbidden, the hateful thing; he heard its voice; he obeyed the mandate; and in one short hour, the withering curse was upon him and his; with all his high and noble feelings (for with all his faults he still had when in a sane state of mind, enlarged views, lofty conceptions, and high, unbroken spirits, which nothing but his return to vice ever subdued,) he was precipitated to a state of brutality which even exceeded all that he had before experienced.

I need not relate what transpired between this and the celebration to which we have before alluded. For that occasion his wife and daughter had contributed all that was in their power, to render it pleasant; yet the deep feelingsof anguish that swelled their bosoms, at the thoughts of their family, prevented their being present; therefore, as the father was at home, they were all collected. Let us look in upon the family circle. It is a beautiful day, the breezes soft and warm, come down from the hills in the rear of the town; yet they seem not revive or animate the group before us. It is a day fullof enthusiasm, and noble thoughts, there is an inspiration in the hour, when men love to rejoice in the glory and honor of their fathers, and recount the exploits of olden times; but they seem to sit, as if ignorance, that this is the birthday of the mightiest nation on the earth—a festival, where the goddess of liberty presides, and bids the people to rejoice. It is a day of mirth and hilarity, when the bugle sounds upon the hills, the church bells send forth their merry peals, and the voice of song and revelling, and the shouts of the congregated people tell that it is time to rejoice; yet within the walls of yonder dwelling, silence and sadness, almost like that of the grave, holds dominion. O! that some invisible spirit, some angel of mercy, would dispel the gloom that hangs over them,—would brush away the clouds that have dimmed the sun of their prosperity—light up one countenance with joy, and move the lips of one of that lonely company, with a smile. There sits the father, conscious that those, who with him attempted to reform are celebrating their triumph over the monster, which has caused their sufferings, and not ignorant that he is the occasion of the many troubles that have come upon his family now before him. Though he was once a man of noble mien and lofty bearing, whose high arched forehead was beautifully adorned with thick glossy clusters of jet dark, while his dark flashing eyes indicated the brightness of his intellect; yet now he sits as though the genius of despair were brooding o'er him; his looks are haggard, and his eye terribly wild with the frenzy within. By the hearth sits the wo-stricken wife with her needlework; but the deep heavingsof her chest and the broken, half-cheeked sigh, told too plainly, tells too plainly that her mind is engrossed with another subject. She essaystospeak, but the words choke in her throat and her tongue can give no utterance. There sits the daughter—lovely, beautiful and accomplished; by her side lies the half-closed volume while her eyes are turned to the windows as if dreading to meet the gaze of those within. She looks pale and sorrowful; and now and then the tears steal over her cheek, and there is a sinking of the frame, as if she would escape from the world and her own thoughts. O, how is the flower there being blasted just as it would open to spread its fragrance and beauty abroad! Tell us, thou lost and ruined father, why withers that lovely and loved form? Why does she conceal herself in sorrow, upon this glorious day, when the very sun seems to shine more pleasantly, and birds sing more sweetly, and all nature acts in sympathy and unison with the happy multitude—why has the bloom faded from her cheek? and why is she not with her associates at the grove, wearing a garland of beauteous wild flowers to deck her auburn ringlets? why is it, that such a feeling pervades the room, that even the air appears heavy; and the child that has scarcely begun to lisp, is mute and dull? O! the horrid effects of intemperance! What a pandemonium does it render the most happy abode, when it has once established itself in the family!

As the day passed on, all without seemed joyful and serene. The reformers after enjoying the cool of the grove and partaking of their repast, formed in a procession with their banners streaming upon the breeze, and their joyous shouts rending the skies. After passing through some of the principal streets, they drew near the house of the backslider. Conscience had moved upon him through the whole day, for he had not gone abroad to
drown its cries with liquid fire. He had recalled his parentage, his youth, his happy days, and the prospect that seemed to cluster over his path when he first started in life. He had looked upon his wife, the vows that he had made her, and the happy home which she had left for his sake. He had thought of his children disgraced and disinherited by his vices. He had looked upon the duties he owed his God, his country, and his neighbors; until his heart sickened within him. He had scanned the future, clouded and dark and dismal; until his brain whirled, and he felt giddy, as if standing upon some dizzy height, slippery and dangerous, with awful precipices and caverns beneath. He remembered his half-tried attempt to reform, and how easily he had abandoned a race, which, if he entered, he was sure of winning most glorious laurels; and in all his reflections, contrasts, and thoughts, conscience came thundering from the depths of his soul, and her voice was one unmingled reproof and rebuke. As the procession was moving by to the sound of music, the wretched man sprung from his chair, with a wild frenzied look. He would have spoke, but the words died away upon his lips and he rushed from the room. Though they had no suspicion of his intentions, the mother and daughter were overwhelmed with grief, the outbreakings of which could no longer be restrained, but was allayed only by their tears and sobs. From this condition they were scarce recovered, before they were alarmed by the cries and rush of men; and but a few moments had elapsed ere the poor inebriate, after having attempted suicide was borne in, covered with blood and gore. At this sight, so unexpected and so awful, nearly all the firmness possessed by woman for such scenes forsook them, for while the mother with trembling hands was administering to the wants of her bleeding partner, with a shriek the daughter fell to the floor. There was a time for weeping and pity, yet it was not for the dying or the dead; they recovered; but to that miserable man there was that day taught a lesson, which he cannot soon forget; fully humbled he once more endeavored to seek the path of temperance and virtue, and there is hope that happiness may yet be his through the remainder of his days, and abide with his children after him; that in coming years, when they shall speak his name, no blush of shame shall tinge their brow; and when hereafter they shall visit his grave, it shall not be to think of him, as of one, of whom there is no hope; but as the vicious, who was afterwards noted for virtue— of the intemperate, that had become reformed, regenerated, and disenthralled.

How gratifying must it be to all who are thus afflicted by vicious friends, to reflect that in the worst cases there is hope. The time has come, when there is a mighty struggle to raise up the degraded and liberate the enslaved. There is a noble spirit abroad in the land, and generous hearts, and tried men are engaged in the cause. It seems to be written out on the very face of nature, ordained of God, and stamped in broad, glowing letters, on the very face of the heavens, that it may be seen and read of all men—"Man by nature is, must, and shall be free." Virtue may be impeded for a time—years may roll away and our wise legislators, like the infamous Tetzell, sell indulgences to sin—for another generation drunkenness may run riot in our streets; but there is a limit beyond which they may not pass, and their days are already numbered. The war goes gloriously on, and whenever men will curse their race for "filthy lucre," and wherever men are rushing blindly on to their own destruction, there will be reformers, there will rise up a Hawkins, a standing monument of what man rising from the loathsome sin, may be, and may do, to ameliorate the condition of his fellows. It is heaven's will, that the world shall move forward toward perfection, and her course will be progressive. True, liberty for a time may seem to furl her banner—fortune may be tumbled in the dust, and truth may be covered by the mountains of error and superstition; but liberty, justice and truth, like their author, are immortal, and must and will triumph.

Let not then the patriot despair, or the philanthropist give over, victory is eventually seen to perch on the banner of all that is for good; for thus the Almighty has decreed. Here is encouragement for the christian, why should not his heart beat high, his thoughts be raised above what the puny efforts of man may do to retard his progress, and his conceptions become more expanded and enlarged? God is with thee, why shouldst thou be afraid?

_**SONG OVER A CHILD.**_  
 **BY BARRY CORNWALL.**  
 Dream, baby, dream! The stars are glowing;  
 Hear at thou the stream? 'Tis softly flowing;  
 All gently glide the hours: Above no tempest lowers: Below are fragrant flowers In silence glowing.
FASHION.

Fashion is the imitating of dress and habits; which are continually changing in every community. A desire to be fashionable, has ever swayed a dominion, as absurd as it is tyrannical, over the corrupt passions and pride of mankind, both in savage and civilized communities.

In most countries, and among most of the inhabitants of every country, fashion is most implicitly and constantly obeyed. With many to be fashionable is the great business of life; for this they make every effort, and often, use the most unjustifiable means.

Different nations have adopted various ways to express their grief. The Egyptians, on the death of a relation, always arrayed themselves in a yellow dress; this was probably from the circumstance, that the colour of the falling leaf, as it fades and withers, conveyed to their minds the fittest emblem of dissolution and decay. The inhabitants of Turkey are accustomed to dress themselves in blue and violet, from the resemblance of that colour to the calm and serene appearance of the sky, where they indulge the fond expectation that the spirits of the departed are now at rest. In some lands, the inhabitants are in the habit of wearing black, whenever death occurs, probably from the circumstance, that this is nearly the color of the ground, in which the remains of their dearest friends are interred.

All these customs, in themselves considered, cannot relieve the aching heart of its sorrows, or prove a solace to them in their deep afflictions. In most civilized Nations, the custom of adopting any particular color or fashion of dress, on the death of a relation, is fast passing away, as it is justly thought by many to be a useless expense, even if they are in circumstances to afford it; while to the poorer class of community, it is a great tax, as they feel bound to follow a custom to which the more wealthy have given their sanction and support.

In our own land, and for a people pretending to be republican in its government and habits, we have daily and abundant proofs of the power of fashion, in so universal a desire to imitate the notions, dress and follies of the aristocratic nobility of other lands, however absurd, preposterous and ridiculous, those habits and customs may be. How many a fine lady, adorned by the most elegant and costly array, feels much more concerned that the ribbon on her bonnet should be tastefully adjusted in the latest style, or that the color, and latest cut and arrangement of her dress should be as fashionable and elegant as that of a countess, while the cultivation and improvement of her mind, and the distress in which her extravagancies may involve her partner, cause not the least anxiety; and she would rather dash out upon a public occasion in fashionable style, and in making genteel calls, than remain at home, where the duties of a faithful and affectionate mother and wife should engage her attention, and form the pleasure of her life.

The external appearance of an individual is no criterion of his character. He may be fashionable in the extreme, and his outward appearance may induce the world to think him a gentleman; while in reality he may be a hypocrite and a scoundrel. How often has community been imposed upon and deceived by false appearances. Some of the most debased and abandoned characters, dressed in the extreme of fashion, and gifted by nature with a prepossessing manner, have gained the confidence of a community, which has found at last, like the husbandman who took pity on the torpid snake and warmed it in his bosom, till it became animated, when it stung its generous benefactors, that they themselves have cherished a viper in human shape, who for kindness and attention has done injury to their character and perhaps property. The public generally are too apt to shield and protect the man of fashion, and if his extravagance and folly lead him to vice and crime, fashion is made to cover a multitude of sins, and the blame upon the innocent and unoffending is often cast.

How many a young man, who has commenced life with bright prospects and fond expectations, has, by his extravagance and desire to be fashionable, plunged himself into wretchedness and crime; and thus he who might have made a respectable member of community, has fallen from a would-be-fashionable man, to a state of ridicule and infamy. The desire and aim of every young man, should be to be neat and economical in his dress, gentlemanly in his deportment, and faithful in his occupations; but let him above all things avoid attempting to be a fashionable man; and ever remember that it is not following the maxims and manners of the day, that makes up the character of a man; but the faithful and gentlemanly performance of every duty of his station in life.

T. S.
EARTH—A SCENE OF PLEASURE.

THERE are those who have brought themselves to think, and endeavor to make others believe, that the world is nought but a scene of wretchedness and misery, where man, by the decree of Heaven, suffers and toils and dies, without any thing to relieve his grief and anguish; without any thing joyous and bright and sunny, by which happiness and true delight may be enjoyed. It is doubtless true, that there is much necessary, and more unnecessary suffering, in every grade of society; but it is also true, that earth has its pleasures and joys. It was designed by God as a place of happiness and improvement. All nature teaches us this, and God, informing us social beings, and endowing us with moral and intellectual faculties, has fitted us to be happy. Cast your eye for a moment on the group in your own home, and ask yourself if you do not at times take the most exquisite pleasure in their society; and then reflect that there is no individual, however poor or oppressed, that has not some such loved spot, around which his affections sink, and where he may enjoy the same delights; and it must be evident that earth is a scene of pleasure. Step into the darkened chamber, and stand beside the bed of the dying, when the silver cord that binds them to earth is about to be severed, and how few comparatively do we find, though they be broken down by disease and wearied by sick mess, that rejoice as the moment of departure draws near.

Back, even where virtue and honor and religion have never been neglected, and a clinging to life as its current in its ebb, draws near the "shadowy gulf," as though —

"There were no world beyond the tomb, Where the flowers of peace eternally bloom!"

THOUGHTS ON BEAUTY.

"Oh! how I wish I was handsome!" exclaimed a young lady as she stood surveying herself at a mirror.

"But why should you wish thus," asked a friend; "you certainly know, that a fair complexion and pretty face are by no means sure tokens of inward purity, and, did you possess them they would forsake you in a few years at the longest."

"Yes, yes," she replied. "I know all that, but then I should so like to have people, as they passed, look at me and whisper, how beautiful she is. Indeed, I would willingly sacrifice health, could I only be beautiful.

Alas! thought I, how many there are who have these self-same feelings at heart, though they would be unwilling to confess them as readily. But would beauty, if they had it, be any real benefit to themselves or others? No: it would without doubt only fill their own bosoms with vanity, and, in others of weak minds, who possessed an inferior share, it would excite envy and discontent. And who would be the means of stirring up the evil passions of any heart? How much more desirable is that grace which is often seen beaming in countenances that have received the terrible stigma of "homely," a chasm

"which we cannot call beautiful,
But give the dearer name of loveliness;"

Yes 'tis loveliness of heart, overflowing and spreading itself over the features, how-
ever plain they may be, which in the eyes of the wise, constitutes true beauty. The standard of the world is far below this; but it is not to last always.

On that glorious morning, when the bodies of the saints shall awake from their long sleep in the dust, many forms which were deemed unlovely on earth, will shine forth in undecaying beauty; a beauty far, far beyond ought that imagination can picture. Aye, they will "be fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body," and that spiritual loveliness which was cultivated on earth, and imparted only by purity and holiness, will beam in every feature.

"And every face and every form
Look heavenly and divine."

Who, then will not seek a beauty that will last unchanging through all eternity, rather than that of earth, which passeth away like the early dew.

ALONE WITH GOD.

Perhaps there is nothing so well adapted to improve a devotional mind, as retirement. Shut out from the noise and bustle of the day, to turn the current of thought back to the divine, the inexhaustable source whence we have derived our origin; and contemplate a being of perfect holiness, infinite in all his sacred and sublime attributes, and eternal in duration, will fill the mind with deep emotions, and cause us to exclaim, how vast the contrast between finite and infinite—between man and his Creator.

Man is the subject of change. To day he may appear arrayed in the garb of friendship; he may wreath for thy brow laurels of honor, and raise his voice, expressive of love and kindness, in the thrilling language of eloquence, and touch the brightest chord in the human soul as he endeavors to advance thy fame. To morrow he may point the dagger, already stained with the blood of innocence, at thy heart; or blot thy fair name by the ſoul breath of slander. He may open wounds that he has not the power to heal; and his words may be such as shall grate upon the ear of keen sensibility; while he may with contempt, trample in the dust that which he so recently placed upon the pinnacle of honor, for the world to behold and admire.

But when we glance up to the throne of God, and throw our thoughts forward, and view the destruction of worlds—when the heavens, so luminous with the thousand twinkling lights, are changed to darkness, and "rolled together as a scroll," to be consumed by the devouring elements—and the everlasting hills bursting asunder and falling to decay:—when the judgment trump shall give the final summons and awake the slumbering dead; when the shrill voice of the archangel shall be heard to the ends of the earth, saying, "time shall be no longer;" then and then, alone, will the stability and immortality of God be tested, and fully seen by this believing children arrayed in majesty and truth, he may then be addressed with the endearing title of Father, as he points to them that was "prepared from the foundation of the world," and addresses his followers with, "come ye blessed." It is He, that avenges the true christian in a garb of righteousness that envy can never part—falsehood can never polute, and slander, with its scorpion tongue, can never soil. He crowns with honor, that fades not in death; introduces to felicity that will not terminate; and fully verifies the truth of his sacred word to be what time has no power to erase, or the rolling billows of eternity to change.

Beheld, on high in realms above, a God of supreme power,
Before whose throne an august host of seraphs hover to adore;
And shall not we, frail mortal ones, whom he redeemed from death—
Ah! shall not we acknowledge him and speak his praise on earth
He who has formed the immortal mind and given power of thought,
Shall not there thoughts ascend to him, to adore to invoke?
And we endowed with powers of mind, to slumber life away;
Or shall we now improve our time for an eternal day?

SONNET
On hearing the Lowell Band, Wednesday Evening, June 30th, 1841.

All, all was silent, save the fanning breeze,
Which gently whistled thro' the thick clad trees;
Nature, inanimate, seem'd to repose,
When from the street below sweet sounds arose;
Well pleased, I listened to the nocturnal song,
For strains so sweet to nothing else belong;
But ah! the dulcetsounds were gone too soon,
Like hope, fair flower, oft blighted ere 'tis noon.

But hark again, I hear the trombone's sound,
From yonder street seraphic tone's resound;
Whene'er I hear thy sweet, melodious lay,
Like a tired child grown weary of its toys.
THE BENEDICTION.

Our Father in Heaven, Thy mercy addressing,
A whole congregation are waiting thy blessing:
The sermon is finished, the prayer has ascended,
The chorus has sounded, the hand's extended.

And Father, we ask that the love of the Saviour,
May guide and direct us in all our behaviour;
May we be like Him, patient, meek and forgiving,
His love be our portion if dying or living.

Our Father in Heaven, descend by thy Spirit;
His virtues, his graces, we each would inherit,
Be purified, sanctified, fitted for heaven,
And daily repenting, be daily forgiven.

Our Father in Heaven, we claim not by merit
A blessing from Thee, or thy Son, or thy Spirit;
Yet triune Jehovah, thou scornest us never,
The God of thy people forever and ever.

Amen, let each heart add in silent petition,
Amen, let each worship in grateful contrition,
Amen, the response both of spirit and diction,
Amen to each word of the sweet benediction.

ADELAIDE.

EDITORIAL.

As notice, in the public journals, has already been given of the change in the publishing of the Magazine, it will not be necessary for us, at this time, to go into a detailed account of the reasons or the object of that change; though we think that sufficient reasons might be adduced to show, that such an alteration was necessary to save the publication from premature death, and those employed in the Mills, from the disgrace of having it said abroad, that they were unable to sustain a monthly paper of but sixteen pages. The charge of publishers, however, will not affect the Magazine in any other way, (save in the improvements which we may make, and which will be easily perceived without a notice from us.) The work will be under the same editorial supervision as heretofore, its size, its character, and its contributors, will remain the same. We shall hereafter have an additional expense in obtaining engravings, for its embellishment, and shall hope to meet with a corresponding endeavor among its friends, to extend its circulation. The only change of importance, which has often been proposed from its first appearance, will be in making an addition to its title—calling it the OPERATIVES MAGAZINE AND LOWELL ALBUM.

We had intended to have made some remarks to contributors, but, as we have already been more lengthy than we shall generally be, we omit them for the present. We should be happy, however, to receive communication from any persons employed in the mills, and for all inserted articles, we will remunerate them, with ten copies of the magazine per page. Communications can be directed, "Operatives' Magazine and Lowell Album," through the Post Office.

We are gratified to announce to our readers, that we are authorized to say, that the remainder of the poem entitled the "Loss of the Lexington," which was commenced in No. II., and so favorably received and highly commended, will appear in our next
There is manifold meaning in that word—it calls up many a hallowed thought—it is associated with things sacred, heavenly, spiritual—and shall I add, I love my pastor? I pity one who cannot say it. In this land of bibles, and christians, and pastors, and churches, I pity the being who cannot somewhere find a person he loves to call "my pastor." Who that has been trained a child of the church, has not loved often to liep its accents? And does not the current of almost filial affection deepen, and widen, and increase, as the being matures, as the heart enlarges, as the mind expands. And do not childhood and youth who feel the restraints of the gospel at home, regard with more than ordinary awe, the holiest office earth has seen?

Nay, the gospel ministry has an irresistible claim on the deference of the world. The message they bear should give them a stronghold upon the hearts of mankind. The uncontaminated conscience acknowledges the truth of it. The heart not yet wedded with determined unconquerable love to earth feels that it is so.

Some will laugh to scorn the idea, as leading to that so much discarded position, "righteous overmuch." Others will affect pity and contempt that one should be tramelled by such weak and despicable chains. But I heed neither; I compassionate both. The pastoral office is bound to this world by ties that nothing save the reckless hand of irreligion and infidelity can sever. To break away from allegiance to all that is sacred, to wander an outcast in the presence of God is the least that can separate a dweller in a christian land from his alliance to the pulpit. With all that is endearing in kindness, generous in humanity, noble, benevolent, or heaven-like in piety, the pulpit stands connected, and he who would weaken the bonds of unity between the "man of God" and the people of his charge, commits sacrilege of a hue so dark that his own blood cannot wash the stain away.

This is not saying, that clergymen all are worthy the confidence of the church. Too well is it known, and too painfully felt that men will sometimes "steal the livery of the court of heaven to serve the devil in." Yet this affects not the general truth.

But I have wandered from my design which was to relate a simple incident, trifling in itself, yet interesting to my own mind from its relation to my theme.

It was a bright and beautiful morning, three or four years since, and I bent my willing footstep towards the parsonage. That village, unlike many, has been from its infancy a church-going place.—From the grey-headed veteran, to the little child—from the neighbor of opulence, to the brother of poverty, all ages and ranks seek a place in the sanctuary.

The open-hearted generosity, the deep-toned, active sympathy, the self-denying liberality so general in our happy New England, is a peculiar characteristic of its inhabitants. There the stranger is ever welcome, the friendless find protectors, the fatherless a home.

All around was bustle, not confusion, life and animation, not noisy discord, nor heartless mirth. Industry, health and cheerfulness marked the scene. The villagers

"Hold fast the golden mien
And live contentedly between
The little and the great."

And, as the poet adds, they

"Feel not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Embittering all his state."

I said the morning was bright. The sky was clear, soft, and glowing, the air salubrious, the
earth green, variegated with the luxuriance of harvest in embryo, and besprinkled with flowers. I looked with silent gratitude, and slowly advanced toward the gate. As I lifted the latch, my pastor, who was arranging the yard about his door, laid down the implement he was using, and came to meet me. As he was wont, he welcomed me with a cordial shake of the hand, and a look that spoke the warmth and generosity of his soul.—Never shall I forget those strong, and deeply interesting points of his character—the ardor of his sympathy, the depth of his compassion, the fervor of his piety. Acquaintance with him was a rare gem for the diadem of friendship. Would there were thousands like him in these particulars: the world would not seem such a barren waste.

He entered with me the mansion, where I was again welcomed by his smiling wife and playful little ones. His kind and manly frankness, his deep pathos of expression won him a speedy way to every heart. Nor was he slow or ungenerous in returning the confidence he possessed.

Unwilling to detain him, I was about to take an early leave, but he detained me, adding, "My people are afraid of me. It is truth, Maria, not one of them visits my house half as often as I wish; and were it not for ample evidence to the contrary, I should say my society was irksome." I had reproached myself with too frequent indulgence in a propensity that led me, I feared, too often beneath that hospitable roof; and I cast a look of inquiry into his face, as he pronounced the last sentence. He understood me, and replied, "You alone are an exception. You are the only one of my parish on whom I can rely for a social visit.——Tell them, Maria," said he, "that I cannot feel like a stranger in my own parish; they must all visit me oftener at my home." I promised to execute the commission, both by precept and example; and walked slowly, thoughtfully away. As I descended the hill, grazing on the harmony of nature, listening to the music of the streamlet before me, and the little choristers above me, I gave myself up to a fit of musing.

So it is, thought I: my pastor is loved and respected by all, and almost adored by some of his parish; and that is not enough. He acknowledges gratefully, as tokens of their esteem, the many little tributes that the merchant's shelf and the farmer's bounty are constantly laying at his feet. Still he is not quite happy. Others cannot understand his perplexities. He can lay the load of his sorrows on Him who loves to aid, but how would his faith in that Being be strengthened by the cheering presence and shining example of those who are to hold up his hands. Some seem to think the dignity of his calling separates him from those little vexations which in reality make up the magnitude of life's ills. Others again, esteem him as a brother, but cannot relish the idea that his situation entitles him to anything save ordinary respect.

When will people learn to study the relations of things? When will the church realize that the ministry are but earthen vessels set apart as the treasury of the grace of God? that like other men they are exposed to all the ills flesh is heir to, but may not like other men seek their own rest? that they sustain a body of sin and death, though called constantly to labor in holy things? When will they see that all the sympathies of humanity are thus rendered tenfold more acute by contact with the spiritual, and learn to pity where they sometimes censure—to console where they sometimes wound by frigid indifference—to heal where they sometimes pass thoughtlessly by on the other side? Then will they pray oftener and more fervently for blessings upon the head of their shepherd, for a double portion of the Spirit of the Holy One to abide with him.

And when from the closet they repair to the parsonage, it will be to extend a word of consolation in return for the many they expect from his lips. It will be to show that they appreciate his trials, and thus lighten his spirit of half its burden.
HUMAN AFFECTIONS.

How wisely has a kind providence ordered the circumstances by which we are surrounded. We are constituted social beings, and vast provisions are made for the complete gratification of our social propensities. We are made to possess intellectual powers, and these are strengthened by cultivation. The capabilities of the human soul cannot be justly computed. We have thoughts, feelings, and desires, incident to our nature, with the means of gratifying the loftiest aspiration of the heart. We hear the music of the feathered choir, and feel a chord vibrating in unison, in our own bosom. We behold the beautiful by which we are surrounded, and learn to appreciate it from an innate love of beauty. We speak or hear the soft music of another's voice, and it begets within us, sensations, beyond the power of description. The language of manner is gratifying, so far as it corresponds with kindred emotions; but how precious are the words of affection—how consoling the voice of sympathy.

When the heart is glad, it loves to pour forth its joys into the ear and bosom of a friend. When sorrow dims the eye or pales the cheek, the aching spirit feels relief as it confides its tale of woe to the keeping of another. And these sympathetic affections are but the incidents of our nature, and precursors of future joys.

God never meant that man's affections and predilections should be a moral waste, else, why has he made us with such affections? Means are at hand to gratify the longings of the spirit. Why then are we not satisfied. Ah! 'tis because we follow our own desires, forgetting that the path of wisdom is the path of peace.

In order to enjoy all that a beneficent creator designed man to enjoy, he must follow the leading of that spirit which is from above. There are times in the history of every individual when the spirit is conscious of sensations, generated by causes, far beyond his own control, and superior to all that earth and earthly objects are capable of exciting.

There may be waking dreams, and dreamy wakings—there is also a real commune between spirit and its kindred, between man and his God. Vivid presentations of circumstances, and things are often before the mind, and it sometimes seems as though the spirit had been conversant with the same matters before it tabernacled in the flesh. This may seem but a tirade of nonsense, yet I appeal to the experience of those who are at all acquainted with the workings of their own minds, and ask if they have not been conscious of the same sensations.

And here I would ask, does not this fact go far to establish the belief of the soul's immortality?

If then, a wise creator has endowed us with feelings and faculties consonant with our state of being, does it not pertain to us to cultivate and foster all that is worthy of cultivation, so that when the master cometh, we may hear the welcome plaudit, "Well done!"

CELEA.

LINES

Written on the Death of A. H., who died April 14, 1841, aged 6 yrs. 10 mos.

Sadness steals o'er us—
What means this gloom?
Death has been near us,
And sealed for the tomb
One of our number—
The fairest and best:
How sweet is his slumber,
How peaceful his rest.

Parents are weeping—
Deep is their grief;
Tears gush like a fountain
But afford no relief—
For the spirit is stricken,
And the heart is oppressed:
Yet the loved and the lost one,
Is now with the blessed.

The heart's cherished treasure,
How soon has it flown—
The sweet bud of promise
Decay'd ere 'twas blown:
Thus flow'rets will wither,
And fond hopes decay;
And all of earth's pleasures
Will soon fade away.

But the loved of the Saviour
Sleep not in the grave,
For Jesus is mighty—
Yea, powerful to save;
Then strew ye your flow'rets
With richest perfume,
For a morning of gladness
Shall dawn o'er the tomb.

ELLEN.
THE VALUE OF A DAY.

While borne irresistibly along the noiseless stream of time, and while beholding days, months and years, swiftly passing from us, never to be recalled, it is well to catch a few of the passing moments, and calmly and seriously improve them in considering the value of a day. There are few persons so enslaved by vice and folly, as not to feel that their time in general, is precious; and yet, they often seem to imagine that a day is of no value, and that it is of no importance whether it be trifled away or improved in a proper manner. A day is a portion of time allotted us for our improvement in knowledge and goodness, and which we should carefully devote to such pursuits as will tend to our own good or the happiness of those around us. To the indolent and unemployed, a day is a gift received without one emotion of gratitude, or a single desire to spend it in a profitable manner.

Weared with having nothing to do, they pursue every tripe, run in every direction for pleasure, and thus waste the precious moments given them for nobler purposes. A day, to some whose thread of life is nearly spun, is a prize, for which they would gladly exchange the wealth of India and Peru, did they possess it.

We should consider that every day we are contracting habits of thought, feeling, and action, which will continue with us through life, and will have an important bearing on our happiness and usefulness in society, and so improve them, that if spared to the winter of old age, we can remember the season of youth, with satisfaction and delight.

THE DESERTED PRAYER-ROOM.

How desolate is this deserted place—
There lies the volume of eternal truth and love,
Unread; for none have come to feast their souls
Upon the hidden manna it contains.
And there the book of Zion's sacred songs,
For none have come to chant those pleasant strains.
Oh, where are they who frequented hither turned
And sought and found communion with their God?
Is heavenly intercourse no longer sweet?
Has it no longer power to lift the soul
From earth, and gladden it with hopes immortal?
Will God no more dispense the priceless gifts
Which prayer importunate alone obtains?
Or has compassion unrestrained at length
Exhausted all his wealth?
Were such the sad, sad truth, then might indeed
This consecrated place lose all attraction.

Alas! 'tis time to mourn, for Zion sleeps,
And dreams she's rich and full and nothing needs,
While unawares her glory is departing,
And spirits foul triumphantly rejoice,
And sinners stumble o'er her prostrate form.

TO SARAH, IN HEAVEN.

Sweet dreams of future bliss were thine,
Dear sainted spirit! while on earth;
Thou wert prepared in heaven to shine,
Celestial plant! of glorious birth.

Thy youth was lovely! like the flower
Of fairest bloom, which soonest dies;
The gardener came, at early hour,
And took thee to the upper skies.

Thy heart refin'd—of generous mould,
Shone brilliant in his native sphere;
But earth thy spirit could not hold,
Though to thy friends thou wert most dear.

Thy parent's hope, while thou didst stay,
A calm to the afflicted heart;

But oh! how quickly call'd away,
From friends how early called to part.

Mournful and sad, thy weeping friends
Have bid thee here a last farewell;
But God in mercy comfort sends,
They hope in heaven with thee to dwell.

I too, dear friend, will join thee there,
When death shall set this spirit free;
My soul will wing its way to thee!

To magnify the Lamb once slain,
Will be our blest and sweet employ;
He died for us, but rose again!
Blest truth! the Christian's theme of joy.

C. J. M.
How indefinably delightful are many of the pictures of childhood with which memory is crowded. Those whom we loved—who were endeared to us by their purity and goodness and who, to our childish fancy, seemed clothed in almost angelic loveliness will sometimes appear before us in all the freshness of beauty with which they were then invested. The pure and the good whom we now behold, though as lovely in every respect, are seen, as it were, through a mist; the films of sin which have gathered over our vision, in a measure obscure their beauty; they possess not the indescribable charms that cluster around those whom we loved when “life was new.” Upon them, the genial sunshine of our childish innocence shed a halo of living light, rarely seen in later years. Among the brightest visions of my early childhood which memory reveals, is the form of her whose life I am about to sketch.

Caroline J was one of the loveliest of our village; her beauty was not so much that of feature as of expression. There was something in the mild lustre of her blue eyes, and her pleasant smile, which told of inward gentleness. But this was her least charm; for she was as kind and amiable as she was beautiful. All who knew her, loved her; and, by her benevolent, sympathizing disposition, all who came within the circle of her influence were made happy. I will not say that she was without failings, yet even these seemed to “lean to virtue’s side.”

At an early age, while at a neighboring city, she became acquainted with a young man of prepossessing and gentlemanly appearance, who won her affections and soon solicited her hand. As his prospects were fair and all that was known of him appeared promising, her father consented to their union; though he remarked that he did not like to give his child to a person who was comparatively a stranger, but this seemed to them no serious objection, and they were united. Soon after their marriage, Mr R—who was one of those whose business it is “to go down to thesea in ships”—resumed his avocation, and Caroline went to reside in the family of his uncle, a clergyman, who lived at some distance in the country where she made her home during the remainder of her life.

She had ever possessed an ardent desire for knowledge; and in the absence of her husband she had opportunities of gratifying this desire which her former life had not afforded; and with eagerness she explored the maze paths of science.

Hitherto, she had been all that is usually considered lovely in woman; yet she had lacked one thing: the *pearl of great price*. Now, she became convinced of the great sinfulness of her heart, and sought—nor did she seek in vain, to be cleansed at the fountain which is opened for sinners.

She chose the Saviour for her portion and hope, and often in her toilsome pilgrimage, his love was to her like “the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.” Her lot now seemed indeed a blissful one. She was tenderly attached to her uncle and aunt, and they, having no children, loved her as they would an own and only child. She was also permitted in some degree to slake her thirst for knowledge, but above all, she was enabled to call the blessings which the gospel affords her own, and it seemed as though she had all that she could desire. But there was a dark side to the picture.

Time had discovered to her, failings in her husband, the thought of which was a continual source of pain and sorrow, and embittered all her joys. The wound thus inflicted upon her pure spirit by the being to whom she had given the wealth of her affections was never healed. Yet she never spoke of her grief, or uttered a word of complaint; but remained devoted in her attachment to him to the last hour of her life. Therefore, however great were his faults and however deserving of censure they may have been, since she, the gentle one who now sleeps in death, bore with them all patiently, for her sake, let them not be roused from oblivion by the hand of the living. I have said that she never spoke of her grief. Even her nearest relatives knew nothing of them until after her decease, and one would have supposed her as light-hearted a being as ever trod the earth. Her voice still retained its lively tones, her eye its brightness, and her lip its smile; and she engaged in the active duties of life with apparent interest.

After several years Caroline accompanied her husband on a voyage to England. She had always longed to visit foreign countries, and it may be imagined with what a variety of emotions she beheld its chalky cliffs appearing in the distance and subsequently wandered among its picturesque villas, its ancient castles and abbeys, and trod the streets of its far-famed metropolis. The ocean, too, had many charms for her. She loved to sit upon the deck and gaze upon the broad expanse of waters, stretching in all directions, far beyond the horizon, seemingly to limitless extent. Her active mind never wearying in its resources, soon became familiar with the laws of navigation.
ny a strange tale had she to relate, upon her return, of her adventures by sea and land. But her roving spirit was by no means satisfied; and she again prepared to depart from her beloved New-England home. Probably, she did not think that she was leaving it for the last time, though she had a presentiment that she was not long to remain in the land of the living, as the following incident which occurred at her uncle’s a short time previous to her departure will show.

“Aunt,” said she, as she entered the room one morning, “I had a dream last night, which has left an impression on my mind that I cannot rid myself of. In my dream, I saw the sun rise and reach its meridian, then suddenly descend and sink below the horizon. It seems to me that this is an emblem of my life. Nearly all my desires have been gratified. My outward prosperity has been all I could ask. My sun, though it has not been undimmed by clouds, has reached its height, and I believe that ere long it is to be set.” Her aunt tried to laugh away these superstitious fears as she thought them, unwilling for a moment to indulge the thought of losing one so dear. Yet perhaps they were not altogether superstitious. Doubtless, she felt that the sorrow which had so long and constantly been preying upon her frame could not much longer be resisted.

She visited, with her husband, several cities at the South, and from a Southern port they again sailed for England, where they arrived in safety. On their homeward voyage, there were a large number of passengers on board the ship, and among them a woman with a sick child which died on the passage. The mother was almost inconsolable at the idea of committing its body to the deep. Caroline used all her eloquence to console her and at length succeeded in reconciling her. She told her that should she die, she too must be buried in the sea, and that she would as willingly be buried there as on the land. A few days after she was herself taken ill. Grief had undermined her constitution, and when disease came she sunk beneath its power.

Her illness was short though exceedingly painful. She bore her sufferings patiently, and with a firm confidence in the promises of her Redeemer, she awaited her departure.

The night on which she died was a terrible one. But the fiercely raging tempest without, only gave greater effect to the peace that reigned within.—There lay the dying one, far away from the home of her youth, and the friends whose kind voices were wont to cheer her hours of languishing, quietly waiting her Master’s summons. Her couch was surrounded by strangers, her husband being the only kindred near her; and amid the turmoil of the elements, her weary spirit passed peacefully away,

“To that calm world of sunshine, where no grief Makes the heart heavy or the eyelids red.”

The next morning the sun rose brightly. The ocean seemed to put on its most inviting aspect, to receive the cold form of Caroline to its bosom.—The sailors were assembled on deck, and their rough, weather-beaten faces were wet with tears as they looked upon her lifeless remains; for they had loved and respected, and they felt that they had lost a friend. A minister of the gospel who was passenger on board, conducted the funeral services; after which the mortal part of Caroline was consigned to its watery resting-place.

The village grave-yard contains no inscription to her memory, and she needs it not; for her name is indelibly inscribed on the tablet within. She sleeps as sweetly in her ocean-tomb as though it were a flower-wreathed grave. Peacefully she rests till the voice of an archangel shall break her slumbers, and “the sea give up his dead.”

JENETTE.

THINK OF ME.

Think not of me when light ye quaff
The flowing, sparkling wine;—
I ask no kind remembrance when
Ye bow to folly’s shrine.
Nor mid the giddy crowd,
Cast ye one thought on me;
Nor yet when pleasure chants her song
Of midnight revelry.

But when ye stand by some lone grave,
Such as mine own will be,
O then I ask a single sigh,
A single thought of me.

[The last stanza cannot claim entire originality.—
Eds.]
Slander.—Poetry.

SLANDER.

Of all the to be detested things of earth, the disposition to defame the character of another is the meanest. It savors so strongly of the doings of the pit, that we are 'endisposed to say, the retailer of slander is akin to the first deceiver. There are minds so small and tongues so base, that, for want of a better employment, are ready to vend this as well as any other commodity. And shame on our race while I say it, there are enough to keep the commodity marketable.

A mere surmise of Mr Such-a-one is made a fact by Miss They-say-so, and on this feeble point, many a sorry tale is made to rest. Our ears are filled with reports, pro and con, but the truth is barely touched on either side. It seems as though Madame Rumor was ashamed to be found in company with Miss Veracity. This is the case with slander, by the wholesale as well as retail.

A "but" or an "if" is enough to destroy the fairest reputation, in the estimation of some people. I say some, for all are not to be ranked in the same class. An individual of tolerable abilities, fancies himself aggrieved by the indiscreet remarks of another, and all the powers of his soul seem bent on revenge. There are different grades of slander—and sometimes the unjust charges weak minds are disposed to lay at the door of their neighbor, return upon their own heads.

The idea of obtaining a reputation at the hands of the law is perfectly ridiculous. How pitiful and low must the being be, who, conscious of having forfeited all right, to the consideration of his fellow beings, seeks to fasten a charge upon a whiter name and flees to the harpies of the law for defence.

Our laws are so framed, that a blackened spirit, desirous of injuring those who may chance to be his superiors, can vent his ill nature to almost any extent, provided he does not specify a particular crime, or utter actionable words.

Actionable words forsooth, as though an individual possessing common self-respect, would stoop to the process of specifying such words.

The better course for a slandered person to pursue is to let the matter work itself pure, for if they are not what they are maliciously represented to be—an enlightened mind will discover the fact and appreciate the motives of the slanderer. Almost every great and good man, that has chanced to pass through this ordeal, has come out of the furnace unscathed, though his garments ever after bore the scent of the fire.

These remarks are perfectly gratuitous, and all who have been guilty of pandering to the vitiated tastes, of those who feed on such provender, are humbly requested to consider themselves as personally addressed.

E. S. A.

"THE FIRE SHALL EVER BE BURNING ON THE ALTAR; IT SHALL NEVER GO OUT."

In ancient times, before the Lamb of God had given his life a ransom for mankind—

When on the altar of burnt offering,
Bullocks and lambs by Jewish priests were laid
As types of the great victim yet to come,
Forth from the Lord there came a flame of fire,
And, kindling there, consumed the sacrifice.

With reverent care that flame was watched and fed,
Nor ever suffered to grow dim or die,
Because 'twas holly fire.

Christian, thou too
An altar hast; not built, like that of old,
Of wood, adorned with plates of glittering brass—
Thine altar is the heart. A radiant flame
Hath rested on its shrine; brighter it glows
Than that which from the Lord's own presence came,
Brighter than from between the cherubins,
In full effulgence the Shekinah shone;
For the Eternal Spirit hath come down

In all his glory, and hath lighted there
The "holly fire" of love. Oh! watch it well!
Nor ever let its cheering light go out:
For from its ashes the unhallowed fires
Of passion will arise and fiercely blaze
And blacken and disfigure all within.

Then upon thy spirit-altar lay
The offerings of penitence and faith,
To feed that sacred flame: for God hath said
"The sacrifices of a broken heart
And contritespirit, I will not despise;" And often, too, let prayer and praise ascend
Like grateful incense, to the Highest One.
So with its ever purifying blaze
'Twill cleanse thine inward stains, and guide and cheer
Thine onward, upward course.

Brighter and brighter, till its beams shall rise,
And melt into the glorious light of Heaven. L. L.
FILIAL GRATITUDE.

By this, we understand the love, affection, and kindly feelings which a child entertains towards his parents; without it, what a dreary world this would be; parents would be under the necessity of spending the prime of life in toil and anxiety to support beings who, when they were past labor, would cast them off as unworthy of their notice. How thankful ought we to be, that in our country we see but very few such heartless beings; but on the contrary, we often see a son by his own earnings supporting a widowed mother; and many a young lady I could name, if it were necessary, who not only supports aged parents, but educates young sisters. How lovely such a sight! how worthy of praise! Lowell has seen many such daughter; and it has seen many too, whose parents have labored hard, month after month, and year after year, that they might enjoy her unequalled privileges for obtaining an education. What base ingratitude must have taken possession of the heart of that child, who, after so much self-denial on the part of her parents, spends her time in idleness; and how great must be the grief of that parent, when the time arrives in which he expected to receive a double interest of his hard earned wages, to find that the principal has been squandered, and nothing remains worth preserving. Of many a young lady we have often heard it said, "She came to Lowell to obtain fine clothes with which to decorate the body;" may it ever be said of the readers of the Magazine, they labor to obtain clothing for the mind; and by a prudent use of time, may they not only obtain the rich and costly robe which science has prepared for all her followers, but be able to purchase the jewels of modesty, meekness, and sincerity? When they have obtained these, together with "the pearl of great price," then they will be ready to return to their parents, prepared to support and comfort them through the decline of life.

S.M.E.

ACQUAINTANCE WITH HEAVEN.

God has not revealed to his redeemed children, the localities of the place which is to be their spirit's home. Its distance and direction from us, and the extent it occupies in limitless space, has ever remained a mystery. It is not strange that there should be many conjectures on this point; for, an event so emphatically great as the changing of worlds, cannot fail to give an importance to every circumstance connected with it, however unessential it may be.

But there is no merit in being wise above that which is written, or indulging a curiosity which cannot be gratified.

From an expression which fell from the lips of our Saviour, in his parable of the rich man and Lazarus, we learn that the disembodied spirit has not to wing its way alone to unknown regions, in search of its eternal dwelling place, but is conducted thither by a convey of angels. Consoling as the knowledge of this fact must be, to fearful, trembling mortals, we have information which is far more valuable. We are informed that we may obtain such influences from above, as will cause us to be constantly assimilating to the pure spirits of heaven, and are told so much of their character and employments, that when summoned by death to depart, we need not fear that we are to go to a land of strangers, and to engage in strange employments, but to friends whom we have long loved, and to participate in employments, which have long been our delight.

There, we shall meet the holy prophets and apostles whose inspired writings have often made our hearts burn within us, as we have perused them. And there again to be united to the friends of earth, with whom we have often taken sweet counsel on heavenly things.

And there shall we behold him, "whom not having seen we love, in whom though now we see him not, yet, believing we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." But if we regard these devotional exercises of the soul which prepare it for an immortality of bliss, as a routine of gloomy duties, and take no delight in the little of heaven that may be enjoyed on earth, can we reasonably hope to find admittance there. Such hopes must perish, for none may partake of the marriage supper of the Lamb—save those who have on a wedding garment, nor will the discordant strain of an untuned harp be heard in the harmony of heaven.

RUTH.
D O M E S T I C S, & c.

“In such a world, so thorny, and where none
Find happiness; or if found,
Without some thistles sorrow at its side;
It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin,
Against the law of love to measure lots
With less distinguished than ourselves; that thus
We may with patience bear our moderate ills.”

A few days since I stepped into a bookstore to
purchase some books. While I stood at the
counter making a selection, an elderly lady enter-
ed, who was returning to her residence from the
intelligence office, where she had been in order to
obtain help. After some common place remarks,
she spoke to the following effect:

Why is it that females who are obliged to labor
for their support, have such an aversion to a
domestic life while it possesses so many advantages
superior to that of a factory. For I am sure, con-
tinued she, if they knew how much more honorable
it is, they would certainly prefer it. How
strange that they will suffer themselves to be sub-
ject ed to hard labor for twelve or fourteen hours a
day, amid that ceaseless din of noise and confus-
ion, with scarce time to eat their food, while they
might be so much better off by placing themselves
in some genteel family. And moreover, then they
would not have to bear that degrading title of fac-
tory girl. The gentleman to whom this conver-
sation was addressed, differed widely from her;
therefore, he made her but little reply, as he did
not wish to injure the feelings of the good woman.

Alas! good woman, thought I, as she walked
away apparently so much disconcerted, did you,
who have been nursed in the lap of luxury and in-
dolence, blessed with wealth and influence, treat
your domestics with becoming respect as fellow-
beings—as beings who derive their existence from
the same infinite source—as beings bound to the
same goal—that “bourne from whence no traveler
returns”—as beings destined to appear at the
tribunal bar of him who is no respecter of persons,
then, thought I, you would not be under the
necessity of going to the intelligence office so often
with the continual cry in your mouth—help, help.

Let us just glance at a domestic’s life in a gen-
tee l family.

After having engaged a place, she takes a car-
rriage which conveys her and whatever she may
wish to carry with her, to the appointed place.
Having arrived at the house, she is met by a serv-
ant, (if haphily they have one,) who leads her
through vaulted halls, and up one flight of steps
after another until she reaches perhaps the fourth
story of that stately mansion, when she is apprized
that that is to be her room. After disposing of
her outer vestments, she is conducted back, not
merely to a level with the ground, but one story
below it, where she is to commence her arduous
task. Soon she is called into the presence of her,

“Who reigns supreme o’er all the house,”
to receive orders and instructions respecting her
daily employment. This done, she again retraces
her steps to the dreary cellar-kitchen where she
has hardly arrived, before she is remanded back
again, simply for the purpose of picking up a
handkerchief which Miss A or B has been so un-
fortunate as to drop, but deigns not to bend that
majestic or perhaps fairy form to take it from the
floor. When the handkerchief has been taken up
and handed to the lady who receives it with a
cold and haughty reserve, she is again at liberty
to return to her dreary dwelling place; dwelling
place did I say—alas for the dwelling place of a
parlor girl in a genteel family. It is from the
kitchen to the parlor, from the door to the cham-
ber, from the chamber back to the door, to inform
Mrs. B. that Mrs. W. is engaged. After going
this round and many others similar to it, for the
space of two or three hours, the dinner hour
draws near, and she must make immediate prepa-
ration s for the same. Accordingly she commenc-
es, and perhaps may get her tables half set when
a chamber bell rings, and according to orders, she
must answer its call, as the chamber girl is not
below stairs. With a hastened and weary step
she hurries to the chamber to which the bell be-
longs—and what meets the eye. Miss A. is sit-
ing with a contracted brow waiting her approach,
while the poor chamber girl stands aghast, a little
distance from her, looking as though she did
not dare speak for fear the anger of the pouting
beauty before her, would again burst upon her
head.
“Ellen,” says Miss A. “I wish you to do up my hair, for Agnes has become such a dunce of late, she can do nothing with it.” Miss A. answers Ellen: “I wish to do whatever you require of me, but I am really afraid if I stop to do up your hair that I shall not be able to get the table ready for dinner.”

“I care nothing about the dinner table,” responds Miss A., “I shall have my hair done up whether the table is ready or not. I would have you know that ma did not hire you to disobey orders.”

Poor Ellen is in a sad dilemma, for she is well aware that she must receive a severe reprimand if her work in the dining room is not completed at the precise time; but she determines to use the utmost of her exertions, and abide the consequences. Accordingly with a trembling hand, she commences arranging Miss A's hair, in which undertaking she possibly succeeds far beyond her most sanguine expectations. When the young lady's hair is adjusted, she receives a peremptory command to return to the dining room, and not to have her tables ready precisely at three o'clock. As she is hastening back with a hurried step she glances her eye at the clock, and to her utter dismay she perceives that she has but five minutes to do what would at least require twenty.

Nerved by the idea that it is possible she may succeed in accomplishing her task, she applies herself to the performance of it with all the energy and rapidity that she is mistress of.

Just as she has finished the arrangement of the dishes upon the table, the sound of footsteps greet her ear, and the next moment the door opens and the whole family enter the dining room expecting that at the first glance they shall behold those costly viands which have been prepared for their delicate appetites, when nothing but empty dishes meet the eye. Immediately the door opens at the other side of the room, and Ellen, pale and almost breathless with terror, enters bearing a salver filled with dishes, the weight of which would require thrice her strength to carry with any degree of ease.

“Ellen,” says Mrs. W., “what is the reason that dinner is not on the table?”

Before Ellen has time to answer, she says: “Did I not tell you this morning when you were called into the parlor to receive my orders, that you must have dinner on the table precisely at three o'clock, and here you are disobeying my orders the first day. If you can't mind what I say to you better than this, I think you had better seek some place where people don't care whether their work is done in season or not.”

Ellen attempts to answer, but tears forbid her utterance.

“La, ma,” exclaims Miss Alice, “what do you attempt to keep American help for; you know they can't bear to be spoken to, unless you speak with as much respect as one would to an equal. Ellen was in my chamber just before dinner, and I ordered her to be sure and have the tables ready in season, but she seemed more like a marble statue than an animated being.”

Miss Alice is sure to clear the skirts of her own garment, and therefore she does not mention the cause of Ellen's being in her chamber, but exults in the distress so vividly depicted in the countenance of the poor girl.

Ellen, while bringing up the rest of the dinner, listens to the conversation of the mother and daughter with feelings which may be imagined by persons who have been placed in like situations, but cannot be described. She determines in her own mind that when another day rolls round she will seek employment elsewhere, and give them a chance to employ as much foreign help as they like, who will bear almost every thing rather than leave their employers.

Ellen at a late hour in the evening, after receiving a strong injunction to rise with the earliest dawn, retires but not to sleep, with aching limbs, feet much swollen and badly blistered. She ruminates upon the deception she has discovered in the daughter, and the angry tones of the mother, and again resolves to leave the next day let the consequences be what they may.

With the dawn she rises with spirits depressed and aching head, and what is far worse, an aching heart. She dreads the very thought of seeing one of the family arise. But she goes on with her morning's work and after waiting upon them through the breakfast hour, she very kindly informs Mrs. W. that she can stay in her employ no longer.

“La, child, what is the matter now?”

“Why,” answers Ellen, “I am confident that I do not give satisfaction, and moreover the work is too hard for me.”

“But I am sure you can't call my work hard, merely to sweep the parlors, and dust them, set the tables, wash dishes, clean the silver, and tend the door. Only think, Ellen, how much better off you are here, doing what little light work I have to do, than what the poor factory girls are, who are obliged to get up at the ringing of a bell, and go into the factory and there labor for twelve or fourteen hours with scarce time to eat their food.”
"I can't help that," returns Ellen, "but I can't stay with you any longer."

"Well," says Mrs. W., "If you are determined not to know when you are well used, and have a good place, you must go and lose your reputation by such frequent changing."

"Good morning," says Ellen, as she leaves the house, determined to go to Lowell and try a factory girl's life, leaving Mrs. W. with a chance to go to the Intelligence Office again, with the cry of "help! help!"

Should the description which I have given of a domestic's life, meet the eye of some person or persons who keep domestics, the inquiry would probably arise in the mind if not expressed, "how came you, a factory girl, to know so much about a domestic's life?"

I answer, "by experience, that best of all teachers, whose instructions leave that impress upon the mind which is seldom obliterated. I have tried it to my heart's content, and have merely given you a sample of my own history. Nineteen months was I subject to the call of not merely a bell, but bells varying from five to ten in number, and I think that that time afforded me a tolerable chance to judge of a domestic's life."

Again, perhaps you will say, "what method should we take in order to retain good help, seeing you have drawn such a hideous picture of a domestic's life."

If you have good help and wish to retain them, treat them as rational beings. Think not because they are obliged to labor in the capacity of servants that they are void of feeling, either physical or mental. If they have unconsciously done wrong, give them a mild reproof instead of a harsh reprimand, which is their common lot. If you chance to drop a handkerchief, or wish to read a few minutes in the last novel, which perhaps, lies on the centre table a few feet from you, think not that it is beneath your dignity to wait upon yourselves on such trivial occasions, instead of ringing for your tired domestic who perchance may have just sat down to rest her weary limbs. If your domestics appear before you with a pallid countenance and sunken eye laboring under the palsyng hand of disease, speak to them in tones of sympathy and kindness, instead of reproving them for want of energy and activity in fulfilling your commands. If, when laid upon beds of sickness, racked with pain and torture, you would visit their own apartments, and with your own hands administer to their necessities by some small acts of kindness, thereby evincing to them that you were not unmindful of their suffering, you would win their esteem and gain their affection. Then would they feel that you were their benefactors indeed, and they would stand by you in sickness and health, through evil as well as good report. Then would you feel a consciousness that you in return shared their sympathy and affection. But say you, of what amount is the sympathy and affection of a domestic? I answer, much. For how would you retain what you term gentility—were it not for your domestics on whom you depend for almost every thing to be done, save the drawing of your vital breath; for as yet no way has been devised whereby that can be done by a secondary person. But may the day soon dawn when this aristocratic distinction shall be done away; when those who are in affluence, having domestics under their charge, shall treat them as those whom they expect to meet in the presence of Him who is the searcher of all hearts. When those who are exalted and those of low degree shall live together as those who are mutually dependant.

Then shall those who are blessed with opulence have their hearts gladdened by the fidelity of their domestics and those who are dependant on their labor for support, rejoice in the kindness of their benefactors.

MADELINE.

PRAYER.

No duty is more plainly taught, or more frequently enforced, in the Holy Scriptures, than Prayer; and though the infidel and worldling may consider it a useless and unmeaning ceremony, it is the highest privilege which man enjoys on earth, and is the means of communicating the richest blessings which Heaven can bestow.

The object of prayer is not to make God acquaintance with our wants, for he "knoweth what things we have need of before we ask him." But man is prone to forget his God, and to place his affections on unworthy objects, and prayer is necessary, in order to bring his mind in contact with those spiritual and eternal realities which are seen only by an eye of faith.

Prayer has been the delight of the wise and
good in all ages. Indeed, so reasonable and so
important is devotion, that the man from whose
heart ascends not daily the incense of prayer and
praise, deserves not to be called a good man.
Newton, who will long be remembered as the
discoverer of truths that had been hidden in dark-
ness for ages, possessed an humble, devotional
mind.
Our beloved Washington was a man of prayer;
and to this, may his unparalleled success be at
least partly attributed, for nothing but a reliance
on Heaven for assistance could have supported
him amid the trying circumstances in which he
was placed.
Need I say that prayer is a pleasant duty. They
who are accustomed to hold intercourse with the
Father of Spirits know, that as the heavens are
above the earth, so are the pleasures of devotion
superior to all the delights of sense.
The men of the world consider themselves
highly honored, if they gain the approbation of an
earthly monarch, who will soon be stript of his
glory, and laid in the silent mansions of the dead.
But the humble follower of Jesus enjoys a greater
privilege than this. He enters by that "new and
living way into the holiest of the holies," and holds
communion with the King of kings, and Lord of
lords.
When prosperity's gilded baits allure, and vice
arrays herself in the garb of purity, the christian
escapes unharmed, for in the hour of prayer the
light of Heaven beams upon his pathway; he dis-
covers the snares which were spread for his feet,
and turns from the dangerous road to wisdom's
safe and pleasant way.
When Affliction lays her heavy hand upon him,
and clouds of gloom hover o'er his earthly pros-
cpects, he sinks not in despair, for the promises of
God are his, and though all things else fail, he
still enjoys the privilege of prayer. How hallow-
ed the influence which prayer exerts over the so-
cial circle. It calms the tumultuous passions of
the breast, and renders doubly sacred those ties
which bind our race in gentleness together."
"When on devotion's seraph wings, the spirit soars above,
And feels thy presence, Father, Friend, God of eternal
love,
Joys of the earth, ye fade away, before that living ray
Which gives to the rapt soul a glimpse of pure and heav-
enly day."

DEPARTED FRIENDS.

How sacred are the association, which cluster
around the grave of one we have fondly loved.—
One whose sympathies and affections were closely
intertwoven with our own. Its eloquent and im-
pressive language penetrates the inmost recesses
of the soul, subduing its more violent passions, and
filling it with tenderer emotions. As we stand
beside the mound of earth in whose peaceful bo-
som a cherished friend has found an asylum, from
the ills of life, it seems like an eminence com-
manding a prospect of the past and future. It
vividly portrays to the mind the scenes of other
days. We gaze upon the picture, until we fancy
that gentle one is again with us, participating in
the same joys and sorrows, and subject to the same
hopes and fears, and anticipate many years of
coming happiness.

And then we see the object of our affection lan-
guishing under the influence of disease. Day af-
fter day we watch its progress with increasing
solitude, but alas! the fearful truth can be no
longer concealed. The loved one must die.—
Then follows the dying struggle soon succeeded
by the stillness of death. The lifeless form is clad
in the habiliments of the grave.

But who can describe the unutterable anguish
of the survivors as they take the last look, or im-
print the last kiss on the marble brow! or when
the last act of kindness has been performed, who
can tell the loneliness of spirit, with which the be-
reaved return to their dwellings.

As the eye scans the future, how cheerless the
prospect! Those, whose society would have di-
 vested life of half its ills have passed away. But
shall we weep for them—for them with whom 'tis
well!—Shall we weep because their frail bark, so
often tossed to and fro, by the tempest of life, has
safely neared the shores of immortality? Shall
we weep, because life's changes and vicissitudes,
will afflict them no more? No: 'Tis for ourselves
that we should weep, for, our hearts' best affec-
tions are enshrined in the tomb, and to the purest
source of earthly bliss we have bid a long fare-
well.
HOPE.

"Hope is a pledge of glorious rest,
To weary mortals given;
We cultivate the flowers on earth,
And reap the fruit in Heaven."

Were it not for the solace which hope affords to the bosom of the afflicted, they would often sink under the weight of their sorrows, in despair; but through the dark vista of the present, hope points to the bright future, where happiness awaits, and thus soothes their sorrows, and bids them bear with patience the trials of to-day in expectation of a fair to-morrow. Thus, like a bright star illuminating the darkness of night, this kind alleviator of woe, dispenses its pleasures in all portions of life; but more especially to youth. "Tis then the sweets of life have just been tasted, and experience has not blasted the cherished hopes of happiness, and made us feel that Earth is not all a Paradise.

To the young, hope puts on her gayest attire, and youth presses on in the path she has strewed with flowers, anticipating the fulfilment of every desire.

Alas, 'tis a pity the scene should ever change, or the prospects of one so zealously pressing his claims be clouded. Surely it must be for some useful purpose, or the merciful dispenser of human events would never suffer his creatures to be afflicted. Trials surround the pilgrim in this life, and make his way emphatically a thorny way. Yet hope points to a future of peace and love.

Then let us not cherish hopes of perfect happiness here, but only of gathering the flowers of pleasure by culling the thorns of affliction; there will the sweet visions of hope be lost in eternal reality.

THIS LIFE'S NOT ALL A FLEETING SHOW.*

This life's not all a fleeting show,
'Twere impious to call it so,
For nobler end 'twas given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
From the full heart's deep fountain flow,
That fountain filled by Heaven.

Though false the light on glory's plume,
There is that shall not taste of gloom,
Nor fade like hues of even;
For love and hope and beauty's bloom,
Shall all outlive the darksome tomb,
And shine full bright in heaven.

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
Be cheered upon your lonely way,
Though by rude tempests driven;
There is a bright and glowing ray
That shines to chase the cloud away,
And light the road to heaven.

Nay; 'tis not all a fleeting show,
An empty vanity—ah, no,
A paradise 'twas given;
Though man hath filled the earth with wo,
Though sin bids tears of sorrow flow,
It still is blest of Heaven.

With many a joy 'tis scattered o'er,
And man should scatter many more,

That cannot fade at even;
But, lingering on this mortal shore,
A flood of pure attractions pour
Upon the road to heaven.

Material things were made to die,
And yet to cheer us as they fly,
By our Creator given;
But life was made for yonder sky,
And time, and earth, we pass them by,
The entrance way to heaven.

True, all things fade beneath the sun,
Save immortality begun;—
If that from earth were driven,
Then would there be no shining one
For faith and hope to feast upon,
Anticipating heaven.

Since earth contains one deathless thing,
It is enough; your tributes bring,
All ye that fade at even;
And, lest the soul to earth should cling,
Fade, die, each fragile offering,
And point to changeless heaven.

*AIDYL.

*This is not intended as a contradiction of that beautiful poem of Moore's,

"This life is all a fleeting show."
Change is consonant with our nature. The succession of the seasons is a fit emblem of human life. Infancy, like the first budding of spring, points to an autumn harvest. Life is full of its own representatives. And yet, all that happens has its uses, and its ends. The fairy creation, tip the green year with varied show, while man be colors mind, and makes the immortal part his tablet. To females in particular is the moulding of the mind committed; and there are pearls of richer hue, which need the skilful hand to polish and refine.

Amid the moral desolations by which we are surrounded, we find much to feed hope, while there is more to deplore. The rose and the bramble flourish together, and doubtless will, till the consummation of all things. When we pause to consider the beauties of nature, we are led almost involuntarily to exclaim, “How good is God.” The grass, earth’s carpet, spreads far as the eye can reach. The flowers shed their fragrance and perfume the breeze. The birds, “feathered songsters of the grove,” delight the ear, while the gurgling rivulet and the roaring cataract, inspire the soul with lofty imaginings, and sublimest emotions.

All things conspire to make us feel that God is in every place, doing good to all. In the minor points of life, no one thing can be pointed to, as of equal importance with the government of the thoughts. “As a man thinketh, so is he,” has a twofold meaning. If we consider for a moment, for what we were made, and to how high a destiny we are expectants, we should, I think, carefully avoid the perverting the talents, with which we are endowed. If the spirits we possess are emanations from God, then they must be, like his, capable of infinite extension. Disrobed of mortality, they must partake of everlasting existence—clothed in eternal light, they must increase in strength, as they sojourn in limitless space.

The question often comes to the reflecting mind, “How can I best fulfil the end of being?” and an answer is found only as we consult the revelations of God.

Our maker has given us time for all things, with the faculty of improving it. We may occupy time, but ’tis another thing to improve it.

It is a trite saying, that from an acorn, an oak may grow; yet were the triteness removed, it would be none the less true. If the moral were credited, we should hear less of vexatious complaints of incapability. A man can do any reasonable thing, which he really tries to do. Perseverance is the only motto for success. There is no sin in being ambitious to excel in goodness; for were all as good as they possibly might be, there would be no occasion for emulation.

We think of the wrap seraph that adores and burns, and may we not hope one day to arrive at even his fulness of knowledge and bliss. It matters but little whether we dwell in palace or cottage, if the soul but quench its thirst in the perfect wisdom of him who is life and light and love.

Be this then the object of attainment with all. Seek truth, find truth, keep truth, for her price is above rubies. Soon will the song of change be sung, and one continual state begin. May the spirit then find a resting place from life’s ills—a covert from the storm.

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE AFFECTIONS.

The affections are those principles of our nature from which the emotions arise, and are implanted in the breast by the Creator, for wise and benevolent purposes. The heart ever has some darling object of affection—something which it loves supremely, and on the choice of this object depends the character of every person in existence. The affections are governed when God is loved supremely, and all other objects are valued because bestowed by Him as tokens of His care and goodness. But humbling as the truth may be to the pride of man, it is nevertheless true, that none can thus govern their affections without the assistance of the grace of God, and though he may walk uprightly in the sight of the world, from a sense of honor, or from the desire of approbation, his heart is not right unless it has been made so by the renewing influences of the Holy Spirit. The grand object of the creation of man, was, that he might know and love God, and the aspirations of his heart can never be satisfied with aught beside. As the ignius-fatuus deceives the weary
Writing.—Flowers.

traveller with its flickering light, and then leaves him to grope in darkness; so do the vanities of earth ensnare; they allure the heart of man astray from the true source of happiness, beguile him with promises of bliss, which can never be enjoyed, but soon vanish away and leave the deluded child of earth to sigh for more substantial good.

But the man that loves God with all his heart can be happy in any situation. He is in possession of a prize far more valuable than all the honors and treasures of the world,

"What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy.

A.

WRITING.

The art of writing is one of the most important inventions of the human mind, and is one to which we are indebted for many of the comforts and privileges which tend to make life desirable.

The first species of writing employed by the ancients was that of symbols of sensible objects, called Hieroglyphics, which conveyed but an imperfect representation of their ideas, but by which they preserved many important incidents from being entirely lost in oblivion's shade. How monotonous and dull would be the course of our lives, were it not for the knowledge of this invaluable art. Although men with uncultivated minds possess social natures in common with the brute creation, yet the pleasure derived from social intercourse is greatly enhanced by the information obtained from books.

Without the knowledge of letters, we could not, as now, look back through the vista of ages, and rely with confidence on the records of olden times. The interesting occurrences that took place in former days would be blended with the traditions of men, and we could consider nothing as truth but what has passed under the narrow sphere of our own observation.

The knowledge derived from books is one of the principal means of the exaltation of man. It was this that raised ancient Rome so far above the nations around her and made her mistress of the world. And although such a station cannot long be retained without the healthful influence of Christianity, yet the many blessings that have accrued to the world from the invention of letters should be remembered with heart-felt gratitude. S. E.

FLOWERS.

The cultivation of flowers is a delightful recreation. They are used as emblems of Christian virtues. The lily is the emblem of purity, teaching us to keep our hearts pure in the sight of God. The modest violet, that modesty is becoming to all. Flowers and minds have often been beautifully compared. If it is pleasant to view the growth and expansion of plants in our flower gardens, is it not more so with the expansion of virtue and knowledge in the garden of the mind?

The mind is indeed a beautiful garden—sown by our heavenly Father. If it is faithfully cultivated it will flourish, expand, and unfold beautiful blossoms of heavenly virtue. But if neglected, it will become choked by the weeds of ignorance and folly, and bring forth blossoms of misery. Some plants will thrive midst the coldness and sterility of northern skies, while others require a warm sun and rich soil. So some minds will expand when surrounded by ignorance and vice, while others require a place in the full light of education and morality. The flower is protected during the winter by the hot house, and as the glass will draw down the sun's rays, and keep alive the plants, so religion will draw down the smiles of God, and thus keep alive the Christian virtues. As the flower when nipped by the frost, withers and dies, so we, when touched by the finger of death, shall fade away. But here is the great difference, when the flower dies it cannot be revived; but the mind never dies, it is only the habitation that is prostrated. The mind itself is transplanted to a garden corresponding with its cultivation. If it has been well cultivated, it will continue to blossom forever in the garden of heaven.

H. N. F.
WHAT IS MOST BEAUTIFUL IN NATURE?

The lovers of the beautiful are not alike affected by the same scenery. To some, nought is so beautiful as nature's commotion, amid the thunder's burst and lightning flash. Some feel that earth is beautiful at morning, noon, or evening, and that too without respect to sunshine or storm. Some gaze upon the starry land, and fancy they even discover heaven, while others never think to "look aloft" for beauty.

Some rove beneath the forest oak,
Or cull the morning flower;
And deem the earth more beautiful
At Aurora's waking hour;
While others choose a silent stroll
At the pensive hour of even,
And fancy the song of the evening bird
Like the melody of heaven.

Some, as they wander beside some purling rill, fancy they hold converse with spiritual identity, and can scarce persuade themselves to return to a material commune with material objects.

To some, and many such there be, spring hath a thousand charms:

Each garden bud and forest gem
Bespeaks a hidden cause,
And e'en the earth—God's eldest born—
Obeys stern nature's laws.

There is yet a sublimer beauty in the falling leaf and fading flower. Like youthful anticipations, they fall and fade ere they are possessed. The morning dew bespanglesthe leaf with pendant tears of heaven. The evening chill congeals to sparkling diamonds, unlike a real gem in texture, yet true in form.

How passing few are those who love old white-robed winter with his icy breath. Of all objects of natural interest there is none so beautiful or instructive as the dismantled, blighted oak—

Once, king of the forest—
Now, leafless and dead.

How like to life is the aged tree. Once hid in the kernel, germinating in secret and shooting forth in greenness beneath the mild rays of the summer's sun. The tender sapling anon appears, and then the lofty bearing of maturity. The forest oak hugs about its mantle of green, and proudly are its leaflets rustled by the passing breeze. Ere long comes on the chilling blast, and the beauty of the forest has decayed. The proud king is humbled; his mantle colorless and torn, and its thousand fragments the sport of every breeze.—

Alone, the oak stretches forth its arm, and vainly strives to regain its fallen, fading glory. Like the desolate scion of a once happy household, it remains a memento of the past—a painful foreboding of the future. Alone it droops—alone it dies; and as each passer by discovers the blighted trunk, he mentally exclaims, "Alas! poor oak."

And thus would the moralist add: thus are we fading, dying, passing away, and beautiful even in death is the spirit's habitation.

HARRIET.

EDITORIAL.

In presenting this number for the inspection of an enlightened public, the editors of the Magazine feel deeply the responsibility they have assumed. The writers for this work come not from the more literary and refined walks of life. We are what we profess to be, "Female Operatives." The fabrics we are accustomed to manufacture, cannot serve as garniture for the mind, and yet we hope that while our hands weave ponderous rolls, our heads may generate something worth a place in memory's store-house. The idea of sustaining a work of this kind by females alone, is, we confess, a novel one, and yet we know not why we should not meet with success. We wish the work of our hands to rest on its own merits. If it is not worth a name or place in the estimation of an enlightened community, let it be numbered among the things that are not; but if, on the contrary, it displays germs of talent, capable of yielding fruit by cultivation, let it be abundantly sustained.

We urge no special claims for support—we only ask the courtesy which is extended to other periodicals; and while we derive benefit from this species of labor, we hope our efforts will serve as inducements to others to cultivate by all possible means, the faculties with which they are endowed.

We would here express our sincere thanks to those who have kindly volunteered their services in obtaining an extensive circulation. We enter upon this number with a rapidly increasing subscription, and we hope our kind friends will not relax their efforts because they have done so much.

The Magazine will be issued promptly, and all persons interested will please lend a helping hand. We present this number as a specimen of what we can do, with this provision: we intend to improve.
It stands in sweet seclusion—Not the dim recess of some far-extended vale, some retreat, or lofty mountain top; not a forest-hidden glen, or surf-bound isle-enbosomed solitude; not the retirement of the misanthrope, or the home of the hermit. It is a village church; but as if conscious of its own sanctity, it keeps aloof as far as may be from the din of business, smiling meanwhile on the enterprise of the inhabitants. It is reared on a little eminence away from the noise of the mechanic's hammer, and still farther away from the shrill jovial tones of the farmer's ploughboy. The waterfall in the background, outshunder the various pieces of machinery—the handiwork of man, upon the opposite bank, though it has nothing of the grand or sublime to boast. The river separates the old-fashioned church from the weekly magnet—the centre of business attraction.—Beyond it clusters of houses are grouped together, fit emblems of that fraternal confidence that reigns among their inmates. The neat, white cottage, and the stately dome, as they stand side by side, dream not of deference or superiority.

Still farther beyond, on the nearly level surface of a slight declivity, is spread, with its bright green covering, the couch of mortality. It lies in a bend of the river above the falls, where the dark still waters sadly harmonize with the dread quiet of the tomb; while the dense foliage skirting its banks, seldom forgets to cast the shadow of its guardianship above the home of the dead. It was difficult for imagination to picture a retirement so deep and silent, and yet so accessible by all. It is not gloomy—dreams of eternity seem the attendant angels of the spot—may a homeward-bound spirit have lain them down to rest together. The blooming maiden in the charm of her beauty, and the young man in the pride of his strength repose where earth can fascinate no longer. The matron has left her babes, and the fond sire his dependent household to seek themselves a shelter beneath the cold green turf. The dark grey slab, or plain white marble, point out many a resting place of earth's weary, and tell many a tale of fearful sadness and awful dread, to the thoughtless and unwary.

Alone in a deserted corner of the burying-ground moulder the form of a wretched suicide; they were unwilling to pain the hearts of sorrowing relatives by making his ashes an outcast from fellow dust; and the law whispered not of penalty. Far from this erring son of humanity, the remains of the amiable, devoted young H—are sweetly sleeping; and on her tomb-stone is inscribed the name of Boardman, missionary to Burmah. On the right of the entranceway lie the first tenants of these chambers of death. The mound is broad, and of ordinary length. The spot is marked by a double white stone; for they who were one in life, "by death were not long divided." A dreadful epidemic swept through the land, and the first form that pressed the sod, was not left solitary—in four days the bereaved saw that they were orphans indeed. The venerable patriarch who performed the funeral obsequies of the last, addressed the children of affliction in the words of him who said, "When my father and my mother forsake me the Lord will take me up." Their headstone is grave with the name of the unfortunate Munson, who fell a victim to the rage of fellow men, ere he could impress the savage heart with the gentleness and forbearance of the gospel he proclaimed.

The bright green turf lies lightly there; and long may it be, ere another spot shall be called to give place to the dead. It is in the great forest
The Old Fashioned Church.

State; and the town of S. has its own native beauties. The scenery is wild and picturesque, the soil richly fertile, the climate healthful and agreeable, and the people in their social, moral, and intellectual elevation, far superior to those who look with affected contempt upon the habits of cheerful, honest industry.

A glance at the exterior of that stately edifice speaks volumes in their praise. The grassy green common in whose angle it stand is broad and ample, like the hearts of those who dictated its location. May the precincts of that church be ever safe from the encroachments of avarice, and pure from the contaminating foot of the devotee of selfish pleasure. Ah, never let it go by piecemeal into the hands of speculation—but, true to its original trust, be it always the people's treasure—the village green. A neat brick church has arisen towards the north, another across the river, and still another a few miles distant; and already has the subject of my story occasionally received the appellation of the “Old South.” The parsonage is near by, and buildings are congregating on either street, but in its lofty height, that meeting house looks a thing alone. It is long, broad, high, and surmounted by a tall spire towering aloft as if it invited communion with things invisible to mortals here. Ornamented within and without by various devices of ancient ingenuity, if not according to present taste, it is evident nothing of labor or expense was spared that might add, in its own days, to its majestic beauty. The audience-room filled with antique square pews, extending upward the whole height of the wall, gives ample opportunity for the exercise of voice on the part of the speaker. I have seen the eye of childhood retreat in dizziness from a view of the upper boundary. The pulpit, fronting the entrance, is high and profusely ornamented; and deep galleries finished in similar style, divide the three remaining sides of the two-story wall.

The character of its builders is seen in the dimensions of the house—they evidently intended that none should be excluded for want of room, from the only church the town then afforded. Many have wished it otherwise; but for my own part, I love that capacious temple; and often have I been pained to hear those who lifted not a hand in its erection, talk of transforming it into something of later date. True it would be a strange pattern for the present day; but is it of no avail that it has long stood a monument of the public spirit, or rather of the pious zeal of their fathers. Is there not a violation of sanctity in the very thought of demolishing with cold and calculating indifference, what has for years stood a witness for God?

Large as it is, it has often been filled to overflowing—for many a long year its were the only doors opened regularly in the village for public worship—and, sad truth, it has often done the office of a town-hall for the people of S. One of their striking features is that they “carry their hearts upon their countenances,” and thus bid welcome to all. So it is with the church in their midst. A stranger cannot look upon its open doors and smiling aspect, and not feel that he is invited home. Its galleries were the Sabbath School rendezvous for a long time after it had ceased to be the only sanctuary in the village. Its walls have listened to the sentiments of many a religious sect. Its desk has sustained the yet unpalsied arm of threescore and ten, and almost yielded to the impetuousity of youthful zeal. The thunders of Sinai, the groans of Gethsemane, and the sweet tones of forgiveness from Calvary have succeeded each other in grateful response. The voice of supplication plead loudly, eloquently, for a “world lying in wickedness.” It has witnessed the laying on of holy hands, and echoed to the affecting appeals of the missionary's valedictory. It has smiled on the sweetly solemn work of self-consecration, and kept profoundest silence while the emblems of a Saviour's love went round—a tangible form of that faith which is the “evidence of things not seen.” It has heard the mourner's sobs, and looked sympathy with the sable pall. It has kept the nation's birth-day, and sent back reverberations to the loud thrill of the patriot's joy.

Once did He who holds the thunders in his hand, “shake terribly his house.” For hours, the rain descended in torrents; the dark o'erhanging clouds had scarce been parted by a gleam of the electric fluid; one or two slight murmuring soles of distant thunder had been half unheard. The congregation had reassembled; it was afternoon. The choir chaunted praises to Him who was refreshing the earth, giving “rain to the just and to the unjust.” The voice of prayer supplicated the presence of the God of Zion with His waiting people, adding humble petitions for the blessings of “the life that now is, and the life that is to come.” Again the rich, deep tones of music fell upon the ear; the sweetness of the song contrasted strangely with the gloom of the scene without. Stanza after stanza fell in soft, sweet tones from their lips—they looked like indoor sunshine. The strain ceased not—a sound of awful sublimity.
burst upon the astonished assembly. Overpowered by the suddenness of the shock, and wild with affright, all started from their seats, and dreamed they were in the jaws of a wide-sweeping death.

The lightning, chained till now in the hands of Omnipotence, had received its commission and spent its fury in the midst of us. The fierceness of the thunderbolt mingled in strange concord with the crash of flying fragments and the agonised shrieks of despair. It was a fearful moment. The paleness of death sat upon each visage, and the horror of consternation reigned.—But He who “tempers the wind to the shorn lamb” was there; and we were safe from the wrath of the elements. That moment was over, and happy wonder! we were all, all alive. A beam of almost bewildering joy lit up the livid paleness of every cheek, like a ray of sunshine darting athwart the dense blackness of midnight. Many had been prostrated on the floor—the shivered casements of the wall had sped in every direction like a quiver of arrows from the hand of the skilful warrior—yet all were unhurt. But the danger was not over—twice in its descent the lightning had left its burning traces upon the exterior of the building. We hastened from the spot, and found shelter near by. The way to the “bell deck” was locked; but an entrance was quickly forced through the passage, and the elastic foot of youth soon found itself amid the flames above. Water was handed aloft, and the devouring element retreated before its great antagonist. A hand bearing the impress of age grasped one of the foundation stones, and in another moment it was gathering the earth damps and smothering the fire beneath.

The rain had not abated when we returned to the sanctuary with a thank-offering for the salvation of that hour. Our pastor remarked that he dared not proceed to the customary exercises—for Jehovah had preached a louder sermon than he could preach; and an effort could be but solemn mockery. The shackles of the world were riven by the thunders of Omnipotence, and the few words he spoke, armed with the power of eloquence, went to the soul. The picture of desolation presented by the fragment-covered floor was unheeded; nay, it was fitted to awaken liveliest gratitude—it told of escape. The fervent thanksgivings, the loud swelling anthems of praise, were but as stray notes from the music of the spirit-harp—the burdened soul sent forth but dim and shadowy tokens of its heaven-bent, full-orbed gratitude.—Thought and feeling struggled in vain for other expression than the transcript upon the countenance—their image beheld through the windows of the soul. We had stood at the door of death, and the realities of eternity were clustering about—yet we lived; and why should it not be to contemplate in awful silence the wonder-working Providence of a wonder-working God? The hand of the Invisible was at work, and the impress there left shall brighten in eternity.

The track of the devourer was long ago effaced, and that venerable church looks as though it had forgotten the sharp contest. Standing upon its left, and viewing the wildly-beauteous landscape from its dizzy height, one dreams not that the aspiring brightness above may act the traitor, and invite a deadly foe to his presence.

Was that dreadful visit of his rod a harbinger of the merciful irritation of the Most High? He came again speedily: not in the whirlwind, or the tempest, but in the still, small voice of his gentler presence. He shook too richly the hearts of his people, and Zion aroused from her slumbers. He whispered in the sinner’s ear, and there was a mighty gathering to the courts of his house. The tear of penitence, the language of confession, told that the Holy Spirit was there. The calm serenity, the smile of more than earthly joy, bespoke a Saviour’s presence, and “peace to the troubled” was the antidote he offered. And “peace to the troubled” seemed to beam in letters of light from the walls of the tabernacle of the Lord.

Bright days—happy recollections! I love to call you back from the regions of the past—but then a shadow steals o’er my spirit, and I ask in all the earnestness of long-cherished, reverential affection, when shall I again pass the threshold of the old fashioned church?

MARIA.
Yes; it is good to bear the yoke in youth.
The proud unconquered spirit knows it, feels
It not; the wayward, pleasure-seeking slave
Of selfishness will turn disgusted from
The sacred sentiment, for such dream not
Of happiness, save senses gratified.
They know no higher joy than what promotes
Their honor, wealth, their pride, or vanity—
The bliss of calm reflection is unknown
To them; and they perchance will mock the meek
And lowly child of sorrow.

But the soul
Inspired that penned this precious truth, methinks
That heavenward-tending spirit knew full well
How good it is to bear the yoke in youth;
Methinks his early boyhood drank a large
And bitter potion from the cup of wo;
Methinks it proved a medicine to heal
His sin-contaminated heart. The things of time
Put on their nothingness, and looked
A gilded snare, a vexing vanity.
Oh, then, how sweet to soar away, and leave
The region doomed to death, and gaze with faith's
Keen eye on the Immutable. How good,
How cheering to behold in the same hand
That veiled the beauties of this world, a bright
And glowing picture of the world to come.
How gently kind, how mercifully just
That hand to lay upon the untamed neck
The yoke of discipline—that fetters all
Of sinfulness. How like a father's love
It is to bind it there, though struggling, we
Are restless to be free. How kind to curb
Impatience, and to check the reckless will
Till our earth-clinging hearts have learned to see
The frailty of their idols, and to measure well
The utter worthlessness of every thing
That's doomed to perish with the using.

It
Is good to bear the yoke in youth. I know
It is. A voice of soothing tenderness
So sweetly whispers, "Tis thy Father's will."
The spirit answers, "Yes, I know it, Lord.
And let me never murmur, even though
The yoke seem heavy and the burden large.
My Father placed it there, and that's enough;
For wisdom marks and mercy prompts each act
Of his. My Father placed it there!—thrice bless'd,
Thrice happy thought! And I would not undo
What his all-gracious power hath done, though He
Should give permission."

Is it not supremely
Sweet to look above the chastening rod,
And meet a smile of pitying love
While kindness deals affliction out? And when
Deep grief o'erwhelms the soul, and sungen clouds
Of anguish hide that smiling face, the prayer,
"Thy will be done"—that prayer of silent thought
In the far stillness of the soul—hath it
Not rent the thickest gloom, and shown inscribed
Upon the object of our faith, the name
That makes him God unchanging?

Ceaseless thanks—
The undivided heart to Him who rules
The sunshine and the storm. Each hath its own
Kind errand from the throne, and equally
They do the bidding of the Triune God.
Though finite cannot measure blessings, yet
Eternity shall tell how good it is
For man that he should bear the yoke in youth.

A FEW ITEMS IN THE EXPERIENCE OF A TRACT DISTRIBUTOR.

My young friend, Emily T., was a sincere though
humble follower of Christ, and, like her Master,
she often went about doing good. Among the
duties in which she delighted was tract distribu-
tion. Curious to know what reception a tract vis-
it meets with in the circle of their district, I of-
fered my services as an attendant in one of her
monthly excursions. She, knowing my opinion in
reference to such matters, archly enquired if I
would like a bundle of tracts, and so become a
worker as well as a looker on. I declined so tempt-
ing an offer, saying I chose to be a spectator only.

The day appointed proved a fine one. Scarce
a cloud dimmed the sky, or a ripple danced over
the surface of the stream along which our path
lay. Following the windings of the river, we soon
came to a group of cottages. This, my friend in-
formed me, was her district. Passing by a com-
pany of villagers, "so gaily at haymaking," we
entered a low dwelling whose occupant could
claim relation, so far as appearance was
concerned, with a certain class of quadrupeds, yeleped swine.
The woman, for such she proved to be, was seated
upon a low, broken stool, and the whole building
seemed as if p’vorty and pride were contending
for the supremacy. I wondered at my friend's
fancy for tract distributing, but repressed the ut-
erance of my thoughts. Emily cast a look of en-
Tract Distributor.

quiry at me—then politely accosted the woman, begging her acceptance of a tract. The woman turned her head in scorn, exclaiming, "No, thank you—no occasion for accepting such trash; and more than that, what time have poor people to read?" Well, thought I, here is a rebuff in good earnest. Emily cast a look of pity upon the object before her, and said, "Allow me to ask if you are so constantly employed that you cannot spare time to read a tract of four pages, or if so through the week, does not the Sabbath afford sufficient leisure?" Somewhat calmed by this remark, the woman said, "You may leave one if you've a mind to, and perhaps I'll read it."

Further on was the cottage of good old John, well known to myself, and an object of regard by all the neighborhood. At the sound of Emily's well known rap, old John hobbled to the door, saying, "Walk in—walk in: we have been looking for you some time, and were afraid you would not call to-day." Their reception was so cordial, and everything in such contrast to the first stopping place, that I was disposed to look at the business in a somewhat favorable light, though I had no very special fancy for such a calling. Our visits were short, and our greetings various.

We at length stopped at a dwelling remote from the first, which was occupied by a widow and her daughter. Mrs W. invited my friend to pass an hour with her, and Emily consented, anxious that I should see the "lights as well as shadows" in a tract visitor's life. Passing through customary forms, Emily succeeded in drawing Mrs W. into a relation of her past as well as present circumstances. I learned that she had long borne a widow's weeds, and as her narrative peculiarly interested me, I will try to express so far as possible, her own words. She said, "In early life, I linked my fate and fortunes with one who possessed all the qualities poets talk of or philosophers praise.

Noble, generous and good, George W. lived to shed a halo of joy and hope over the circle of friends with whom he was associated. But few, passing few, were the days of joy allotted me ere death dimmed the eye and prostrated the form of my beloved husband. O, who can paint the agony of a young and trusting wife as she gazes upon the dead, and feels, aye, feels, she is indeed a widow! Such sorrow admits of no earthly consolation. 'Tis he who hath slain that healeth—he who hath taken can alone restore. Ye, my friends, may think of, but ye can never know, save by experience, the bitterness of a widow's cup.—Sympathize ye cannot with a spirit stricken and desolate: bind up ye cannot a bleeding and broken heart.

Deprived of my dearest earthly good, my heart felt itself drawn with twofold power to my remaining treasures. My daughters, Ellen and Jane, seemed a connecting tie which death left with the spirit of the departed.

The years of their childhood soon passed, and I had the unspeakable pleasure of seeing them bow together at the altar of their God, and seal themselves His in the bonds of an everlasting covenant. The minister of the Most High set upon them the name of the 'Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.' Many a tearful eye was turned toward them, and many a fervent prayer ascended for those young disciples. Often had I hoped for and prayed for this. Often had my spirit plead with all a mother's fervency for them, and now could I say with Simeon of old, 'Let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.'

But my cup of sorrow was not full, and my joys were too soon gone. Emily, the eldest, seemed daily ripening for heaven. After her profession of faith, she apparently lived in daily expectation of her coming rest.

Of a naturally delicate constitution, she faded slowly and almost imperceptibly away. Like the rose of autumn, she gathered new beauty as she neared the winter of the grave. I long hoped for a favorable change, but hoped in vain. Ere her sun reached its meridian, it set. I had felt that I could not see her die, but as the hour of her departure drew near, I felt bound to her bedside by an irresistible charm.

'Mother,' said she, as she lay gasping in her last conflict—'Mother, one sweet kiss upon my fevered lips before I die, and O let my head pillow itself upon your bosom, for it seems as if death were welcome when I am clasped in my mother's arms.' I pressed the sufferer to my heart, exclaiming in bitterness of spirit, 'How can I give thee up?' The dying one seemed inspired as if with nature's last eloquence. Pointing upward she said, 'My Father, my Saviour, I come. Mother, I shall see them there, and then I'll learn a song of Zion, to greet your entrance to the new Jerusalem. I go, my mother—farewell, farewell.'

How long I kept my hold upon my precious burden, I know not, but when I recovered my consciousness, the chamber seemed to shadow forth the stillness of the tomb. There lay the dead with a smile of triumph upon the lip, and victory
written upon the brow. Few and short were the preparations for the grave. Friends gathered around, and expressed by their averted faces and tearful eyes the sympathy they felt. But little heed the spirit of the departed grief of survivors; and I will pain you, my kind friends, no farther by my tale of woe. Yonder stone," said she, pointing to the churchyard in front of her dwelling—"Yonder stone marks her resting place, and methinks the spirits of my husband and child oft beckon me to the skies.

THE VOICE OF DEATH.

Imitation of Mrs. Hemans's "Voice of Spring."

I come! I come! Though you call not for me, I am stealing upon you rapidly.
Ye may trace my steps o'er the blighted earth By the mourner's wail; by the vacant hearth; By the new-made graves 'mid the springing grass; By your loved ones vanishing as I pass.
I've passed o'er the South: in the sultry hours My tainted breath gushed thro' her orange bowers. The swift-winged pestilence hurried my dart; The lowly and proud are pierced to the heart.
Ye may shudder—may weep for each sunny clime, But 'twas my triumph—my feasting time.

Then I sped to the North, where bleak winds blow; There were white brows that mocked their native snow; There were cheeks where youth's freshest roses shone.
I summoned Consumption, that dreaded one: Those cheeks flush more brightly—those cheeks are more fair,
But 'tis not with health—my signet is there.
I've sent through the palaces mournful sighs; From the hut has murmured a sad reply. I have uttered my harsh, discordant tones, And drowned all the songs of the tuneful ones, From the thrilling notes of the minstrel's lay, To the careless lull of the child at play.
I have sundered the links of friendship's chain, And the fount of tears is gushing amain; I have crushed the youth in his budding pride; I have dimmed the eye of the smiling bride; The babe from its mother's arms I have torn, And the glad things of earth in silence mourn.

Come forth, O ye gentle and lovely, come, For the dismal grave must be now your home: Ye of the proud brow and flashing eye, 'The golden links of affection's chain, By death's dark angel is broke in twain, And the dream is o'er; But a sweet voice comes to my lonely heart, And speaks of a home where kindred part No more, no more.'

The entrance of Jane W. interrupted the widow's tale, and leaving her the "Gift for Mourners," my friend withdrew. Here, thought I, is a light to the picture; and as we traced our homeward course, I felt resolved—to become a tract distributor.

HARRIET.
Your smouldering dust I claim for a time,
But your spirits soar to a sinless clime.
Ah! well might ye smile when I bade your flight
From a world like this to those realms of light.
There, sorrow and darkness shall never dwell;
There, I may not enter: farewell, farewell.

**NOVELS, AND NOVEL READING.**

You request me, my dear E., to give you my opinion of novels and novel reading. As it respects the former, I know not that I can express my sentiments more lucidly, than by citing a paragraph from Scotia's immortal bard, which you probably recollect we read together a few years since, I trust with much pleasure and profit:—

"A novel was a book three- volumed and once read;
And oft Crammed full of poisonous error, black'ning every page;
And oft'ner still, of trifling, second-hand remark,
And old diseased, and putrid thought; and miserable incident,
At war with nature; with itself and truth at war;
Yet charming still, the greedy reader, till done—
He tried to recollect his thoughts,
And nothing found but dreaming emptiness.
These, like ephemera, sprung in a day
From lean and shallow soiled brains of sand,
And in a day expired; yet while they lived,
Tremendous oft times was the popular roar;
And cries of live forever struck the skies."

The above nearly coincides with my views of novels, and now a word on novel reading and its consequent effects. You ask my opinion of a recently published novel. You surpriseme my beloved friend; you who at the age of eighteen acknowledged that you never had had patience to read one volume of these, shall I say "mental poison," now that you are a wife and mother spend three or four hours each day—those precious moments which your family justly demand—in reading novels. Pardon my explicitness, or as some might term it, severity; but the subject in my opinion is too momentous to be passed by with indifference. I know of no better test you can have of the propriety of your present course, than at the close of each day to ask yourself this question—"Have I this day obeyed the mandate of the inspired apostle to his Corinthian brethren: 'whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God.'" If you can answer in the affirmative that this has been your motive, it is well; but I know you cannot. Let it not be said that the world is no better for our having lived in it, and who will pretend to say that reading novels ever benefitted ourselves or our fellow mortals. Nay, that it has been the apparent ruin of many heretofore happy families, temporally if not eternally, I am confident. Take one or two examples 'to our purpose quite.'

A gentleman of my acquaintance who for many years had been a member of an evangelical church and much devoted to its interests, was engaged in a thriving and lucrative business by which he was enabled to provide for a lovely and interesting family, all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. At the time of which I am writing he did not profess to enjoy much of the solace of the religion of Jesus. Anon the works of the celebrated Walter Scott made their appearance, which subsequently you know, if we may be allowed the expression, have been lauded to the skies. I allude to his novels, "Waverly," "Guy Mannering," &c. I presume no one will deny that this celebrated author possessed much native talent, and brought before the reading public many interesting historical facts, which if presented in a different form might have been useful as well as interesting. But to our story. This unfortunate gentleman seemed entirely infatuated with them. As his amiable and pious lady afterward informed me, he ordered lights to be prepared and kept expressly for his room, and 'twas his constant practice to read until two in the morning, allow himself two hours only for sleep, rise again at four, and would then read on until seven, or his usual breakfast hour. For a time his business appeared not to suffer. It was not long however before he became apparently dissatisfied with the every day duties of life, and the theatre was resorted to with its concomitant vices, until it seemed destined to complete his ruin. His clerks, who while he attended to his secular affairs with promptness, were ever faithful, like too many unwise youths thought there could be no harm in following the example
of so good a man as their master, and it is to be feared that much of his property was spent by those to whom it did not belong. Oh, how desirable it is that we should ever keep in mind that the bad example of no one, let their reputation and standing be what it may, should be followed; but pardon my digression. I was not at all surprised to hear that in a few months Mr J. was a bankrupt, and his family beggars. The last intelligence I had of him he was leading a dissipated life in a distant city, estranged from his once happy but now isolated children, and almost unremembered by the younger of them.

The mother of this afflicted family deceased a few months after the unnatural husband and father left them, unprotected and unprovided for. She was ever cheerful and exerted herself to the utmost to render her children comfortable and happy, and the belief that her partner in life would again be restored to his family and friends, seemed to support her in the ordeals which she was called to pass through. The last time I saw her, her faith in the promises of God were unshaken. She believed her husband had known the reality of experimental religion, and would oftensay to me with a confidentsmile, ‘though a justman falleth seven times he riseth up again.” Whether her many fervent prayers in his behalf will be answered, time only will show.

You probably recollect my giving you a summary history of my beloved friend, Rebecca T. The melancholy sequel you have not probably been made acquainted with. At the age of seventeen she was married to a worthy young man, a mechanic, who though he had not much of that “dust dug from the bowels of the earth, which being cast into the fire, came out a shining thing that fools admired and called a god,” yet he was healthy, provident and industrious, and his prospects as to secular affairs were considered extremely auspicious. We were all very happy to see our young and innocent friend so pleasantly situated, for she had been left at an early age an unprotected orphan. Time seemed now with her to pass pleasantly away; she had much leisure for reading and improvement, as is often the case of newly married persons not burdened with company, and who are good economists of time. Her house was a pattern of order and neatness; there was a place for every thing and every thing in place.—So passed the first years of my friend’s wedded life. I had been absent from town a few months, and on my return, as usual, my first call was at the house of my friend. But oh, how changed!
for the future. She afterwards acknowledged to me that she feared her habit of reading novels would prove their final ruin; "but oh," she exclaimed, "I am driven to them as the inebriate to his cups to drown troubles."

Well, a few months rolled away, and oh! must I pen it, the once happy and provident husband was often seen to stagger home—to his now cheerless abode—and with imprecations and threats drive his affrighted companion to the house of a neighbor for protection. Yes, the once happy and kind companion was now changed—is it too much to say to a demon? And whence all this? We all traced its source to novel reading, and its usual attendant neglect of domestic duties, duties so dear to all lovers of order and propriety. I would not infer from this that any of us were at all inclined to excuse the husband; far from it; those whom an all-wise Providence has seen fit to place here as our guides and protectors, certainly must be endowed with sufficient strength of mind to rise above these petty ills of life; yet on the other hand we think no well-educated woman would so degrade her sex by giving any gossip occasion to say "Mr —— would do well enough if he had a better wife."

Our little village at this time was not free from those pests of human society, dram-shops, when a temperance lecturer of some notoriety made his appearance; a total abstinence society was formed, and with many others the husband of our friend signed the pledge, and for a time things wore a different aspect at the house of Rebecca M. I called one day, and with tears in her eyes she told me of her present encouraging prospects; that W. had spent every evening at home for two weeks, and she had not spent so many happy hours for a twelvemonth. But the dusty furniture and uncombed hair told me that all was not right. As I was about taking leave, I discovered under the sofa-cushion, a book. "What have you here?" I exclaimed. "Some of Sargent's temperance tales, I presume—however, do not think I am too officious." "Oh no," said she, while a deep blush mantled her cheek, accompanied by a smile. —'Twas the last but one I ever beheld on her countenance. "This is Bulwer's last novel, and it shall be the last I will ever read, for they have already been the paramount cause of all our suffering." Hoping that silence would be more eloquent than anything that I could say after all our entreaties, I left her with a sad heart, and saw her not again till the king of terrors had marked her for his victim. One cold evening in December, a vehicle stopped at our door: a stranger alighted and entered our dwelling, requesting me to go immediately to the house of his brother-in-law, Mr M., saying that his sister had lain all day in fits; that 'twas indeed an afflicted family. Wrapping myself in my cloak, I hastened to the street where my friend resided. There, upon her couch, apparently in the agonies of death, lay the wretched wife, and in an adjoining apartment lay the lifeless remains of her poor husband.

For a few weeks after he had taken the pledge, Mr M. had attended to his business as in former days, and their prospects for a time appeared encouraging: but ah, the "tempter came." An old acquaintance and school-fellow commenced business about four miles from his residence. He had been for a number of years, none of his friends knew where—had accumulated a large property, no one knew how. He now kept a large hotel and store, which might be called anything but a "temperance house and store." Thither the poor unfortunate bent his steps week after week, till on the abovementioned evening, after having lost much by gambling, he returned with maddened avidity to the intoxicating cup, when at a late hour the inhuman landlord drove him from his door, and he, it is supposed, wandered far into a wood and there perished with the chills of a December evening. Poor Rebecca, in the greatest agony, both mental and physical, would ever and anon exclaim, "My husband—my poor injured husband!" "Spend not," said I, "your precious moments, my dear friend, I entreat you, in useless regrets, but look to Him who died on Calvary that you might live."

"Ah," said she, "it is too late; my day of grace is past; I must be lost—lost forever." "Do you not remember that to one in his last moments, who had been a great sinner like you and me, 'twas said, 'this day shalt thou be with me in paradise.' This instance is recorded 'that none need despair.'" "Yes," she replied, "there is one 'that none need despair,' and," replied she, with much quickness, "the same able expositor says there is only one 'that none need presume.'" At intervals, when reason resumed its place, she would mourn over her past folly with intense agony. Oh, how she would censure herself for neglecting her family and best friends. At length, for a number of hours, she appeared to pray most earnestly for forgiveness, exclaiming, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." I immediately read the subjoined text, "I will, be thou clean." A ray of hope lit up her emaciated features; and a placid smile, such as she was wont to give us in better days, came over her face even lovely in death.

What a picture of life is here! The sun dark-
en in its course, the hollow wind moaned pitifully through the tall elms that fronted their dwelling, and methought 'twas nature's requiem for the departed and departing. As the once lovely and beloved, the once amiable but erring the afterward penitent and forgiven, Rebecca closed her eyes on all things terrestrial.

**A FRAGMENT.**

'Twas evening. With throbbing temples and a weary, burdened spirit, Agnes retired to her chamber. She sought not 'solitude, for it was while among the giddy multitude that she had been most solitary; with the blind votaries of fashion and pleasure, and the heartless thousands that follow in the train of the idol Mammon, she had no sympathy; and when by necessity compelled to mingle with them, she felt with the poet, though perhaps she said it not,

"My solitude is sad, I'm lonely in the crowd."

She had left the cold-hearted throng for a little season, that she might enjoy a better companionship. She came to pour her sorrows into the ever ready ear of the best of friends, and to hold communion with long loved and lost ones.

Agnes was an orphan. Parents and sisters she had followed in succession to the grave, till she was left almost alone in the wide world. Yet she was not friendless—for even among strangers she found here and there a kindred spirit; and often did the soothing notes of sympathy fall upon her ear from a stranger's lips. But the ties of relationship are too firmly rivetted to be easily forgotten. The dearest friend can but partially fill the "aching void" which an orphan feels within, and Agnes passed many an hour of secret pining, of which those who loved her knew nothing. There had thus far remained to her a few gems which had not perished in the wreck of her early hopes; and with a grasp tenfold stronger than that with which the miser clings to his glittering hoards, had she held these choicer treasures of the heart. But now, the hand of greedy, remorseless selfishness had taken these too away, and her grief seemed greater than she could bear.

We deem Death cruel when he snatches cherished ones from our embrace, but oh, far more cruel than the grave, harder than adamant must be the hearts of those who can rudely lay open an orphan's wounds, or cause the iron of sorrow to enter yet deeper into the stricken soul.

From the stillness of her closet, fervently did the supplications of Agnes that evening ascend to Him who cares for the lonely and the fatherless. She prayed, that if it were possible she might soon be released from the thraldom of sin and sorrow, and soar away to those blessed regions where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary,
are at rest." But if it might not be thus, she prayed for strength from on high to bear her afflictions without murmuring, and say, "Thy will be done." She rose from her knees with a spirit softened and subdued, though still bowed with an oppressive weight of grief which she could not cast off.

She looked from her window upon the varied prospect around, and her thoughts went back to the days of her childhood. Again she beheld the sunny hillside and the verdant fields where with her playmates, a light-hearted creature, heedless of life and its ills, she had sported many a merry hour. Vividly painted by memory, she saw the trees, the silently flowing river, and all the scenery that had surrounded her home, and, lovelier than all, that pleasant home! Oh! how was she filled with emotion at its remembrance. Again the smile of paternal affection beamed upon her; she listened to words of tenderness gushing forth from the deep fountain of a mother's changeless love; the laughing voices of her sisters rung in her ears; and as all the enjoyments of that happy hours came up before her, she gazed wishfully back, and felt that she would fain "be a child once more."

But then came the thought that those who had made the home of her infancy dear, were no longer. "They are gone," she said; the places that once knew them know them no longer; their mortal remains have seen consigned to their resting place in the dust, but whither have their spirits flown? She looked out upon the evening sky, where the myriad hosts of stars were shining with unwonted splendor, and she fancied that from among those bright and beautiful orbs the voices of that sainted group in unison gave answer: "We have reached the realms of eternal blessedness; we dwell in a world so infinitely glorious, that it needs not the light of the sun to illuminate it, while the stars, so resplendent to your mortal eyes, are but as the shining dust of our divine abode."

With the Saviour who loved us and washed us from our sins in his own precious blood; with the redeemed from off the earth; with angels and archangels, and all holy, sinless beings we have found a home. Here troubles can never come—all is peace; and we long to welcome you to the home of the ransomed and glorified." There was no "real voice nor sound" to be heard, but, borne on the wings of memory and fancy, those loved, though no longer earthly notes broke upon her listening spirit, as strains of distant music, now swelling and now receding, are sometimes wafted to us on the evening breeze. Silvery voices seemed floating around her, and Agnes fancied that among them she heard her sainted mother addressing her: "My daughter," she said, "tenderly have I watched you ever since I bade farewell to earth. Year after year I have hovered over your path, and my harp of gold was attuned to loftier praise when I beheld you in the morning of your days, enlisting in Immanuel's service. I have marked the troubles which have gathered around you, but grieve not, my daughter, because deprived of earthly comforts, for it is in love that your heavenly Father afflicts you: he does it to draw you nearer to himself and to heaven. Ere long, we who have so long been parted shall meet again, and sorrow and sighing will be known no more when you come to this land of peace." A chorus of familiar voices echoed the words: "Come, sister, come to this land of peace! Come to the realms of light and love! We were sisters on earth, but firmer bonds will unite us in heaven, for we shall be sisters in spirit. Haste then, sister spirit, hasten away—we wait to greet you here."

Agnes felt her heart burn within her. "Why," she exclaimed, "why may I not join you now, ye blessed ones? There is nothing left to bind me to earth. Oh, that my last hour were come: how gladly would I fly away, and be with you at rest."

But there came another, a well remembered voice, the tones of which were as ever tender and kind, yet they seemed mingled with gentler reproof—"Twas her father's. "Daughter," he said, "cease thus vainly to pine for death. Be patient until you shall hear the Master's summons, bidding you to 'come up hither.' Mortal life, at the longest, is short: let then, the little that remains to you, be spent in diligent preparation for a life of eternal holiness and happiness. So, my daughter, shall you be numbered with those that have come up out of "great tribulation," and who through faith and patience," shall be found 'meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.'"

The last, lingering notes of that spirit music were dying softly away, and Agnes gave utterance to the breathings of her inmost soul. "Father! mother! sisters!" she said, "my heart yearns to be with you; yet trusting in God, patiently will I bear life's manifold ills, and wait 'all the days of my appointed time until my time come.' And when it shall come, O thou Father and Saviour of spirits, may we, through thine infinite love, mingle our songs of praise in unbroken harmony around thy throne, 'a family in heaven.'"
SELF-ESTEEM.—A DIALOGUE.

Amanda. Good morning, Estelle.

Estelle. Good morning, Amanda. Please be seated.

A. Here you are, as I always find you, poring some old book, as though pleasure was derived from no other source: and, by the way, what book have you there that you seem to be so much interested in.

E. Combe on Phrenology.

A. Combe on Phrenology—I should as soon think of reading Robinson Crusoe, Gulliver's Travels, or even Sinbad the Sailor. This phrenology that people talk so much about, I don't think much of myself. Just as though one person can tell what another's disposition is by examining the bumps on their cranium.

E. Cranium you mean, do you?

A. Cranium or cranium, just as you like—it's all one to me. Phrenologists think if they can get some great words that nobody ever heard of before, they shall make people believe that they can tell some great things: but they'll never make a fool of me again, I'll warrant you.

E. I should hope they did not make a fool of you.

A. No, I guess they didn't, for I had too much of the good sense about me for that—but they tried hard enough.

E. How did they try to make a fool of you?

A. Why they told me that I was scared to death at almost nothing; that I liked to have folks praise me; and said that I thought full as much of myself as any one did of me; and I thought 'twas a plaguy hard case to pay a whole dollar and not be told anything better than that.

E. I suppose you wished them to give you the character they discovered from your mental developments, did you not?

A. To be sure I did: but how did they know what others thought of me?

E. I suppose they considered the combinations of the organs to be such that they would lead you to a very good opinion of yourself—quite as much as is possible for one person to have of another, however amiable.

A. Well, I don't care for that. I guess I know how much I think of myself, and how much other people say they think of me. Tell about how much self-esteem I've got—I think they'd better look at home, for I don't believe I've half as much as they have after all.

E. How high did they mark you on self-esteem?

A. Two and a half.

E. On what scale?
tivated self-esteem (other organs equal thereto) will despise self-conceit in all its forms, and especially when it displays itself by one’s boasting of his own good qualities, they will despise low jests which some consider a prominent feature of great wit; also making remarks upon strangers who have been introduced among them, merely because their manners differ a little from the routine to which they have been accustomed.

A. Well, you’ve a right to your own whims, but for my part I believe the old adage, that “persons must speak well of themselves in order to have others speak well of them.”

E. The adage you have quoted appears to me of equal value with one which says, a pint’s a pound the world round, whether buckshot or magnesium.

A. I suppose you think that I have a very good opinion of myself, but if you ever noticed it, I’ve no better opinion of myself than others have of me, for no longer ago than last week, Mr. Jameson said he should not attend the party at Mrs. Morville’s unless I did, for I was the whole life of company wherever I went.

E. Did you attend?

A. No I did not, I assure you.

E. Then I suppose I may infer from that that the company was dead, for I have been accustomed to think that a body or a company was dead when life was absent. But what was the reason you did not attend?

A. I’ll tell you just the reason: Mrs. Seville sent me word the morning previous, that the Fraziers were to be there, and requested me not to go where they associated with such low people.

E. What do you term low people?

A. Why those whose ancestors were always poor, and never mingled in refined society, and you know the Fraziers were never thought anything of by genteel people: even the name is enough to convince any one what the person is who bears it.

E. It seems you judge people by others’ say so, rather than their own personal merit.

A. Why you know I should be thought no more of than they are, if I should associate with them.

E. Still taking other people’s opinion for a criterion by which to choose your associates, instead of having independence enough to choose for yourself according to their worth and merit.

A. If any one mingles in refined society, I don’t want to see them disgrace it by associating with those whose ancestors have for ages prior to the present been deemed unfit for genteel society.

E. Amanda, I am very sorry you depend so much on other people for a mind.

A. I’d have you to know that I’ve a mind of my own, and I should like to know what reason you have for thinking that I depend on others.

E. I’ll give you my reasons: first, you deem the flattery of others a sufficient reason for considering your presence absolutely necessary to the happiness of others; secondly, you are restrained from going into company—and by what?—your own judgment of the character of those who compose that company? Certainly not: but merely by the opinion of an aristocratic neighbor; whereas if you had sufficient self-respect, you would scorn the idea of being thus governed by others. You would choose your companions from among those whose worth depends on their own merits instead of the popularity of their ancestry, or the opinion of a narrow-minded populace. You should never speak of your own virtues or qualifications, however good or great they may be, for be assured if you possess and practise them, they will be discovered and appreciated without your speaking of them; and that mind is truly to be pitied that has nought to recommend its possessor to the esteem of those by whom he is surrounded without the aid of the tongue.

A. It seems that you think the more self-esteem a person has, the less they will think of themselves.

E. By no means. I think that small esteem, independent of the other organs, will render persons “modest and meek in their demeanor. They will think little of themselves, however admirable their merits”—but when combined with predominant approbativeness it will produce self-conceit and vanity. Self-esteem, independent of the intellectual organs, will render a person proud and haughty, esteeming himself a little better than any one around him. Persons who possess high and well cultivated self-esteem, will be disgusted with indiscreet eulogisms, while the vain ones will humble themselves to the very ground, and stoop to any device to gain the applause of others.

The voice of flattery is as invigorating to their minds as a draught from the crystal fountain would be to the lone wanderer upon Arabia’s burning sand. The vain person considers the praise of others sufficient food to feed the immortal mind, and a sufficient basis upon which to ground his or her opinion, in which they exalt themselves far above their fellows.

A. Well, have you enumerated all the ways in which I show a want of self-esteem.
E. I have not; but I'll mention only one more (for I fear you'll not thank me for my plainness of speech, which I oftimes think amounts to an error of no small magnitude) and that is your jests, a sample of which is the witicism you displayed in the remark that you considered scales as belonging to fish rather than phrenologists.

A. Well, you have given me your opinion—now please illustrate it by mentioning individuals whom you think may properly belong to each class.

E. I will with pleasure; and in the first place I would direct your attention to Sarah Eldon, to whom phrenologists give small intellectual developments, small self-esteem, and very large probativeness.

A. Sarah Eldon—if she possesses small self-esteem, I should like to know who possesses large.

E. Be patient, and we'll examine her character as it is developed by her daily walk. Her probativeness rules with indubitable sway. She lives upon the smiles of others. The slightest encomium bestowed by a person of rank elates her feelings insomuch that she is constantly filling the ears of her associates with what Mr or Miss Such-a-one has said, and how bad such and such persons feel in consequence of the marked neglect with which she has treated them.

A. I must confess you have given a true description of her outward character, but I always thought that she possessed more self-esteem than any other person I ever met with. Now please tell me what you think of Ellen Harwood, for it never appeared to me as though she had half enough of self-esteem, and she never speaks of herself but in the most humble manner.

E. Ellen Harwood is a person the like of whom the earth can boast but few. Her intellectual developments are of a high order—self-esteem equal thereto—consequently she has high self-respect. Her benevolence is almost unbounded—going about seeking objects of charity, and relieving their wants as far as she has the ability to do; still you might converse with her hour after hour and never hear her speak of a "worthy action done," or a qualification she may possess, for humility is one of her prominent characteristics, notwithstanding her high self-esteem. But do her virtues lie in oblivion because she never speaks of them? No: they are written upon the tablet of every heart whose possessor has the honor of an acquaintance with her. I have ever looked upon her lovely character with an eye of admiration, and have often mentally exclaimed, would that I could follow your worthy example.

A. That you have likewise given a true description of Ellen Harwood, I can't deny, but if Sarah has small development of self-esteem, and Ellen large, I must confess that it displays itself in a manner entirely different from what I ever thought it did, for I always had an idea that the more self-esteem a person possessed, the more self-righteous and self-conceited they would be.

E. I am not sufficiently acquainted with phrenology to make a positive assertion respecting the size of their organs, but the ideas that I have advanced have been drawn from an examination of their charts, and a close observation of their daily walk.

A. Don't you think there are persons who possess developments of large probativeness and small self-esteem who are not self-conceited.

E. Yes, I think there are many, and for an example I would refer you to Harriott Stanley, whose probativeness is marked high and self-esteem low, but her intellectual developments are of such a high order that combined they render her at once both mild, amiable and lovely.

A. Well, Estelle, I must be as plain with you as you have been with me, and I think that you have contradicted every assertion that you have made.

E. Why so?

A. In the first place, you say that self-conceit does not arise from self-esteem, and then again, that self-esteem will make persons esteem themselves far better than those around them; that though probativeness tends to vanity, still there are persons who have large probativeness and are not vain.

E. Did I not explain them as I went along? I said that persons possessing high and well cultivated self-esteem, (other organs being equal) would not be self-righteous or self-conceited, but that large self-esteem and small intellectual developments would render persons of vast consequence in their own estimation, independent of the opinion of others, whereas those who have large probativeness and small self-esteem would depend almost entirely on others for the good opinion they have of themselves. They stop not to consider from what source or motive the encomium is derived, or whether they are worthy to receive it, but devour with greedy appetites whatever praise may be bestowed upon them, whether it be given from pure motives, or as it frequently is given, merely to see them exhibit their elation of feeling. As it respects the last proposition, I
think they must possess intellect of a high order to render them either amiable or agreeable.

A. Have you always entertained the same opinions that you now advance?

E. No—far from that. When phrenology was first introduced, I considered it almost a disgrace for a person to be marked high on self-esteem, for I looked upon it then—much in the same light that you do now. I thought a person could not possess high self-esteem, let his intellect be what it might, without being given to vain boasting; and if there is aught on earth that I detest with all my heart, 'tis self-praise.

A. How came you to change your opinion?

E. In the first place, I noticed that some who were remarkable for their amiable dispositions, were marked high on self-esteem, which led me to examine charts and closely observe the characters of those to whom the charts belonged, and was thereby led to adopt the sentiment that I have advanced, which is, that persons may possess much self-righteousness and self-conceit, and be very vain, with but a small share of self-esteem.

A. Well, I'll go home and compare charts and characters, and see if I can convince you to the contrary.

E. When you will explain to me wherein I am in error, by giving me the why and wherefore, I will most readily yield my opinion to yours.

U. & I,

THE HISTORY OF A BIBLE.

A Bible! what is it? It is the Word of God dictated by the pen of inspiration. 'Tis a letter sent down from heaven to teach a fallen world the way to eternal life. It points out the path to virtue, and is full of precious promises, invitations of mercy, lessons of heavenly wisdom, humility, patience, resignation, and every christian grace. It would task the energies of the mightiest intellect to do it justice. In sublimity of ideas, eloquence of style, purity of thought and feeling, it stands unrivalled. It is a lamp to our feet, and a guide to our path, shedding its holy rays reflected from the Sun of righteousness, on all who have felt its sacred influence, chasing away the dark clouds of sin, and scattering blessings in its pathway, guiding the benighted traveller through the wilderness of this world, up to the haven of eternal rest. It has done more, accompanied by the agency of the Holy Spirit, than any other work can do. It is indeed the book of books, for by it thoughtless and self-conceited sinners have been taught that their own righteousness is as filthy rags. The Word of God, read with prayerful attention, has disclosed to him his sinfulness, thrown open the hidden recesses of his heart—he has seen himself in a measure as he is seen by the eye of Omniscience, in all his odiousness and deformity, with sincere penitence and heartfelt humility. Has he been driven to a Throne of Grace, there by faith has he given himself to God in an everlasting covenant, never to be broken. The proud and haughty Infidel, who tramples on Divine authority, bids defiance to the God of heaven, ridicules religion, sneers at the name of christian, has been made to feel from the thunders of Sinai. The Word of God has been quick and powerful—sharper than a two-edged sword—piercing asunder to the soul and spirit, and is a discerner of the thoughts and the intents of the heart. It has been fastened as a nail in a sure place. He has been heard on his bended knees to acknowledge the God of heaven as the God of the whole earth, and he who was once an enemy of God is now a sincere worshipper at the shrine of piety. With ardent zeal he now advocates that religion which before he had labored so hard to destroy, and is now an eminent servant of Christ.

The Atheist, who denies that there is a God even in the works of nature, who shuts his eyes against the light of reason and revelation, saying that all things came by chance into existence, whose heart is like the adamant, has been affected to tears at the melting strains of Calvary. He, on whom unnumbered mercies have had no effect, has been visited by the hand of God. Affliction's keen and piercing blast has swept rudely by his dwelling—has assailed its loved inmates by its un pitying blast, and they are swept away as by the benediction of destruction. His earthly all is now torn from his fond embrace. To whom can he now look for solace? By this mysterious Providence he is convinced that there is a God in heaven who executeth judgment upon the transgressor; he has been made to cry out from beneath this stroke; he has been brought low at the footstool of Sovereign Mercy; he has found the Bible to be his richest treasure, and is now a humble penitent at the feet of Jesus. Volumes could be written to show the blessed effects which have been wrought by the perusal of this blessed book, the Bible. c.s.m.
Apart from the busy scenes of the day I sought out a place of retirement that I might undisturbed enjoy a short respite from labor in peaceful meditation. A few rods distant from my father's cottage there stands a venerable Oak, whose wide spreading branches and leaves thickly interwoven as in defiance to the scorching rays of burning Sol, seem kindly to invite the weary to its shady retreat. Beneath the shelter of this Oak has been spent some of the happiest days of life; from infancy it has been my favorite haunt. I then was wont to retire to this spot as one among a group of happy ones who often assembled to while away the hours of childhood in flowery paths of passing pleasures. Here with that cherished band have I passed hour after hour in playful mood, permitted to indulge in some innocent recreation which afforded pleasure unmixed with the bitter dregs of human ills which, as I advanced in years, came crowding about me. But now those chosen friends of my youth are all separated from me. Some have emigrated to the distant wilds of the west to pass the remainder of their days away in a land of strangers, and some have been called to leave this sphere of existence and resign the spirit to Him who gave it. Now when I would revisit that hallowed spot, there was not one of those loved associates whom rigid fate had spared to meet me there. I came alone to hold communion with my self—to gather a lesson from the great book of Nature, whose richly stored pages are open for our instruction. The delightful music of the feathered songsters above and around me, far from intruding upon the tranquility which I had sought, seemed rather sent as welcome messengers speaking words of peace to calm the perturbation of my mind. I looked abroad and beheld the earth clad in the habiliments of beauty and loveliness. The verdant lawn spread out beneath me, served as Nature's beautiful carpet. It was interwoven with beautifully diversified colors far superior to the studied design of art. I loved to gaze upon it, for it was Nature's handi-work, and it discovered the wisdom of Him who designed it a generous carpet for the Peasant as well as the Nobles of the earth. Every material substance which I could observe living and inanimate, bespoke the goodness and greatness of Him who holds the planets in their spheres. Then I considered imperial and intelligent man to learn, if he too in unison with the inanimate and brute creation did join to praise the creation of all. I observed him the sole proprietor of the sustenance of the earth. Him hath God elevated above all other created existences in the natural and moral world by bestowing upon him a mind, formed after the similitude of the father of spirits.

But I observed him dissatisfied with the station which kind Providence hath allotted him. I saw him turn away from serving and glorifying his Maker, and refuse to obey the law of his God. I turned from the spot and cried "Lord what is man that thou art mindful of him or the son of man that thou dost regard him?"
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THE LEATHER STRING.

"Nay, friend, turn not disgusted from the title of my story," said Cornelia to the young lady who was hurrying out of the room, having just taken a peep at the "folded sheet" that lay on her desk, yet all unsullied, save by the appellation we have quoted. "Despise it not, I say, uncouth as it may read."

Susan returned and cast a look of utter astonishment at the infatuated girl, as she at that moment thought her. "Tell me," said she, "what do you expect to make of a theme like that? Who will read your page of the periodical, with such a title? I thought you abovesuch commonplace characters. Pray, could you find no more polished name for your hero than 'The Leather String'?" and she laughed outright. "But," resuming her gravity, she continued, "they say the poet's brain can manufacture rhymes out of almost anything; and I suppose our poetess would have me add, almost nothing. The more diminutive the subject, the greater the achievement." And she added playfully, "Allow me the honor of criticizing, and I will leave you to the enjoyment of the bard's coveted boon—solitude."

"Your sarcasms, I should say, were quite too severe, did I not know you always to be a good-natured friend. However, call again to-morrow evening, and you shall see that the ill-omened cognomen that has stained my sheet is a dignitary of no less note than the connecting link between a wealthy man and the key of his treasury. I will record the simple tale, as a single picture among the many which exist, of the strong affinity between the immortal mind and a heap of silver dust: for he who owns the leather string is a worshipper at the altar of mammon. I accept your proposal, provided your discriminating eye shall scan to correct the faults I may sketch; meanwhile be admonished 'tis not the poet's errors you will be called upon to rebuke."

Smiling as she ceased, Cornelia resumed her pen; and Susan left the apartment with feelings somewhat softened toward the "leather string."—When she returned the succeeding evening, it was with an interest not all curiosity, to peruse the strange comments on so strange a text. "I have come to claim the honors of my office, and bestow the tribute of friendship in return for the confidence I am happy to share. Can you gratify my impatience quickly?" said Susan, extending a hand toward the writing-desk.

Cornelia drew her a chair close by her own, and silently placed the manuscript before her. Susan read in her looks that she was more than welcome; and she knew that emotion caused the sensitive girl to be silent. Perhaps she was not sufficiently impartial to act the critic, for she read without amending, the following story of

THE LEATHER STRING.

"Uncle Billy" is the emphatic title by which the owner of the leather string has long been designated. Whether that appendage was a part of himself, or of his apparel; whether it was an ornament to the body, or a check to his pride that might ornament the spirit, a stranger would be puzzled to calculate. This much, however, was certain: whoever saw "Uncle Billy" had an unceremonious introduction to the leather string. It extended from the pocket to the button-hole of his vest; and, rain or shine, heat or cold, weal or wo, it sternly refused to be located elsewhere. It was personally, ay, devotedly, attached to him; though long acquaintance had made it familiar to many an eye, it clung to him more closely, I wean, than the ties that bound him to his fireside. Its fond embrace found a parallel only among the cords that wrapt his one heart together by itself. It was his daily companion, and for aught I know, it shared in his nightly repose; though I suspect it prompted his midnight visions from beneath the pillow.
that received his age-frosted brow. It went with him to unremitting toil, and to the parsimonious board; to mill, and to market; to the business route, and the social visit. The conference-room and the sanctuary can testify that it lay ever near his heart: but I will not say positively how much it had to do with his devotions. Whether it will go with him down to death, I dare not predict; but if it should not, a strong tie will be severed—a long-cherished union will be dissolved. Uncle Billy, I am sure, will weep bitterly should he chance to be the survivor; and I doubt whether the string would long outlive the old man. But if they do not reach the same grave, their memory will live together. Inseparably connected in life, it is impossible that death should disconnect their history.

But, after all, what is the relation they sustain to each other? It is the mutual office of servant and slave they perform. The old man loves his string as a slave hugs his chains, for it links him closely to an ore of the earth; and the string adheres to him because he will have it so—because it is attached to the key of his storehouse, and is unsafe till wedded to his garments as gold is to his heart. Perhaps he will hardly relish the name of miser, but I am sure the world is not indebted to him for the mighty revolutions that are fast speeding it on to a brighter destiny. No thanks to him that many run to and fro in the earth, and knowledge increases in these latter days. No thanks to him that the shelterless find a home, or the widow's heart is made to sing for joy. No thanks to him that the sorrow-smitten earth puts on the goodly beauty of a moral Eden; that the wilderness blossoms with the rose of delight, or that the solitary place is made glad by kind relief.

You may preach religion to him, and he will listen, but you cannot touch the cord of softer sympathy. You may preach charity, provided you will allow it to begin at home, to tarry at home, to die at home, to provide for his own self; and quietly let all the world do likewise. If there is a spring in his nature that can loose the grasp of the leather string, and untie his purse strings, methinks some superhuman agency must find it. He is a miser.

A mildew has fallen—but let me not draw aside the veil that hides his portion of the griefs of mortality. Miser and misery are as nearly allied in nature as in name; and it is no less true that the pangs of one flow from the churlish spirit of the other, than that the two words are twin sisters in orthography. I pity the miser. He is a stranger to the richest store of blessings humanity can purchase for itself. Let him but for once, taste the unmixed luxury of doing good, and he can clasp his hoarded gains no longer. Again and again will he pour the golden stream around him, and a Hand more bountiful than his own will supply all his wants. Again and again will he drink of the fresh cup of bliss, and the fountain will overflow in his soul. O that he knew it, and Uncle Billy would this moment be divorced from his bosom friend, the leather-string.

Cornelia met the enquiring eye of her friend as she raised it from the last sentence, and replied, "It is true—all true; and the half is not told. Uncle Billy still lives, and there are those connected with his household who have felt keenly what, for their sakes, I have suppressed. May I allow such a desultory sketch to go out of my hands, with its rough caption?"

"You do not expect 'Uncle Billy' will read your article? What will his miserly soul say to such an exposure?"

"For him I care not. His feelings, I dare say, cannot be injured; and as for his taking a literary publication, it would impoverish him. But I fear to particularize more minutely, lest some of his more public-spirited friends should take offence for him. So my story must remain unfinished.—But tell me, does it pour contempt enough upon the spirit of avarice? I have called the leather string into Lowell only as a beacon for those who may not have had the misfortune of a similar acquaintance."

"Contempt enough? That is impossible!—Your motives will be appreciated; and—but I hear my name called below. Cousin is waiting to accompany me to the lecture. Thanks to you, friend, and an agreeable evening."

"Thanks to you, Miss Susan, and an entertaining lecture." Cornelia sat a moment in thoughtful silence. "Well," said she, soliloquizing, "I am just as well off as when she came in. But Susan is a faithful friend, and would have expressed her opinion kindly and fearlessly had she not been called away. How I wish all possessed a frankness like hers. But as I have little to forfeit, and still less to win from the world, I will venture my credit with the leather string, hoping thereby to warn some one to flee from the love of 'filthy lucre.'"
THE SELF-CONTROLLED.

I marked his progress in the slippery path
Of youth. Vice spread her snares, for him; she placed
The semblance of bright hope, a gilded bait,
Whose wild enchantment often leads astray
The innocent. Temptation hung for him
Her gaudy colors out; the landscape smiled,
And pleasure after pleasure decked the path
That lures to ruin, and in silver notes
Of promise fell her siren voice upon
His yet unpractised ear. Resistance seemed
To want an agency almost divine.
I looked with anxious interest on, for well
I knew that open vice once yielded to
Becomes the charmer's spell. And while she folds
In deadly coils, her tyrant chains about
His neck, her hapless victim feels not, dreams
Not that he's bound.

But, hush! The crisis comes.
Another hour, and William will have sipped
The draught that stupifies, benumbs and drowns
The sensibilities, or boldly march
A champion from the field of contest, crowned
With nobler victory than he who takes
A city by the force of arms. William,
This moment's choice may tell with awful power
Upon thy destiny for ages; ay,
And for eternity. Eternity!
Alas, that seems like something far away
From thee; and hard it is for thee to turn
A deafened ear to promises whose truth
Or falsity thou hast not tested. But
Thou mayest not parley now. Awaits he thy reply. See! Satan's emissary stands
With out-stretched hand to lead thee to his far domain. Say, wilt thou follow him?
To land of appetite and passion, lust
And sensuality? And wear his mark—
A willing captive to depraved desire?
Vile tempter, haste away! Begone! He deigns
No answer, save a curl of deep disdain
Upon that truthful lip, an added hue
Of lustre to that beaming eye, and yet
A nobler dignity on that young brow.

Saw ye not there the fearful struggle and
The priceless victory? That brow is decked
With brighter laurels than the warrior wears.
Her wreath of amaranth hath virtue placed
Upon his temples; she hath left her seal
Upon his manly countenance, and robed
Him with a purity, unfading, like
Her own. She twined that chaplet all from leaves
And buds and blossoming of William's own
Selection. Ask him whence he gathered, fresh
And fair, such brilliant flowers, and evergreens
So goodly. He will point thee to the soil
Of passions governed, appetites subdued,
And self-will curbed in early boyhood. Wouldst
Thou know what strength hath filled the spot that yields
Such dainties to the eye?

A mother's tears,
A father's counsel, and that fervent prayer
That called restraining grace to set a hedge
About the infant field, have seen their aim
Thus far fulfilled. Parental toil that sowed
The early seed, and watched the tender plant,
Left not o'er here the work it had begun:
It nurtured vigor in the frame it reared,
Nerved the young arm, and taught each energy
To ply the instruments of labor in
The vineyard of the heart.

Another year,
And he again is called on to decide
A question of momentous interest.
See, how he quails—that stately form, beneath
The mighty burden that oppresses him
His bosom heaves with deep emotion. See,
With nobler victory than he who takes
A willing captive to depraved desire?
Vile tempter, haste away! Begone! He deigns
No answer, save a curl of deep disdain
Upon that truthful lip, an added hue
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Him with a purity, unfading, like
Her own. She twined that chaplet all from leaves
And buds and blossoming of William's own
Selection. Ask him whence he gathered, fresh
And fair, such brilliant flowers, and evergreens

The Spirit of the Holy One? He bids
Him bring his well-trained mind, an offering
Upon the altar of his God, and pay
The cheerful homage of a will subdued
To Him—the meek and lowly Nazarene.
A still, small voice is whispering in his ear:
"Transfer thy moral worth. Thy God demands
The worship of an ever-grateful heart.
Thy much-loved excellence hath hitherto
Been tributary to thy selfishness; And thou, 'midst all thy noble acts, hast not
Aspired to glorify the name of Him
Who formed thy nature with the elements
Of immortality."

He listens: yes;
Essaying to obey. With desperation
Like one armed with conscious power,
He summons nature up and thinks to shake
Assuered, by the mighty phalanx of
His energies, the shackles that for years
Have gathered strength about him, unawares.
He fain would free himself from sin, and serve
His God with undivided heart, henceforth.
But, nay: his strength is weakness; and that proud
Right arm is palsied at the thought. The strong
Man armed will not release his captive so,
And William shrinks aghast from the attempt.
He trembles at the horrid smile of him
Who hoarsely whispers, "Lost! forever lost!
Responding nature echoes back in dread
And fearful moans, "Forever, ever lost!"
"Yes, William, thou art lost; but there is One
Who came to seek thee; and his message is,
Come, live for I have found a ransom."
"Look, look unto me, and be ye saved, ends of
The earth." Behold the cross, and Him whom thou
Hast pierced thereon."
The Spirit spake again.
In utter helplessness he raised his eyes
To view the bleeding form that hung before
Him, beautiful, majestic, suffering;
Incomparably glorious; the pure,
Unearthly imagery of love Divine.
That look! it was an age of wonders. In
His nothingness he sunk beneath the cross,
And from the overflowing fountain of
His spirit uttered, "My Redeemer!"

EVELEEN, OR EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

With what varied and mingled associations do
we take a retrospect of the past. The scenes
once so familiar, have passed away, and nought is
left but faint, or perhaps vivid recollections. And
our friends—they, too, are changed. Some have
been called to pass through the fiery ordeal of affi-
ciction, and have been made to drink its cup to
the very dregs; while others have been called
away from earth, with all its attendant ills, to the
"spirit land"—there to render an account of their
stewardship.

At the close of a beautiful day, I sallied forth
from the village to enjoy the pleasures of uninterr-
upted meditation amid the "sweet, but fading
graces of inspiring autumn" The sky was se-
rene; the foliage of the trees partly discolored,
giving them a most beautiful appearance. The
murmuring of a distant waterfall harmonized with
the rustling of the falling leaves, and all nature
seemed vocal with praise, speaking in silent, yet
impressive language; and I was led to exclaim,
Behold the work of an Almighty hand. My mind
was in a measure replete with the scene. The
decayed and falling leaf forcibly reminded me of
my own mortality. I felt that I, too, must soon
fade and fall as the leaf, and be "numbered with
those that were." Filled with these reflections, I
bent my steps toward the mansions of the dead.—
I visited the grave of many with whom I had held
sweet converse while on earth; many who had
gone down to the grave ere their morning sun had
attained its meridian; and nought was left, save
monumental inscriptions. At length I approached
the grave of one of nature's erring children, whose
life was embittered with all the pangs of a reprov-
ing conscience. One whose sun in the morning
of her day, shone with unwonted splendor; but alas! it was soon dimmed, and set in obscurity.—

Surrounded by manifold temptations, she yielded
to them, and found a premature grave.

Eveleen J. was the eldest daughter of a respec-
table mechanic in the town of C. She was bled
with parents who endeavored to train up their chil-
dren in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord."
Eveleen was one of nature's fairest flowers. She
was endowed with superior intellect; her form
was symmetrical; her manners, commanding; her
address, polite and affable; her mild blue eye, an
index of the innocence and purity that reigned
within. In scholarship, she was surpassed by
none, and few there were who could compete with
her. As Aikin remarked of Genius, she "darted
like an eagle up the hill of science, and left" her
"companions gazing with envy and admiration;"
but alas! his progress too was interrupted
by many a caprice, for, though nature had lavished
her gifts upon her with a profuse and unsparing
hand, yet she withheld decision, that most impor-
tant trait in the female character. As she ad-
vanced in life, being of a communicative turn of
mind, her company was sought alike by the intel-
ligent and refined, the gay and the courteous.—
Consequently, she was exposed to many tempta-
tions, which she had not power, or rather did not
resist. Among her early associates was a Miss
M., to whom she was fondly attached. She was a
young lady whose intellectual endowments were
of a superior order, but given to vain pursuits.—
She had a great taste for reading, but there was
scarce a book to be found in her whole library
(which was very large) calculated to improve
either the mind or morals. It consisted mostly
of authors who wrote merely to gratify a viti-
ted taste, or soared away in those wild fantas-
tic strains which can never be realized.

The friendship formed between these two young
ladies in childhood, "grew with their growth, and strengthened with their strength." The one participated in no pleasure of which the other was not a partaker. They attended the same school, and in their pastimes they were constant companions. Previous to their arriving at the age of fifteen, they spent most of their leisure hours at the residence of Mr J., the father of Eveleen. He was a man of strict integrity and deep piety.—While under his judicious and fatherly care, united with those of his worthy companion, they were exempt from many temptations which afterwards surrounded them, for about this time the father of Miss M. moved into the immediate vicinity of the seminary which they attended. The character of Mr and Mrs M. was entirely the reverse of the parents of Eveleen. They were the votaries of fashion. To train up their children to be the leading stars of the fashionable world seemed to be their chief end and aim. They spared no expense to give their children what they termed a genteel education. Considering the Bible a very good book, but fit only for the clergy and those who led similar lives, they never put it into the hands of their children; but as novels were considered the most popular reading of the day, they accordingly purchased every new and celebrated work as it came from the press; and this accounts for the library of Miss M.

After the removal of the Melville family to their new residence, Eveleen passed much of her time with Miss M., where she was introduced to the practice of novel reading. At first she looked upon it with abhorrence; but, as one author observes, we "first endure, then pity, then embrace," and it was even so with Eveleen. Ere a month had elapsed, she suffered herself to scan their pages with a hasty glance, feeling at the same time that she was violating the commands of the best of parents. But as days and months increased, this feeling gradually subsided, and at last she perused their worthless pages, and advocated their reading with all the ardor of the most zealous enthusiast.

During a summer vacation, Eveleen went to spend the day with her friend, taking with her a little brother three years old. When she arrived at the house of her friend, she found her reading the concluding sentence of a celebrated novel, which she had received since they last met. She immediately put the volume into Eveleen's hands, exclaiming, "Oh! it is the most interesting work you ever read; but," added she, "you must not devote your time to the reading of it to-day. I will lend you the book—you may take it home with you, and keep it as long as you please." At this proposal Eveleen started back, for she well knew how painful it would be to her parents to know that she suffered herself to peruse a work of this kind, and she would not for worlds have them know the painful truth; but at length thought she, I will venture to take it home and conceal it, and then I can peruse it at leisure. Pleased with the idea that she had formed a scheme which would enable her to examine the contents of the valued treasure, she engaged with her friend in the pastimes of the day, at the close of which she took her little brother, and not forgetting the precious volume, she wended her homeward way. But she could not keep her mind from the book she held in her hand; and so anxious was she to peruse its pages, that she commenced reading as she walked the street. She soon became so deeply interested that she was induced to sit down on a rock by the wayside, telling little Augustine that he might run along and pick some flowers which grew in abundance near by. The little prattler, after asking many questions why sister did not talk with him as usual, and receiving brief answers, started off, and playfully commenced gathering flowers.

Eveleen in the mean time became so absorbed in reading, that she was in one sense dead to all around. But at last she bethought herself of her little brother, and looking up, found he was no where to be seen. She started in haste, agitated with fear lest some accident had befallen him. As she was hurrying toward home, she met a neighbor walking hastily toward her, to whom she said in an anxious tone, "Have you seen Augustine?"—to which he answered, "He has fallen into the river, and we are trying to get him out." At this intelligence Eveleen gave a shriek of horror, and ran with all possible speed toward the house. As she approached, she beheld a group of men, in the midst of which was one bearing in his arm the lifeless body of the lovely boy. As she drew near enough to catch the sound of voices, she heard one of them ask where he fell in: to which another replied, "Through that open place in the bridge" (which was then being repaired). The answer was given just as she arrived at the opening. With almost unearthly rapidity she took the volume from its envelope and thrust it into the water, at the same time exclaiming, "There, follow my brother, thou only cause of his death." She then proceeded to the house; and on entering found her father and mother bending in agony of grief over the lifeless form of their darling child, who went from them.
in the morning with all the buoyancy of spirit the child's heart is heir to; his bright rosy cheeks flushed with health—his countenance radiant with joy; but was returned to their embrace bearing the impress of the fell destroyer. Those sparkling eyes which so plainly bespoke the ardor of his young heart, were now closed on all things terrestrial. That lisping voice which was like music to the parent's ear, uttering forth in artless innocence the effusions of his infant mind, was now hushed in the silence of death.

Eveleen's entrance was unnoticed by any one present, as all eyes were turned toward the lovely form of him who was beautiful even in death, and she stood a few moments petrified with horror and remorse. As soon as she gained the power of utterance, she gave a shriek which pierced the hearts of all, and fell senseless to the floor. The attention of the heart-stricken parents was now turned from the dead to the living child.—The father, who was bending in fearful silence over the blasted bud which was not permitted to blossom on earth, but was early transplanted to the garden of paradise, there to unfold its leaves in perennial bloom, now turned in anguish of spirit and beheld the prostrate form of Eveleen, whom her friends were raising from the floor. He gazed in speechless agony for a moment and then exclaimed, "Be still and know that I am God."—"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away." She was placed upon the sofa, and by the application of restoratives was in a measure restored, but her reason was partially dethroned. When so far recovered as to speak, her first words were, "Oh! save him! save him!—he will drown! he will drown!" and in this situation she was borne to her room, where she remained most of the night in nearly the same situation. Toward morning she fell into a quiet sleep. When she awoke the sun had already arisen, and its mild and effulgent rays were gleaming in her apartment, and her mother stood beside her, waiting to catch the first glimpse of returning reason. She had watched over her with a mother's undying love, and oftentimes during that dreadful night had she knelt at the altar of her God. Long and fervently did she plead with her heavenly Father, that the destroying angel might not be commissioned again to enter and sever the brittle thread of life; but that the object of her earnest solicitude before her might be again restored to consciousness and health. Yet more especially did she pray that reason might resume its empire, that she might know the cause of her affliction; for as yet there was an impenetrable mystery over the whole scene. In this, her prayer was answered—for when she opened her eyes they told of returning reason, and that countenance which had so long been distorted by the anguish that reigned within, now resumed in a measure its former tranquility. For a few moments, she gazed around the room as if unconscious of all that had passed; then fixing her eyes intently upon her mother, she said, "Mother, why are you watching over me with such intense anxiety depicted on your countenance?" Her mother affectionately took her hand and pressed it to her lips, but answered her not a word.

At this moment her father entered the room with a slow unwonted step. His pallid countenance, though calm, plainly bespoke the anguish of his heart. As soon as she beheld him, the whole truth at once flashed upon her mind, and in imagination the whole scene was spread before her. As her father approached her bedside, she said in a voice almost inarticulate with grief, "Father, mother, can you—will you forgive me?" "Forgive you for what?" said the agitated father. "Tell me, my child," continued he—"O, tell me the cause of our present affliction." Eveleen lay silent a few moments, her countenance betraying the deepest agony. At length she exclaimed, "O, it was me, and me alone, that caused Augustine's death; but can I—O, can I tell you why? Yes, I will tell you all. But my dear parents, first tell me whether you can forgive the crimes of one who lies before you in all the agony of bitter remorse and a guilty conscience. Can you pardon my inadvertency which caused the death of one whose life was ever dearer than my own?" Her parents assured her of their forgiveness, and begged her to proceed. She then, without hesitation, gave them a full detail of all the circumstances as they occurred, and frankly confessed her passion for novel reading; "And," added she, "I am resolved in the strength of Him whose ear is ever open to the suppliant's cry, to abandon the practice, and never again touch the accursed thing. Accursed did I say?—yes; for by no softer appellation can I express my disgust; for had I never seen a novel, my brother might have been alive now, a blessing to us all." Her father, perceiving her extreme agitation of mind, said, "My daughter, it is in vain for you to waste your time in useless regret: what is past cannot be recalled. We deeply lament your folly as well as the death of our beloved Augustine; but I humbly trust that it will be the means in the hands of God, of reclaiming you from the error of your ways, and enabling you to transfer
Eveleen, or Early Recollections.

your affections from the vain and transitory things of earth, and set them on things heavenly and divine. If Augustine's death be the means in the hands of an all-wise Creator, of rescuing you from the depths of ruin as a brand is plucked from the burning, I can cheerfully say, 'God's will be done.'

We humbly hope and trust, and we have reason to believe, that you heartily repent of the evil of your ways: but, my daughter, you must look to God for strength to enable you to keep your good resolutions. In and of yourself you can do nothing, but His grace is sufficient to enable you to do all things. Resolve, therefore, that you will put your trust in Him 'whose favor is life, and his loving kindness better than life.'

The father then gave her into the charge of a faithful nurse, and taking his companion by the arm (who had during the conversation of her husband and child, been almost overwhelmed with grief) left the apartment and repaired to their own, to prepare themselves for the solemnities of the following day.

Most earnestly did they plead with Him who afflicteth not willingly, nor grieves the children of men, that He would sanctify the death of their son to the present and eternal good of their erring but repenting daughter.

The next day was the one appointed for them to consign to an early grave that gem which had been committed to their trust for a short season, and had been cherished by them with all the fond affection of a mother's tenderness and a father's love. In the mean time, Eveleen had but partially recovered from the shock which she received on the day of Augustine's death, and was only able to be raised up in her bed supported by pillows.

After the funeral services had been performed, Eveleen requested to have the corpse brought to her bedside, which was accordingly done. O, heart-rending scene! May my eyes never witness another such. Behold that lovely being, in the morning of her day, and so recently in the pride of her strength, and bloom of her beauty, the delight of her parents and the joy of her companions, now prostrate to the weakness of an infant, united with the paleness of the king of terrors, the once innocent and lovely girl now accusing herself as the murderer of her brother. She gazed for a few moments upon the lovely face of him who was so sweetly sleeping in the cold embrace of death, and then gave utterance to the words of an ancient mourner, and sunk back exhausted from the excess of her emotion. "My brother—my brother, would to heaven I had died for thee."

The friends then proceeded to perform the remainder of the funeral rites. This being done, the afflicted family returned to their dwelling to administer consolation to the heart-stricken Eveleen.

They felt that they had paid the last tribute of respect to him who was taken from the evil to come and borne into the presence of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." To see their daughter restored to her former tranquility of mind, her former health and vivacity, was what they now most ardently desired and fervently prayed for.

They endeavored to bind up her afflicted and almost broken heart, to administer the balm of consolation by pointing her to the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." "My daughter," said Mr J., "weep not for him, for he is at rest; but weep rather for yourself, and endeavor by grace divine to prepare yourself to meet him in that better world, where if prepared, you will eventually join him in songs of praise to God and the Lamb forever and ever."

For a considerable length of time, she appeared to follow the injunction of her parents with childlike simplicity, but as her strength increased, her serious impressions wore away. The painful circumstances connected with her brother's death were in a measure forgotten, and the society of her friend, Miss M., which had since the fatal occurrence been deemed a burden, now became pleasant. She avoided novel reading for a time, yet it was evident that she was relapsing into her former state of mind. Her mother's ever watchful eye perceived the change, and it preyed heavily upon her naturally weak constitution and in a short time she was laid upon a bed of sickness, and that sickness was even unto death. Eveleen watched over her with all the filial affection of a dutiful child, and as she beheld day by day the form of her beloved mother wasting under the palsyling hand of disease, and felt that death had marked her for its victim, her conscience again began its work of retribution.

Again did she condemn herself for her past conduct; again did she consider herself the cause of the present affliction; again and again did she most bitterly repent the day that introduced to her unwary mind the practice of novel-reading, for to that and that alone did she impute her present and recent afflictions.

Mrs. J. being conscious from the first of her illness that she should soon be called to exchange worlds, felt an uncommon solicitude for Eveleen, for she well knew her liability to yield to temptation; and feared that when deprived of a mother's care, she would listen to its syren voice, and...
be led on step by step until her ruin should be complete. Day by day she felt herself wasting away, and knew that soon she must bid adieu to all she held most dear. One morning, after spending a restless night, most of which she had passed in prayer for her beloved family she was about to leave, and especially for her wayward Eveleen, she called her to her bedside, and addressed her in the following language.

"Eveleen, my child, I have summoned you this morning to receive the monitoreal instructions of a dying mother; receive them as the last bequest of one who has ever watched over you with all a mother's undying love. In your infantile years I guided your feeble steps, and in after life I endeavored to give you that instruction which would render you useful in life, and happy in death. In many respects you have been to me all that I could ask; but there is one thing I want you to promise me, and that is, that you will never suffer yourself to peruse another novel. Say, my child, will you promise me this one thing; it is the last request of a dying mother—for soon, very soon, you will be deprived of a mother's warning voice. Soon shall I rest in that mansion where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Eveleen stood holding her mother's hand like one fixed to the spot, and unable to speak. Her mother waited a few moments for an answer, and receiving none, added:—

"Oh, Eveleen, suffer me not to go down to the grave without one ray of hope respecting you. Did you know the bitter pangs I have endured on your account, you would not thus pain me by your silence. Again I ask you, will you promise me?"

"I will," sobbed the agonized girl, "and, oh, mother, can you, will you, forgive me for causing you to go down with sorrow to the grave? O, say you will forgive me, and I could willingly lie down and die in peace by your side."

"I do most heartily forgive you, my child, and most fervently have I prayed to God that he would forgive you for his Son's sake. And now my dear child I have obtained your promise, and I feel as though I could depart in peace. Now go to your room and endeavor to compose yourself and prepare for the coming event, and when your mother is made to forsake you by the relentless hand of death, may God take you up. May he fit and prepare you to meet me in those regions where parting is a sound unknown."

Eveleen, after casting an anxious look at her mother, retired to her chamber, and there gave full vent to her almost bursting heart, by a copious effusion of tears. In a short time she was summoned to her mother's room, but ere she reached her bedside the spirit had taken its flight to dwell in the presence of her "Father and her God."

(To be continued.)

THE SPIRIT SONG.

From sorrow and sin still heavenward press  
Your pilgrimage way: our Jesus will bless—  
The light of his love shall lead you to rest,  
And fill you with glory and peace."

How thrillingly sweet is such minstrelsy;  
Each listening thought is wafted away  
On pinions of joy, from temples of clay  
To mansions of light in the sky.

No discord of earth shall silence the strain  
That brings me my lov'd, my lost ones again:  
It lives in this heart, and there shall remain  
With mem'ries too sacred to die.
A Sketch.

I first met Fanny Wyman, a young and lovely maiden, in the Sabbath School. The plainness of her dress, her unassuming manners, the serene and heavenly expression of her countenance, with the answer she gave to the first question put to her, said to me, that in her heart religion had a place, and so it had, for "piety o'er her life its lustre shed."

Months passed on—and frequently we met at the house of God. At length we had an introduction, and soon a brief but pleasing interview. It was a morning walk on the 9th of July, 1840.—Ere the morning sunbeams had fallen upon the beautiful cascades in the village of P—, or had gilded its surrounding hills, Fanny W., Mary D., and myself, were inhaling the "balmy breath of morn" in the open air, gathering plants and flowers, and telling o'er some pleasing childhood scenes. A few weeks passed—and we met for the last time; we met at church. Most affectionately did she greet me there.

Ah! little thought I then, that I should ne'er again behold that interesting being. She died in autumn. As falls the beautiful flower, in all its richness and glory, by an untimely frost, so fell the amiable Fanny. Short was her illness, and sudden her death, but having given her being to her God in youth, and ever holding herself a living sacrifice upon the altar of the Lord, with joy she heard her father call "come home," and in the triumphs of faith took her leave of earth, for a home of fadeless bloom in the Paradise of God.

Beloved Fanny, for nought thou hast not lived, the course by thee pursued has made impressions on my heart which I trust shall there be found, while life remains. To me thy memory is sweet, and sacred is the spot where rests thy dust, thy grave I love to visit, and there implore my heavenly father's aid, that I like thee may live, like thee may die, and find at last as thou hast found, a home in Heaven.

"Thy virtue and thy worth
Shall fond remembrance cheer,
And ease the aching heart
That drops the falling tear."  Lucy.

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Thoughts Suggested by an Engraving of the Dying Mother and the Orphan's Guard.

On yonder couch a dying mother lies;
A placid smile enlivens her fair brow,
A holy joy seems hers, which heaven alone bestows.
* * * No sound breaks on the ear,
The wind has hushed its gentle murmurings
As if in sympathy with the stricken ones
Who soon will feel the woes of orphanage.

The sufferer gently speaks;
List! catch her last fond words:
Is it the voice of grief? Ah, no:
'Tis the deep earnestness of prayer.
"Father, to thee I come, and not alone:
I come with those whom thou hast
Given me—those from whom I must depart,
And leave in a cold, friendless world:
Yet not forsaken shall they be, for thou hast said,
'I am the orphan's friend.' To thy kind care
Do I commit my loved, my little ones;
On earth, protect—in heaven, receive and bless."
So spake the dying one, and, with one look
(Such as a mother gives) of tenderness unutterable,
And love, and confidence, and joy,
She bade her little ones farewell.
* * * * * * * * * * The spirit fled,
And death in all his mighty power
Was there, for he had laid a mother low.

Years rolled space:
No more were seen the young and helpless ones, For they had passed along with time From infancy to the full tide of youth, And youthful hopes and fears; Yet they did not forget a widowed mother's Prayer. It oft would steal upon the ear At midnight's hour, at morn, at eve; In crowded mart as well as silent walk A mother's voice would seem to whisper Its deep tones of love. O, if there's aught Of heaven on earth, it is the full enjoyment Of a mother's watchful care and tenderness. It seems the only bond of intercourse Which sin hath left between the soul And heaven. A mother there—
Who would not wish to die? * 
* * I stood beside a sleeping grave,
The grass waved gracefully as if to tell
Of a lone sleeper's glorious rest.
A friendless one had fled. A voice
Of love had bid the soul forsake its clay
And mount to realms of bliss.
And I alone at that last resting place
Did weep, and yet for joy, because
A homeless weary one had found

A home above. And there I learned,
"If a man die, he yet shall live again,"
And know and love the lost of earth,
Free from the pains of earthly separation
And earthly woes. And as I turned away,
My heart was cheered, my soul was nerved
Anew for all the cares and toils of life,
And faith received an impetus which bade
Me hope for the repose of those
Who die a righteous death.

RECOLLECTIONS OF HOME.

"Home, sweet home." How many pleasing associations cluster around that word. It reminds me of days long past, and tells of "childhood's happy hours." Oft have I sported beneath the sunbeams as they fell through the shady grove, and dreamed of naught but happiness. Home tells of a pious father, a dear old mother, kind even in my waywardness, and patient when I was obstinately perverse. Even now, methinks I hear her as she bows in prayer, and bids me follow in the sweet form that Jesus taught his disciples. And home, too, tells of many a youthful form whose images are garneried in memory's storehouse, and whose merry, jovial voices oft mingle in my day dreams and night visions. I often live my youth over again, and fancy a mirthful band gaily gathering the wild flowers as they bedeck the hedge, or peep from the shade of the forest. But the present bids me forget the past, for ah, how different are the fates and fortunes of those guileless ones.—Some have found a home in western wilds; some toss upon the billows' surge, and some "rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Our family idol—the bright-eyed, laughing, merry child—where, where is he? His light and buoyant step, his long and joyous shout when bursting from his hiding place he made his elders start, I fancy I hear even now; and yet a dim, faint cloud comes over my vision, and I see again a cold form, a coffin and a winding sheet. 'Tis even so. "Death nips the bud, nor shuns the full-blown flower."

My father, honored be thy dust, and peaceful thy repose. White locks decked thy brow, and tottering was thy gait ere Death called for thee.—He found thee, like the "shock of corn, fully ripe," and ready for the "harvest."

My mother, too, I seek for thee; but thou art not. Lovely, yea, pleasant wert thou, my parents, in your lives, and in death not long divided. I tread the mazes of life alone, for but few remain with whom I can claim a name or an inheritance: yet unrepiningly I wait the "days of my appointed time."

Soon shall the glorious morning dawn—
Soon shall the day appear:
Then, hastening on joyful wing,
I'll meet my kindred there.
FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship, what is it? A nameless something which all have felt, and none described? A happy combination of similarities? A union of equalities? Ah no: for experience proves that entirely opposite bodies are susceptible of the same attraction. There is a something in every heart which vibrates in exact unison with other hearts, and this sympathetic affection is denominated friendship. Alas, how many misnamed friendly associations are but confederacies of vice. How defiled may the purest streams of earthly bliss become: yet this does not prove the want of capability to feel and enjoy this first and highest source of happiness. Upon the altar of every heart is incense offered, and deep, yea, in the deepest recesses of almost every heart is an image enshrined, to which is offered a daily sacrifice, and this, too, whether the object has a real or an imaginary existence. There is no delusion so sweet, no deception so perfect as the delusions of friendship, or the deceptions of love. Love makes a hydra head to become a model of perfection; and one may even become so enamored of moral deformity as to suppose it to be virtue itself, only suffering under a temporary eclipse. (Such an eclipse I should rather believe to be total.)

But I would not even be suspected of speaking lightly of what is to me a source of exquisite enjoyment. A friend! Have ye such a one—another self; not a repository of secrets, but one who from the love he bears you, will kindly reprove your faults, and cheer with his smile when in the path of rectitude you fearlessly tread unmindful of another's frown.

Such friendship there may be, and such love is worth possessing: but the sickly, fawning affection of a parasite, the homage of a body without a soul, the smile of a brainless machine, away with them. Better is a mess of pottage alone, than gilded equipage with such a being. There is, that crieth give, and yet is never satisfied; again there, that giveth, and yet impoverisheth not.—Such are the affections of the heart. The full stream suffers no declension in its bulk because of its many openings: so with the soul continually alive to the purest sentiments of love. The still rivulet has its hidden course, and ere long unites with the mighty waters. The heart imbued with the spirit of true friendship, becomes like the fount from whence it originates, the progenitor of peace and joy.

A DIALOGUE.

Ann. Jane, you cannot think how happy I am at the thought of leaving school. I shall finish my education this year, and then I can bid farewell to the restraints of the school-room, throw aside my books, and be at liberty.

Jane. If these are your sentiments, sister, I fear your education is scarcely commenced.

Ann. I see no reason why it should not be.—You know I have always attended the best schools, and have been supplied with every means of instruction.

Jane. If these are your sentiments, sister, I fear your education is scarcely commenced.

Ann. I see no reason why it should not be.—You know I have always attended the best schools, and have been supplied with every means of instruction.

Jane. But are you sure that you have improved the privileges you have enjoyed?

Ann. Why, yes; I obtained a knowledge of the common branches some years since; I have paid some attention to mathematics and to the languages; I have been instructed in music and other accomplishments, and I don't think it is necessary to confine myself to books much longer.

Jane. I do not doubt but you have obtained a superficial knowledge of these branches: many do this, and yet neglect to obtain that knowledge which is of the greatest importance.

Ann. What study do you think I have neglected, which would be of so much benefit to me?

Jane. I do not refer to any particular branch of science taught in schools, but that knowledge of yourself, of your duty to God and your fellow men which would fit you for a sphere of usefulness, raise you in the scale of being, and save you from being dependent on the world for happiness.

Ann. Where can I obtain this knowledge of which you speak?

Jane. We can learn much from the writings...
of good men, but as they are not infallible, we should seek to know the truth for ourselves. If we are not satisfied of the authenticity of the Bible, it should be our first business to examine its evidences, especially its internal evidences. With an humble, teachable mind we should daily peruse its sacred pages, and it will not fail to be a "light unto our feet and a guide unto our path."

Ann. But why is a knowledge of the Bible of so much importance?

Jane. Because from the Bible only we learn what is the object of our existence. If you notice the lives of those who disregard the scriptures of truth, you will find them marked by vanity and folly. They live to no purpose. They seek for happiness in the gratification of selfish desires, but they find it not. No hopes of immortality cheer them in their hours of gloom. In affliction they have no support; in death they have no comfort.

Ann. I suppose you do not think with some, that we should confine ourselves to the study of the Bible?

Jane. I do not; though I think that practice would not be half so injurious as the habit of indiscriminate reading: but we should study the works of God as well as his word, for in them we not only see displayed the wisdom and goodness, but the knowledge we obtain is often of practical use in advancing the happiness of mankind.

"ARE POETICAL TALENTS DESIRABLE, AND ATTAINABLE?"

Much is called poetry that never deserved the name. True, it is generally arranged in some peculiar form, dressed in a neat and elegant style, and fashioned according to taste. And so may nonsense be arranged. But it does not follow that smooth sound, metrical precision, and flowing rhyme are poetry, any more than the fact that the farmer's scarecrow wears his clothes proves it to be himself. To those purloiners of his embryo harvest, the crows, it answers every purpose of a human being; and so does the garb of poetry substitute amply for its reality, to those who prefer sound to sense.

But poetry has a power man is impotent to give as he is to resist. It breathes through all the works of creation's God. We inhale it in the very air that refreshes us. It floats by us on every morning's zephyr; it greets our ears in every woodland song; in every murmuring streamlet's voice. We hear its sublime strains in the terror-clad thunderbolt, and the grandeur of the waterfall. The forked lightning flashes it home, and the gentle twilight pours it in bountiful effusions upon the soul. The darkly gathering tempest, and the light, fleecy cloud speak its power, and in sunniest light of many-colored hue, the bright bow of promise is written over with poetry. The wild rose, that "wastes its sweetness on the desert air," though "born to blush unseen," whispers it in the wilderness. The meek and lovely daughter of the vale, sheltered in all her modesty by her paternal leaf of green, is a poet; and every spire of grass we tread beneath our feet, bears an impress so legible that "he that runneth may read;" and he that has once read, will run that he may read again. Who would cultivate the tender plant, the fragile flower, but for the poetry they contain? Nature is as truly a poet as an artist and a painter. Lavish as she has been of her gifts to inanimate creation, she has reserved its perfection for a nobler use. Man, in his social and moral nature, is akin to the muse. The affections of the heart, the sentiments of the soul abound in poetry; and his senses are but so many avenues through which the poetry of the earth, the air, the skies, communicates with its kin in his own bosom.

The poetical in the mind of man speaks out in the look of kindness, the smile of affection, the tear of sympathy, and the lofty serenity of hope, gratitude, and benevolence. But it is better felt than delineated, or expressed. Every one, whose senses are not blunted by contact with this rough world, knows it. Every feeling, that has not been chilled by cruel, bitter neglect, responds to this truth. Every mind, that is not wrapt up in the rubbish of earth, will appreciate the sentiment.

Here we are met with the objection that all are not poets. We know it. But can you find a child
Are Poetical Talents Desirable and Attainable?

destitute of these tender sensibilities, and refined perfections, which are the very aliments of the muse? We challenge the attempt. "Were an anomaly of which nature is seldom guilty, unless she intended an intellectual deficiency. And why is this? The finger of Omnipotence has inscribed his own truth there, and it is not yet effaced. Then, dare you ask if it is desirable? Ask, rather, if it is lawful to obliterate the work of the great Architect. Why has he filled the world with so many specimens of taste and grandeur, and placed in each a heart to enjoy so much refined innocence in the contemplation of his works? Is it that we may partake but once of the costly feast, and forget it in childhood? Has he told us, early to learn to believe ourselves made only for the cold, stern, unfeeling duties of life? Is it not rather to attract us away from vice, to calm the troubled soul, and soothe the turmoil of the passions? Is it not to provide pleasures whose natural tendency is to soften, elevate, purify, and refine; and make us love to hold converse, in every varied form, with the Father of our spirits?

"Shall the poetical talent be cultivated?" If I rightly define the phrase, it is the power to express in appropriate language, the emotions of the soul; the power to give a tongue to all that God has made. Were I called upon to give my definition of a poet, I would say simply, Nature's child. I do not mean that art and education have nothing to do in forming the character. They should do much: the more, the better, provided they do it in the right way; provided they act in concert with nature. A poet must have a heart to enjoy just such pleasures and luxuries as nature has provided, and filled with just such tender susceptibilities and warm affections as the world has not spoiled. Then the question assumes a new form: Shall the poetry of the human, the immortal spirit, be smothered in the infancy of its existence? Shall this delicate frame-work of the soul be overcome by selfish and boisterous passions, or shall it be taught to fulfill its own noble part in the renovation of this strange world of ours?

If art has any thing to do with the muse, she must do it by cultivating nature, and then hide herself at once. The moment she is seen upon the premises, the spell is broken; the charm is fled; and poetry sinks to mere machinery. Art may polish and refine; but poetry must precede her, or she will find nothing to refine. Nature must speak out in her own words, and in her own way, just as though no critic could hear. If art can make her sentences flowing and musical without leaving her own tracks, so much the better; otherwise, her own credit requires her to stay away.

The general features of our theory are, perhaps, generally received. If the premises are correct, it will naturally follow that the talent in question is a desirable one, abstractly considered. Unless our Creator has labored in vain, all must admit it such. Perhaps, then, the point of the question is, whether or not it is a happy gift to the person on whom it is bestowed. In the economy of Infinite Wisdom, what is good in itself, is good in its effects; and whether there is more happiness in cultivating or neglecting what He has given, judge ye. Is it honoring Him to believe that one of the most prominent characteristics of the mental constitution, one of the happiest features of our nature must be sacrificed to those pursuits that serve only as chains to bind us to earth? Does not the good of our race require us to cultivate the poetry of the moral feelings, and to give it utterance both by word and deed? And can we detract from our own happiness by imparting it in every possible form to those around us? It were an insult to the dignity of human nature; it were contempt poured upon Him who has made benevolence its own reward, to cherish the thought.

Will you point to those whose poetical feelings have unfit them for the active duties of life, as objections to the theory? There may be such, but the fault is not his who bestowed this rich gift. Theirs are not well balanced minds, or specimens of the class of whom we speak. They have neglected the training of some other faculty equally necessary to the good of our race. But what does this prove? Nothing, save the consummate folly of cherishing one inborn principle at the expense of another. "These ought they to have done, and not to have left the others undone."

Again, you will talk of those whose poetry has been a poisoned cup, sending thousands down to death. Alas, that it is so. We could weep at the mention of such a truth. And this is yet a stronger reason for urging the cultivation of the talent. The world will find poetry—poetry rich in thought and expression. They will drink its spirit, and imbibe its principles. They were made to be moved by its potent, gentle sway. And shall Byron bear away the palm, and by the influence of a perverted, giant intellect—a polluted fountain of poetic life, lead immortals in his own chosen paths to the destroyer? No, no!—at thousand times, no! The answer is on your lips—I anticipate its echo from your hearts.

But, after all, my strongest appeal must be to
your own feelings. For the very nature of woman in her artless innocence, in her generous sympathy, in her selfless, impassioned devotion, in her sublime, self-sacrificing beneficence, is the very personification of poetry. And her Creator intended it should be so.

Come, go with me to yonder low-roofed cot And look upon that sufferer. It is The hut of poverty. A sister there, Is doomed to eat the bread of toil; to drink The water of affliction from the cup Of cruel mockery. I will not pain You with the horrid tale of suffering: 'Tis too revolting for the timid ear Of sensibility. And yet that heart, The tender heart of her you see, must feel, In all its bitterness, what we are pained To look upon—must, unrepeining, bear What mercy weeps to think of.

Tell Me now, if deep-toned feeling does not thrill Your bosom, and enthusiastic zeal Urge on your spirit to her aid. Ah, yes, Your sympathies are hers, the moment you Have looked upon her grief; and more than words Can tell possess your soul. You cannot help It. 'Twas the finger of Omnipotence That traced the image of Himself upon The tablet of your nature; and forbade The ravager that entered paradise To mar that portion of His workmanship. The fell destroyer dared not disobey— And while he scattered ruin round, and left His track full often, and full deeply stained Upon her character; he might not lay His death-fang on forbidden treasures; so He left unspoiled the imagery of love Divine. He who created, garnered up What sin by his behest had spared, and left A boon, poor human nature needed much— A legacy all inexhaustible, A sensibility to nature true And woman's kind, confiding, constant love— He meant it changeless as the silent guide That points to the benighted mariner, A pathway through the trackless, dangerous deep; And deathless as the restless ardor it Was made to check; and manifold as all The woes it longs to cure. That pathos is All innate poetry. Let's cherish then, What our Creator deigned to give and guard. Would you relinquish it for a whole world Of gold? When you surrender all that makes You fit for woman's lot; your innocence, Your deep, strong tenderness, your own best charm, Simplicity of heart;—and not till then Will you deny the power of poesy. AIDYL.

Written on hearing the Rev. Mr. B. express a readiness to assist any member of the school, when taking leave as Committee.

Ah, those were kindly words; and may Not one among the multitude express Her heartfelt thanks? They fell upon the ears Like notes of music on the weary soul. So long a stranger in a stranger land, This heart was almost wont to feel itself Estranged from sympathy. Far, far from home With none to chide, to counsel, or to help, No guardian, or monitor; say is It sinful if poor human nature should Be sometimes sorrowful? And is it wrong To tell my gratitude for words so rich And rare? And is it selfish to believe I may accept that kindness in a day Of need and not intrude? I know full well The task of one who serves the multitude, Is manifold and tedious—yet the heart Expressed its sentiments in those dear words— "I shall be happy to assist." I will Believe, and feel myself invited to Partake disinterested goodness that Would bless the friendless everywhere. Then let Me bring in silent reverence my thanks, An humble tribute. When the way I love So well, seems hedged with thorns, 'twill do Me good to think upon this hour, and call To fond remembrance back, the words of him Who looked with guardian benevolence Around upon the inmates of this room, And left his benediction on our heads. M. S. L.
AN ALLEGORY.

One quiet and beautiful evening, while seated alone in my study, musing upon the nature and destiny of man, the shades of evening gathered around me, and, ere I was aware, I fell into a gentle slumber. Methought a book was placed before me, larger and more beautiful than any I had ever seen. Attracted by its outward appearance I arose to examine its contents, but on seeing a stranger approach, I laid it aside, secretly hoping that my visitor would soon retire that I might satisfy my curiosity. By the appearance of my guest, I supposed him to be entitled to more than ordinary respect, and I listened to his conversation with interest; but on noticing the volume upon my table, he uttered a speech so contrary to reason and the best feelings of our nature, that he immediately sank in my esteem, and I desired no farther acquaintance with him. In a bold and deliberate manner he affirmed that the book was without an author, that it came by chance, and that no new edition would ever be published, but that it would soon be defaced and thrown aside, no more to be taken from the dark gulf of oblivion.

I know not but my guest would have remained until he had spread desolation and ruin over my brightest prospects, but he had scarcely revealed his true character, when a female figure approached, beautiful, yet with so much majesty in her appearance, that he fled with the utmost dismay depicted upon his countenance. She informed me that her name was Truth; that she had heard the audacious, heaven-insulting words of Infidelity, and had come for the purpose of giving some information concerning the book which had so much excited my curiosity. She said it was a book of the greatest value; that it displayed in a wonderful manner the wisdom and benevolence of its Author, and if it was studied diligently and preserved free from whatever might soil its pages, it would prove an unfailling source of happiness; “but,” continued she, “if at any time you refuse to acknowledge your obligations to the Author for the favors he has bestowed, and suffer this beautiful volume to be defaced and injured through your carelessness, the gift, instead of affording you joy, will only increase your sorrow.” With pleasure I listened to her instructions, and inquired from whence she came. She answered, “from Heaven;” and that the object of her visit to earth was to lead men in the path of duty, and to impress upon their minds, that “the proper study of mankind is man.” I was about to request her to remain with me, that I might daily receive her instructions, but at this instant a loud rap at the door awoke me, and I discovered it was a dream.

ORPHELIA.

I heard her gentle footsteps, and in hope looked upward. She approached, a form divine. Her pure, white garments shone with innocence, the zone of justice was her girdle, and the angel, Mercy, had entwined and placed upon her head the wreath of gentleness. A grand unearthly beauty bloomed upon her cheek; the law of wisdom graced her lips, and on her brow, serenely high, I read the name of Immortality. She fixed her fine full eye upon me, and I asked some boon. She threw her mantle at my feet, and whispered, condescendingly, “Be honest, mortal, to thy God, thy heart, thy fellow beings. Goodness is its own reward.” And, smiling in her majesty, she passed away. Her step was dignity; her path, the universe. Spell-bound, I gazed, and followed her. She looked, and error fled; she frowned, and consciences turned ashy pale; she spoke, the mighty, trembling, stood aghast; she shook, ah, fearfully, her princely wand, and thrones fell down, and kingdoms tottered back to native nothingness; and coronets and crowns went blushing to the dust. Her eye, with calm complacency, surveyed the scene. It was a look of holy triumph; and young, lovely Innocence stood up erect, and cast her fetters off. Truth stamped “no more” upon the ruins there; then cast a glance of kind protection on the captive she had freed. Anon, she was away again. My fancy followed till she stood upon the brink of the dark pit—for Justice sent His errand there. The inmates willed it not; yet there she stood in majesty divine. They shuddered at her presence, and would fain have fled away. The effort was in vain.
They could not turn their eyes from Truth. She held
Her mirror up: its dazzling surface sent
Reflected lightning to the horror-struck.
They howled in anguish for the gloom of death.
But that sad boon forsook them; and she bore
Away the dismal hope of darkness that
Might hide their deeds.
She hung her mirror up,
And waved her golden sceptre thrice, and plumed
Her shining pinions for the skies.

"CHARLES THEODOR KOERNER, the celebrated young German poet and soldier, was killed in a skirmish with a detachment of French troops, on the 20th of August, 1813, a few hours after the composition of his popular piece, 'The Sword Song.' He was buried under a beautiful oak, in a recess of which he had frequently deposited verses composed by himself, while campaigning in the vicinity. His monument is of cast iron, and the upper part is wrought into a lyre and sword, a favorite emblem of Korner, from which one of his works had been entitled. Near the grave of the poet, is that of his only sister, who died of grief for his loss, having survived him only long enough to complete his portrait, and a drawing of his burial place."

"LYRE, SWORD AND FLOWER, FAREWELL!"

The Bard's the soldier's token,
The lyre, the sword are broken,
The drooping rose of grief hath died,—
Weep Germany.

Thy gifted son is dead,
Thy poet's soul has fled,
Thy warrior bowed his head,
Thy queenly one sleeps at his side,
Weep these thy dead.

Yet mourn not with thy weeping;
For here in death are sleeping,
In the deep shade the oak hath flung,
Two who are one.

Their early death is blest,
By love in life caressed,
They've lain them down to rest,
Where oft the harp for them hath sung—
The flower and crest.

She lived not for another,
But wholly for her brother—
The lyre and sword sustained the flower
And when they died
Her spirit was alone,
The lyre's sweet voice had flown—

Hushed was the warrior's tone,
Why should the rose survive the bower
To bloom alone?
'Twas but to trace his beauty,
Love's best and fondest duty,
To paint from faithful memory's store,
Her brother's form.

Her task performed, she left
To Germany bereft,
Affection's rarest gift,
And laid her down to rise no more,
Till tombs are cleft.

Sleep sweetly, sister, brother,
In life, to one another
Yourselfs were all. Together flown,
Together rest.

Ye share the same low bed,
And high above your head
The oak's green boughs are spread,
The lyre and sword lie not alone—
The flower is dead.

Hush, Germany, thy gladness;
Wake livingly rest to sadness,
Your mourning, soldiers, bards, put on,
Your brother's dead.

And ye whose every care
A brother loves to share—
Ye sisters young and fair,
Weep; for your brightest one has flown!
Weep for this pair.

Farewell, sword, lyre and flower;
Green is your shady bower—
The bard's, the soldier's loved retreat
Shall shelter you.

The oak shall shade your dust,
It kept the poet's trust,
The poet's form it must—
Together let your rest be sweet
Till wake the just."
"WHEN THE LOVE OF GLORY HAS TAKEN POSSESSION OF HER, THERE IS LITTLE ROOM FOR THE LOVE OF HER HUSBAND."

The above quotation has more than once met my eye in connection with the "remarkable fact" that literary ladies are generally unhappy in the domestic relation. And this is the reason, is it? "The love of glory has taken possession of her," and, per consequence, she can love nothing else? Poor infatuated woman! how has thy dignity fallen! how has thy excellence departed! The moment thou aspirest to commune with loftier spirits, with sinless ones, thou art leaving thy appropriate sphere. When thou art wearied with earth, take but one upward flight, and thou hast forfeited the love of him whom only thou mayest love; or, at least, thou hast forfeited the name of loving him with all thy heart. Woman, let not thy hours of loneliness and prolonged watching be occupied by thy book or pen, lest thou shouldst by and by come to love them more than thy husband. In his absence, sit down and while away the long, long hours of thy half-widowhood with thoughts of him, and almost die with pure anxiety lest thou forget the friend of thy youth—lest thou prove ungrateful to thy kind protector.

And has it come to this? And does she love her husband least when she loves loftiness of thought, sublimity of feeling, and beauty of expression most? In claiming the dignity of her birthright, is she receding farther from him who assumes always to be her superior? In cultivating the immortal part of her nature, is she unfitting herself for companionship with the lords of creation? O, tell it not in Gath! Publish it not among the daughters of the land, lest they weep too bitterly over the degeneracy of their race—lest they sorrow too insconsolably over the destiny that awaits them!

But say you it is the "love of glory," and not the love of literature that actuates her? I repel the insinuation; and would that my sisters everywhere would indignantly shake off the reproach thus thoughtlessly thrown upon their reputation. It is injustice to our sex; and the lips of brotherly kindness never uttered the sentiment. It is recorded, nevertheless, and borne on the wings of the wind, I know not whither. Many an eye has scanned the laconic speech, and many an intellect cogitated the profound logic with which it is burdened. It goes from sheet to sheet as though it were a gem the pages of history had forgotten till yesterday to gather in.

It seems a fact of recent discovery; or perchance an invention destined as a practical demonstration of the "march of intellect;" or a precursor of the sublime researches of man's daring spirit: at any rate, it is a marvel to us; therefore, the humblest of us may be excused for weighing its merits in the balance of our own frail judgments. "The love of glory" is enthroned in her heart, and the domestic affections bow in tame submission to such control!!

Say what you will of the silly few who deserve to be outlawed from their race, but tell us not that the rarely gifted have so mistaken their own dialect. For what is her glory? The wandering star, however brilliant by fits, can never be immortal; and methinks a less than gifted lady should know that no honor can ever spread its halo for her, if she forget the centre of her attractions.—Aye, and she does know it. Then, if the love of glory hath bought her heart away, that same love of glory must garner up home and its treasures as the tenement and furniture of the affections—else, the ruling passion will defeat its own aim.

But he who said that, wist not what he said; and
W  

114 Woman's Love of Glory.

those who have transferred it, have doubtless done so in memory of some "love affray." A philosopher would have known better. A husband deserving the love of such a being, would as soon expect to see the moon straying from her orbit into the dark regions of space, that she might have the undivided "glory" of shining alone.

But it is a "remarkable fact," and she who would contradict or gainsay, is—impudence herself. So be it then, if so you have decreed. And what is a "remarkable fact"? Why, that certain ladies have been distinguished for depth, originality and beauty of mind; and that these same ladies have been unfortunate in their connections in life. And what is the inference? The author I have quoted has, doubtless, somewhere in the depth of his own fathomless intellect, recorded his syllogism thus: The pursuit of glory is incompatible with due regard for her husband; she has given herself up to the pursuit of glory; therefore, her wedded life is an unhappy one. But I shall have the audacity to transpose the arrangement. Injured woman will seek the retirement of thought; the result of such retirement is often "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn;" therefore, the unfortunate wife sometimes becomes the far-famed authoress.

And is not this proof positive of the depth, fervor and constancy of her affections? If she were truthless, heartless, would she not turn at once, like the weathervane with the ever changing winds? The world presents a thousand attractions for the seeker of vain glory; and do its sumptuous dainties tempt her hungry soul? No: though they promise ample compensation for the feast, she, too late, has found she may never taste. If the love of glory had quenched the flame of domestic affection, think you she would thus shun them? Ah, man, hast thou yet to learn, that on that altar the fire never goes out? In her capacious heart the deserter has left an "aching void the world can never fill."

It is man who seeks in the giddy throng to dissipate thoughts of domestic affliction. It is he who flies through the senseless rounds of folly, or threads the maze labyrinths of fame, seeking a substitute for the object of misplaced affection.—And does he find it? Aye, does he not learn forgetfulness too soon?

But she scorns to seek from the voice of the multitude the music that one voice, sweeter than they all, has denied her. She retires within the secret chambers of her own soul, and asks that she may be alone; and there in the awful stillness of her own stricken spirit, she feeds the flame that burnt, but too intensely, before. Calloused against every annoyance from without, she girds up her nature to the fearful struggle within. Affliction to the strong mind, like the refiner's fire to the earth mingling ore, is a faithful trying friend, preparing it to shine with its own native lustre; with unassumed, unborrowed dignity to serve the world. And this solves the problem. These "remarkable facts" are no miraculous events, after all, even though they were the general rule, and every instance where domestic felicity lights up the brow of the talented authoress were the exception—'Tis absurd. Can any one sit down to an impartial reading of Hemans's Poems, and with an eye and a heart open, say on concluding, that she wrote to the dictation of vanity? That she would sacrifice the happiness of one fellow being to the hollow breath of fame? That she sympathized with humanity the less, because she allied herself to the genius of poetry? Who believes that she who would lavish the wealth of her affections on all that God has made, would not reserve for him whom He made her friend and protector the costliest pearls, the purest gems in her exhaustless store? If they graced no his diadem, spurned he not away the hand that would thus adorn his brow? Else why did she bid her thoughts

"Go visit cell and shrine;
Where woman hath endured; through wrong, through scorn,
Unecheered by fame, yet silently upborne
By promptings more divine."

Else why did she call back the spirit of the "Brig-and leader," to tell him

"Yet mournfully surviving all,
A flower upon the ruin's wall,
A friendless thing, whose lot is cast
Of lovely ones to be the last—
Sad, but unchanged, through good and ill,
Thine is her lone devotion still."

Thou nameless one, who hast created from the phantoms of thine own imagination a being, selling the corner-stone of that temple the great Architect has reared in each home, find for her, we pray you, another appellation. Thou who canst create attributes, canst thou not manufacture words also? She cannot have our name. Our Creator gave it us; and we will not sell it thee for all the glory thou canst command. Nay; we will not barter it for all the logic and poetry thy pen can produce. And now we demand a reparation for the scandal thou hast poured on some of our noble ancestry. In the name of woman we ask not thy homage or
My Mountain Home.—Aunt Ruth.

My Mountain Home.

How dearly do I love my "mountain home."
How sweet the memory of that spot, which erst
My infant feet did press. How oft I've ranged
Thy fields, thy woodlands, and thy flow'ry meads,
And list'ning to the warblers chanting there
Their joyful notes, have whiled the hours away.
I've heard the murmurs of thy rivulets;
And, seated on their mossy banks, have caught
The silvery trout. Kept by parental arm,
Led by affection's hand, to or rapid hours
Pass'd by. Where have ye fled, my childhood days?
Oh, tell me where. Echo only answers, "Where?"
While, in tones so solemn that my soul they pierce,
Eternity proclaims, 'I've claim'd them for my own.'
Since I have dwelt
Within thy borders, years, long years have pass'd:
They tell me, "Time should wean me from my home."
It cannot, cannot be. The silvery hairs
Of age may crown my head; my eyes grow dim;
My step, less firm; my pulse may feebler throb;
But thou, my dear, my own lov'd mountain home,
Shall never be forgot.

Should we not love
The place where first we learned to lisp the name
Of Saviour God? If 'neath the sod the last
Of kindred there repos'd, sacred to me
The spot should still remain. All there is dear:
The spreading elm, that rears its lofty head
Before the cottage door, o'en to the lawn
Beneath its grateful shade; the house of prayer,
To which on many a lovely Sabbath morn,
Our parents led the way; the churchyard too,
Where rest the forms of dear departed ones,
Slumb'ring in youthful, saintly innocence;
The altar, too, from whence arose the morn
And evening orisons. Oh, ask me not
To blot them from my mind. Upon a wild
And dreary waste they rise like verdant spots,
And oft I wish that I might ever dwell
Amid the magic of their memory.

Full well I ween that many a throbbing head
And aching heart, and many a care-worn one,
While toss'd on life's tempestuous sea, doth pine
For his own lovely, cherish'd childhood's home.

Forget thee!
My own, my cherish'd "mountain home"?

Oh, never.

S. A. M.

AUNT RUTH.

Reader, mine is no prosing tale of unaccount-
able— I am only going to talk in my way, of
matters I wot of a "long time ago," when a wee
bit of a todling, I spatted unshod about the floor,
finding my chief amusement in catching Aunt
Ruth's ball, which in her industrious moods, she
would sometimes flint across the floor. Aunt
Ruth, (peace to her ashes); and yet I can scarce
forbear conning her "oft repeated tale." In days
long gone, I was young and Aunt Ruth was old.
Many were the warnings she gave me, and many
were her reproofs for my giddy waywardness.
Once on a time, (as the story says) I remember
asking her "if she ever had any more names," sup-
posing in my childishness, that every woman had
at least two. The look she gave me, made me
repent my rashness; but years afterward I thank-
ed my stars that I gathered courage to "pop the
question," for she pondered the query till she de-
cided upon relieving my ignorance.

Aunt Ruth was a name familiar to all the neigh-
borhood. Everybody called her so, yet no body
knew why. That she had been young, was evi-
dent; but when, I am not prepared to tell. She
was the same Aunt Ruth in my father's boyhood,
and it sometimes seemed as though Father
Time had forgotten to shake his finger at her.
But I will not moralize—I leave that for those
who know how, premising that Aunt Ruth is the
narrator of her own story.

"In the year 17—my father removed with many
others, to the then far off Vermont. I can scarce
recall the events of the first years of our sojourn;
but dim recollections sometimes drift across my
memory and leave a confused impression. My mother died soon after we had moved into our comfortable "log cabin," and as I had scarce attained my fifth year, I cannot form an idea of her only as she lay in the coffin. I had, I remember, a black frock, and our neighbors often said, "poor child, she don't know what her loss is." But as our household affairs went on as usual, I did not, of course, lay this matter long to heart.

My father's sister managed the home affairs, and my father pursued his calling abroad. He was a "sawyer," and as the places for board-making were "few and far between," he of course found sufficient employment. And here I would introduce an orphan cousin of about my own age, whom my father had adopted, named Edward. As I was brotherless, he supplied a brother's place. Our rambles were many, and our youthful journeys were performed hand in hand. The patridge bush and wintergreen were our constant ornaments, bound in hat and bonnet, and wreathed in a thousand fantastic forms. As schools were not in particular vogue, our literary labors were chiefly confined to the Bible and Psalm Book. My father was an antiquated Puritan, and my aunt no less punctilious—so that Edward and myself were taught the Hymns of Zion and the doctrines of the Bible. The Sabbath was our only day of penance, for then our eyes were not permitted to send a wishful look beyond the limits of the garden peling, and our tongues were busy in reading in turns to my father, from one of the books above-mentioned. But, taking time by the forelock, we will slip over some fifteen years. Edward grew up a stout muscular man, and I, a stately maiden. With corsets boned and puffed, I was unacquainted. Dame Nature straightened me after her own liking, and I, content with her fashioning, sighed for no fairer form.

One night, and such a night—so dark, so stormy, I don't recollect another such, my father and Edward were long absent. Eight o'clock came and went—nine, ten, and eleven passed, and yet they came not. My good aunt, never very remarkable for her patience, frequently exclaimed in no gentle tone: "I wish there were no such creatures as men, for they never know when to come home." But all her ejaculations were unavailing. Morning began to dawn, and yet we held our watch. As soon as it was sufficiently light, I started off to our nearest neighbor's to obtain some information respecting my father. My way led through a long lonely wood, and as I hastened along I stumbled over a lifeless mass. Affrighted, as I was, I still had courage to examine the features, and O! horrors, it was my own father. He had attempted to reach his home and had perished almost within sight of it. The next thought was of Edward; where is he? where can he be? were often reiterated, but an answer came not. My poor father was soon laid in his last resting place. The church-yard bears no record, and the long grass only tells of unbroken sleep.—But where was Edward. —Long years did I ask the question, and it remained unanswered till he came to explain for himself. It seems that my father left his work early, telling Edward to follow soon. After a little time Edward prepared to go home, and just as he stepped out of the door he was seized, bound and borne rapidly through the woods.

When daylight came, he found his way was westward—his captors, Indians. They travelled day after day, till they reached the border of a small lake, where was an Indian encampment. The rude wigwams swarmed with copper faces, and Edward was glad to close his eyes in a dark corner of the hut into which he was led, to shut out their fierce visages. From what he could gather, he concluded that their object was not to abuse him, so content with escaping death at their hands, he composed himself and calmly waited an explanation of their motives. After resting some hours, he was led out into the midst of a group of warriors and gazed at by them to their heart's content. They seemed satisfied with the inspection, and then informed him that he must consent to become the son of their chief. The reason was this: The chief had long years before clandestinely obtained a young white woman, and made her his wife—she had borne him a son, and died soon after his birth. The affections of the chief were centered upon this son. He grew up a brave. In a recent battle he had been slain, and the old chief determined if possible to supply his place, by dint of kidnapping one somewhat resembling the lost. He had seen Edward, and determined to adopt him. He sent out his scouts, and succeeded as I have related.

Edward finding all attempts to escape, fruitless, resolved to submit, and so conciliate the chief's favor. He had not been long with them before he began to be somewhat reconciled to his lot.—Among the maidens of the tribe was one of surpassing beauty, at least Edward thought so, and he soon won her for his bride.

I do not say he never thought of home, but sometimes I think he forgot her whom he had bidden wait for him. Years passed on and in the
wanderings of the tribe, they came near the town of H——. Edward could not forbear visiting his early friends, and stole away at twilight to accomplish his purpose. Perfectly unacquainted with all which had befallen us, he knocked at the door inquiring for my father. My aunt, afeared at such a query, stood gazing into the stranger's face.

The familiar tones of childhood were not so soon forgotten by me—I ran to meet my long lost more than brother. He greeted me with the affections of early days, and as the hours wore away my fond heart whispered of life with him. Poor fool, I can now laugh at my folly. I did not know of his marriage, and trusted he would perchance redeem his early vow. Anon he spoke of leaving us, and then I ventured to inquire why? He told me all I have told you, and said, I will soon show you my tawny wife, and then you will not wonder why I return.

"Your wife," I exclaimed, but with a sudden show of indifference, I expressed the pleasure I should feel at seeing her. He looked at me for a moment as if recalling the past, then pressing his hand for a moment to his forehead, he replied drolly: "You must approve my choice." But a truce to his words. Enough that he came with a being beautiful even in her copper skin, and blithe as a young fawn. I entertained my visitors as best I might—saw them depart without a sigh, and since then have only thought of living till fortune chanced to show me a man who would not forget his early vow. My days are well nigh numbered, for four score and ten have long since passed, yet never have I beheld one of mortal mould whose vow I would trust when associated with beauty, whatever its hue."

Reader, my task is done. If there is a moral to my tale, I hope you will find it; and if you don't fancy it, just try for yourself and see what work you'll make spinning stories out of nothing, especially if you have been accustomed all your days to the simple process of spinning yarn.

LAURA.

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MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

'Tis midnight. Not a sound breaks on mine ear, Save when the leaflets rustle in the breeze, For passing few are they who gaze with me Upon yon starry vault and deem each sapphire gem An "angel's eye," and, as it dims and lights Bethink it beckons them away. O! I have often felt that you bright stars, Were aperture's in heaven's own carpeting And left that man, poor sinful man, might Sometimes take a glimpse of glory in reserve. There doth the spirit dream of pure and holy joy, It dreams of one eternal look of love, And knows each kindred heart will see what earth Forbade to utter. Each deep word of deep Unutterable tenderness will then be scanned, And the dear objects of our fondest hopes, Will see they were indeed beloved.

O, if such thoughts are not begot by purity itself, whence do they come? They are not like The paltry defilement of poor sinful man's Engendering. Yet little doth the heart Anticipate its freedom from its mortal home. But, when that hour shall come then shall my spirit Fly to yon bright realms, and then I'll tell With lips touched by a spark from heaven's Own altar: all that now within me burns And struggles to take form and garniture.

ELIZABETH.
THE CHANGES OF THE SPIRIT.

A wondrous gift is an immortal spirit with its lofty powers and its varied susceptibilities, all of which are avenues for the reception of continual bliss or woe. And such a gift is ours, nay it is our very self. The same voice within that teach

es us that an Almighty power called us into existence, whispers also, that through whatever changes the spirit may pass, it will ever retain its own identity—a consciousness of acting from the dictates of a free will, and a sense of responsibility and accountability as an individual existence.

None can say what changes from glory to glory, or from woe to woe are in reserve for the spirit when it shall be clothed upon with immortality.—But we know that from the commencement of its mortal career, until it arrives at the shores of time it is subject to many. How unlike are its sensations through the period of infancy, as it lives all unconscious of its mighty energies and its dignity, as intelligent existence to its experience in after years. Every object presents new aspects; the same scenes which in childhood awakened not one emotion of pleasure, are beheld with delighted reverential wonder, and the spirit almost trembles as it gazes around to find itself surrounded with things so vast and glorious. But there are times even after the spirit has drank at the many fountains of intellectual delight, when it seems to yield itself to the influence of some dark spell, and it descends to seek happiness solely in the pleasures of animal life. Then there are moments of rapture contrasted with hours of indescribable sadness often arising from causes unknown. But widely different are these developments of thought and feeling, one spirit calls them all its own, and they are gathered with the treasures of memory to endure as long as the spirit shall live.

But there is yet a change which all the influences of earth are insufficient to effect. It is the change from sin to holiness. Without it 'twere better never to have known the "bliss of being." By it, the spirit, whose hopes and wishes were limited to the perishing things of earth, becomes an heir and expectant of a bright immortality.—Without it we value not the gift of immortality.—With it, there are moments when the spirit desires, though tremblingly, that the silver cord may be loosed, that it may commence its limitless life of spirituality, purity and bliss.

May we know this change, that we may joyfully "wait all the days of our appointed time until the change of death come." DORCAS.

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

Morning is beautiful:—the pure fresh air,
The dew-gemmed shrubbery, the deep dark sky,
Aurora's blushing cheek, surpassing far,
The rosy cloud lit by her waking eye;—
But milder, sweeter, more entrancing is the power,
The winning, witching beauty of the twilight hour.

The day is glorious:—broad and bright the blaze
Of mellow sunlight streaming wide and far—
'Tis heaven itself pours forth such lurid rays,
And floods of light drown every morning star.
Daytime is wealth untold: but nobler is the dower
That steals upon the spirit in the twilight hour.

Noontide is splendid; showers of golden beams
Dress up the varied scene superbly gay,
And countless pearls lie sparkling in the stream,
The burnished mirrors of the king of day:
But softer, gentler, lovelier, more congenial far,
Is the pure gushing radiance of the twilight star.

Sunset is grand, magnificent, sublime—
Majestic, sinless royalty is there:
He throws his mantle off at sunset time,
And leaves the token on the viewless air:
Yet all the gorgeous paintings of the western sky
Are heralds to proclaim, 'the twilight hour is nigh.'

Evening is happy, quiet, placid, calm;
Serene and spirit-like her silent queen:
She spreads the earth o'er with her silver charm,
And smiles beneficently on the scene:
But beauteous evening's queen resigns the palm
Of power
To her twin sister, princess of the twilight hour.

Night is profoundly dread: suns are her crown;
Her throne is stars; her empire, mighty space;
Her sceptre, shadow; darkness is her own;
The universe of God, her dwelling-place.
Night's potent sway may hold the soul of man in fear,
But twilight's holy hour calls forth the reverent tear. AIDYL.
Our Duty to Strangers.—Poetry.

Our Duty to Strangers.

Our highly favored city, so renowned for its wholesome and equitable rules of moral discipline, necessarily composed of an excessively fluctuating population, may justly be compared to the waters of a thousand channels concentrated in one great reservoir. In consequence of its facilities to furnish the laboring class of community with constant employment, great numbers are continually resorting hither, for this purpose, and a great majority of them are of our own sex.

This obviously places us in a position to meet at almost every step the timid glance and downcast look of some youthful stranger. Could we see the yearnings of that heart, as she looks onward towards that busy throng, unable to discover one familiar countenance, how readily should we lay aside the cold reserve which will not stoop to commune with a stranger. Who that has ever felt this solitude, does not know how sweet and highly prized are the first manifestations of sympathy and affection. We, as benevolent beings, have been too long indifferent to this interesting class of individuals. By manifesting a sincere and lively interest in their welfare, we can, by well directed efforts, throw around them a salutary influence. If this were done many a youth would be saved from the corruptions of this corrupting age, and many an anxious parent would be spared the afflicting intelligence, that the beloved child which they reared with such tender care, had become a disgrace to their friends, and instead of this it would send a thrill of joy through the heart to know, that there are many in this “city of strangers” ready to extend the hand of welcome.

The following lines originally appeared in “Zion’s Banner,” and were written by a “contributor” to the Magazine. We give them a place in our columns, by the repeated solicitations of a number of subscribers.—Eds.

“A mother’s love—O who can prize
A mother’s fervent prayers.”

O ye who know and daily share a mother’s
Fond affection, prize the little deeds
Of love, a mother’s care suggests.
In this poor world of sorrow and of death
There’s many a rill of pleasure yet unstained
By the foul spot—the leprosy of sin;
And one of these is the bright sparkling
Stream of pure and holy love, fresh from
A mother’s heart. Does sickness pale the brow.
What hand so soft—what step so light,
What word so full of sympathy?

A mother;
Blessed name! and doubly blest the favored
Ones, who can in accents of unutterable
Joy exclaim “My mother!”
I had a mother once;
But now I often hear a stranger say
In tones of sympathy “Thou art an Orphan.”

O sad and lonely is the way I have to tread,
With scarce a friend to bless me, or to chide
When wandering. I’ve none to smile upon me
When my heart tastes of occasional yet
Transient joy, and none to weep when I am sad.

So life rolls on, and nears me to the tomb;
And yet—I would not have the grave give up
Its dead, or heaven its sanctified,
I fain would wait and hope for that blest hour
When Father, Mother, Brother, Sister, Friend,
All—all shall form a band complete in Heaven.

A mother’s name—’tis doubly dear,
When death the bond has riven;
A mother’s face—’tis beautiful,
When gazed upon in heaven.
O! if I e’er heavens blessings share
I’ll hope to see my mother there.

A mother’s voice—’tis melody,
When soothing words are given;
A mother’s song—’tis glorious,
When sung anew in heaven.
O! if I sing with that blest choir,
I’ll hope to join my mother there.
A Reply.—Death, What is it?—Eveleen, or Early Recollections.

Written in a little Album.

A REPLY.

Yes, "little friend," with all my heart,
I will, or I will try—
How could I act a friendly part
Refusing to comply?
I love a little book like this,
And it shall have my name and kiss.

Would that I had a little store
From intellect to bring—
The wealth of latent I would pour
In this first offering.
And on these spotless leaves would trace
For weighty thoughts, a dwelling place.

The record of affection here,
Must be transcribed all pure—
Affection's smile, affection's tear
The wounded soul can cure—
Affection to the soul was given
To tell of bliss and point to heaven.

Then let this little book contain
Her gift all bright and fair:
Indifference may never stain
Its leaves; and here nowhere
The wily flatterer may come—
For friendship only here is room.

L.

DEATH, WHAT IS IT?

I heard a low and mournful dirge
Come whispering through the trees;
'Twas echoed from the ocean's surge,
'Twas borne on every breeze.

Oh, mournfully and sad it fell
Upon my list'ning ear,
A voice in every sigh and swell,
Telling that Death was near.

And what is death? Is't when the flowers
Yield up their fragrant breath?
When fades the light of summer hours,
And leaves fall—is that death?

And is it death, when from the eye
The spirits' light has fled?
When pale the cheek, and many sigh
For those whom ye call dead?

Ah call it so: but though the flowers
Fade 'neath the chilling blast,
They'll live again in brighter hours,
When dreariness has passed.

And though the pure from earth have fled
They're living yet above—
How happy are the living dead
In that bright realm of love!

But this is death; when from the tomb
The spirit wings its way
To find in Paradise no room
To greet no festive day.

Then through a gloomy vale to fly
To drink its pois'rous breath,
To feel the pangsthat never die:
Oh mortal, this is death.

ANNA.

EVELEEN, OR EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.
Concluded from page 104.

"My mother, O my mother, is thy voice forever hushed in death," exclaimed Eveleen, as she gazed upon her placid countenance, plainly bespeaking her victory over death, and her happy entrance to the spirit land. Then eagerly grasping her cold hand, she remained by her bedside until she was led away by her father, who endeavored to soothe her sorrow and administer the balm of consolation to her wounded spirit. "My daughter," said he, "Death has again entered our dwelling, and taken one who is dear to us all; but it is all right. God has seen fit to take his own in his own due time; and I feel as though her happy spirit is now basking in the sunshine of immortal bliss, and receiving the welcome plaudit, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' Her Christian life shed a halo of light and joy over her extensive circle of acquaintances; and her happy death has evinced to all that she possessed that religion which taketh away the sting of death, and giveth the hope of
Eveleen, or Early Recollections.

It becomes us to improve the golden moments as they pass, in preparing ourselves to meet her in that better world where the pangs of separation are never felt. 'And O, Eveleen, may the counsels and instructions of your dying mother leave such an impress upon your mind as shall not be obliterated.'

Eveleen reflected upon the past, and contemplated the future; and her former course of conduct now arrayed itself before her in all its deformity. She felt that she had sinned against light and knowledge; that she had abused those faculties which had been given her to improve for the benefit of her fellow beings, and the glory of her Creator. She reproached herself as being accessory to her mother's death, as well as that of her brother: "for," thought she, "had I followed the precepts of my mother, and shunned the company of those who were luring me on in the paths of folly, she would have been spared many a heart-aching hour." She felt that she was a wretch undone, and that forever, save by the intervention of sovereign mercy; and upon that mercy she resolved to cast herself and her all. She had been early taught the duty of prayer, but now, for the first time, did she bow the knee at the altar of Jehovah, feeling her utter helplessness, and her need of His aid, who is able to sustain in the hour of temptation, and save to the uttermost. She bowed in deep contrition under the mighty hand of God. She felt that she had slighted counsel and despised reproof; rejected the warning voice of inspiration and resisted the influences of the Holy Spirit.—

The judgments of God had been drawn out against her, but she heeded them not. Formerly, she relied upon the strength of her mental powers, but now she saw that in the trying hour of temptation they were as stubble before a devouring fire.—

Long and fervent was that prayer. Most earnestly did she plead with her heavenly Father that her manifold transgressions might be washed away in that fountain which flows so freely for the remission of sins. She arose from prayer chastened and subdued, but not comforted. She made preparations for that hour which was to bear from her that best, dearest friend, a mother; and when the fearful crisis came, her physical constitution was scarce able to support her mental agony; but the promises of God are forever sure, and her strength was equal to her day.

In a few weeks after her mother's death, her health evidently began to decline. Her former buoyancy of spirit was now changed to melancholy and gloom; her sprightly conversation no longer cheered that once happy family; her merry laugh no longer rang through the apartments, giving animation to all. Her friends witnessed the change with painful emotions, and they felt that she too was rapidly hastening to the tomb, but knew not the real cause—for she spoke not of her feelings to any one, but withdrew within herself, and held communion alone with her own heart and her God. Her friends urged upon her the necessity of medical aid, but she resisted all their solicitations with a firmness that surprised and alarmed them.

At length, her father came to the conclusion that she was laboring under mental depression rather than bodily disease, and immediately urged her to take a journey with him, hoping that new scenes and the diversity of objects that greet the eye of the traveller, might tend to divert her attention and dispel the gloom which had so long brooded over her once brilliant mind. At first, she refused, but after repeated solicitations she consented.

Mr J. was a native of Ohio, and embraced the present as a favorable opportunity to revisit the scenes of his childhood, and more especially his widowed mother, whom he felt must soon close her earthly pilgrimage, as she had then arrived at a very advanced age. They accordingly set forth, travelling by short stages, and stopping in most of the cities and villages through which they passed. It was in the month of August, and the earth was clothed in all her richest verdure; and the beautiful scenery with which that portion of our happy land so much abounds, was calculated to inspire the heart with grateful emotions. But alas! they had no charms for Eveleen, for she was entirely engrossed with an all-absorbing subject within. To her the beauties of nature were formerly a source of the greatest pleasure; but now the whole surrounding scenery fell upon her "sightless eyeballs" like one vast chaos, and she felt like one alone, although surrounded by the busy multitude.

When they arrived at the residence of their friends, they met with a most cordial reception, and were greeted by all with fond affection, but more especially by the aged matron, who had long since relinquished the idea of again beholding her son while she remained on earth. She was in feeble health, but her mind retained its youthful vigor. In early life, she had chosen for her portion the sinner's friend, and ever afterwards was remarkable for her exemplary and Christian character.—

She was now verging to the tomb, like a shock of
corn fully ripe, and was ready to be offered whenever the time of her departure should come. Eveleen appreciated the kindness of her friends, but could not participate in their pleasures. The old lady discovered her desponding state of mind, enquired the cause, and received an evasive answer: but she did not stop here; she endeavored to win her confidence and soothe her troubled mind, and when at the altar of her God, she was the burden of her prayer. At length, she succeeded in her attempt, and obtained from her a full account of the state of her mind, and the cause of her grief. The old lady was pained at the recital of her sufferings and the confession of her errors, and endeavored to alleviate the burden of her mind—She directed her attention to the bleeding Lamb on Calvary’s cross, who died that we might live.

One evening, after spending a considerable time in prayer, she took up her Bible, which had been presented to her by her mother a short time previous to her death, and which had been her constant companion in her hours of retirement. On opening it, her eyes fell upon these words: “Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be made as wool.” She was immediately filled with that peace which passeth understanding, and exclaimed, “Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, join to praise his holy name.” She retired at a late hour, but sleep was a stranger to her eyes. She longed to behold the dawning of another day, that she might tell the joys of pardoned sin. The next morning, when the family entered the breakfast room, they found her there with her Bible in her hand, and her countenance radiant with joy; and to her father’s usual enquiry after her health, she answered, “Father, I am well and happy.”—At this intelligence her father’s eyes were instantly suffused with tears, and those tears were the effusions of a grateful heart. His joy was almost unbounded, and for a time he felt as though his every wish was gratified. He felt as though the object of his journey was accomplished, and expressed to Eveleen a wish to return and communicate the glad tidings to those who were waiting them.

Accordingly, after taking an affectionate leave of their friends, they started on their homeward way; and to Eveleen, how changed the scene.—Every object was to her “vocal with praise.” She remarked that the trees of the forest appeared as though they bowed their heads in reverence; and the murmuring waterfall and the gurgling brook were attuned to the praise of their great Creator. Before she retired on the night of their arrival, she took her Bible and resorted to her departed mother’s usual place of private devotion, and sitting down gave herself up to meditation. “How often,” thought she, “has my dear mother retired to this place and

• Poured out her soul in prayer.”

How often has she wept and agonized at the throne of grace for me, an ungrateful and unworthy child; but why should I give place to these sad reflections? Is she not happy, and sharing the joys of heaven? Yes, I feel an assurance that she is, and that her prayers have been answered in my behalf. Well might the apostle exclaim, ‘Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us.’” Again she bowed at the altar of Jehovah, but not in the spirit of heaviness. Praise and thanksgiving was the tribute she offered to Him who seeth in secret and rewardeth openly. The conference and prayer-room were now her favorite places of resort. Her seat in the sanctuary was never vacant, save by unavoidable circumstances. After the lapse of a few months, she united with the people of God, and adorned her profession by a well ordered life and godly conversation.

She had now arrived at the age of twenty-two, and many sought the honor of her hand, but she refused all their overtures with kindness. About this time, Charles Howard came into the place and commenced business as a merchant. He was not a man of fashion, but of refinement. His manly form, his dignified manner, and his instructive conversation, gave him a speedy access to the best of society. His strict integrity won the confidence of all. He possessed a thorough education. Literature was his theme and delight—consequently he sought the company of those of like pursuit. He met with Eveleen, and was pleased with her amiable deportment and refined manners, but more especially with the fund of knowledge she possessed, and was ever ready to impart. For a considerable length of time he thought of her only as a highly valued friend; but at length he thought of her as one well calculated to render him happy in domestic life.

“He sought, he wooed, he won,” amid the congratulations of surrounding friends: and they were indeed a happy pair, each striving to promote the happiness and welfare of the other. Their leisure hours were devoted to the attainment of knowledge and the relief of suffering.—Many a desponding heart was made glad by their sympathy, and many an orphan was taught to bless the name of Charles and Eveleen Howard for the relief they afforded them.
Eveleen, or Early Recollections.

We will now pass over the space of ten years, and lo! what a change. 'Twas a cold December morning; the day had just dawned, when Mrs Grey's attention was aroused by the supplication of a child begging her to go and see her mother, whom she said was dying. The kind-hearted lady followed the little one to a miserable cottage; she entered, and the scene that met her eye surpassed description. On the right of the entrance lay the miserable husband and father, a stiffened corpse; at the left, the wretched wife and mother apparently in the agonies of death. She was lying on a bed of straw, over which was thrown a tattered quilt. Everything about the room bespoke the most extreme poverty.

As they entered, the little girl ran and threw herself down by the side of her mother, tenderly embraced her, and said, “Mother, mother, look up and speak to little Emma once more. You know father's dead, and if you die, Emma'll have nobody to speak to then.” She then looked steadily on her mother's face for a few moments, as if waiting for an answer; and receiving none, (as her mother was in a state of utter insensibility) gave a shriek, and her head fell upon her mother's bosom. Mrs Grey stood for a moment almost bewildered at the horrid spectacle. She then approached the bed, and taking little Emma, who reluctantly loosed her little hands, which were firmly clasped around her mother's neck, and telling her that she thought her mother was not dead, placed her on a stool by the bedside. She then turned to the mother, and at first she thought that life was extinct; but on examining her pulse, she found that there was a faint flickering of the lamp of life. She looked around for restoratives, but there was none. A few dying embers were upon the hearth, but no wood to replenish them. She immediately left the house, and returned to her own in order to procure whatever was necessary for the restoration and comfort of the wretched sufferer; and sending for a physician, returned immediately and found her with her little daughter closely locked in her embrace, and faintly moaning. As Mrs Grey approached, she looked up and said in a low tone, “O, has heaven sent you as a ministering angel to my relief.” “You are quite sick,” said Mrs Grey, as she kindly endeavored to raise little Emma, who was sobbing on her mother's bosom. “Yes,” replied Mrs Howard, “but my race is almost run. A few more fleeting moments or hours at most, will terminate my earthly existence; and I should rejoice at the thought, were it not that I must leave my dear, dear Emma, a friendless beggar on the world's wide stage.”

As she said this, the physician entered. He gave a look of dismay at the corpse before him, and then turned to the wretched woman, who roused her sunken eye; and as it met his, “Merciful powers,” he exclaimed, “what do I see! Is it possible! Can this be Eveleen?” She extended her feeble hand, and sunk back into the arms of Mrs Grey. For a considerable length of time she was apparently lifeless, but by the unwearied exertions of Dr. Weston and other friends who had come in to her relief, she was measurably restored. When so far recovered as to speak, she said to the Doctor, “O, Horatio, you here behold a miserable victim to the errors of vitiated taste. The Doctor requested her to endeavor to compose herself, as her restoration depended much upon it: “and,” added he, “be of good comfort, Eveleen, hereafter you shall not want. I shall make immediate preparations for the interment of Charles, and take you and Emma to my own home, where you shall be treated with all the kindness of a sister. He departed; but soon returned with a carriage to convey the afflicted Eveleen and her orphan child to his residence; and as soon as preparation could be made, the mortal remains of Charles were enclosed in a coffin and likewise removed to the house of Dr. W. The next day, the funeral rites were performed, and the once noble and magnanimous Charles Howard was consigned to a drunkard's grave. The gigantic powers of his mind fell a prey to disappointment, and like many others, he sought to forget his trouble by a recourse to the poisoned cup, and found an untimely grave.

After the burial of Charles, Eveleen rapidly wasted away. One morning Dr Weston entered her room, and as usual inquired after her health. After a few minutes conversation, “Eveleen,” said he, “I wish you to give your history since I left New England, for at that time you and Charles were living apparently at the height of happiness.” “And so we were,” answered Eveleen, “but my history is a painful one; notwithstanding, I will rehearse it. Of the manifold errors of my youth, I need not tell you, for those you already know. You doubtless recollect my passion for novel reading, which brought me to the very verge of ruin and was plucked by the severe judgments of God. After I made my peace with God, as I then trusted, and watched as well prayed, I had no desire to read such authors as were before so very interesting, but alas, the frailty of the human mind. About the time you left for the far-famed valley of the west, Miss M. my former friend and
Eveleen, or Early Recollections.

associate, returned from New York, where she had spent considerable time in visiting her friends. She returned the same volatile, infatuated creature that she ever was, bringing with her a number of new and celebrated authors with whom she was delighted, and extolled to the highest. She embraced an early opportunity to call on me. I was rejoiced to see her, for she was bound to me by all the ties of fond affection, notwithstanding my knowledge of the bad influence she had formerly exerted over me. She offered me some of her books to read, but I refused, at the same time reminding her that once the perusal of such works had near proved my ruin. "How whimsical you are," she said, and immediately took her leave.

A short time after she called on me one morning, and after the usual salutations she said, "Well, Eveleen, seeing you have so many scruples about reading novels, I will not ask you, but I have a newspaper containing an excellent moral story, written by a worthy young lady, an acquaintance of mine, in New York, and I don't think you can raise any objection to reading it. At first I hesitated, but at length I thought I would read it to gratify the wishes of one I loved so well. I took the paper and read it, yes, read it to the destruction of all my hopes. When I retired that night for private devotion, it appeared to me as though my lips were sealed; the heavens were as brass over my head, and that my prayer, if uttered, could never reach the ear of the Invisible and Eternal God. I arose and retired to my bed chamber, and passed a restless night. With the dawn I arose and went about my daily employment. When Charles came in to breakfast he brought a package directed to me, which had been left at his counting-room by a brother of Miss M. My mind was in a state of agitation, and I longed for something to divert my attention. I took the package from his hand, and hastily breaking the seal, found it contained a newspaper in quarto form, entirely filled with the story entitled "Henry of Guise." After breakfast I took and commenced reading and desisted not until I had finished, save when compelled by the necessity of attending to my household duties. My conscience upbraided me, but I heeded not its warnings.

The next day, Miss M. called on me. I told her I was very unhappy. She answered, "No wonder that you are, and you always will be, if you thus seclude yourself from society and pore over books that are as dry as the husks on which the swine feed." "Come, Eveleen," continued she, "follow my advice for awhile, and I'll warrant you, you'll not set here poring over these melancholy themes; mingle in society and read some of my new books, and I am confident that in a short time I shall see you resume your wonted cheerfulness. Mrs. Livingston is going to celebrate her birth-day next week. She called on me yesterday and told me that she should give a large party, and requested me to attend, and bring any friend that I might wish, as she was a stranger in the place, and acquainted with but few people, and I should be so happy to give you an introduction to her as one of my early associates and best friends. I sat in deep thought while the horrors of the past rose before me. I looked with fearful forebodings to the future. I felt as though the Holy Spirit had entirely withdrawn from me. The tempter whispered go, and forget your troubles; and I consented. When Charles returned from his counting-room that evening, I informed him that Mrs. L. was going to give a party, and as she was a stranger in the place, I thought it best for us to attend.

"I think we had better not," said Charles, after a few moments' hesitation, "for I have been told they are mere followers of pleasure and the votaries of fashion, and for my own part I certainly prefer the pleasures of our own fireside, to all the parties and crowded assemblies the earth affords." "But I have promised to go," said I.

His countenance lowered as he said, "I think it would have appeared quite as well in you to have first consulted me." I was irritated, and told him he might do as he pleased, but that I should go if I went alone. He answered, if I was determined to go he would go with me, but that it would be the last time that he would go to gratify any one. We went; and when we arrived, I found Miss M. anxiously waiting to give me an introduction to the lovely woman, as she termed her. The company was large, the visitors gay and trifling. I mingled in the train and participated in the pleasure as much as was possible for me to with the consideration that I had brought my husband there an unwilling guest. We returned home at a late hour. I was elated and gratified; Charles dispirited and unhappy.

A few days afterward we received a billet to attend another party given by Mrs Atkins. Charles asked me if I wished to attend. I told him I did. He remonstrated and expostulated, but all to no purpose. "Well," said he, "you know my deter-
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mination, and all I have to say is, remember the vows you have made to God in the presence of your fellows,” and left the house. At first my resolution was shaken, and I had almost resolved not to go alone, when Miss M., like an evil genius, entered. I told her I believed I should not go as Charles would not go with me. She ridiculed the idea of obeying the whims of one’s husband, as she termed it. This roused my pride, and I determined to go and abide the consequences. I went, and was the gayest of the gay. By degrees I cast off all restraint, and what time I could get beside preparing myself to go into company, I devoted to light reading. The ranklings of a guilty conscience I sought to drown by a continual round of pleasure. I neglected my domestic employment, and dressed in the most extravagant manner. Oftimes when I have returned at the midnight hour I have found Charles with little Emma asleep in his arms, his eyes suffused with tears: but he gave me not an unkind word. Matters went on in this way for something more than a year, when one evening, as I returned at my usually late hour, I found him walking in the parlor to and fro in the greatest agitation. I inquired the cause, but for a time the power of utterance was denied him. At length he said, “Eveleen, we are beggars!” — “Why beggars?” returned I, in evident surprise. “I think you need not inquire the cause,” replied he, “but I will not reproach you. My property has been all attached and I am left penniless. I am resolved to go to the far West, for I cannot bear the degradation that I must here endure.— Will you go with me?” “I will go to the ends of the earth if you wish me to,” said I, “if you will only forgive the wrongs I have done you.” “I freely forgive,” he replied, “though they have caused my ruin.” He resigned all his property to his creditors, reserving barely enough to bring us to this place. After we came here he engaged in manual labor, and for a short time we made a comfortable living; but ere long he was seen to reel and stagger, as he walked the street. He was employed by a tavern keeper whose principles were no better than to let him have as much of the intoxicating cup as he wished, as it helped pay for his work. In a short time he neglected to provide for his family, and we were often destitute of food. Want of sustenance and bitter reflections soon made deep inroads upon my frame; day by day he grew more and more besotted, and I weaker and weaker. At length I was confined to my bed most of the time. One morning, after laying in a state of intoxication through the night, he arose, and as he was going out I begged him to bring us some food, for that myself and Emma were nearly in a state of starvation. He replied that he would. He did not return that day; but the next morning at daybreak he was brought in a lifeless corpse, by his merciful companions, and left in the state in which you saw him when you entered our wretched dwelling. When he was brought in by his comrades, one of them remarked that he did not think the night before that Howard had drank so much but that he could get home without freezing. I gave a shriek and told Emma to run for help, and that is the last that I can recollect until I saw Mrs Gray, the wife of his employer, who very kindly came to my relief and called for your assistance.

The state of my mind during the time since we came here beggars description. Should I attempt to describe it, language would fail me; but of all the crimes of my life, none rose before of so deep a dye as that of bringing my husband to a drunkard’s grave. Would to heaven I could recall it; but alas! all in vain. Tears of blood cannot wash away the stain or atone for one of my many sins. Notwithstanding I have sinned with a high hand against him, his mercy is still extended towards me, and thanks to his great and holy name that he did not cut me off as a cumberer of the ground, in the midst of my sinful career. May my life serve as a beacon-light to warn all to whom my sad story is related to shun the paths of error in which I have travelled through life’s wearisome journey, and have often verged to the very brink of ruin.— May its “lurid glare spread over the broad sea of life, bidding all beware how they worship at the shrine” of self-gratification, and listen to the siren voice of the tempter. She lay silent a few moments and then added, “Horatio, I wish you to write to my friends in New England, give them my history, appalling as it is, and beg of my father to take little Emma as his own, and may she never cause his heart to bleed in anguish as I have done. Entreat him to bestow those affections on her, which were formerly lavished upon me; and when she arrives at the age of understanding, tell her of a mother’s faults; tell her of a mother’s agony; and above all tell her to shun the influence of unworthy companions, for they have been my ruin. To them I listened in spite of remonstrance and my own better judgment; to their influences I attribute my first step toward ruin. Would I could speak that the whole earth might hear; I would tell them of my ruin, and bid them beware.”

She expressed a wish to see her little Emma.—
She approached her mother's bedside, bathed in tears. Taking her hand, she addressed her for a considerable length of time in the most pathetic and touching language. She endeavored to impress upon her young mind the evil consequences attending the practice of novel reading, and bade her be very cautious in the choice of her companions. She presented her with a bible which she had received of her mother on her dying bed, and exhorted her to preserve this treasure as the apple of her eye, and to peruse its pages daily. She then tenderly embracing her said, "Father in heaven, into thy hands I commit this earthly pledge thou hast given me, knowing that thou art able to keep that which is committed to thee unto the great day."

She then turned to Dr. Weston, and said, "To you, who have been my faithful benefactor and friend in time of need, I tender my most sincere thanks, for it is all the return I can make. To your charge I commit my darling child, feeling confident that you will treat her with all the kindness of a father, until she shall be conveyed to her friends." The Doctor assured her that he would comply with her requests. "Now," said she, "I am ready to depart. Soon I shall behold the glories of the upper world, and see my Redeemer face to face. Soon

'I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.'"

She lay silent a few moments; then raising her hand, exclaimed, "All is well," and quietly fell asleep in the hope of a glorious immortality.

According to her request, Dr. Weston wrote her friends who repaired thither and conveyed the mortal remains of Charles and Eveline with their orphan child, to their once happy New England home. She was interred by the side of her mother, in the churchyard of C——. Thus perished one whose name will ever be cherished by her friends—though her virtues were often obscured by her many foibles. Peace to the departed.

"Louane"

We are assured by the author of the above article, that its incidents are strictly true—being a matter of occurrence under her own immediate notice.—Eds.

**GENTILITY.**

Gentility! what is it? Having heard a great deal of talk upon this subject of late, I have consulted several dictionaries in regard to its meaning. I find it defined "elegance, gracefulness of behavior:" now if this be a true definition, we must think that people who try to be extremely genteel oftenshoot beyond the mark, for in trying to become graceful they make a mere automaton of themselves, and lose all natural grace and elegance. Indeed, I have heard such persons say, that, to be genteel one must expect to be miserable, as it regards bodily comfort. But perhaps I can not show better what it is than by briefly sketching a few incidents in the history of one of its warmest votaries.

Miss Norcross, the heroine of the present sketch, resided in a pleasant town in Massachusetts. Her father died while she was very young, and, though not opulent, had left his widow with Anna, their only child, an income sufficient, with ordinary prudence and good management to afford them a comfortable maintenance, without the necessity of personal exertion.

In the little community of M——, as in many other places there was a class of persons, styled the elite, or genteel people whom fortune had placed, as the expression is, "above labor," and who therefore considered it beneath them to associate or hold intercourse with, any who were obliged to labor for a subsistence.

Miss Anna had always attended the same school with the children of this class, and from being constantly with them, her habits of thinking, were in a great measure shaped according to theirs, and she learned to consider it the end and aim of her existence to be genteel.

As she advanced towards womanhood, these ideas gained strength, and were continually showing themselves, as, for instance if her mother were about to select for her a new dress, she would entreat that it might be of some fine and costly material, because Miss Ellen Palmer, one of her fashionable schoolmates, had said that it was'nt genteel to wear a cheap calico frock. If she were purchasing a pair of shoes, she would choose those which pinched and numbed her feet so that she...
could scarcely walk—because Miss Augusta Williams said, that nothing was so ungenteel as to have large feet;—or, should her mother, who wished her to be useful as well as accomplished, request her to assist in the domestic affairs, she would protest loudly against it, saying that some other Miss had told her, that it wasn't genteel for young ladies to wash dishes and sweep floors, and that none but common people, who were obliged to work, did such things.

Mrs Norcross who considered no honorable employment disgraceful, and who had been brought up to labor herself, would sometimes endeavor to convince her daughter of her mistaken notions, but like too many fond and indulgent parents she had not energy enough to oppose her firmly, so that Miss Anna generally had her own way.

The house of Mrs Norcross was an antiquated structure, built after the fashion prevalent some sixty or eighty years since, with a sloping roof and low windows and was surrounded with venerable trees. It was beautifully situated, commanding a view of the country for many miles round, but it did not at all suit Anna, she was continually complaining of its dullness.

"She could see nothing from the windows, she said, "but cornfields, meadows and orchards, enlivened by no living beings, except a few horses and cows feeding in the pastures, or now and then a dirty looking farmer driving home his team, or some clownish fellow going through the fields with his axe or spade over his shoulder," and she would often importune her mother, to take a house "in some more genteel and populous part of the town where they might visit and be visited by people of some consequence. But on this point Mrs N. was firm. "No, Anna," she would say, this has always been my home, and I could not feel at home any where else—and besides the inconveniences, you must know it would cost something to hire a genteel house and buy furniture to correspond, and we've scarce enough to maintain us comfortably now, so you'd better give yourself no more trouble about it;" and Anna was obliged, though reluctantly, to submit.

We will pass over a few years of Anna's life, until she had reached the age of twenty. At this time, her grandmother, a good old fashioned lady, who was utterly averse to all Anna's "new fangled notions" as she called them, was visiting her mother. One day, just as they had seated themselves to an early and substantial dinner, of which the principal dish was one well known in yankee land, yeclp baked beans, Anna who chanced to lift her eyes to the window, suddenly started from her chair and exclaimed, "Oh, mother, there is Captain Elton coming up the street! I know he will call; do, let us put the table out of sight; I would not have him see us for the universe."

Scarcely had she spoken before his knock was heard at the door, and Mrs Norcross hastened to welcome him and showed him into the parlorig.

Captain E. had been intimately acquainted with Mr Norcross during his life—he had been on a tour to Europe and immediately upon his return hastened to call on the family of his old and respected friend; but in passing the window he caught a glimpse of the bustle within, and feeling that he was intruding in some way, he soon took his leave, promising to come the next day. After he had gone, Anna exclaimed, "O how mortified I should be if I thought Captain Elton saw us at dinner!"

"Well, now, Nancy," said her grandmother, who had been all the time in great amazement, what would you be mortified about?"

"Why, grandmother," she replied, "you know that Captain E.'s wife and daughters have always lived in the most genteel society in Boston, and a pretty story it would be for him to carry home to them, that he caught us making such a meal! eating pork and beans, like the most vulgar creatures in the world."

"Well, I declare," said her grandmother in a slow tone, "times is altered strangely since I was young! Why, Nancy, many's the time the Governor has dined at our house, and General Washington too, in war time; and they always took whatever we had to set afore 'em, and thanked us too; and sometimes 'twant nothing more than a bowl of hasty pudding and milk, neither. But there, I dont know as you'd call them genteel folks, though it always did seem to me that the General was a remarkable well behaved man, but I b'lieve it's getting out of fashion now to be civil and well behaved."

"I wish, grandmother, you wouldn't call me Nancy, said Anna pettishly, it does very well to say Aunt Nancy, but it sounds so countryfied to me, just as if I was some farmer's daughter."

"Well, child, your Aunt Nancy wa'nt ashamed of her name, and I like it best, if Annar is more genteel. But I did used to think she was kind of genteel or graceful or somethin' of that sort. You don't remember her, do you? Well, she was a little slim creature not near as large as you be, and when she used to put on her cape and bonnet, and take a stick to go after the cows (how vulgar! ex-
Gentility.

claimed Anna) or carry the men their luncheon when they were mowing, she would skim along through the grass and over the walls, so that it kind of put me in mind of the spirits I used to read of in the story books, "she wa'n't runnin nor she wa'n't walkin, and somehow another, it seemed jest as though her feet didn't touch the ground." She wa'n't genteel, though, I suppose, for she wore luther shoes, and a homespun gownd, and she did housework, too, and she couldn't play on the "pi

But, grandmother, such things were well enough in old times, but it would not answer nowadays, people have become so refined in their manners." "May be so, child, but I believe that old times was the best, for bein refined and genteel don't 'pear to make folks any kinder, nor happier neither."

Poor grandmother! As she said she "could'n't bring her mind no way" to Miss Anna's way of thinking, and when on the Sabbath, she would sometimes return from church, and speak of Miss B——'s elegant new bonnet, or how genteelly Miss C—— was dressed, she would say, "Dear me, how times is altered, when I was young, folks used to go to meet'nto hear the sermon, but now they go to larn what the fashions is, instead of larning what their duty is." Well, well—"I've reason to be thankful that folks wa'n't genteel in my day.

The next evening while Anna was out, making genteel calls, her mother received a call from Mary Allen, a niece of hers who had left her employ in Lowell for a few days to visit her native place; being warmly pressed by her aunt, she consented to pass the day with them. Anna had been consoling herself with the thought that her cousin would be ashamed to acknowledge herself a factory girl before Capt. E. and she felt much vexed and astonished, when upon his enquiring her place of residence she replied, "I have recently been employed in one of the cotton mills in Lowell," but she was much more surprised to observe no change in his tone and manner toward her after this announcement, for he soon engaged her in an animated conversation upon various topics relating to his travels; among other things, stating what he had learned of the condition of factory operatives in Europe, and contrasting it with that of those in Lowell, which place he had also visited. Anna could not conceive how it was that her cousin, who was younger and whose school advantages had been far inferior to her own, should be so much better informed than herself—

The reason was probably this. Anna's education had stopped upon her leaving school, while Mary who had never received a "finished education," had been continually increasing her fund of knowledge, by every means in her power. Captain Elton endeavored to draw Anna into conversation but he could think of nothing which would interest her. She knew almost nothing of things in England except the account of the dresses of Victoria and her maids of honor which she had read in the fashionable journals. Once, when a rich strain of melody was heard from a female voice in the opposite dwelling, he asked her from whence it proceeded: she replied, "I do not know, she does not move in our circle." But the day soon drew to a close and she was left by Capt. E. and her cousin also, wondering whether Capt. E. was ungenteel or Mary was genteel, which she found formed a problem extremely difficult to solve, and with them we will also leave her to her meditations upon it and to her gentility. STELLA.
There is a glance of the eye—do not you meet it often?—that cannot fail to be its own interpreter. I say cannot fail to interpret itself: for though some may have been seldom conscious of such an encounter, it is, I ween, because they do not read such volumes. For myself, I always peruse the book of nature, rather than the misty pages of art, however tinselled and glittering. They are less labored and perplexing, more instructive and pleasing; else an undue partiality makes me regard them thus. Consequently, meeting an individual in the drawing-room, or on the sidewalk, in the lecture-room, or parlor, I look not at the dress, but at the person. And not unfrequently there steals upon me unawares visions of character as depicted in all their light and shade upon the countenances before me. Distinct delineations and definite proportions gleam through the windows of the soul in all the perfection of symmetry and charm of life. Perhaps I am singular; but I am not alone. Many will, I know full well, ridicule the idea, as the humbug of an overheated imagination, and laugh at the visionary for their pains. Tell them of disposition, thought and feeling reflected by the mirror of the heart, and they will bid you look hopefully into the bed of the ocean to discern the face of the sky, or upon the next guideboard to learn the signs of the times. Such will have no sympathy with what they will find on this page, and may as well turn the leaf without the ceremony of a reading. Being particularly averse to becoming the subject of wit and laughter, I invite them to do so before they find themselves compelled to talk of sickly, selfish sensibility, or a censorious spirit.

I will premise, however, not that I am not selfish, but that selfishness can manifest itself more conveniently and naturally in other forms: and that moreover, as self has little to do with the looks and manners of those about me, it were fair to attribute these same errors I foresee them pointing out, to some more excusable trait of character.

Well, then, to that look. It is undefinable, but you will meet it to-morrow; scan it attentively, I pray you; and then describe it, if you can. I cannot. But its language is plain English. It says, with all the brevity of lordly independence, "Stand by, nor dare see me, unless it be to admire." It is not always scornful, contemptuous, haughty, or even proud. What better name can we give it than a look of distance? You have seen it to-day, I dare say; and I appeal, if it was not chilling, nay, freezing, mild as the day has been. Would not the mercury fall to zero in July beneath such a look? Would not innocence, wrapped round and round in the envelope of truth, shiver and shrink and seek to hide herself, if it were not that such a glance is always momentary? It is well for poor humanity that such beings deign no other than a passing notice, and that from afar; otherwise, the effect might convulse like an eclipse of the sun. Some of this class have the compositional ways to turn aside the head long enough to pass you, and thus avert the cold rays that otherwise might fall too smitingly from their keen orbs.

I would take this opportunity to express the thanks of the multitude to one who is kind enough never to see those near him. There is a peculiar grace, too, in that turn of the eye that fixes it always on objects away. He seems to say, "Ladies, I know I am handsome; my charms cannot fail to fascinate; but I will kindly look another way, lest you should (as well you might) attribute the least notice from me to some attraction you fancy exists in yourselves." We will endeavor to appreciate such benevolence; for how should we poor
creatures know but he was "in love" with us if he should look on us for once? We know of another who always puts on one of her most winning smiles when the multitude are about her, but she is generally too busy to see any save the "elect and chosen" among them.

These cases, and similar ones, are the mildest forms of the epidemic, and by far the least dangerous to the health of the social system. But the wild glare of a distance-giving eye is utterly intolerable. It seems well nigh a symptom of moral insanity. It tells with fearful emphasis on many a destiny, and worse than all, it proves that deadly disease contagious. If you are a benevolent being, accustomed to look around on all you meet as the workmanship of one great Hand, you cannot fail to experience the shock I have described. If you have bidden your heart cherish a brother's affection or a sister's love for every fellow spirit that walks the earth in human form, you can but shudder at such returns to the kindly look that will beam ever on your countenance. Yet be not discouraged. Every repulse gives another opportunity to chasten the spirit. The practice of self-denial will add new charms to your nature—only be careful that you inhale not a breath of the atmosphere which gives an iceberg radiance to their orbs of light.

The subjoined article, written many months ago, was occasioned by a living picture of the 137th Psalm, presented at an evening discourse in one of the churches in this city.

Fresh evening zephyrs fanned the blushing cheek Of May. The far, pale North was streaked with hues Of trembling, livid light, that shot athwart The sky, half fearfully, and sunk away Again, as glad to be excused. Then one By one, the spirits of cool evening's hour Peeped through the curtains of their bright abode, And smiled, a glittering host, above the earth, And hung their jewelled coronets upon The twilight air—essaying to attract The eye of mortals upward. 'Twas a scene Surpassing lovely. Earth-born beauty sought Repose. As silent dew-drops stole along Their downward way, so, imperceptibly, Descended gentle slumbers on the lids Of animate creation. Nature's dome And wide-spread garden caught the spirit of The hour, and cheerfully resigned themselves To the dominion of the queen of night.

Man only, rested not. His task alone Undone, he kindled to himself a light, And hurried to and fro, with busy step, As if broad noonday shone. But, city's mart, And halls of mirth, ye cannot gather all The people in to-night—for many a foot Hath turned away, by yonder sacred fire Invited. They have congregated there— Not as a handful by the world despised; Not as a little few who know not good From ill; and meet because their fathers did.

No: there are spirit, soul and energy; The noble and the excellent of earth; The lofty intellect, the heart refined and trained; E'en fashion's polished ones are not ashamed To do obeisance at the gate of heaven. Come, child of fortune, enter now with me Those hallowed walls, and bear a blessing out. Assembled multitudes came not for nought, And here is room for thee.

All that rich flood Of light the chandelier pours forth, portrays But dimly the bright beams that shine upon The spirit there. That song that greets thy ear— That song of Zion, music as it is, Compares not with the song it antedates. That fervent prayer is but the breathing out Of felt desire—desire that brings a joy By restless passion all unfelt, unknown.

But, hark! what sound is that—so plaintive, sad, Pure, lofty, sorrowful? 'Tis Judah's harp! 'Tis waked again! A long and dreary night Upon the willows it has silent hung, In mournful sympathy with him who sat Alone by the cold streams of Babylon. The sullen, cheerless waves that sleep beneath Have need of music, for the kingly soul Of David sees no beauty lurking there. Now Judah's harp hath waked: 'tis surely time The minstrel of the East hath swept the chords, And poetry and music own their lord. One breath, one magic touch—it was enough; And sweetly wild and sadly plaintive strains Of melancholy harmony awoke To life. Deep, rich and musical; now soft, Now thrilling high; now faintly heard, now peal
On rolling peal arose and died away.
The very air of Babylon seemed moved
To listen. E'en the sluggish waters heard
And lifted up for once their foamy crest,
Methinks to gaze upon the minstrel; then
Drunk in his shadow, and rejoicing bore
The image to their caverns deep and dark—
A full-orb'd moon to light their midnight gloom.

Say, what hath roused thee to the work of song,
Judea's lovely captive? Desolate,
Forsaken is the land thou lovest; drear
Thy spirit's only earthly home, thy own
Jerusalem; and thou away, alone.

What hast thou here to sing, thou prince of song?
'Twas the demand of unrelenting foes:
In cruel mockery they bade thee take
Thy long neglected harp, and sing to them
Of Zion. But their jeers are nought to thee.
The mention of that name
Unseals the holy fount; and David's soul,
And David's harp pour out their melody
Together.

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem;"
And then came back bright visions of the past,
And the loved summit of that lofty mount
Reechoed to the music of his lyre—
His form reclined upon the grassplat there,
But he was at Jerusalem—at home.

"If I forget thee, temple of my God,
Let my right hand forget her cunning work.
Oh, yes: if I do not remember thee,
Then may my useless tongue forever cleave,
In death-like silence to my speechless mouth.
If I prize not the charm of the earth
Above my very chiepest, dearest joy."
'Tis silent now: a flood of pious grief
Swelled a deep chorus to the strain;
And they that mocked me thought were touched
with life.

The willow took once more its sacred trust:
Proud Babylon was doomed to fall, to rise
No more. Not so the minstrel of the East:
The Jewish captive and his heaven-tuned lyre
Are candidates for immortality.

**City of Spindles, 30th Oct., 1841.**

**Dear Sis:** As I was promenading this evening,
through the dusty sidewalk, I paused involuntarily
to catch a glimpse of moonshine. It was a kindly
look the queen of evening cast on me; and I forget
my haste that I might lift a grateful eye up
on the silvery beauty of the royal dame. I was
smitten with the sight, and long would have gazed,
but for the thought that in a moment I should be
come the gazing-stock; and how could I endure
the idea of setting up opposition to one I
love so well? Nay, do not laugh; I was not pro
posing myself as her rival; but mankind have
such a propensity for the "marvellous" now-a-
days, that I sincerely think them more prone to
find wonders in their paths, than to look aloft for
beauty. Notwithstanding all my misgivings, how
ever, I cast many a wistful glance upward and wished
myself in the land of my fathers, that for once
I might indulge with impunity in my favorite
amusement. But 'twas an idle wish, and hastily I
repelled it, as a spoiler of my peace, an intruder
on the premises of present pleasure. For there is,
is there not? philosophy in shaping one's feelings
and desires, in a sense, to the circumstances that
control one's destiny. So thought I, as I called
home the vagrant wanderers and bade them drink
deeply of the spirit of the evening. I told them
that its influence was mild, gentle, subduing; pec
uliarly fitted to "drive dull care away." They
dared not deny the assertion; but impatient of re
straint, seemed bent on resisting her sway. I, too,
was resolute; verily thinking myself, in this case
at least, "born to rule." But will you believe it?
while I was swaying the sceptre with as much
dignity as I could summon for the occasion, the rebels had recourse to stratagem. With all the
gravity of perfect loyalists, they began to institute
a comparison between moonshine in its good old
English sense, and "moonshine" as it generally
occurs in our modern literature; and with an as
sumed sobriety proposed an investigation of the
topic, with a view to detect the thief who had sto
len so much splendor to make up for his own defi
ciency of wit. Somewhat amused at their artifice
I indulged the straying ones in their waywardness,
and suffered my thoughts to rove on. (I beg you,
reserve your lecture on government for a more con
venient season,—for really I am not in a mood
to hear it now.) But as the lawless ever are, they
were unsuccessful. They dreamed of this, and of that, and wondered (poor ignorant things) where the analogy between the two significations existed, and who had the mental acumen to be the discoverer of the hidden similitude. After a show of debate and a superfluity of mock deliberation, they came to the prudent conclusion to leave the whole matter for wiser heads to cogitate, for abler champions to discuss. And Miss Lozelia, they would impose the task on your ladyship as one more skilled in such matters, promising by way of compensation, a vote of thanks to any one who shall enlighten the world on so important a subject. What say you, sis, to the proposal? You delight in antiquated research, and does not the thought charm you? And such a light as will beam on your pathway: and will you not build a wall between the “sublime” and the “ridiculous”?—it is strangely needed. Is the field too vast? Then let it enlist your benevolence. If there is reason and truth in the popular talk about “moonshine,” the world ought to see the beauty and feel the force of such striking figures of speech; if there is not, shame on the wretch who can thus degrade the “peerless majesty” that pours out a profusion of such moonshine as this evening delights to own.

I verily believe the whole scheme to have originated with some guilty culprit, who would rather abuse his own dialect and commit literary sacrilege, than display an unpardonable ignorance he was too lazy to remedy. Apologists and patrons will doubtless say that, instead of perversion of language, the “moonshine” of fickle nonsense is happily borrowed from the mutability of the injured moonshine whose cause I advocate. But such ought to know that the queen of evening is not responsible for the many phases she presents, inasmuch as they are the legitimate results of the many positions from which we view her. If the earth has monopolized what the moon in her absence would have gladly reflected upon her surface, let her not complain of the changing, rayless orb; and let not her inhabitants find a cloak for their instability in the name of “moonshine.”

Again they will talk of borrowed splendor, and wonder at the obtuseness of perception, or perseverance of understanding, that does not admire such an accommodation of terms. But is it not the glory of our queen that she delights to shine to the praise of another? What lovelier attraction has she than the modest dignity with which she disclaims all the splendor she transmits? And who dare sully the purity of innocence by a comparison with that detestable being who borrows without leave his neighbor’s thoughts, and palms them off upon the world as his own? then exulting in his dark adroitness, he begins to think himself somebody. And behold his neighbor, scarcely less dishonest and self-sufficient, in reckless injustice, honors his theft by the name of “moonshine.”

Pardon my loquacity, dear L., on such an ordinary topic. I have spoken in behalf of her nocturnal majesty—for she has been abused. Please write me soon; and if you are not disposed to accept the honors we have so generously offered you, just give us a little true moonshine, for we know how to value it, and oblige Your affectionate sister,

ZELIA.

P.S. For the benefit of community, and in behalf of the contributors to the Operatives’ Magazine, please inquire in what kind of spirit that publication is most deficient. Let me know in your next, and I will circulate the information as widely as possible. That it is far behind the spirit of the times in one or two particulars which I forbear to name, ought to be the pride and pleasure of its conductors. Its march however I trust is onward. Please be particular in your explanations, as I am somewhat dull of apprehension.

"The friendships of this world are oft, Confederacies of vice, or leagues of folly."

"As we advance in life, our views of friendship change."

In childhood, we imagine that every face that wears a smile, is, and can be none other than the face of a friend. The whole world wears to us a smiling appearance. We go forth, and our hearts are full of gladness. The elasticity of youth soon gives way to the sobriety of womanhood. 'Tis then we find our follow-beings "may smile and smile, and yet deceive."

The friendships of our "teens" are often, like Jonah’s gourd, springing up in the night, and withering before the morning sun. We always look upon the friends of our childhood, and the playmates of our infantine days, with feelings of peculiar pleasure. Not so with those of later
On an Early Death.

On an Early Death.

years: some petty rivalry, some almost nameless cause has led us to renounce the friends (as we miscal them) of our womanhood. How often is it the case that friend meets friend and recognize each other, but with the world's cold formal bow. No more is seen the smile of joy upon the countenance, at the sound of the well known rap or step of a former “dear friend.”

“We meet but as strangers,” is often the language of the eye, if not of the lip; and the heart, like a faithful echo, answers, “We meet but as strangers.” I have often turned away, with grief and sorrow of heart, from those whom I have been wont to call friends, and with a bursting of unutterable anguish, have exclaimed, “So fare you well.” This has been thus far, the bitterest cup of which I have been called to partake.

But 'tis folly to mourn over the past. 'Tis gone—'tis gone; and let it go forever. If friends forsake, I cannot help it. But one thing is certain—to those that remain there is a new cord added, which binds them closer to the heart.

I have thus far spoken of the friendship of the world. Let me now turn to a subject which has all the joys, but not the sorrows, connected with earthly friends. I mean the friendship of Christ and fellowship of the Holy Spirit. Our Divine Redeemer, while manifest in the flesh, uttered many words which are indeed worth treasuring in every heart. If one is deserving a prominence above another on memory's page, it is the expression, “Henceforth I call you not servants, but friends.” Thus we see, that though earth may refuse us a share in her consolations, yet we have the friendship of the heavenly hosts, if we but keep the commandments of God. And what is it to enjoy the friendship of God? Why, 'tis to feel that though by nature the children of wrath even as others, yet God through Christ has become reconciled unto us; and we are made heirs to a “heavenly inheritance, which is incorruptible and fadeth not away.”

The difference between the friendship of God and the world is manifest. The one is changing and fickle; the other, unchangeable and eternal. Earthly friends forsake us in the hour of adversity. Not so with Christ. Though all others forsake us, yet will he not: yes, and in the hour of death he will stand by us; and when heart and flesh fail us, he will lead us through the dark valley, up to the courts of heaven.

To a prepossessing exterior, and an amiable deportment, he added a thirst for knowledge that would not be slaked. He determined to excel in whatever he undertook; though the glory of excelling seemed no part of his aim.

His motto was, “I'll be excelled by none.”
He plumèd the wings of intellect; but not for common flight. He latched upon his feet the sandals of a warm and quenchless zeal, and walked the galaxy of lore with firm and stately step. With unresisting hand he grasped the stars of yesternight, and wreathed into his crown for immortality.
Then stretched his soaring pinions for a land beyond the gaze of narrow minds, and pierced the murky clouds of ignorance, to seek new gems of thought for his aspiring brow.

The world beheld and wondered and adored the Power that framed a being so unlike the common things of time—and loved—they could but love the condescension—that encompassed a soul so large, and linked the eagle-born

To every sympathy of human life.
The lavish hand of nature destined him to be her own proud monument. She framed his mind a tenant for a lofty dome among the things that be; and circled it with charms that gathered many eyes on him, and those that looked gazed on, and gazed again—she made him for admirers; yet methinks she had an aim that superseded that—she bade them look from him up to the Fount of social, mental, moral worth—his God.

And thronging friends, perhaps too much, admired and thought, perchance, the priceless prize thei own.

But nature's God designed to glorify Himself; and show that He who gave can take. Then hushed in silent wonder be the voice of wide-spread grief. Then learn anew this truth—when all-wise mercy gives the high behest—"The king of terrors loves a shining mark."
THE HUMAN VOICE.

Much has been said of the human face and form, and the house we live in has been justly styled—the “wonderful workmanship of a God.” All classes of men can talk of auburn ringlets, and sparkling eyes—but how little is said of the most wonderful faculty man possesses.

The intonations of the human voice are calculated to call forth every feeling of which our nature is capable.

How does its pleasant notes charm our spirits, or its sharpness send a thrill of anguish unutterable, through the confiding, loving heart. The song of gladness tells of inward peace. The trembling echo, as it lingers o’er the lips when love with its ten thousand delights is acknowledged, how does it send its corresponding thrill to the heart of another lovelit spirit.

The voice of penitence and prayer, how it lifts the veil and reveals the spirit’s immortality. The tale of sorrow finds its echo in the vibrations of its kindred spirit, and the voice assumes the same sorrowful strain.

Pity it is that a faculty capable of affording such exquisite delight, should ever produce a dissonant sound.

A heart attuned to love, will never allow its lips to utter words of coldness or reproach. A heart imbued with the spirit of him, who, when he was reviled, reviled not again, will shrink from the avowal of everything calculated to give another needless pain.

The tone of voice gives effect to our language—and hence the difficulty of repeating another’s words, and producing thereby the same sensations. Soft words, are always marketable and one of nature’s most prolific commodities, but kind words how few and far between.

JANE.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

In a pleasant but retired part of the village of S. there lived a once happy family. They were not rich, save in the enjoyment of domestic bliss. They were not nursed in the lap of self-indulgence or ease, but smiling plenty crowned the board.—Cheerfulness and industry were the inmates of their habitation. Their children were affectionate and kind, and lived only in the smiles and warm caresses of parental affection. But alas! how soon the scene was changed. God saw fit, in His mysterious providence, to lay His afflicting hand upon them. The fond and devoted mother fell a prey to disease. In vain the most skilful physicians were consulted—all attempts to restore her to health were fruitless—she at last became so helpless as to be unable to walk, and was supported in an arm-chair. During years of confinement and suffering, her kind companion and eldest daughter (who was but young,) administered to her wants with the kindest attention possible, leaving no method untried which could afford her any relief. Another trial, painful indeed, beyond description, awaited her—the companion of her bosom—he on whom she leaned for support, and who was her solace in her hour of grief, was thrown upon a bed of languishing, and after a lingering illness of months, that fatal disease, the dropsy, terminated his life. What but the grace of God could now support her widowed heart amid such unparalleled affliction? He who saith leave thy fatherless children alive with me, I will preserve them, and let thy widows trust in me, was with her to comfort and to bless—she knew in whom she had trusted, for she had early learned to walk in wisdom’s ways. She bowed submissively beneath her Heavenly Father's stroke, saying—"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord." Her children now clung to her, if possible, with greater tenderness than before. They felt that they were indeed fatherless. As soon as they were old enough, they labored with unwearied assiduity for her support—for her they toiled unceasingly from morning’s dawn till evening’s close. In the meantime three of the children (there were but four, two sons and two daughters,) became settled for life, and therefore were unable to do but little for her. Her eldest daughter, who had ever been with her, still remained to solace and to cheer. She did every thing in her power to make her afflicted mother happy—using the most self-sacrificing efforts to procure themselves a livelihood—depriving herself even of that rest which nature required, as her solitary midnight hours could witness. Think not that she was forgotten by friends and neighbors. Hard indeed must have been the heart that
Filial Affection.

could turn coldly away from such a scene as this; their warmest sympathies were excited in her behalf, and ever and anon were they seen bending their footsteps towards the lowly dwelling, carrying some refreshing cordial to the aged sufferer, whose unfeigned gratitude and sincere thankfulness was visible in her expressive countenance and beaming eye. She was ever fond of company, both young and old, but especially the pious—she loved to converse with them on heavenly things—to tell them of the kindness of her Heavenly Father in the midst of her sufferings, saying it was good to be afflicted, for before she went astray—she would tell them that the precious promises contained in the word of God would never fail—she felt that His word had indeed been verified to her, saying—"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," and "Lo! I am with thee always, even unto the end of the world." She felt that God was too wise to err, and on Him she leaned with unshaken confidence. She would tell them of her precious Saviour—of his deep humiliation and infinite condescension—of the deeper anguish and heavier cross He had endured for her, a sinner. She reflected much upon His dying love, and felt that her sufferings were light when compared with His, and therefore would hush every repining thought. She often requested her Christian friends to read and pray with her, which they oftendid, and it afforded her unspeakable delight. Never will the youth of our little village forget the good impressions they have received, nor the kind instructions which dropped from her lips; they were taught the luxury of doing good, and would often confer on her some little token of kindness and affection. She was for years before her death confined to her bed, being removed only at intervals by her daughter, whose spirit at times almost sunk beneath her weight of woes; for many long, long years she had watched with untrining assiduity by the side of her couch, leaving her only when necessity required. But her own constitution naturally strong, was gradually undermining. Marks of decay were visible in her faltering step, her care-worn and haggard countenance. Still she toiled on as before, almost forgetting herself in the deeper anxiety she felt for her mother. The last attenuated thread of her existence at length had spent itself. Her rapidly declining health told her the unwelcome truth that she soon must die. She dreaded not the thoughts of dying on her own account, for she believed that death to her would be gain—would forever be a glad release from all her trials here; for God had spoken peace to her troubled spirit. She could refer back with joy to the time—to years long since gone by—when she gave herself away to Him in a covenant never to be broken; but how she could submit to the idea of leaving the beloved object of her charge to suffer without her fostering care, was a question which often agitated her sinking frame. She implored the aid of her Heavenly Father. His pitying eye was upon her. He heard her cry, and taught her the heavenly lesson of resignation to his holy will—she was willing to give her up, saying it would be but a little while ere they should meet again never more to be separated. She closed her eyes peacefully in death—falling sweetly asleep in Jesus, to dwell with Him forever.

'Tis not in the power of language to describe the anguish of spirit the afflicted mother felt in that trying hour. She felt that her faith had not before been sufficiently tried—it seemed more than her weak frame could bear. Most fervently did she seek for divine assistance to sustain her sinking spirit till she, herself, should be called hence to be here no more. She did not survive her long. She lingered a few months longer about the shores of mortality, gradually becoming weaker and weaker, yet retaining her senses to the last, she sank into a quiet slumber. It was the sleep of death. Her spirit had quit its worn-out tenement of clay.

Can the most glowing imagination paint the scene, or tell what floods of glory burst in upon her enraptured vision when her happy spirit winged its way to the realms of everlasting light? Did not all heaven resound with shouts of praise, and even Gabriel strike his golden harp anew? But methinks there was one amid that happy throng who, if possible, has struck a louder note of praise—whose spirit thrilled with rapture at this happy meeting, the last re-union beyond the grave.

M. J. C.
MY CHILDHOOD.

My childhood! Oh, those pleasant days, when every thing seemed free,
And in the broad and verdant fields I frolicked merrily;
When joy came to my bounding heart with every wild bird's song,
And nature's music in my ears was ringing all day long.

Oh, those were years of innocence!—nought knew I then of sin,
But thought each lovely form must hold a lovelier soul within:
I never dreamed that pleasant words might come from hearts of guile,
Or that unkind and treacherous thoughts could lurk beneath a smile.

They told me, in those happy days, as I remember well,
That troubles still would come with years, and care would weave her spell
Around my heart; and those I loved might false or fickle be:
But when their looks and words were gay, I thought them cheating me.

Those dreams have fled; I've learned a tale that fain I would not know,
Of mortal man's deceitfulness—his utter guilt and woe:
Oh, would that this were all I knew of sin, that hated bane,
For in my spirit's depths I've felt its dark, polluting stain.

And yet I would not call them back, those blessed times of yore,
For riper years are fraught with joys I dreamed not of before:
The labyrinth of science opes with wonders every day,
And friendship hath full many a flower to cheer life's dreary way.

And then 'tis bliss to bless mankind; the mourner's tear to dry,
And point the erring soul to One who hears the sinner's cry;
'Tis bliss to conquer earth and sin through Him whose grace makes free;
And, trusting in that grace, to say, "The Saviour died for me!"

But still I want a childlike love, a tender, steadfast faith,
To trust, and never doubt the words my heavenly Father saith:
Blest Saviour! bring my proud thoughts low; give me a temper mild;
And let me be in heart once more, e'en as a little child.

THE LAMENT OF THE TREES.

"Behold we are desolate and bare. The wind plays unworsted gambols with our foliage. Our branches kiss the dust in every breeze. We bow down ourselves to the ground the sport of every breath.

We labor, we produce. The sun of summer causes us to germinate and bring forth, but autumnal airs despoils us of our fruit,—our efforts are all vain: our beauty in which we pride ourselves so much, soon fades away: and leafless crushed and broken, we ourselves decay. The sturdy oak, 'tis true, yields but an acorn, yet thus far 'tis well. The birch, the acorn, have their use, but, alas! thus to be robbed of our glory and our crown, to be thus the victim of every spoiler, is more than we can bear, more than we ought to suffer."

Thus spake the spirit of the trees; but soon the music of celestial spheres, echoed back the sound. "Not you alone, but we, but man, but beast, but all created things endure continual change. And happy are we thus. The tree forever green crowned with continual fruit and flowers, could not support itself. The acorn's shell must burst before the tree appears. Man, robed in dust must lay his garment by e'er his freed spirit mounts to heaven. All, all must change." So spake the eternal voice.

The music of the forest ceased. The voice of sad complaint was hushed. The spirit stood reproved.

Well be it so, change, change them all, 'till the archangels trump declares there shall be change no more."
THE BRIDAL HOUR.

The world had now forgotten to allure;
Its busy bustlings in that peaceful dome
Were hushed, and many a friend had come
With gladsome heart, to taste of joys with which
A stranger intermeddled not.

It was
A happy hour—yet decked with happiness
Of many-colored hue—a mingled cup of deep
And high-wrought extasy. A smile
Of unaccustomed joy sat lightly on
Each countenance, and yet a saddened smile
It seemed. 'Twas not of grief, for sunny hope
Looked on the scene. 'Twas not of pain,
For pleasure claimed the hour—her own. 'Twas not
Of woe, for bliss transfused shone brightly o'er
The group.

Now, music poured her thrilling notes
On the enchanted air, and harmony,
With gentle hand, swept o'er the silken chords
That twine around the heart, till all
Things breathe of melody. And oft and silently
A tear stole o'er the flushing cheek, while all
Refused to weep. It was a rapture so
Unlike the common joy, that tears alone
Could tell its sentiment—such feelings as,
Too oft repeated, poor humanity
Could ill sustain.

And one there was who drank
It deeper than the rest, and tasted in
Her new-filled cup a thousand differing charms;
The blushing bride receives a blessing and
A smile from each, and gives to each the hand
So lately pledged to deathless constancy,
And hastens from the congratulating throng
To snatch a mother's kiss—to pour into
The bosom of maternal love the fulness of
Her burdened soul. There let her weep:
She rests upon the pillow of her infancy,
And thousand visions of the past, like wild
Enchantment, fit before her spirit now.

There let her weep. That loved asylum
Of her grief is hers no more; and she
May leave the fond memory of early days
In that deep sanctuary, which till now
Hath been the shrine of all things dear.

Weep, lovely one: thy tears become thee well;
And he who fain would see thee smile, hath not
The heart to chide; and sure he cannot love
Thee less for tears like these.

Weep on: perchance
It is thy mother's last embrace; and, oh,
If thou hast given tenderness like hers
For love that lasts not but a day, trusting
In one who will deceive, this gentle shower
Will be refreshing to the dreary waste
That lies before thee. Weep, then, if thou wilt,
But leave thy tears upon this spot. This hour
Is sacred to the painful joy, the saddened bliss,
The deep emotion that itself hath brought;
But carry not those fine-wrought feelings thence;
Embitter not another's life with what
Thou shouldst have left behind thee at
The altar of thy vows.

'Tis thine henceforth
To cheer and sweeten life—to merit what
Shall amply pay the sacrifice of all
Thou lovest in thine early home, and richly
Substitute a mother's love.

LUETTA.

LOWELL AND ITS MANUFACTORIES.

So much has already been said under this caption, that it seems hardly possible for a new idea to be broached, or another paragraph cogitated. Enough that the object of the present article is, simply to advert to a few facts among the many probabilities which have been herefore recorded. It has been customary with a certain class of readers, as well as hearers, to set down all the ill which can be said of manufacturing villages as true, while its opposite can scarce obtain credence. A few of the many facts, which have been, or may be, gathered from the annals of Lowell morality, are here presented, so that a candid mind will acknowledge at a glance, that good may and does exist in an almost chaotic mass of seeming evil.

A witness of mechanical operations is not surprised at an occasional friction, as the rough edges of unfinished workmanship come in contact; neither does a resident of a city like our own, suppose there will be no confliction of thought or feeling: on the contrary, we expect in the crooks and turns of business life, to meet often with much which we would rather had never been seen.

It has been customary, from the first, to cry down manufacturing communities simply because incorporated bodies exercise the control, as if the fact of capitalists associating for the profitable investment of money tended to deteriorate from the character of persons in their employ.

Premises like these are false, and so, of course,
are all such conclusions. In pointing directly to the actual standing of our female population, I would specify one of our large, and one small establishment (that is, comparatively speaking). The Appleton corporation, by an investigation, presents the number of 189 members of different churches. These, it must be recollected, are some of the many "factory girls" of Lowell. Again, the Merrimack company employ 1098. Of this number, 442 are members in good standing of some evangelical church—more than one-third of the whole number employed. Of the remaining two-thirds, a large majority rank high in the scale of nominal christianity. This surely does not look much like what has been sometimes said: "that the population of Lowell is made up of 'scraps' and 'refugees'—the cast off 'non-essentials' of refined society."

Taking these as a true criterion, may we not fairly judge our population to be all that has been claimed in self-defence. Show me a community where one-third are not only nominally, but (so far as man may judge) truly the followers of the Redeemer, and I will allow them to possess an undoubted right to the name of "refinement and respectability." We have, it is true, many among us who are a "shame, a grief, and a vexation," but what is this more than what is common to other places? An agent of one of our establishments related the following incident, in proof of his statement respecting the difficulty with which a person of doubtful reputation obtains employment. Two young females called at his counting room for "regulation papers," as they had engaged a place in one of the rooms. They were given, and the girls went to the overseer for further orders. Before they had taken off their bonnets, they were recognized by those already at work; the overseer was informed, and the ladies had the pleasure of calling somewhere else for employment.—"This," he added, "is only one of the many I could relate; and it shows the impossibility of retaining a situation at the expense of character." And such is the fact. There is not a class of persons more tenacious of reputation, or more discriminating in its code of morality. But it is needless to waste words. If minds are so weak as to decide upon a point before both sides are examined, I can only say, I pity their weakness, and despise their narrowness.

In connection with this subject, I would speak of the literary abilities of operatives generally. It is true, but a small proportion accustom themselves to writing their thoughts, but this does not prove them incapable of the faculty. In illustration, I would point to the articles which appear from time to time, ostensibly from their pens. That they are actually written by them, I know; and many more dwell in the midst of us, who, if they do not possess the talents of a "Sigourney," may boast an "Adelaide."

In conclusion, I would advise those who know nothing of Lowell as it is, to defer their decisions till they have given the subject a fair examination.

ELLA.

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**THE FOREST PINE.**

Why sigh so mournfully, tall Pine,
Thou proud and fadeless one?
For o'er this lightsome heart of mine
A shadow thou hast flung.

Whence have thy strains so sad a power?
Why chant that murmuring tone?
Earth still is bright with many a flower,
Not yet hath Summer flown.

The first faint light of morn hast thou;
The sun's last ray is thine;
The fresh breeze which cools my brow
Breathes through thee, forest Pine.

The birds are blithe thy boughs among,
As when the Spring first came;
The brooks as lightly dance along;
And all things sport the same.

Then, wherefore is thy fitful moan?
Is't for the Indian wild,
Who from thy sheltering shade hath gone—
The forest's untamed child?

Yes; they have passed away from earth—
The maid and warrior brave;
Where late rung out their shouts of mirth,
That spot is now their grave.

And thou, oh, Pine, above their rest
Dost wail unceasingly:
So, for the lost, my heart loved best,
Pine, would I mourn like thee.
INCIDENTS IN THE EXPERIENCE OF A TRACT DISTRIBUTOR.

Continued from page 86.

After my tour with my friend E—, I resolved to enter the lists, and bear my part in the burden, if such it be, of tract distributing. The district appointed me was in the vicinity of a small flannel establishment, where a number of foreign families were employed. Parents and children were scattered promiscuously through the "works," as they termed it, each vying with the other in "speed" and "skill." I recollect one family in particular, for they possessed a "bright-eyed treasure," and with them I spent many a pleasant hour. They had come from their "mother land" to find a home in the "land of the free." Young and industrious, they soon became free from the "inconveniences" of poverty, if not raised above the fear of future want. They possessed the "wealth of reciprocated affection," and thought themselves rich indeed.—And so they were—for all other wealth is dross compared with the garnered stores of faithful hearts. Pity it is, that human felicity is always subject to innovation, if not destruction, for we learnt to prize our blessings when they loosen from our grasp, and the "lost are best loved." Yet, it is unwise for the spirit to grieve, when its kindred spirit is blessed, for the seraph's song is sweeter than earthly symphonies. I remember the look of anguish the mother cast upon her first-born, as the "ashes to ashes and dust to dust" of the burial service was chanted over its cold form. And the father—methinks I see him now, with his pale brow and tearless eye. He could not weep, for the fountains within were dried up.–He gazed in silence; and as the sexton’s spade loosened the earth around the new-made grave, he instinctively shuddered, and would have hindered the covering up so roughly of one he had cherished so fondly: recollecting himself, he drew back, and supporting his companion, returned to his home, childless.

In an adjoining house lived a poor cripple. Age had set its mark upon her, it is true, but the ingratitude of children had made the deepest furrow upon the brow, and whitened the silveryest lock. The warm currents of the heart had been chilled by the frosts of unkindness, rather than the finger of time. The poor woman lived alone, supported by the charities of kind neighbors: and in return for kindness shown her, she would rock the cradle, or amuse the "wee-bits" of her more favored friends.

Another family, whom I had the privilege of visiting monthly, were afflicted with that curse of curses, "a drunken mother." A father, besotted and degraded, is often called the worst of afflictions, but a mother—forgetful of her children—a mother! dead to the promptings of her own nature, and sold to a demon's appetite—what can be worse? The children often suffered from her negligence; and the father, wearied with her besetting ways, left them to carve out a more agreeable fortune.

But I will not linger over such scenes. Those who have labored in this cause know far better than I can describe, the miseries of the poor and forsaken. Following the advice of some more fortunate writers, I will try my hand at coiningsomething palatable, to make the "bitter" of my story pass well.

In the immediate vicinity of the family last named, resided a Scotchman with a numerous household.—He immigrated some years ago to New Brunswick, where he succeeded in building a house, and establishing himself in a profitable business. Blessed with health, he found himself increasing in basket and store. But (and there is a but to be considered in almost every thing) a fire broke out near his dwelling, and in a few hours his gains were gone. His family were saved, and he asked no more. He took up the line of march, in connection with those who had suffered with him, and came to "our village" to earn his bread. When he made his first appearance in our midst, his family excited general commiseration. With scarce clothing sufficient to cover them, and a long winter before them, it is no wonder they were somewhat disheartened. Through the influence of friends, however, the whole family soon obtained employment; and "plenty" of work brought, in course of time, plenty of money. The children were clad for kirk and school, and none could appear more respectable. In progress of events, they purchased a small house, and a patch of land for potatoes; and in possession of true riches, in connection with temporal blessings, we will for the present bid them and our subject, adieu.

HARRIET.
TO A LEAF, ACCOMPANYING A LETTER FROM A FRIEND.

Bright leaf of the forest,
A welcome to thee:
Say, what is thy message?
Come, whisper to me.
The crimson of Autumn
Hath tinged thy young brow;
Thou lookest all lonely—
Come, speak to me now.

"No leaf of the forest,
No stray one am I;
I am not a stranger
Sent hither to die:
The message of friendship
I've borne on my wing:
Then count not a trifle,
The poor, fragile thing.

A leaf from her woodbine
She saw me descend;
She bade me haste hither
And greet thee, her friend:
She bade me inform thee
Of things that have been:
Now, hark! let me tell thee
Of what I have seen.

I've lived but one Summer;
But sweet was the spot
That nurtured my childhood—
The door of her cot.
I've gazed on her proudly
Rejoicing to be
Of that happy cluster—
Her loved canopy.

I've played in the zephyr
That fanned her fair cheeks:
She looked—oh, so gentle,
I wished she would speak.
She smiled on me sweetly,
Then brushed off a tear—
My life I'd have given
To cause her to hear.

But then she would commune
With spirits so pure—
Submissive and willing
Her lot would endure—
I deemed it was sinful
To cherish that thought—
For pleasures unearthly
Her lost sense hath brought.

And oft have I seen her,
With eyes that would speak,
In prayer look to heaven—
Prayer fervent and meek:
Then sunshine succeeded
To darkness and storm;
The rainbow of promise
Encircled her form.

Come hither, my fair one,
Lie close to my heart—
Say, did she inspire thee
Such truths to impart?
Then talk to me often,
And be thou my own,
For she who hath sent
Speaks in thy each tone.

WHAT IS THE GATE OF HEAVEN?

Ask the Christian; he alone can tell you. He will answer, "Mortal, thou dost not know the power of prayer, the blessedness of holding sweet communion with the Father."

Turn to the sacred book of inspiration; with watchful, careful zeal search well its hallowed pages—thou wilt not search in vain. This book will teach thee all that precious truth thy anxious soul would know. Yes; it will point thee to that long-sought gate—will pilot thee safe onward to the sure haven of eternal rest, and gain for thee an entrance there.
My Mother.—The Purrington House.

My mother! When my heart hath heard
The music of that magic word,
Its fount of deepest love is stirred
Involuntarily.
I own, I own my mother's claim;
And bright and brighter grows the flame
That wreaths around my mother's name—
That fire can never die.

My mother! Cold must be the heart
That, writhing in affliction's smart,
Cannot apply the healing art
A mother's love hath taught.
Or if kind Providence hath smiled,
And hours of loneliness beguiled,
I pity the ungrateful child
Whose mother is forgot.

My mother, thou hast lived for me,
Presiding o'er my infancy,
And smiling on my childish glee
With more than love's own care.

MOTHER.
The guardianspirit of my youth,
Who taught these lips their love of truth,
And toiled to make life's pathway smooth—
Such is the love I share.

My mother, I am far away,
But let me evermore obey
The precepts that in childhood's day
In thy example shone.
And when thy form is bowed in prayer,
When none but God can see thee there,
I know thou wilt the wanderer bear,
In faith, before His throne.

My mother, then accept the lay
That asks but gratefully to say
What wealth itself could ne'er repay;
What I must ever owe.

This spirit cannot be exiled:
The erring, wayward, straying, wild,
The simple, duty-loving child
Is thine, where'er I go.

LOUISA.

THE PURRINGTON HOUSE.

'If you ever see the State House at Augusta, Me.? It stands on a little eminence; and the way up to its entrance is over steps of its own material. It looks in the distance somewhat like a huge pile of granite, and might perhaps be thought a legitimate offspring of the Granite State, instead of being the younger daughter of her junior sister. Its massive pillars, hewn from her own rugged cliffs, look things unutterable in the flourishing capital of that happy community. Its gigantic proportions are majestically, yet not frowningly beautiful. We will not say how it will compare with other edifices of its kind, for we are not wise in these matters; neither will we pretend that it is peculiarly adapted to the use for which it was reared: we are not politicians. All we know is, that it looks kindly on all things around, and contains in its cabinet some specimens of dame Nature's handiwork, that are worth seeing. We remember, too, having once ascended its winding staircase, and stretching our vision far abroad somewhat elated with our lofty station, but much more so with the fine prospect before us.

But public buildings have nought to do with our tale, save by way of giving locality; and we leave the State House for a drearier picture. Inquire in its vicinity, and they will point you to a spot, the scene of a mournful tragedy. They call it the Purrington house; and the memory of that name will live on, a sad memento of the frailties of poor human nature. The tale is true as it is tragical. I had it from the lips, I had almost said, of an eye-witness. He was a survivor of the Revolution, and always a welcome guest among the children.—The curly-headed group gathered about the aged veteran, and looked up wistfully into his face, to hear some story connected with his eventful life.—He smiled mournfully on his little auditory, brushed off an intruder that was essaying to find a channel in the time-worn furrows of his pallid cheek, and related in substance the following account of a scene in his boyhood.

"I was among the first at the spot. It was night. The alarm was given, and I hastened, half-dressed, in the direction pointed out. Oh! what a spectacle! The floor was literally covered with blood.—It was a slaughter-house. The knife of the butcher had been there, and the altar of the domestic sanctuary was covered with human victims. I see them now, and the sight freezes my spirits. What a chill of horror seized my frame, as I passed around among them. Father, mother, brothers, sisters, all—no; not all—stretched upon the floor, writhing in the purple stream, yet warm from their own life's fount. They had lain them down to slumber, but that sleep—ah, it was unto death. With stealthy foot and wary hand the murderer crept from couch to couch,
from pillow to pillow, planting his dagger as he went, deep in each heart. There they lay, in their undress—some stretched upon the floor, and some wrapt in the covering of their beds. Among them, all stained with gore, was the fatal knife; and there, too, palsied in death, was the more than maniac hand that had wrought so melancholy a shade into the web of household destiny.

There were rubylips, from which the smile of innocence had not yet departed. There were love-lit eyes, on which the bright rays of filial affection still lingered. There was the manly form laid low in the pride of his strength—in the morn of his being. There slept the tender infant, whose unsullied spirit had gone home to its native skies. Its guardian in life was its guardian in death; for a mother's solicitude was imaged in the countenance of her whose last look was one of tenderness on her babe. And there, shorn of glory, and mantled in darkness, drooped the sun of the household. A cloud was on his brow—a millstone was on his heart. But yonder is an image—who shall paint it? Who can blend life and death? Who can portray mingling love, hope, despair, and forgiveness? If any one is competent to the task, let him make the attempt. I cannot: I will not try. Oh the look of that dying girl. We took her from the spectacle of death, the sepulchre of her kindred, yet we could not heal the fatal wound. She survived two or three days; but a father's hand had dealt the death-blow, and how could she recover? She murmured not; and ere her lips were sealed forever, she spoke many words of charity for her murderer. He had been the kindest of husbands; the best of fathers. He loved his family, and was oppressed with the idea that they would soon suffer for want, though they had never known penury. He had not been thought insane, though a cloud of gloom had long hung heavily about him. The daughter, who lived long enough to witness and to feel the paralyzing shock, had seen him once before make an attempt upon his own life; and her gentleness had dissuaded him when no others were near. He lived, alas, to murder all, save one who had loved to call him "father."

He severed that heart, which, had it been severed by another, he would have cemented with his own life's blood. He took that life he had sworn to protect, and then rushed with blood-stained hand, and a guilt-stained heart, an unbidden suicide, into the presence of his God!

One son escaped, and ran with the fearful tidings that called us at once to the spot. I have been on the field of battle, and stood by the bedside of the dying, but never did I witness a parallel to the drama acted in the Purrington house."

The old man ceased; agitation shook his frame; and sympathizing childhood turned away to weep.

**THE BLISS OF BEING.**

While many are repining at their lot, and mourning over the ills of life, and regard their existence as a burthen, how few adopt the words of the psalmist, "Know ye that the Lord he is God; it is he that has made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture. Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise; be thankful unto him, and bless his name." But why this difference? Are not all made for happiness? Or is it only a favored few that may realize in their own experience the bliss of being? Such a supposition is dishonoring to our Maker, and we will not for a moment indulge it. The spirit is like the wreck of a beautiful piece of mechanism, in which may yet be traced its original beauty and harmony. A perverse will and unskilful hand must have caused the disorder which is apparent. But who can say how much of bliss one spirit would enjoy, were all its parts in perfect keeping and moving in the order in which the great Architect intended? This we know, that those who consult his guidance in regulating it, find its productions invaluable and glorious. There are sorrows in this life, and every one is more or less exposed to them, for since the time when our first parents fell from their pristine innocence and purity, not a single heart has escaped the cruel ravages of sin. "Yet by a sort of divine alchemy, the spirit that possesses heavenly wisdom will convert all external events to its own profit, and be able to deduce some good, even from the most unpromising: it will extract comfort and satisfaction from the most barren circumstances: "it will suck honey out of the rock, and oil of the flinty rock." As it advances in purity and spirituality, there will be revealed to it in clear dream and solemn vision, things that gross ears cannot hear.
That heart must be cold and cheerless indeed, which finds no pleasure in gazing at and admiring the beauties of nature, but not more cheerless and dreary than would this earth appear, were flowers forever blotted from existence, for, as an eminent writer has said, "a world without flowers would be like a face without a smile, or a feast without a welcome." They have been justly called the most beautiful part of creation; and they are by no means the least useful, for we can scarcely find a species of fruit of any kind that did not first find existence and nourishment in the heart of a flower; nay, many a useful lesson has the simple flower taught its proud master, man. What is more calculated to calm the angry passions than a walk in nature's garden, where we may behold the beauty and harmony which govern all her works; and how delightful to have a little garden spot which we can call our own, where we may cultivate the flowers which best suit our fancy, and see them, from day to day, growing more beautiful under our fostering care.

There is a similar, though far more lasting pleasure in cultivating another garden, because its flowers are never blasted by the sharp frosts of approaching winter; it is the garden of the mind. This garden is prepared and sown by the hand of the Almighty. If we carefully cultivate it, it will produce beautiful flowers to gladden the spring and summer of life, and delicious fruits to reward and cheer us in its decline; but if it remains uncultivated, the same seeds will produce nettles and thorns. I cannot enumerate the names of half the plants in this garden when properly cultivated; nor can I begin to describe their beauty. I will, however, mention a few. One lovely flower is Humility: it is a tender, shrinking plant, and must be carefully watched and cherished, or it will wither; if entirely neglected, from its blighted roots pride will spring up and flourish strangely. Purity and Innocence are two others: they also require much care to preserve them. Beside these, there are Virtue, Charity, Truth and Love. There is one that will bud and blossom without cultivation, but its flowers, though the most cheering, are deceitful, and unless the others are cultivated, the canker worm of sin will destroy its fruit: this plant is Hope.

But the most beautiful one which I ever saw there, and one which graces all the rest, is the blush rose of Modesty. No words can define it—no language describe its beauty. The dew which best nourishes the plants in this garden, is morning and evening prayer. Their sunshine is the smile of God. They are watered by the showers of Divine grace, which descend in proportion as the dews arise.

Would we seek for sweetest pleasures,    And for joys the most refined,  We may find their richest treasures  In this garden of the mind.  

THE DECISIVE MOMENT.

A SKETCH.

Miss A. C. was once an active and constant attendant upon the Sabbath school. She had for a teacher one of those warm-hearted beings who never fail to win the affections of their class. He was successful also in collecting and keeping together a large class, who looked upon him with feelings little short of idolatry. He was unwearied in his pains to meet with them, not only on the Sabbath, but likewise at their Saturday evening meetings—often walking ten miles in the afternoon to be with them in the evening.

But the time arrived when he must bid adieu to his class. Duty called, and he must away; and this large and interesting class was broken up and scattered—some uniting with other classes, while many left the school, to spend their Sabbaths in idleness. Among those who left, was Miss A.—Some time after this, however, by the solicitation of a friend, she united with the school again, but did not attend regularly. Alas! she had lost her interest in the Sabbath school, and it was with much difficulty she could be prevailed upon to attend.—Her teacher, who was very discerning, as well as faithful, soon discovered the true state of her heart, and used his utmost skill to gain her confidence, that he might the more successfully present truth to her mind. But his efforts were all unavailing: the Sabbath school had become an irksome place, and truth unsavory meat; and she chose to leave the one that she might relieve herself from the restraining influence of the other. The Sabbath school was exchanged for the ball-room, and Christian friends for ungodly associates. Poor girl! little did she realize that she was planting thorns in her pillow, so soon to pierce her to the heart.

Her teacher, like a faithful friend, followed her to her abode, and sought an opportunity of personal conversation; but sought in vain, for A., by the artful assistance of evil companions, always succeeded in framing excuses which were apparently satisfactory.
A few weeks rolled away, and A. was, for the last time, earnestly entreated to go to the Sabbath school once more; but with a cold, repulsive look she replied, I shall wait until warm weather returns. Her friend kindly admonished her of the danger of delay and the importance of improving the present moment in securing the salvation of her soul. A. thought her first duty was to take care of her health; that secured, and there would be time and opportunity to secure the other. But, with all her precaution, she could not arrest Death in his progress. Already had he received his commission, and was on his way to her door. Now, with all her aptitude in framing excuses combined with the artfulness of those who lie in wait to deceive, she could not turn him away unheeded. No: his high mandate must be obeyed. His cold and icy grasp cannot be resisted, notwithstanding she struggles long and hard; and while in his very embrace, hope bids her not despair, and she clings fondly as ever to life. At length, her physician tears away the last vestige of hope, and admonishes her to prepare for death. Now, the scene changes. Distress and anguish take possession of her soul. She feels she has an immortal spirit, and that she committed a fatal error when she bartered away this priceless jewel for trifles light as air. Conscience, with a thousand stings, is goading her on to desperation. Where now are those gay companions who often stifled the gentle monitions of her voice, flattering her that all would be well hereafter? Do they come to comfort her now? Do they pour the oil of consolation into her heart? No! that task is left for more faithful friends. The Sabbath school teacher now comes, a welcome messenger of truth: but, ah! he comes too late.—In vain does he point to the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world," for to her he has assumed the place of an angry Judge. Whichever way she looks, she is filled with dread dismay; her fears are great; her hope of life has fled, and her hope beyond this life is just expiring: she calls upon her friends to pray. "Oh! pray, pray, pray," was her emphatic language. But here, she finds no relief to her distressed soul: she gives up all for lost: despair takes the full and entire possession of her soul: the house is filled with her wailings and lamentations.

"In that dread moment, how the frantic soul Raves round the walls of her clay tenement; Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help, But shrieks in vain! How wistfully she looks On all she's leaving, now no longer hers! A little longer, yet a little longer, O might she stay, to wash away her sins, And fit her for her passage! Mournful sight! Her very eyes weep blood; and every groan -She heaves is big with horror; but the foe, Like a staunch murderer, steady to his purpose, Pursues her close through every lane of life, Nor misses once his tracks; but presses on; Till, forced at last to the tremendous verge, At once she sinks."

Alas! she had made no preparation for such a day as this. She did expect to die some time, but not so soon. She did intend to make preparation for the wants of the soul, in a few months. She put it off only a few months: but, ah! what an awful delay was that! What a decisive moment! It proved to her, the loss of her soul.

I leave my young readers to make their own reflections: and may they wisely consider the danger of delay.

Pride.

Pride may be considered inordinate self-esteem on account of something possessed, or some act performed. Though reprobated by God and man, it still finds a lodgment in many a human breast. How foolish and inconsistent does pride appear when viewed in the light of truth! Then do we see man as he is. With all his fancied dignity and proud pretensions, we find him to be a creature made of dust, and soon to return to dust again: as dependent as the insect which crawls beneath his feet, not only for his existence and all that makes life desirable, but for ability to perform those very acts of which he boasts.

Perhaps no one thing causes more needless pain than pride. It is the bane of peace to every mind into which it is suffered to enter. It destroys the happiness of thousands in the higher as well as the lower walks of life, who might otherwise find uncensuring pleasure in following the example of the Saviour by doing good to others, or in humbly walking in the lowly path which Heaven has marked out for them.

The proud spirit which some persons cherish, is but a token of their ignorance. It shows that they are destitute of the knowledge most important for man to possess—an understanding of their own natures, and their relations to God and man.

But humility is a robe which appears equally beautiful on every person. It utones, in a great measure, for the absence of the shining qualities of the mind. It is intimately connected with the christian graces; and it should be our highest aim, not only "to do justly and love mercy, but to walk humbly with God."
THE NEW YEAR.

Farewell, farewell, to '41,
It is the year my life begun—
A life of toil and care I fear,
A life that shall no duty shun,
I'll pay the tribute of a tear:
To thee, 'tis due, departing year.

Farewell—a long and last adieu,
The memory of this interview
Shall live long as my pages last:
I'll bear thy name to '42,
A record of fleet moments past,
And o'er its brow thy shadow cast.

It shall look back and learn of thee—
Time past shall teach futurity.
It from thy errors shall take heed,
And from thy acts of purity
Shall learn full many a worthy deed,
As on their march its moments speed.

Affliction in my infancy
Hath taught me true Philosophy—
Why should I shed a useless tear?
Or borrow from anxiety?
Nay, I will leave my troubles here,
My cares shall die as dies the year.

Then welcome, welcome, '42,
For me, for me, what wilt thou do?
Say how wilt thou my pages store—
Shall they all evil words eschew?
Shall they be rich with wisdom's lore?
This boon be thine's—they'll ask no more.

They ask no gilded 'chair of state'—
No name this silly world calls great—
They ask no portion with the throng
Of leaves that enter folly's gate,
For they have never learned her song—
They cannot speak with flattering tongue.

My pages offer ample room
For talent watching at the loom—
For spinners' threads of poetry,
Or hands that wield the very broom,
May wield the pen triumphantly,
And teach the world so silently.

Yes, '42, thy many days
Shall bring, I ween, the meed of praise—
Not for myself, for I am nought,
But for the sweet and simple lays,
The glowing gleams of high-born thought,
Some modest factory girl hath wrought.

I ask, new year, (nor deem it strange
If I should ask a wider range,)  
For who would live on charity?
Ah! that will very friends estrange;  
I ask a little boon of thee 
To pay their generosity.

And now to those who condescend 
To greet me with the name of friend, 
I wish a happy glad new year: 
And to my foes that wish I'd send, 
To all the world both far and near 
I wish a happy well spent year.
Recollections of the Past.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

In my happy school-days, I was seated in my room musing on the past, and imagining bright dreams of future happiness—painting to myself a happy home on the lap of wealth and luxury, when I was roused from this delightful reverie by a schoolmate who invited me to accompany her in a walk. She was a stranger in H * * * *; a young lady of fine talents, with whom I had become acquainted while on a visit to the city of B ——; on my return home I invited her to spend the summer in attending school with me. She readily consented, though her education (as it is fashionably termed) was finished. She was not one of those young ladies who think when they have attended school a stated time, there is nothing more to be learned; but was delighted at the idea of attending school and of spending the season in the country,—was very fond of a ramble in the woods or among the neighboring hills,—and usually wished me to accompany her, as at this time, when she so suddenly interrupted me.—We were soon equipped for walking—I asked her in what direction. She replied to the grave yard. I was surprised at this request but made no reply. We walked in silence among the graves of those who had gone to their final resting place, until we came to a long row of white marble monuments; my friend read the inscription on one of them, and then inquired of me if I had been acquainted with this family, which appeared to be all so happily sleeping side by side. I replied in the affirmative, and also pointed to a vacant place by the head of that family, and another between a brother and sister, and remarked that two were left to mourn the departure of those who had been called thus early to their long home. My friend made several inquiries respecting the remaining members of the family. I informed her that the mother and eldest daughter were still living, but the former was fast approaching second childhood,—and replied that as she appeared to be very much interested in them, and if she would walk to the white cottage she saw at a short distance, which overlooked the graveyard, I would introduce her to the mother and daughter. She replied that it would give her a great deal of pleasure. We directed our steps towards their beautiful cottage, which was nearly concealed by woodbine, and surrounded by sweet-brier and rose bushes; indeed it seemed almost a paradise. Contentment and peace dwelt within its walls though great had been their affliction.—We entered and were kindly received by Mrs. R —— and her daughter. We sat a short time conversing on different subjects of the day, and then departed, both equally pleased with our call. As the day was fast drawing to a close, we directed our steps towards our own dwelling. We had walked more than half the distance in silence when my friend suddenly exclaimed, "Why cousin," (she always thus familiarly addressed me), "have they always been in such low circumstances; 'tis true they appear to have every necessary of life, and even some of its luxuries, but they appear to have been accustomed to the, best society, and also to be well acquainted with the present transactions of the day—which is not often the case with people in their situation in life." I replied; "that they had not—but it was a long story and I had not time to relate it then, but if she would remind me of it on the morrow, when I was at leisure, I would relate it to her." On the morrow I found myself at leisure, and my friend did not forget to remind me of the promise I gave her, to relate to her the history of Mrs. R ——'s family.

Mr. R ——, at an early age became an orphan, and almost destitute; he was received into the family of his uncle, Mr. C ——, a wealthy merchant of H ——, and soon after entered his counting room. By his diligence and attention to business, he gained the respect of all who knew him, and so far enjoyed the good will of Mr. C ——, that he became his partner in business. He soon after married his only daughter, at which time Mr. C. placed his business in the hands of Mr. R ——, and retired from its bustle and cares.

Mr. R —— lived very happily, daily increasing in worldly wealth. A large family sprang up around him—three sons and three daughters. The eldest son was educated for the ministry, the second a lawyer, and the third was destined to fill his father's counting room. All were gifted with surprising talents. The daughters were educated as becomes American women; they were taught the duties of the household, and the more useful branches of education, without neglecting those lighter accomplishments, such as music, drawing, and painting. Nature seemed to have singled out this family to shower its every blessing upon them. Beauty, wealth, talents, all were theirs. Years rolled on, and those children arrived to
maturity. The eldest son volunteered as a missionary to a distant country. Much was said by his family against his departure, yet nothing would deter him from what he considered his duty: but hard was that parting. It was evening; the family were all seated around a cheerful fire in their splendid drawing room; it was perhaps the last that they might ever spend together, and sorrowful hearts were there. They wept, yes, that mother wept tears of bitter anguish, at parting with her eldest son. A fearful thought came over her, that she might never see him more, and that thought was agony. "Oh! Edward," she exclaimed, "we cannot part with you, you must not leave us; think how tenderly you have been nurtured by a kind father and mother; think of the privations you must suffer among a savage nation, without a place to lay your head save the bare ground;—a prey, perhaps to wild beasts. Oh, the thought is madness. I cannot part with you." "Mother, dear mother, do not talk thus; a few short years, and I trust we shall all meet in a holier, happier place than this, if we are destined never to meet again on this earth. Think of the privations and hardships our Saviour endured for us. I cannot suffer more than he suffered for me: is it not wrong, dear mother, to murmur against His will, and our duty?" And they again wept in silence. At length, the father arose, and said, "let us unite in prayer, to the Giver of all good, and ask of Him strength to bear this parting, and also to sustain our son in his good resolutions; for I feel it is the will of our Saviour." Long and fervent was that prayer; and their grief was calmed. — They retired to rest with happier feelings. — Their son was to depart at break of day. The morrow came and with it the departure of Edward R. —

It was the first time that that family had been separated; and as they again drew around the fire on the following evening, Mrs. R.— remarked, that it seemed as if the departure of Edward was the first stroke of misfortune that was about to fall upon them.

Not long after this, it was thought advisable that William, their second son, also should leave them to follow his profession in a distant city. But very different were the feelings of that family in parting with the latter. The ocean was not to roll between them, and a few hours' ride would bring him to them. The youngest son was still with them. And as the mother gazed upon the noble form of that son, she thought he was their only earthly support.

Soon after this, news of the failure of a large mercantile house in New York, in which Mr R.— was closely connected, reached them. This at first, seemed a stunning blow to all their fond anticipations. But as yet they did not know the extent of the failure, and hoped it would not affect them so materially as they at first had been led to suppose. The business was such, however, as to require the immediate presence of Mr R.— in N. York. Accordingly, a few days found him in the great metropolis; but what was his surprise and consternation, on arriving there to find that three of the partners had decamped, leaving him and two others to bear the failure alone. The whole of their property was hardly sufficient to cover their just demands; but they were honorable men, and determined that the last cent should be given up ere their creditors should lose. On examining the papers, Mr R.— found that he should be obliged to sell his real estate or fall several thousand dollars short of the demands against him, although this would deprive his family of their accustomed splendor, he did not hesitate to do it. In one short month he saw his elegantly furnished home pass into other hands and he with his family retired to the cottage that Mrs R.— now occupies. But what a contrast to their former splendor;—and even this they could not call their own.

Mr. R.—, through the kindness of his many friends was again able to commence business. — Through one winter he struggled hard to free himself from debt, scarcely allowing himself time to eat or sleep. So closely did he confine himself to business, that spring found him so low, he was hardly able to attend to it at all. Owing to his low state of health, and so much care, he was soon laid upon a sick bed, from which he never arose. He breathed his last in a well founded hope of a happy resurrection:—leaving his family in the hands of Him who will not desert the orphan in the hour of affliction. The family were now left entirely upon the exertion of Charles, the youngest son, and nobly did he redeem the promise he gave a dying father, to protect and provide for an affectionate mother and sisters.

From Edward and William they had received no tidings since their departure, excepting one letter from Edward, written immediately on his arrival in a foreign land. They had written to each informing them of their reduced fortunes, and the
death of their much loved parent—but they received no answer. They were not so much surprised at receiving no word from Edward as it would necessarily take some time for a letter to reach him, and a long time would elapse before they could receive one in return. But they could not account for the silence of William. Strange fears would press through the mind of that mother as she sat musing on the past, and glancing at the almost fearful future; but she banished them from her mind, as unworthy herself, and wronging her absent son.

It was a sultry day in the month of July, as Mrs R—and her daughters were seated in their little parlor, conversing upon the changes of one fleeting year, when they were interrupted by the entrance of Charles, who came to inform them he was going to an adjoining town to transact some business, and should not get home until evening. Mrs R— anxiously inquired if the ride could not be postponed until the morrow, as it looked very likely for a shower. He replied, that it could not; but as he had a very fleet horse, he thought he could return home before it rained. Mrs R— sat in silence watching the clouds until they were summoned to tea. They had just arisen from the table, when a loud peal of thunder burst upon theirears. They involuntarily started and exclaimed, where is Charles? They returned to the parlor to watch for his return. The rain fell in torrents, and he returned not. As it was a lonely way he had taken, he would not be likely to find shelter until he reached home; and they anxiously watched for his appearance. Darkness had been thrown over the face of the earth and the storm abated not its fury. They had almost given up all hopes of seeing him that evening, when he rode up to the door, drenched in rain. Every precaution was taken to prevent the effects of a violent cold, but it was of no avail. The morning found him delirious. A physician was summoned, and pronounced his disease the brain fever. In one short week Mrs R— saw the remains of her son deposited in the grave. The sisters looked upon the Inanimate form of their brother for the last time. The youngest, whose health had always been delicate could endure no more; she fellsenseless into the arms of her mother, and was borne to her home. When she awoke out of her death-like swoon, reason had departed. Tenderly was she watched by that mother; but an all-wise hand saw fit to take her from this world of trouble and care. A few days and she rested by the side of the brother she had so dearly loved.

The mother was now obliged by pressing want, to turn her attention to pecuniary matters. They must devise some way to obtain a living. Mrs R— proposed sewing. Eliza, the eldest daughter, was advised by her friends to apply for the situation of female assistant in the academy of H—, as it was then vacant. She did, and obtained it. Nancy, the second daughter, obtained the situation of governess in the family of a wealthy planter, in one of our southern states. But could they thus be separated? Yes: poverty, that iron-hearted master, (as it has justly been called,) bade her go; and she went forth into the cold, selfish world to earn the bread of poverty. She did not murmur or shrink from her duty; for she looked to a higher source for her reward. As the mother bade her daughter adieu, she said to her, 'let but one year roll round ere we again meet.'

A year had almost gone and they had begun to look for her return, when Mrs R— received a letter from Edward, announcing his arrival to his native land, and telling them that he should be with them in a few days. Mrs R— immediately wrote to Nancy of Edward's return, and that she would meet him at home, if they were both punctual to the day they had mentioned they should return. It wanted but one week of the day they expected to meet their absent friends, when Mrs R— again received a letter; but she was unacquainted with the handwriting, and opened it with a brating heart. It was from a friend of Edward, informing her that her son was very sick, and requesting her to come to him as quick as possible, as his life was despaired of. The next morning saw Mrs R— riding rapidly towards the town of N,— where her son then was. She arrived just in time to close his eyes in death. His remains were carried to H— the day they expected to meet him in life and in good health.

A few minutes after they had borne his corse into the house, the stage coach drove up before the door, and Nancy alighted with a stranger. Buoyant with hope and anticipating the pleasure of meeting her brother, she ran into the house. But what a scene was there presented to her. A weeping mother and sister standing by the coffin of that brother; she staggered and would have fallen, if it had not been for the supporting arm of her friend who had come to claim her for his bride.

Another year rolled on and Nancy R— became the bride of the Rev Mr B—, who was then settled in the city of New York. In the following summer she returned to make her mother
and sister a visit and spend the season in the country, to regain her declining health.

They were again seated in their little parlor as in years gone by, and were speaking of William, when they heard some one cry, 'get out of the road there!' They looked out of the window and saw a man reeling to and fro, and a few rods behind him was a horse galloping at full speed. The man heard the warning and reeled towards the side of the road, but he was too late. The horse dashed past, throwing him to the ground, and the carriage passed over his head—he was taken up and carried into Mrs R——'s, as that was the nearest place. Mrs R—— gazed at his features, and exclaimed—'It is my son, it is my only son!' and fell senseless to the ground. A physician was sent for, but when he arrived, William R—— (for such indeed it was,) was stretched in the last deep sleep. They were now obliged to turn their attention from the dead to the living. When Mrs R—— recovered from the swoon in which she had fallen, she was continually calling upon her son not to taste of that; 'don't touch that glass!' she would say. She remained in this state until after the grave was closed over her only son. Nancy was thrown into a fever—her husband was sent for, but he arrived only to see what he held most dear on earth, deposited in the grave. By the kind attention and tender nursing of Eliza, Mrs R—— slowly recovered, but it was long ere she was seen to smile. But she had placed her hope and trust in Him who rules the universe, and she did not repine but calmly awaits the time when He shall see fit to take her from this world of woe.

BEAUTY.

"I would that I were beautiful,
Ah! smile not at the thought,
For many an idler wish than this
The human hearthath wrought."

I ask not for that beauty which attracts the eye; but for that true beauty which dwells within. A rosy cheek, a lily hand, and a sparkling eye have many attractions, but unless there is something more valuable, these are like a bubble that dazzles for a moment, and then vanishes away. There is a beauty which will grow more lovely and attractive as long as eternity shall last. I have said that it dwells within. It shines out also in the face—it is easy to trace it in the countenance of one who possesses it. The hand that is daily employed in administering to the wants of the poor and wretched, is truly beautiful, whatever its form or texture.

Give me the eye whose mild radiance bespeaks a benevolent and sympathizing heart, and lips that can never give utterance to an unkind word, with a forehead, not of alabaster, but which tells in plain language of a well cultivated mind. Such a face with an expression of modest humility, will cast a halo of brightness on all around. True beauty is of such a nature that it is beyond the power of words to describe it; it has its seat in the deep fountains of the soul; its power will always be felt—it will not make its possessor proud and haughty like that beauty which nature sometimes bestows on her children. Neither can it be counterfeited like nature's beauty, for no paint however cunningly devised or artfully administered can ever give that 'charm of loveliness' to the prettiest features which this gives to the ugliest face; but there is a time when this casement of clay will be taken off, and here beauty will shine in glorious effulgence. There will be no intermediate state then—every soul will be beautiful beyond description, or hideous and frightful.

Time is given us to prune off the deformities and cleanse out the stains occasioned by sin.—Nought will do this except the chisel of the spirit and the waters of divine grace. These we may have with strength and aid to perform the arduous work, if we will but ask them. This beauty will also procure for us undying happiness, while nature's beauty is frequently the source of misery. Her favored children are often the most wretched. They think a pretty face will pass well enough in the world—no matter whether they possess a virtuous heart or a cultivated intellect. May our prayers and desires continually ascend for this hue of beauty, accompanied with untiring endeavors to obtain it, so that our lives may be pleasant and useful, and our eternity blessed.

* M *
Among the few things that cheer the traveller as he moves wearily along life's uneven pathway, nothing is more pleasant than the voice of sympathy from a fellow sojourner. The burden which he sustains seems lessened, of half its oppressive weight, by the feeling that another cares for him, and in spirit shares it with him, and he is encouraged to pursue with greater alacrity, his course through this vale of tears. But alas! sympathy is a rare thing to be met with. The multitude, eagerly pressing after their own pleasure, wealth, or aggrandizement, forget, or give no heed to the ancient injunction: 'Bear ye one another's burdens.' And often does the wayfarer, when well nigh sinking beneath his load, as he looks around for some kindly hand to render assistance, read in the cold glance or repulsive tone, the reply, 'Let every one bear his own burdens.'

Sympathy, to be welcome, should be cheerful, and should come without being sought. Yet, when in the vicissitudes of everyday, it becomes necessary to ask some slight favors or personal assistance, how freezing to see the countenance suddenly become clouded, and assume an appearance of abstraction as deep and settled as though the question proposed had been some difficult mathematical problem. And then, perhaps, after mature deliberation and consideration of the subject in all its bearings, the answer is hesitatingly forced out, 'Why, yes, I suppose I can.' Oh, an abrupt refusal were a thousand times more welcome than such acquiescence.

The poet spake truly when he said, 'There's a language that's mute, there's a silence that speaks,' for who has not felt the sweet eloquence of a sympathizing look? When the fountain of the soul has become congealed with the ice of indifference and neglect, a smile, or even a look will often fall like a sunbeam upon it and cause the warm and tender emotions to gush forth as rejoicingly as the mountain streamlet at the return of spring.

The sympathy of others is necessary to our happiness. Should not, then, ours be ever ready for all? I say, for all, for who is there unworthy of our sympathy? The poor, the ignorant, the degraded, are all brethren of the same family, and it is no intrinsic merit which has raised us above them. Let not then the sorrowing be utterly cast down by our unkindness; let not those who have wandered be betrayed into still greater error by our neglect and indifference—let us seek to exemplify all the gentle charities of life, that with us the stranger and the orphan may feel themselves at home and befriended—the weak and the erring be strengthened and encouraged in the right ways by our kindly influence, and the world be made happier for our having lived.

But what a glorious example have we in this respect! While upon earth, our Saviour manifestered the deepest sympathy for the sorrows of mortals. He would commiserate with, and assist the most despised of earth's children, and even now, exalted as he is on high, he is 'touched with the feeling of our infirmities.' Let us follow in his blessed footsteps, and then will our lives be influenced truly by that charity which 'seeketh not her own.'

**STELLA.**

"THE PEARL OF PRICE UNKNOWN."

That man thirsts for riches, is a fact which none will attempt to disprove. By his early and indefatigable exertions to gain them, we are often disposed to think his love innate, and that it enters, as it were, into the composition of the being himself. That it is insatiable, we frequently have demonstrative proof; but that it is so, and is continually urging him forward, is no apology for the undue exertions which he makes in its pursuit, for it is the cherishing and cultivating this unhallowed passion, (for such it becomes when carried to excess,) to the neglect of more noble motives and principles, which gives it such unbounded power over him. Let us glance for a moment at the personal sacrifices which he often makes for the purpose of acquiring wealth.

'He rises early, sits up late, and eats the bread of carefulness;' he sometimes denies himself the comforts of life, and foregoes the luxury which the benevolent mind enjoys, of imparting a portion of his sustenance to the needy. Oh! much of happiness does he lose by thus smothering the kind-
lier charities of his nature till they become, in a
measure, extinct. He perils his life upon the
stormy seas—braves death while seeking for treas-
ures which the rude billow has engulfed, and
hazards his immortal soul, as though it were a
thing of little worth compared with the contemple-
table riches for which he strives. How strange,
how passing strange, that one so intent on monop-
olizing all to himself, should neglect to secure an
invaluable pearl, which all the while lies within
our reach. 'Tis a gem of unsurpassed beauty, of
untarnished brilliancy, of matchless enduring val-
ue—a gem, compared with which the richest dia-
monds that were ever set in the coronets which
have graced the brow of the mightiest potentates
of earth, would appear as insignificant, contemp-
tible and detested baubles. Upon it is inscribed
the never failing promise, that he who obtains it,
gaineth 'eternal life.' That which renders its at-
tainment so desirable, and enhances its value above
ought else, is the assurance which is given, that
many waters cannot drown it—the sword of perse-
cution cannot wreath it from the grasp—the fires
of martyrdom cannot destroy it—the flood gates
of death cannot bear it away, nor will eternity dimin-
ish its work, for at death's portals it will serve as
a passport to the regions of eternal blessedness and
glory. This gem is the 'Pearl of great price,' and
'durable riches,' is it to its possessor. Though it
cost the blood of the Redeemer; yet, it is a free
gift to those who humbly crave it from Him who
offered himself as a ransom for the guilty—who
conquered death and hell to win the inestimable
prize for the penitent believer, and happy—yes,
thrice happy is he who calls this gem his own.

S. A. M.

THE FACE.

The human face, with shade and light,
The unconscious spirit shows;
For there, as in a mirror bright,
Each secret feeling glows.

When words are few, and language weak,
Pure, generous love 't express,
How will the soul-lit features speak
Unuttered tenderness.

Where scorn and anger, mingling burn
In writhing flames of ire,

We in each lineament discern
The inward glowing fire.
The sunshine of the soul leaves there
A smile of angel grace,
But oh! its night of black despair,
Hath of that smile no trace.

If ever thus the human face
The changing thoughts control,
'Twill never beam true loveliness,
Till God has blessed the soul.

CAROLINE.

GLEANINGS FROM THE PARLOR.

'I was not until recently aware that literature
consisted in 'love tales,' said Dr. H., throwing
a semi-monthly quarto on the sofa.

'It is indeed an important discovery; and do you
not owe the world the publicity of the fact?' re-
plied the young lady addressed. 'Tis ridiculous
—this fury for the romance of the imagination,
while all the romance of reality is passed unheed-
ed by, or frowned upon as an unwelcome guest at
the centre table. Will not some of you dignita-
ries give us a lecture on the subject that shall
make 'both the ears of him that heareth it to tingle?'

'We dignitaries, as you are pleased to surname
us, understand too well the tastes we have to
please, for that. If we cannot persuade a man to
take medicine, we will mix a little with his food,
and thus cure by his own consent rather than
drive ourselves from his patronage by attempting to
force the potion into his mouth.'

'Patronage! ah! that's it. There's too much
truth in that sentence, and it was too frankly told.
People will do almost anything for patronage now-
a-days; but if there is a particle of honesty left
in them, they will despise themselves, as every-
body else despises them. Ah, me! if I were one
of the literati, I'd not pander to the vitiated tastes of our degenerate times. When I am compelled to see that ultra-refined sentimentalism and cobweb love songs glittering with the dew-drops of genius are the order of the day—when I reflect how large a portion of the libraries of our 'young men and maidens' are composed of such material, I long to grasp the pen of some Milton—rather I long to see a new Milton arise in the literary firmament.

'And so you would turn the world up side down by speculating and theorizing upon mere matters of fact, Miss Flora? Live as long as I have lived, young girl, and you will sing another song.'

"Turn the world upside down? That was done long ago. But I say if I had the power of a Byron, it should be applied to the lever of eternal truth, and I would do my part of the drudgery of turning it down side up. Why Dr., what a panic our race is in, chasing the phantoms of some bewildered imagination, that sees things as the world never saw them; as they never were—fashion, novels and Fanny Elssler, are worth more than the dictionary, the arithmetic and the Bible. One half of us are crazy, and few are the physicians whose mental vision is clear enough to see where the malady lies, and still fewer who have the moral courage to approach us in our madness. Fruits and flowers, can they sweeten life? If poison is poured in the fountain that supplies a whole city, will not insanity or death ensue? If it is a true saying that the newspapers of a people are an index to national character, what say you for our own happy land? How has the spirit of our ancestry forsaken us?"

"You surely do not mean to say that the scale preponderates towards the side of vice? Look at the many religious periodicals that flood our land. Look, too, at the healthy moral sentiments that pervade other hundreds not professedly religious."

"I grant that it is so. But there is another side to the picture. Look at the effort to make everything fashionable—to give the style of romance even to religious reading—to unite truth and fiction till one could hardly discern between the two, were it not that fiction is obliged to wear an extra polish to cover its many and hideous deformities. Look at some of the most popular sheets of our time, and tell me if they do not employ the gifted good to furnish matter to intersperse among their unreal sketches from 'real life,' embellish the whole with 'elegant engravings,' of extravagance in dress carried to the verge of the ridiculous. Don't shake your head so demurely, Dr. I perceive you are about to accuse me of saying some smart things, just for effect; but it is not so: I speak from the overflowing of a full heart."

He would have replied, but that moment the door-bell rung, and summoned Dr. H. away—They adjourned "sine die"—but if our memorandum is at hand when they conclude we will sketch the remainder.

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CORRESPONDENCE, Etc.

My Sister—Judge of my surprise, on receiving the Operatives' Magazine for December, to find a communication from you, purporting to be 'official.' Now, sister, you are aware of my extreme diffidence, and my aversion to 'publicity' in any form: consequently, I am forced to decline the acceptance of an arbitration, calculated to bring the personal pronoun of the first person singular, into such prominence. I am aware of the popular appellation of 'Moonshine,' but its force is to me incomprehensible. I've heard a popular ——, but that would be personal. I've heard the term, in 'the house and by the way.' I've sought for a divination of its meaning—but alas for my poor 'noodle,' it still remains 'insolvable.' As for building a wall between the 'sublime' and 'ridiculous'—that would be 'labor in vain'—for don't you perceive that the 'march of intellect is onward,' and in case of a 'wall,' I rather 'guess,' (to use a Yankeeism,) it would soon be 'upward' and 'overward.' As long as the line of progression is dominant, 'would be a foolish waste of 'brick and mortar,' (for I can't think of building with other materials;) so you see the 'probable illumination' of the darksome world of 'Moonshine,' is for the present merged in impossibility. By the way, I'll give you a specimen of 'true moonshine,' at some 'more fitting hour'—for bethink you, the 'Sun' rules just now.

As for assuming the habits of Luna's votaries, 'tis too late for me to begin, for I always make it a rule to look at the moon with my eyes shut. Did
you ever, sister, fancy a mild, sad face just before you, and through fear of losing the expression, shut your eyes lest some hideous object should intervene and destroy the delightful vision? If so, you can appreciate my feelings in regard to 'Her Majesty, the Night Queen.' I fancy I see tears in Luna's eyes, and I love to sympathize in her majesty's sorrows. I recollect perpetrating [not machine poetry, for machines were not then in vogue] a few lines on the probable sorrows of the sad-faced Queen, and I was so much excited in her behalf that I forwarded a copy of the article in question. I have not as yet received an acknowledgment of its reception; and therefore presume I delivered my letter to the 'wrong post-master.'

By the way, do you know when the rail-road in contemplation, will be executed? (for I shall unquestionably make a trip to her majesty's dominions,) when the cars run direct. You speak of the 'deficiency of spirit observable in the Magazine.' I have made repeated inquiries in reference to this matter. The junior editor says she has conjured

"Black spirits and white,
Blue spirits and grey,"

but cannot divine the quality, quantity, measure or metre, of the missing ingredient. I ventured to examine her 'ink-stand,' the other day, and I'll tell you privately, of a discovery. She, (that is, the jun. Ed.,) is a wholesale Washingtonian, and don't you think her principles infect her ink bottle, for 'twas more than half water. Do you wonder now, at what may have been called weakness or puerility? Don't tell of this, for I fear the 'sanctum' would be barred to me if I were discovered as the propagator of such a thing.

I'll tell you another secret, provided you won't get any one to help you keep it. I happened in the other day,—(you know how lawless I am)—and found Miss—in a most outrageous mood. You know my sympathizing nature, and suppose of course I offered my condolence. 'What can be the matter,' said I. 'Matter,' said— 'why, look here—there's a * * * published by a would be 'truth-loving man,' and he says the Offering and Magazine are 'got up'—(just think of that)—by the agents and capitalists for a kind of 'gull trap' and 'catch all.' I am not prepared to say positively in regard to the first named publication, but am willing to risk my veracity in saying it is not so, for its editors are not men to be bought or sold by the 'highest bidder'—and with regard to my own protege, I know one thing—if the agents got up such an affair, methinks they would patronize their own bantling. But the fact is, there is but one agent who pretends to be a subscriber even, and this seems to carry falsity into the very, face of such charges."

'Do you suppose,' added she, 'that a refutation of such a charge would be of any use? for such a tale, well got up, and reported, makes Lowell girls look rather down in the eye, to those who make it a rule to believe all that's ill.'

I advised silence on her part, and from that time have not ventured upon this topic. I would hint, gently though, that perhaps the * * * will ere long get a broadside, for combativeness is no small ingredient, in Miss—'s composition. But a truce, for I do despise a tale-bearer, and wouldn't be thought one for the world. Would you? As for a 'lecture on government,' I've done with all such fol-de-rol, for do you see my own thoughts have become so thoroughly republican that they have passed a vote for liberty, and they go to their own fancy. Time wanes, my sister, and ink does look so, when applied to paper by my hand, that I fain would bid you a hearty adieu. 'Tis foolish to tell you, perhaps what you already know, that I am your affectionate sister,

LOZILEA.

P. S.—I have just been informed of a probable 'leader,' in 'Wheeler's Journal,' apropos the redoubtable 'Moonshine' of 'Machine poetry.'

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NOVELS AND NOVEL READING.

If I recollect aright, my dear E., in my last I attempted to give you my opinion of novels and novel reading, and their consequent effect when persisted in for any length of time. I had also the painful satisfaction of producing ocular demonstration in support of my preconceived views, by giving you succinct history of two families, both of whom were once useful and happy members of society, and who were, there can be no doubt, deprived of that usefulness and happiness by an undue persistence in novel reading. And these, we have reason to fear, are but a drop, compared with the ocean of misery, which arises from this source, in this—if we may so term them—domestic civil
Novels and Novel Reading.

institution in miniature. We recollect with sorrow the danger which threatened our beloved country, a few years previous to the temperance reform; and we recollect too the anathemas which were so justly poured upon the abettors of that ruin. Novel reading may be more silent and unobtrusive in its tendency; but is it less dangerous for being so? We think not. Should we not have equal reason to fear the serpent which lies coiled beneath the soil on which we tread, as the barking watch-dog that guards his master's treasures. And now will you permit one who has seen, yes, felt, the sad effects of this pernicious practice, to entreat you to shun this vortex, to avoid this unhealthful sirocco, to shun this deadly stream which will eventually bear all its unwary victims to temporal and eternal ruin. I recently heard it remarked by a sensible and pious clergyman that he considered this country in a most dangerous position, and gave as a reason the constant practice of the mass of society indulging in light reading; he farther stated that he had been informed by booksellers that they could do but little business, to any account, excepting in works of this kind. And I can assure you, when I consider the avidity with which romances and novels are sought after and read by all classes of community, so far as we are acquainted—though we are happy to say we know of some honorable exceptions—the readiness of authors in this country as well as in Europe to foster that avidity, the facilities of the press and publishers to issue these works, and the promptness with which they are sent to all parts of the country, that I cannot but feel anxious for the safety and permanency of our domestic institutions and the future destiny of our beloved country.

You may possibly be surprised when I assure you I firmly believe that much of the pauperism and crime with which our eyes and ears are daily assailed, arises in part from novel reading, as well as its concomitant vices: extravagance, idleness, and intemperance. We seldom read a newspaper but we are distressed by some account of a recent murder, burglary, larceny, or incendiarism, and last, though not least, the enormous sin of suicide; and the wretch who perpetrates it, calls forth public sympathy, merely because he has lost the paltry sum of a few hundreds, or has been disappointed in some trifle of a similar nature. Now we all very well know that the time which is consumed in reading novels, should be spent for a better purpose, and that whatever be our situation in life, we have no leisure for this purpose. If we spend our time, particularly the morning of life in drinking at this unhealthy fountain, we very well know the distaste it gives us for the sober realities of life; how unprepared we are to pass through those ordeals which an all-wise Providence has prepared for our benefit, or to partake of the cup of sorrow, in common with our fellow mortals. A mind poisoned with the sentiments advanced in books above described needs all the aids of religion and reason to restore it to what it should be to answer the great end of its existence. Rear ed as we were, in retirement, we do not exert the influence of many around us, but we have our part assigned us; we are ever doing good or evil, and may it not be said that the world is no better for our having lived in it. You are a parent, and I have often feared that many mothers are not aware of the force of their example upon their children's future well-being; but we can probably recollect how inviolable, particularly during our juvenile years, we considered every precept and example of our beloved father and mother. And now I entreat you do not again inform me that you spend three or four hours, in each day, in reading the latest novel. What kind of a generation of patriots and statesmen are we to expect, if preceded by a race of novel-reading mothers. You will probably smile at the allusion, but, believe me, I think there is great reason to fear that few parents sufficiently realize the importance of that part of education which commences with life and ends at the period when their sons usually leave the paternal roof.

I am aware that considerable exertion is necessary in order to find time for every domestic duty, destined, as we are in the middle and lower walks of life, to be our own cooks, chambermaids, seamstresses, &c.; but we are happy to say we are acquainted with many who perform every household duty, with honor to themselves, and impart happiness and comfort to those with whom they are connected; and likewise find abundant opportunity to attend to the physical, moral, and intellectual education of their children. You seldom hear the novel-reader, whatever be her situation in life, aver that she cannot find time to read her favorite author; neither do we hear those daughters of pleasure, who visit the theatre, the ball-room, or other frivolous places of amusement, declare that they cannot find time for their favorite pursuits.—And shall those who have the moulding of immortal minds, destined for happiness or misery in this as well as the spirit land, say they...
THE INSANE GIRL'S REQUEST.

And must I write? O sister, say not so—
It is not in my nature now. Indeed
I think I can't—my thoughts are in no mood
To work, no mood to play. How can I write?
And yet you said I must—yes, did you not?
Kind sis, O take that back. My mind has been
So very busy all day long, I fain would rest.
But nay, I cannot when you would impose
Some task upon me. Sister, say I need
Not try, and then I will lay down my pen
And shut my book and go away so glad—
So thankfully.

Yet I must write, and nought
To write upon. No words—and what is worse,
No thoughts: a weary, empty brain. Could you
But know how sad, how sick my head feels, sis,
I know you'd say to me as you were wont,
When I was merrier: 'Dear Charlotte, leave
Your cares, and come and sit with me and twine
A garland for our patient mother's brow.'
That mother, where is she? Oh, tell me where,
That I may lay once more my throbbing head
Upon her bosom, and refresh myself

With tears—it is so long since I have wept.
My mother! Tell me where she is, that I
May clasp her in my arms again, and kiss
Again her pallid cheek: I fain would see
My mother.

Laura, here, do take away
This withered rose, so sweet, so pale and dead,
It is a picture quite too fair of her,
Our dear departed one. I cannot
Look upon it. Sit down on the sofa now
And let my head recline upon your neck.
Just lay your hand upon my temples there—
Now say, if I may rest, and will you watch
Me while I sleep? One promise more—that they
Shall do no harm to Charlotte. Laura, say
They must not. Oh, how can they wish to hurt
Me? For my life I would not lift my hand
To injure them.

What ponderous load is that
Upon my head? Dear Laura, take it off.
How? Did you call it fever of the brain?
Ah! it is heavy, I cannot remove
The weight. Does it oppress your arm?
I dreamed that you were with me and we stood Beside a clear deep river. The pure stream Reflected back my image, and I longed To bathe my brow in the cool water's brim. I heard a soft, sweet, soothing voice, just like That voice we loved so well. I thought it was My mother's gentle tone. I raised my eyes And there she stood upon the other bank.— I cannot tell you what a beauteous land It was, or how her garments shone. I wished That stream away, that I might go to her. She smiled so sweetly on me, as she used To do, and in that same kind tone of hers She called me her own daughter Charlotte.

REFINEMENT.

There is so much said about refinement in our day, that one might imagine society in general was receiving the finishing polish of exquisite elegance.

But "all is not gold that glitters," so in this matter, there is counterfeiting, which however, serves as in other things to show the great value of the reality.

Many fancy they have obtained the genuine, when in fact they have received nothing but mere daubings. The slaves of fashionable life deem it to be the putting on of beautiful apparel and an affected softness of manners; both of which are easily laid aside at the will of the wearer.—

Where then are those who pridethemselves in theirexquisitemantleofrefinement,who have be

But not less mistaken are those who fancy they possess an unusual share of refinement of feeling, who are so sensitive that they melt in tenderness at the recital of a tale of woe, or shrink with shocked sensibilities from the sight of human suffering, without the ability or rather the will to afford assistance. All this is but refined selfishness.

Then there are those whose moral refinement is so nice, that it prevents them from casting a look of sympathy or pity on the degraded outcast, while they willingly associate with those whose vile hearts are joined to a pleasing exterior, and who are too high by birth or station, to be affected by the voice of censure.

True refinement is purity of thought, manifesting itself in the deportment, by shrinking instinc
tively as it were from whatever defiles the soul; it is confined to no class—all may, and should acquire it. It gives to its possessor a dignity which far surpasses all the rules of etiquette, and commands more admiration and respect than all the studied acts of false refinement. It prepares the mind to receive and love "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are lovely."

DORCAS.

TO THE SORROWFUL.

Rise to some work of high and holy love, And thou an angel’s happiness shalt know: The good begun by thee shall onward flow; The pure sweet stream shall deeper, wider grow, While thou art shining in the world above. The seed that in these few and fleeting hours,

Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow, Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers, And yield thee fruits divine in heaven’s immortal bower.

'ELLEN.'
THE WINTRY KING.

Yes, I have come at last. Ye hoped I would tarry, and I did tarry; but it was only to refresh myself at my leisure—to gather my mighty forces and come as a conqueror. I have been a long time on my way, as the birds of the air have told you. I bade them begone; and in a moment their music ceased in your groves.

My left hand seized the garland of Summer and gave it to the winds, my prime ministers. My right hand grasped the rich crown of Autumn, and it is my own. My icy fingers touched the tall cap of the forest, and it fell apart. I looked upon the sky, and the dark clouds muffled themselves into a coronet and sat upon the brow of their great Potentate. I nodded, and the chill winds swept moodily along, stripping their verdure from the trees, and their beauty from the flowers. I bowed again my crest, and the elements answered to the wild nod, and brought my chariot of frost and storm.

Ye treat me coolly, and I will reward you with a kiss or two from my frozen lips. The pretty cheek shall blush yet more deeply, and the warm breath shall wreathe in a cloud of incense above my altar. The strong man shall shiver and quake, and he of tottering foot-step shall hasten before me. I will whisper hoarsely in the ear of the fearful, and roar aloud at the faint of heart. I will strip the poor man of his tatters to see if ye will clothe him again. I will wrap the rich in furs, till he forget that exercise promotes health. I will enthrone myself in the princely hall, and ye shall bring the forest in to contend with me there. I will paint my landscape upon your windows, and set my foot in the pantry. I will drink where dainty lips have tasted and perchance shall never drink there more; for I will slake my fist at the pitcher and snap the tumbler in twain. I will play my thousand pranks before the poet's eye; but I will nip his fingers if he attempts to record them. I will imprison intellect and clip the wings of fancy. I will sigh mournfully in the lover's presence and serenade the beloved. I will step on the toes of the truant-boy, and make "capital coasting" for holiday sports. I will trip the heels of the proud one, and bid "him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

The lowing herd shall congregate beneath the scaffold, and the tender lamb shall seek shelter under the woolly covering of her bleating dam. I will set my trap for the beasts of the field, and they shall hide in dens and caves of the earth. I will desolate creation and make a wilderness of your choice garden. I will ride through the heavens and shake my shaggy coat upon the earth. My white locks shall fall to the ground, and cover every pleasant thing. My jewels shall hang upon the roofs of your dwelling, and drop like apples from the orchard trees. I will howl through the forest and leave my broad track upon the lake. I will enchain the falling waters and paley the tongue of solitude. I will whistle upon the mountain top, and the song of joy shall cease. I will send my whirlwind into the valley and blockade the path of the traveller. I will breathe angrily in his face, and laugh at his attempt to return the compliment. He shall plough his weary way along, but I will follow hard after him and mock at his doings. He shall not leave his footsteps on my dominions, for I glory in his undoing. I will veto your hours of solitary musing, but I will laugh merrily around the evening fire. The storeroom house shall pour its libations at my feet—the fruit basket shall pass nimbly around while I am here. This is my voice to the multitude, for they trifle with my coming, and so I will answer them according to their folly.

But ye thoughtful ones I have quite another message for you. My home is in the far cold North; but I come annually to look at creation as the fairy hand of summer hath dressed it. My throne is the everlasting hills: I am sent hither by Him who "giveth his snow like wool and scattereth the hoar-frost like ashes. He casteth forth his ice like morsels; and who shall stand before his cold?" He bade me spread my glittering carpet on the earth till He shall send out his word and melt it—till He shall cause his wind to blow and make the water flow. Though I seem an enemy, I am your true friend. Though I abbreviate your sources of enjoyment, I "strengthenthe things that remain." Though I shut you out from constant intercourse with the world, I multiply the attractions of home. Though I drive you from your accustomed communings with nature in her fields, and groves, and gardens,—it is that you may commune with your own hearts the more, and learn that you are "fearfully and wonderfully made."—Though I sometimes lay my congealing hand upon the vitals of a gay life of promise, I am a pro-
Gifted spirit, tell me where
Gems of intellect are found?
Do they sail in upper air?
Are they buried under ground?
Sparkle they in yon deep sea?
Dwell they in some cave afar?
Hide they in some woodland lea?
Or inhabit they some star?
I have scanned creation o'er,
For the rich and boundless store,
But in vain my search has been.
Over mountain, forest, glen,
I have gazed on lake and river,
But have seen the fairy, never.
Gifted spirit, tell me where
I may find a pearl so rare.
'Simple child,
Thou knowest not
Thy wish is wild—
Thy humble lot
Is freer from sorrow
Than if thou couldst borrow
That coveted thing,
A soul on the wing—
Thy cherished desire,
A fancy on fire
Would quench half the springs
Of delight in thy soul—
Would sharpen the strings
Thou canst not control—

Would open the flood-gate
Of sorrow too wide,
Immerse thy young spirit
In sympathy's tide.
Dark visions would haunt thee
When bright ones had flown—
Thy nature would rest not,
Thy spirit would groan.
This earth were too narrow—
The being would pine
For deeper enjoyment—
For something divine.
Creature of vanity, happier far
The lot of that child whom no trouble can mar.
Be content in thy sphere,
And a peace shall be thine,
Which may never come near
The gift's envied shrine.'

Gifted one, I cannot rest
In this little spot of earth,
How my spirit is oppressed—
How I covet real worth.
Brighter things than I can find
Shine full clear in fancy's eye,
Mocking me till I am blind—
Even from my grasp they fly.
Gifted spirit, I would fain
Find some antidote for pain
In the rich and costly store

The Restless One.
Of thy own unbounded love.
In thy pity tell me where
I may leave this load of care—
Tell me of some bounteous giver,
Who will make me rich for ever.

'Child of earth
That wish is wise—
A heavenly birth,
A Paradise
Is thine to inherit,
Not by thine own merit—
Who gave thee creation
Will give thee salvation.
If thou wilt receive,
Repent and believe,
Thy spirit is sighing
For something undying—
Thy lot is befriended,
An arm is extended,
Almighty to save
From sin and the grave.
He bida thee come
To heaven thy home.'

Gifted spirit, how shall I
Spend this little life below?
That has cast me many a sigh,
I cannot reverse my lot,
Mine is but a narrow sphere—
I would fill some larger spot,
But I pine, I languish here.
Gifted being, tell me how
I may serve my Saviour now—
For I seem a useless thing—
I would fain be on the wing.
I, a world would cheer and bless
On my way to happiness—
Teach me, gifted one, that I
From my nothingness may fly.

'Let the cot
Of poverty
Be the spot
Best known to thee.
Dry the tear
From sorrow's cheek,
Quell the fear
That haunts the weak.
Support the frame
That else would fall,
And heed the claim
Of one and all.
Walk humbly with thy God,
Bow to his chastening rod,
Thy time in deeds of love employ,
So shall thy life be one of joy.
Forgive, if thou wouldst be forgiven—
Pray on, till thou shalt be in heaven.'

ADELAIDE.

MORE COPY!

Sympathizing friend, do you understand the music of that little phrase? Let me tell you it is full of interest. Did its deep thrilling tones ever awaken one answering emotion in your heart? Or have your ears thus far been deaf to its magic effect?

If the latter is your unenviable lot, permit me to give you a recipe that shall arouse your sensibilities. Just place yourself in a favorable position, and I warrant you the lingering latent music that slumbers in the depth of your nature, shall tell a swift response to the all-conquering music of that brief, comprehensive chapter—More copy!

Be patient and you shall know. But allay your curiosity for a little space—too sudden a surprise might prove fatal to some kind indulgent feeling with which you would otherwise favor me. I will try to be cautious.
If the sweet, harmonious strain will not reverberate through every nerve and fibre of your patience, I am no prophet, or your nature is less sensitive than mine. More copy! and where shall we get it?

'Why, there is enough in this wide city—gather it in.' Enough, undoubtedly; but some of our good citizens are very choice of their ideas, and we scorn to beg of the churlish. Remember, it is the last moment, and while we are searching out the more liberal to avail ourselves of their abundance, the loud echo peal on peal will follow us, (for we have a conscience,)—More copy!

'Write it then.' Aye, but how can we, when our thoughts are out on other errands? Besides, do you not know they already accuse us of writing copy we have not written, and that with the narrow-minded design of deceiving the world,—of appearing to be many when we are but few. It were idle to gainsay this idle tale, for it is the privilege of rumor to say what she likes, and there is about as much foundation for this as for the ninety and nine other fabrications she has reared of late. But we detest her abominations too much to meddle with them, knowing too that she will soon overthrow them herself if let alone.

More copy! Gentle patience are you wearied with the monotonous repetition? Know then, that an ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure. We trust you will take the hint, and hereafter let your communications be seasonable. Or if the poetry of that sound is among the indispensables of life, it is unfair that our ears should monopolize the melodious accents, so consolatory, so refreshing. We would therefore propose an exchange of auditors. What say you to the plan?

But already do I hear, or fancy I hear one loud, last desperate, imperious demand—More Copy!!!

AN EDITOR'S DREAM.

Methought one fine December morn—no, I don't dream in the morning. Methought one fine evening in December, as Morpheus paid me his usual visit, I would navigate my dreams by steam. I mounted (in fancy, mind you,) an improved engine, speeded up and away. My first resting place was a farm house remote from its neighbors. Faint with hunger, of course, I begged at the door for food. The contents of the pantry were freely spread before me, and for once I ate enough.—With pockets minus a fip, I could only offer thanks for my entertainment. Before proceeding on my journey I ventured to examine my 'soles,' (for almost all editors have two,) and found a most outrageous gap in one. With a darning needle and twine, the laughing nuisance was mended. Being somewhat in haste, I applied all force to the locomotive, and in due time arrived in the environs of an apparently forsaken city. Every appearance betokened wealth. Here a fountain poured forth its limpid streams—and there a garden plat evinced the hand of a tasteful culturist. Amid the vast variety of curious, yet forsaken things, appeared a roll of strange workmanship. It was composed of strips rolled over each other. Some bore the mark of X, or two X's—some still higher. Anxious to secure such a prize, I endeavored to grasp the whole, but despite of my agility, I failed in my effort—I obtained but a few of the many, and these I held fast. Just at that moment an evil genius whispered: 'That's a lucky hit, for to-morrow you know, you've promised to pay the printer.' But, said I, will these pay for paper too? O yes, responded my unknown.

With greedy haste I counted the parcel, and lo! there was not enough. What could I do?—Again my unknown whispered, Dun. Not owning such an acquaintance, I pondered the word long and well, and at last imagined I had laid hold of its right interpretation. In my endeavors to practice upon this advice, I awoke, and lo! 'twas a Dream. Reader—can you interpret?
That gentleman should wear a garland, woven by the hands of our sex, from the fadeless roses of gratitude—we owe it to him. Not that young man who wreathes his lips into smiles, and coins his conscience into hyperboles for our especial benefit. Not he who trips lightest, and bows lowest on our account—He challenges our suspicions. He is too evidently a "pompous nothing."—Not he who

Is loudest in our praise,  
When fortune's smiles are light,  
Where beauty's gifts are rare—  
For silent are his lays,  
When skies no more are bright,  
When eyes no more are fair.

Not he

Who whispers sweetest strains,  
Or breathes out softest tones  
Into the listening ear—  
Perchance his heart complains,  
His very nature groans,  
With words we may not hear.

Not he whose clustering hair,  
And smooth and polished brow,  
And ornaments of gold,  
May fascinate the fair;  
Till lofty thought shall bow  
To dream of thoughts untold.

Not he whose bearing high,  
And dignity of mein  
Would take you by surprise—  
That grandeur-telling eye,  
Where mimic soul is seen,  
The aspect sometimes—lies

Where is he then, and who—  
The being that may claim  
A benefactor's place?  
That spirit, faithful, true,  
Has earned himself a name  
That nothing may efface.

I heard him speak, just now,  
To whom belongs that meed,  
*T was music but to hear—  
Yet not upon his brow,  
Did I his praises read,  
Though kindest looks were there.

Nor were his silver tones  
His richest eloquence,  
Though charming they might seem,  
That voice, that look disowns  
All semblance to pretence,  
His glory was his throne.

And yet it was not; nay,  
His subject was the track  
Of little and of great;  
"Who for gigantic prey  
The ocean-depths ransack,  
The wide globe navigate."  

But in his soul, and deep,  
A temple broad and high  
Is reared, the shrine of youth,  
That altar well doth keep  
Its trust, that can not die,  
Unchanging, artless truth.

His nature loves the chains,  
And clings to every cord  
That tenderness hath wrought,
While many a youth disclaims
Creation's upstart lord.
Affection's purest thought.
And in his "heart of hearts,"
Two fondest one's are shrin'd;
A mother's, sister's name,
Each cherish'd word imparts
Its image to his mind:
He ever owns their claim.
Then say if he must not
Be true to all our race,
Whose life such impress bears,
In palace or in cot,
Wherever he may trace
A name akin to theirs.
My sisters everywhere,
Say if we do not owe

A tribute to his name?
A chaplet rich and rare
Should ornament his brow,
Should celebrate his fame.
A mother's love hath wrought
Its likeness in his soul,
He joys to wear such meed.
A sister's gentle thought,—
He bows to such control,
With dignity indeed.
He left not at his home,
That undisturbed retreat,
A zeal too quickly spent,
But in the lecture-room,
And on the public street,
It makes him eloquent.

"IT IS ONLY HER WAY."

So said a friend to me the other day, as we returned from a call upon Miss A., one of our mutual acquaintances: Miss A. who was naturally inclined to be rather "glib of the tongue," and had the peculiar faculty of knowing, or seemed to know more of her neighbors' affairs than did they themselves, had been very liberally entertaining us from her fund of this kind of knowledge. If the name of any person familiar to her chanced to be mentioned, she would immediately echo it, with some such accompaniment as this:—
"Well, I know that she is thought a great deal of, but, if every body know what I do about her,"—or
"I wouldn't speak a word against her for the world, but, if what I have heard is true," &c.—
Indeed, among the whole circle of our acquaintance, scarcely an individual character escaped her insinuations.

The strongest expression which she uttered, by way of commendation, was,—"I suppose Miss H. is good enough—I don't know any thing against her."

As we departed, I commenced, very freely expressing my opinion of her conversational talents, when my friend excused her as above.—"Very true," replied I, "it is only her way," but is it for that reason, a right way? I can readily appreciate your willingness to throw the mantle of charity over the faults of others, but, would it not be well if our friends and ourselves too, would, in many respects, mend their ways?

There is Miss Susan G,—who, if a word is dropped in her presence, which she can construe into an allusion to herself,—or, if a glance is cast upon her, the meaning of which she cannot precisely define, or if she is not spoken to, or looked at, will immediately fly into a passion, because she suspects that either a slight or an insult was intended; and consequently, she is almost always out of humor, and making herself and others unhappy.—but then, you know, "it is only her way;" yet methinks, it cannot be a "way of pleasantness."

And there is Ellen R,—who, though not intentionally unkind or uncourteous, always says whatever is uppermost in her mind: for instance,—if in conversation, she may not fancy a person's language—or, if their ideas do not exactly coincide with hers, she will not scruple to tell them without ceremony or regard to their feelings, "just what she thinks," as she expresses it, no matter if she happens to think that the person is ignorant, vain, or despicable, she must say it, and they must overlook it in her, because it is only her way. I should like to tell friend Ellen that to speak kindly and advisedly in such matters, would be a far "more acceptable way."

And there, too, is Maria P,—who, when she does
not feel in a mood for conversing, is unsocial and taciturn even to her most familiar friends. 'T was but yesterday you met her, and although I well knew that you were on terms of intimacy with her, and although you greeted her cordially, she only returned a formal bow, such as any passing acquaintance would give, and a few precise words which, whatever their real import was, seemed to say "I suppose I must treat you civilly," and then turned her head and passed on. And yet she does not expect that you will take it unkindly or unfriendly of her, because, it is only her way.

And so it is—whatever faults a person possesses, let them be ill-tempered, ill-mannered, or what not, it is all well enough, as long as it is only their way. "Indeed," said my friend, "You are getting quite eloquent upon this subject; you remind me of a couplet which my worthy schoolma’am taught me in the days of yore, viz:—

'The faults of our neighbors with freedom we blame,
Yet tax not ourselves though we practice the same.'"

Perhaps the remarks which you made respecting Miss A,—the lady whom we have just called upon would not be inapplicable to yourself. "But methinks some of our friends have rather agreeable ways. Could you not show us the other side of the picture?"

"Nay," I replied, "I will resign that task to some abler hand than mine; and if you please to accuse me of censoriousness, or of 'looking on the dark side,' why, I cannot help it, for you well know that it is only my way." STELLA.

* *

HAPPINESS.

Happiness is the pursuit of all.—It is sought in every variety of ways. Some hope to obtain it by gaining knowledge; others by accumulating wealth; while many are induced to leave friends and home, and wander in various parts of the earth in search of it, but alas! how often are they disappointed. When the period arrives which is, as we may fancy, to complete our happiness, we are still void of it. Permanent enjoyment is reserved for our anticipated state of being. We may at some times think ourselves happy, but ere we are aware the winds of adversity are beating upon our tempest-tossed bark, and we are driven into the ocean of affliction. Changes and disappointments are incident to our lot, and all are more or less affected by them. Our afflictions may, and probably do arise from our imperfections, and may be justly imputed as a consequent of the sinfulness, or depravity which reigns within.

By storing our minds with heavenly wisdom, we may be prepared for the joys which are in reserve for the truly wise.—Forgetting the treasures of earth, we should rather "lay up for ourselves treasures in heaven," for there, and there only will the longings of the spirit be fully consummated.

A. N.

* *

"FOR YE HAVE THE POOR WITH YOU ALWAYS!"

He's poor! and is it so? Is this a sin?
Then were the ancient followers of the Lord,
Of all men sinners, and the mighty One,
The Saviour of the world,—the brightest glory
Of the Father's throne, the chief:—
He's poor!—The Lamb of God had not a spot
To lay his head upon:—No claims had he
Upon the wealth of men—he sought no place
Among the pampered rich—no goodly heritage
With its broad lands, and lowing herds,
Claimed he—nor yet a name among the great.

He's poor! Is this the mark God set on Cain,
When in his wrath he sent him forth a wanderer
Among his race? Is this the meed of guilt?
And must the foot be on the neck,—the chain
Be closer riven. because he's poor?
Is it a crime, for which no pain’s too great,
No punishment too severe? Must scorn and
Contumely be heaped upon the head,
And laughing jeers and taunts be forced
Into the very faces of those whom
Men call poor!
I've seen the widowed mother stand
Beside the corpse of her once joyous child,
And weep—for what? because a sinless
One had fallen in its early beauty,
And had gained eternal rest? Ah, no!
But 'twas because the grasping hand
Of avarice had clutched the boon of charity;
And taken for its own the paltry sum
A mother would have given for
A coffin and a winding sheet.
I've seen the funeral hearse pass on
And wait awhile at yonder "city of the dead,"
Without one friend to follow in its train.
And why? Can no one weep for that lone one;
And no one water the damp grave with a tear
Of sympathising sorrow, at the death of one
Whom God created, but whom man forgot;
Ah! he, or she was poor; this was their crime—
And this their punishment.
"Tis well for earth-born men, the grovelling some
Of want that He who gave our destinies,
Does not forget that these are his own
Workmanship, and fashioned in his
Own image:
"The rich hath many friends" while yet
"The poor despiseth e'eh his neighbor!"
So saith the Book of Books, while yet it adds—
"Blessed is he that thinketh on the poor
And giveth of the store himself hath got."

HARRIET.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CITY OF SPINDLES, JAN. 23, 1842.

Sister L.—I beg pardon for making such a
proposition to one so diffident, so sensitive. My
only apology is an anxious interest in the fate and
reputation of our mutual friend. I owe much of
my cheerfulness to her mild presence, and how
could I endure to hear her spoken against.

Your reasons for non-compliance, however, were
perfectly satisfactory, and I must content myself
to dwell yet longer in the obscurity of ignorance.

So adieu to moonshine till the gladsome hour when
shall realize the fulfilment of your promise, and
let me be the favored one to whom your journal,
(not Wheeler's Journal, but your diary) shall be
forwarded when you make your moonward tour.

Meanwhile I must say to you, sister, your letter
told me some startling things. If the Editors of
that publication hold converse with evil spirits,
"black, white, blue, or grey," I want nothing more
to do with it. I have heretofore, for more reasons
than one, taken a deep interest in its welfare, but
I shudder at the thought of divinations, witchcraft,
and all kindred abominations—and then again a
spiritless inkstand, and its inseparable concomitant,
a spiritless pen—'tis weakness indeed.

Thank you for confiding these items to my
trust; and to show you how worthy I am of such
confidence, I'll tell you a story worth both of those
you committed to my keeping. Though the "Low-
ell Album" professes to be written wholly by
those who are at present, or have quite recently
been employed in the mills, they say 'tis no such
thing. Now if I could credit these reports I
would away with the hypocritic sheet at once
But the mischief is, I do not believe a word of it,
for "they say" a thousand things quite as plausible
which I know to be false. How is it? If you
are on good terms with one of the Editors you can
state facts. I can make assertions as well as they,
but I remember a short proverb that runs thus—
"assertion is not proof." And if those ladies can
not prove that this work is exclusively "factory,
to all intents and purposes of its pretensions, then
let them rub out its title, for they ought to know
that in this our day, its true character can not long
be hid. The whole accusation is in form as fol-
lows:—"Ho, everybody! Some two or three young
ladies who have left the mill for a littlespace,
write, edit, and publish a paper called "The Op-
eratives' Magazine and Lowell Album," and they
palm it off upon the world as the doingsof the
multitude."

Alas, for my inquisitiveness, the dark catalogue
of their iniquities stops abruptly, indefinitely. I
fain would know whether these assuming dignita-
ries made the paper, set the types, coin the words
and print them—if so I am sure they are enterpris-
ing. What will they do next? I wonder—I dare
not even guess their motive, and their accusers
have favored them with none, to my knowledge.

As for * * * it is not worth noticing. Its
Editor, "truth-loving" as he "would be" can let
no body alone. But don't you see he is very "lit-
erary," and what a literary business it is to hunt
Choice of Associates.

up the names of all his neighbors, and send them to the ends of the earth embalmed in editorial quintessence. Don't you see too, that if he could make the world believe that no other periodical was worth patronage, his own lovely pair would be the "sine qua non" of the times? But I would whisper gently of a little mistake, which if he be a "truth-loving man," the aforesaid gentleman will do well to correct. Among sundry other personalities, who told him to say that the writers of the "Offering" were paid in nothing but "Offerings," while its Editors were filling their pockets with their illgotten gain? Who told him to inspect the motives of the one and the purses of the other, and measure by his own huge self the stature of his fellow beings. Methinks he had better come down from his eminence that he may see more clearly, ere he reports to mankind the sum total of his magnanimous research; methinks he had better put on his spectacles and advance a little nearer, if he would discover distinctly the trifling specks that float about this mundane sphere. He is so near the fountain head of literature that its rain drops mystify the atmosphere, and its snow-flakes bedim his searching vision, and the bright sun of genius shines so close to his aspiring brow, its dazzling rays cannot fail to produce their due effect upon the optic nerve that is too intently bent on seeing and reading all things. Don't for the world expose your sister who is trying to comfort your friend. Don't let her breathe the sethings, for how should I feel if one "literary" blow from his gigantic pen should deprive me of my speech. But I know you will not tell him, and am quite calm at the thought of such safety. Yet if he should, with the right hand of his dignity, throw me down, will you pick me up and aid me in making my escape from such a mighty foe? I am sure you will. Wing thus much to your good nature, I claim to be, Your quiet sister, ZELIA.

In an age like the present, when the stage of action presents persons of every class, grade and description, how often do we see persons choosing their associates from among those whose chief attraction consists in their prepossessing exterior as though they deemed personal beauty and purity of heart inseparably connected. And how often do we hear the remark, she is handsome, or what a beautiful figure and how elegantly she was dressed, and how many are ready to infer that the name of such an one added to the catalogue of their acquaintance would do them quite an honor. For this they seek, and when a partial acquaintance is obtained, they speak without hesitation of hopes and fears, of joys and sorrows, deeming that the heart is as faithful and sincere as the outward appearance is beautiful and attractive. But, alas, how often do they find that the beautiful casket contains not a gem of the purer kind, as they had supposed, but a mere automaton that lives and acts for itself alone, without any interest or regard for the well being of its fellows. Anon their confidence is betrayed, they turn away disgusted and hastily conclude that all are unfaithful, for they say if those who appear so amiable and accomplished are false, what may we expect from those whose manners are so coarse and unrefined, and who speak just what they think apparently without restraint whether it be of virtues, faults or foibles. Again, there are others who seek such for acquaintances as give assent and even approve (or at least appear to,) of every thing they say. If they chance to meet with one who feels the responsibility of a fellow being and with a consciousness of duty mildly reproves them for an error they may have committed, they denounce them at once as open and avowed enemies, and think they have reason for so doing, because they have dared to reprove them even to the face, forgetting the words of the wise man, that "faithful are the wounds of a friend, but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful." Still they will cherish those of fair speech though the poison of asps is under their tongues.

But all are not included in these classes, for there are those who when seeking for companions seek for the society of those whose chief beauty consists in the adorning of the mind, who drink deep at the fount of instruction, and who seek the best moral good not only of themselves but of all around them. They will seek the companionship of such as feel that they are accountable to their great Creator for the manner in which they treat those with whom they have intercourse, and who endeavor as much as in them lies to obey the precept of Him who said " Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you." Friendships thus formed will endure through life, and at death leave a sweet remembrance. ZELIA.
THE RED MEN OF THE FOREST.

The Pawtucket Falls and their immediate vicinity, was formerly the favorite resort of the Indian tribes of the surrounding country, and annually a small and degenerate band of their posterity still visit the place, pitching their tents a few rods below the falls, where they remain till the autumnal winds remind them that cold winter is near, and they must away.

"Whence came yon wand'ring band? They look Pray tell me, friend, who are they? [forlorn; "Know ye not The children of the forest—the red Man's sons? Their fathers rang'd yon streets, when the deep wood, Wild and unbroken, only met the view, Where now those buildings stand, where riseth those spires, They sat beneath the friendly shade of oaks, And spreading elms, and listen'd to the voice Of aged Warriors, as they proudly told Of bold encounters, in which they had proved The victors. Therethedance was often led, And often, on the night wind, rose the shrill, Terrific war-cry, breaking the stillness Of the deep forest, and adding to its gloom: The tomahawk was brandish'd in defiance, Till, tired with slaughter, he who wielded it Deep, laid it 'neath some aged tree, they smok'd The calumet, in token that revenge Was satisfied, and vengeance stay'd.

Pursued Too swiftly there, the hunted moose, fatigued, Gave up the chase; the swiftly bounding deer, Pierc'd by his seldom erring arrow, Fell bleeding at the swarthv Indian's feet. Then they roam'd the wood-lands, proudly conscious Of their power and freedom; now they sleep, These are their children; mark the contrast 'tween them. "They sleep!" 'Tis well—their haughty spirits else, Would e'en have groan'd as they beheld the change.

I well remember how my young heart beat, While reading of some noble chieftain, fam'd For valor; or list'n'ing to my grandsire's tales Of Indian fortitude and courage; while Ever and anon, my blood would chill, as acts Of treachery base, shaded the picture; But methought I caught, 'mid all the darkness Of a savage life, bright gleams of that, which, Train'd aright, would honor human nature. Where now the noble form, the princely mein, The stately step which mark'd the warrior's tread? These their sons? The image of the man is left, Where has the spirit fled?

Methinks scarce aught Remains, save the being, isolated, Shorn of his savage greatness, and his pride. How came this change? Or did their fathers, Like to the ancient Jewish race, call down The curse of God on their posterity?"

"The Christian white man 'twas who vanquish'd them— He smote the nation, and the spirit crush'd; He drove them hence, and yet they linger still Around the ashes of their ancient dead, Around their former homes, as tho' t'were fate That chain'd them here; it may be reason, but Methinks 't is scarce superior to instinct."

"Speak not too lightly of the works of God, You said 'the Christian white man' 'twas who crush'd His spirit, who conquer'd him, and brought His lofty, native pride e'en to the dust. But no! The path he tread'd should ne'er be mark'd By desolation; nay—some rude barbarian Must have been the cause, and let him bear the curse; Christianity lights nobler fires and gilds The savage lot with brighter hopes.

The shrine At which the white man bow'd was gain; the love Of sole dominion 'twas that govern'd him; The kindlier charities touch'd not his heart."

"Friend, why talk you thus? Of your sympathy They are unworthy; now mark well my words, While we draw near and speak to them. Red Man, Stranger, what doest thou here? Know'st thou not Thou hast not here a home? Trouble us not With thy complaints; tell us no more of rights, Thou hast none here; this land is all our own; Away then—haste to western wilds—haste on, There, savage, ye may live,—unwept, may die."

Cease, I beseech thee, cease thy cruel taunts;
Would'st thou slay the bird caught in the fowler's snare?
Shame! shame! on him who can insult a fallen foe;
Does God design to punish? He needs not
The aid of man's avenging ire. Oh no!
Whom God has stricken, let not man afflict,
Nor let him to the barbed arrow, add
A sharper point. Grieve not the Indian's heart;
It wounds my own to hear thy harsh rebuke;
He who was made the image of his God,
He has a soul as well as thou—a mind,
Tho' hid in gloom, and deep, 'mid rubbish sunk,
Yet still the gem is there. Oh! shall the fires
Of intellect, refined and beautified
By cultivation's kindly hand, no'er beam
From that unmeaning eye?

Go, if go thou must, to western wild-woods,
There, there thou may'st rest, perchance for years,
But plant not there thy tent too firm;
The white man's fancied wants,
May claim that also;
Despair thou not—for should the trackless sea,
Forbid thy farther march; yet while Jehovah reigns,
No creature that He formed shall search in vain
A lodging place in all his vast domains.
The "Great good Spirit" watch o'er thee and thine,
And tired with wand'ring, when thy aching head
Shall seek the tomb—far, far beyond the sky
Where e'en the gloom hast pictured Paradise,
May thou, too, find a peaceful, quiet home.

S. A. M.

"DO GOOD AS YE HAVE OPPORTUNITY."

Perhaps no sphere of labor presents greater opportunities of doing good than the Sabbath School. A mass of mind is here gathered for the express purpose of religious instruction. The Sabbath School teacher is expected, as a matter of course, to apply sacred truth to the conscience, and faithfully point out the "exceeding sinfulness of sin." Even the openly wicked will tolerate the admonitions of the humble laborer in this "vineyard of the Lord," for this is in accordance with their code of christian obligations. The remark is often made by professed followers of Jesus, that they are so circumstanced that they cannot find time to perform, what they feel conscious they might do in other situations for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom. Do such christians remember that the utterance of such language reflects dishonor upon their Master and Lord. A wise Providence has allotted our stations in life, and we are placed just where our Maker foresaw we should be the most useful. If our lot be cast among the desolate and afflicted, surely the word of sympathy is none the less valuable; for, proceeding from those who know what sorrow is, it is better adapted to meet the case to which it is applied. None are so poor, but they can bestow words of kindness, and christian kindness is enjoined throughout the volume of inspiration. All cannot labor in one particular sphere, neither can all perform the same volutions in the moral machinery, by which an overruling Power is subduing the kingdoms of this world and making them subject to the government of heaven's eternal King. The weakest, humblest follower of the Lord, can do something expressive of his attachment to the service of his Master, and may be, this something is no more nor less than persevering, though apparently inefficient efforts for usefulness in the Sabbath School. Great enterprises are achieved at the present day by appeals, not to the King of kings, but to the will of man—and shall not the God of Jacob listen, when his children call upon him, Do we need superhuman agencies? Is not our God all powerful and all wise?—and may not great moral enterprises be achieved, by trusting in his never-failing strength? Do we complain that we are few and weak, that we are poor and unknown. Well! a Morrison might have been unknown had not a Raikes led him when a raggedurchin to the place of prayer. Christians! whoever you are, and whatever you may be—if you are true to your professions you are not unimportant in the sight of God. "He remembers when man forgets," and your efforts for the extension of his kingdom will not be forgotten when he comes to make up his jewels.

Are you cast down because you see no good resulting from your labors? Do you remember that

"Seed tho' buried long in dust,
Shall yield a rich supply?"

and can you so far forget your obligations to your
Catharine Austin.

Divine Master, as to refrain from doing the little he may put within your ability to perform? A "looker on" in the tumults of life, may share the spoils, with no better claims than that he saw the battle from the distance, but you Christians, you must fight if you would win, or wear a victor's crown.

Say not, you have not money to give toward the furtherance of the gospel; know ye not that the Master whom we serve is the owner of the "cattle upon a thousand hills:" the "gold and the silver is also his"—and will he not do with his own, whatsoever he listeth. Ye have an influence; use it for him, and " whatsoever your hand findeth to do, do it with your might." Ye have the boon of life, shall not the Giver of this blessed boon be remembered and loved? "To live" said the apostle, "is Christ."—The infinite fulness of this expression will be comprehended in Heaven. Thither the christian is tending. His hopes are heavenward—his affections flow forth and fasten upon the innumerable company of the redeemed, who are already gathered; his ear drinks in the music of the heavenly choir;—in fancy, he roams with Gabriel and with the tallest archangel bows before the "Ancient of days:"—he drinks of the water of life as it flows fast by the throne of God—and feels that he has not come to a place of strangers but is with friends whose Shibboleth he has learned, and whose communion and fellowship he has long cultivated and enjoyed. These are but a tithe of the real joys of those who have trusted for redemption in the blood of Jesus. "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive of the joy which is in reserve for those who love God." Will ye, faint Christian, fall by the way when ye already catch a glimpse of the hill of Zion—and list to the chant of its enraptured melody? Will ye turn away from the "manna" to feed on "husks?" "Behold the day is at hand, in which the Lord will try your work of what sort it is"—will ye then let fall the feeble hands; will ye stay the weakest effort; may be that last, faint labor, secures for you the crown.

"I fancy," said a dying Christian, "I hear the song of angels; and lo! far in the countless throng I see a spirit, fair and young—tis she, 'tis she, my own loved Sabbath Scholar, now with the ransomed of the Lord she comes—and she will hail my entrance to the spirit-land."

Is it not so? Will not the spirits with which we have commingled on earth, and perchance led to the Saviour, hail us first, as we enter the gates of the New Jerusalem?

Then, Christian, gird yourselves with the "mantle of human kindness;" and while confident of being the humble instrument of good to some poor sojourner on the shores of time, you may triumphantly exclaim—

"Poor tho' I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not."

And thus wait till the Master calls thy spirit from its frail tenement, up to his own abode.

LUCY.

CATHARINE AUSTIN.—A SKETCH.

So prone are we to judge from outward appearances, and so little is moral beauty perceived and appreciated in our world, that should angels visit us, they would probably receive no more attention than the imperfect children of earth, unless they should come clad in the bright array with which our imaginations picture them. The Lord of Glory was despised and rejected of men when he took upon him their likeness and dwelt among them. And we have mingled daily with those whose characters approached to angelic purity, who notwithstanding have lived unnoticed, and peacefully and silently departed to join the ransomed throng on the mount Zion above. But they have not lived in vain; the remembrance of their holy example exerts an influence which fully confirms the words of eternal truth, "the memory of the just is blessed." While they lived they often mourned that they were no more useful to the world; they thought not that a thousand sacred influences were emanating from them, which should never cease.

It is but a few years since one of this number departed, whose history I have listened to with thrilling interest, and I trust not without profit, as related by a sister of the deceased, while we worked side by side at our daily employment.

The father of Catharine Austin was a member of the Roman Catholic communion, but with a constancy that might well rebuke the lukewarm—
ness of those who profess to have found freer access to the throne of grace; he daily commended his motherless little ones to God.

Perhaps it was but a result of such devotion, that his eldest daughter attained such exalted excellence of character—for God has said “Whoso honoreth me, him will I honor.” A family from which daily ascends the incense of prayer, is a sacred enclosure, continually watered by showers of heavenly grace; and there, if any where with certainty of success may we look for spirit-flowers of surpassing loveliness.

No wonderful displays of genius or intellect were exhibited in the life of Catharine; in her manners she was extremely retiring, but rectitude of purpose, and firmness of principle were characteristics frequently manifested. One little incident which occurred when she was about sixteen years of age, my mind dwells upon with peculiar pleasure. Mr. Austin for the first time within their remembrance was away from home. As regularly as the day returned they had heard him supplicate the blessing of God upon them; and as they assembled in their usual places they seemed to feel that no other duties might occupy that hallowed hour; at least so thought Catharine; and strengthened by her holy resolution in the innocence of her heart, she said to her sisters, we can at least say “Our Father,” and with this simple announcement, she led the devotions of the morning. Such scenes her sister informs me were subsequently of frequent occurrence.

Thus blamelessly she lived with her sisters until about twenty years of age, when a new and brighter era in her life commenced. At this time she visited a friend at a distance; her visit was unusually lengthened, and her sisters surprised at her long absence, wrote to her in a strain of playful railery, accusing her of having found a lover, to detain her so long from them. But they little anticipated the answer they were to receive; she informed them in return, that she had indeed found the lover of her soul, and besought them with affectionate earnestness to seek for themselves the friendship of this heavenly lover. She told them that her mind had ever been in the darkness of error, but that now she had seen the glorious light of gospel truth. This great change in her was effected through the instrumentality of her friends whom she was visiting, who possessed deep evangelical piety. Catharine embraced and professed the same faith, and through the remainder of her life, which was but short, she walked worthily of her profession.

This, I am aware is but an imperfect sketch, nor do I expect to impart to others the interest which I feel in the original from which they are drawn. As I have contemplated her many excellencies, so vividly portrayed by her affectionate sister, my heart has gone out in love to her, and thrilled with joy while I dared to hope that when “this mortal shall have put on immortality,” I may even see, and know, and dwell with her.

HOPE.

The treasures of Hope are richer by far,
Than silver, or gold, or choice jewels are,
A balm for all sorrows, a cure for all woes,
It changes for tears bright smiles where it goes.
The slave bound in fetters, torn away from his home,
And forced far beyond the wide ocean to roam,
In the anguish of grief wrings his hands, tears his hair,
 Till hope whispers softly, Oh, do not despair.
The sailor when leaving his fireside and friends,
O'er deep raging waters his pathway he wends,
Looks forward with Hope though distant the view,
And thoughts of returning relieve his Adieu.

When shattered his bark and his sails all are riven,
And when to despair his being is driven,

The clouds break away or a sail comes in view,
Then hope cheers his spirits his strength to renew.
The sick man reclining his head on his pillow,
Though nature is drooping as droops the young willow,
Still hopes, though but faintly, that he shall survive
Till death ends his hopes by destroying his life.
But the hope of the Christian is brightest by far,
’Tis with him thro’ life, and in death ’tis his star;
The hope of this world becomes dim ere ’tis past,
But the hope of the Christian is sure and steadfast.
Oh, dark must that breast be, and lone be the spot,
Where this balm for all sorrows this hope enters not,
The hope of the Christian is steady and sure,
A hope fix’d in Heaven that will ever endure.
PREJUDICE, OR THE SAILOR AND HIS SISTER.

The dark waters of the Mississippi rolled majestically along, as they had been wont to do in days of yore when the red man roamed the undisputed tenant of the forest that skirted its noble banks, or glided down its massive waves in his tiny canoe—when a fair haired, sunny eyed child of thirteen was seen to step into one of the numerous steamboats which are daily plying this king of western waters.—She was attended by a gentleman whose dark brow and sombre visage was as dubious to the casual observer as the contents of the current which rolled beneath them. Whatever his cogitations might have been, 'twas evident he was not aware of the delicate feelings and acute sensibility of his lovely charge. Emma Talbot, for this was the child's name, was exceedingly sentient and perceptible, perhaps to a fault, and as she 'cast one long, one lingering look' towards the shore from which they were now receding, and thought of her own dear St. Louis, which she had perhaps left never to return. A solitary tear rolled down her hitherto unclouded cheek, and mingled with the mighty stream which was fast wafting her from the paternal roof and all those hallowed associations connected with that magic word—home. "Come, child," said the gentleman, (whom we shall now introduce to our readers as Mr. Stanfield and the uncle of Emma,) "this is no place for crying, remember you are going to the London of America, where you will find the unlooked for rebuff. But those who have experienced the sadness of home-sickness know full well that all the splendour of the gayest attire is not an equivalent for the joys of home, the thought of her own dear, dear mother, her three beloved sisters and as many brothers, of her Sabbath school and weekday teachers, and the thought that she had left them all to seek friends in a distant state, almost overwhelmed her already surcharged heart.

Mr. Stanfield was a merchant in high standing with a large capital and extensive business, and cared more for the additions to his coffers than the feelings of his dependants. Emma had a brother already in his employ, but two years her senior, and but for this she could have hardly been prevailed on to accompany her uncle to his residence and be the companion of her gay and thoughtless aunt; there was however, one other consideration which reconciled her to the change; her mother had recently married an amiable and industrious, but not a wealthy man, and she found in her stepfather all that kindness so congenial to her feelings, yet she was aware that her mother's annuity and father's income would but little more than supply the wants of the six remaining children. Although the general character of Mr. Stanfield was that of moroseness, yet there was one being which he (with a complaisant smile,) often declared to his friends and acquaintance was to him the most lovely object in human shape; yet 'twas not considered an anomaly, for that being was his young and lovely wife but nine years Emma's senior, he having numbered twice as many. Emma was small of stature but of most perfect shape, exceedingly simple and childlike in her dress and manners, remarkably interesting in her appearance, though now turned of thirteen;—to a casual observer she would not have been thought more than eleven years of age. She possessed a noble heart and generous spirit. During their long and tedious journey through some of the Western States, (in many of whose large towns and cities they were obliged to pass some days on account of business,) her sensibility was often wounded by the careless replies of her uncle to his numerous interrogators as to his lovely companion.

"Who is that sweet child you have with you," inquired one gentleman, and "where did you call that mountain wild flower," exclaimed his lady. "O, dear mama," said a lisping child of three years of age, "please give me Emma for mine own dear sister;" to these and other similar interrogatories, he would carelessly reply, "O 'tis a plaything I selected at Saint Louis for Theresa." "I am astonished," said an old friend of Mrs. Talbott's, "that Charlotte could be prevailed on to part with her charming daughter at this interesting age when the mind is so plastic and so susceptible of receiving impressions which tend to promote the happiness or misery of its possessor through life. Emma heeded them not, though often extremely mortified to be spoken of as a mere child, yet instructed as she had been from her earliest childhood by a judicious mother it required but a slight effort on her part to resolve on her arrival at the residence of Mrs. Stanfield to render herself useful and to contribute as much as possible to the happiness of those around her.

At the door of their splendid residence she was met by aunt Theresa in person, with many enthusi-
...ma, "do not go out this evening, you look so, ex-

Sad and cheerless here I roam.

To me can never be like home."

And then she would chide herself for repining when she saw so many less favored than herself.

Mrs. S.'s health about this time began to decline; her physician was consulted, and he pronounced her case as extremely dangerous, being an affection of the heart, and that she must be very tenacious in regard to her diet, must avoid excitement and likewise the evening air. But how could she renounce her favorite amusements, particularly when encouraged by Mr. Stanfield who ever wished her to accompany him. "My dear aunt," said Emma, "do not go out this evening, you look so extremely ill." "Nay do not, my beloved mistress," said Maria. "Fie, girls, how whimsical you are, we must go and see the adorable Fanny once more,—there the carriage is at the door and husband is waiting,—good night, girls, good night, Charley," said she gaily, as she imprinted a kiss on her forehead, "be a good boy till mother returns," said the gay and thoughtless parent and hastened to the ball room.

"What an effort to appear cheerful," said Emma. "An effort indeed," said Maria, "I think I never saw her so sad as when she took a last look in the glass."
James came in sooner than usual, and the conversation took another turn.

"Why sir," said he, "a letter from St. Louis,—why did you not tell me." "Pray brother, where did you find it," said Emma,—"I knew not a letter had been received—to whom was it directed," said she, somewhat agitated, "to aunt—shall we read it?" "By no means," replied the sister. "How very strange we did not know it—is it unsealed?" "It is, Emma, and I can see no good reason why we should not read it; I am sure if I left a letter unsealed on my dressing table, I should expect, and indeed, have no objection to its being read by aunt, or any other member of the family." "Yes, but then aunt Therisa as mistress of a family has a right, and indeed ought to know all that is going on in her house. She may have left this by accident; as it is from St. Louis, and she looked so sad as she went out, I think 'twould be as well to read it James," said Maria, "and I will retire if you wish it, there may be something that she wishes you to know, but knew not how to inform you, and so left the letter intentionally." "Nay, do not go, dear Maria," said Emma, "brother will read it to us both."

James then took the letter and read on different subjects relating to temporal affairs, ('twas from his mother to his aunt), and continued—

"And now, my dear sister, what shall I say on that subject which is of infinite importance to us both; I mean our prospects for eternity. I have been led to think much of the value of the soul, of late. Think of its value.—Of its preciousness we can judge from the price of its redemption. Nothing short of the blood of the immaculate Son of God could satisfy divine justice; yes, that Being who left the abodes of bliss, the bosom of his Father, and descended to this sinful world, must suffer death that we might live: and O, what sin is so great as to reject the offers of mercy. We may be deprived of earthly friends, and their places may be filled by others; we may lose our houses and lands, and they may be restored to us—but O, if the soul be lost it is lost forever. I cannot bear the thought that this shall be your fate through my unfaithfulness; for Jehovah is sometimes pleased to make use of the most feeble instrument to perform his holy will.—We sometimes see sinners apparently in the way to destruction—we feel persuaded that we ought to warn them of their danger, but shrink from the task. They pass away; perhaps ere we see them again they are laid in the silent tomb. * * * * *

"I was much interested in the remarks of an elderly clergyman, the other day, in speaking of the different amusements young people are often engaged in: said he, 'A christian should never be found in a place that he would not be willing to die in.' It occurred to me, how can any of us go to those places of amusement which would even shock the wicked and profligate, did they think as they entered—'I shall never leave this place till death shall summons me to the eternal world.' O the preciousness of the religion of Jesus; how adapted to every capacity; how suited to every station in life—the high and low, rich and poor, the honorable and degraded may all have their wants supplied from this unfalling source."

The brother and sister, with their friend had no time for remark, as Mr and Mrs Stanfield at this moment returned; and the father being exceedingly fatigued, the family soon retired to rest. As they left the room, Mrs S. said, "I cannot think of attending this party, it is so exceedingly fatiguing, and I have no heart in it. I do think rational beings should employ their time differently."

"O," replied the other, "you are getting low spirited; besides, you are somewhat dispirited by that foolish letter from Charlotte. I must write and tell her better, if she troubles us again with her religious notions."

James and Emma knew that their mother had never written to them in this manner. They were confident some change had taken place in her views and feelings, and they retired, but not to sleep.—James had often thought of his upright conduct, and the interest he had taken in his uncle's business during his residence in the city—that he had ever attended church when it had been in his power,—of the many little acts of kindness he had done to his associates,—he reviewed them all, and thought his mother must think him very good. Not so with his sister. She could only say to herself,—the heart is indeed very deceitful and desperately wicked. She hoped her dear mother would write to her very soon, and give her that instruction she now felt so much the need of.

Mrs Stanfield found it very difficult to obtain the help that she considered necessary for her establishment, and Maria kindly volunteered her services in the kitchen, if Emma would mind little Charley—a wish that the latter readily acceded to. Mrs S. expressed her sorrow at having her niece so employed, but soon became so interested in a life of pleasure that it was evident she was gratified that her darling son had so faithful an attendant.

The brother and sister often received affectionate and faithful letters from their beloved parents at the west. About this time the affairs of Mr Stanfield had become considerably embarrassed. The health of Mrs S. was again considered in danger, which rendered the situation of the brother and sister any thing but comfortable. Mr S. was unusually irrita-
ble, and unkind to his family, with the exception of his wife; and even he would urge on her the slightest recovery from indisposition to attend him in some of his evening amusements, though strictly prohibited from doing so by her physician. James lost all patience from the unkindness which he received from his uncle, and shipped on board a vessel bound for the West Indies, having previously written to his parents his intentions, and the cause of his present determination. Poor Emma was exceedingly distressed. She would have immediately returned to her mother, had she not, the day previous, received a letter from her, telling her to be a good girl, and attend to all her aunt's wishes till she returned to her home; and if their lives were spared, in one year she would come to New York and bring her home.

"O," said Mrs Stanfield, one day after viewing herself in the glass, "if it were not this ball is given in honor to this distinguished gentleman, I would not go, I feel so unwell: though I do look better than I have these six weeks, do I not, Theodore?" addressing herself to her husband; "but," continued she, "it shall be my last appearance, as it is now so late in the season." She again bade the girls and little son good night, but they were not expect Mr and Mrs S. for two or three hours. Soon, too soon their fears were realized, when one of the family informed them that two gentlemen had brought Mrs S. from the carriage apparently senseless. Mr S. soon entered the room, and confirmed their fears by his distressed countenance, while he walked the house in speechless agony. Physicians were called—restoratives were resorted to, but all to no purpose; she remained senseless until the next evening, when her mortal remains were shrouded in habiliments for the tomb, and her spirit had returned to Him who gave it. Thus a gay and lovely woman, left the ball room (where she had but a moment before been the admired of the crowd,) to call and see me, has been here to-day; she has been at work in a cotton manufactory for two or three months. Her brother, she informs me went out in the same vessel with James, and likewise stated that they expected them here very soon.—Her mother, who is an old acquaintance of mine, says she cannot be denied, but that we must both come directly there and remain until the boys get home."

Poor Emma could only express her joy and gratitude with tears—and the same day that the proud but sorrowful Mr Stanfield embarked for Europe, Emma and Maria found a cordial welcome at the humble residence of Mrs Edgar in Cliff street.

"Emma," said Maria, one day, "Martha gives so favorable an account of those employed in the manufactory at ——, what say you to trying our fortunes there, after James gets home?"

"I should be delighted to go anywhere, or be employed in any way, provided you were with me, if I can only have my mother's approval."

"You have that already," said Maria, producing a letter from her pocket, "I wrote to your mother some weeks ago, but feared to tell you until I received an answer approving my plan."

James returned with his friend Edgar sooner than they were expected, to the great delight of the whole family; and Emma was delighted to see them so healthy, so happy, and so good. They mingled their tears with Maria, while she rehearsed the sad scenes which transpired after James left them. "Brother," said Emma, playfully, one morning, "I am half resolved to become a factory girl, what say you to that?" "O sis, be any thing but a factory girl, I entreat you." "Why?" replied the other. "O they are such low, mean creatures, I am sure I could never love you again if you were; do you not remember how Jane Mott used to behave after she had been at the factory, I'm sure they could do it was now a year and a half since she became an inmate of this family—and of all the giddy throng who had visited them and by whom in the days of their prosperity, Emma had been very much cared for, not one appeared to befriend her.

Mr Stanfield's affairs were found in a much worse state than was expected; and after the examination but little more was left than he absolutely needed for his own purposes.

"O, could I be permitted to go with little Charles," said Emma, "I would be content; but the thought of parting with him almost breaks my heart."—"Mother knows not how unhappy I am, or I am sure she would send and take us all three to my own loved home, dear Maria." "Do not be so sad dear child," said Maria. "I think I have good news for us both." "Martha Edgar, who, you recollect used to call and see me, has been here to-day; she has been at work in a cotton manufactory for two or three months. Her brother, she informs me went out in the same vessel with James, and likewise stated that they expected them here very soon.—Her mother, who is an old acquaintance of mine, says she cannot be denied, but that we must both come directly there and remain until the boys get home."

Poor Emma could only express her joy and gratitude with tears—and the same day that the proud but sorrowful Mr Stanfield embarked for Europe, Emma and Maria found a cordial welcome at the humble residence of Mrs Edgar in Cliff street.
nothing with her she treated her mother so badly," "have you another instance of the kind?" said Emma.
"I can think of none now, but I am told much against those persons employed in manufactories." "Indeed, indeed, brother," said she with an arch smile, such as she had not given her friends for many a day, "you remind me of a certain gentleman who was travelling in China, the town or city, I do not recollect which, because he found at one inn a landlord intoxicated and the landlady with red hair, sat down and wrote that all the tavernkeepers in that place were drunkards and that their wives all had red hair." But I think we should not judge the whole of any class by a few, for so I have thought of sailors since your return; but to be serious, I am sure you will say that our Maria and Martha Edgar are good girls, and Maria tells me she has wrought in a mill two or three years previous to her residing with dear aunt Theresa."

The time drew near for James and his friend to take their departure, and although they had now shipped for the East Indies and would probably be absent two years, Emma felt not half the sorrow that she did on taking leave before; she thought him so very kind and affectionate, she found he had gained much useful information, and indeed found in him all she could desire in a brother.

After their embarkation, Maria and Emma immediately made preparations for their new employment; they had ardently desired that Martha should accompany them, but her mother's delicate state of health rendered it necessary for her to remain at home, and the promise of keeping up a correspondence somewhat reconciled them to a separation. Maria, to the great joy of Emma, had a cousin the same age of the latter, at the place whither they were going. After numerous expressions of gratitude to Mrs. Edgar and her amiable family for their kindness and hospitality, the two friends left and soon found themselves near the place of their destination. It was midsummer, and as many of the females were gone to spend a few weeks with their friends in the country there was no doubt but they would find employment. They inquired for the boarding place of Fanny Carthon, (Maria's cousin) and Emma was surprised to find such neat brick blocks in a manufacturing city.

On entering the boarding house to which they had been directed, she was delighted with the order and neatness throughout the apartments, and they were both highly gratified with the sensible and intelligent conversation of its mistress.

In spite of all her former prejudices, Emma could not but own to herself that she had never met with a better friend than Maria, or a more prepossessing hostess than her present one; but when Fanny came in, and an introduction took place, like David and Jonathan of old their souls were knit and they soon felt as much attached as though they had been acquainted for years. Fanny was employed in the weave room and she had no doubt but her overseer would give them employment immediately, if they desired.

We presume that many of our readers are too well acquainted with the feelings of a delicate female on first entering a factory to render it necessary for us to attempt even a delineation of those of Emma, but instead of the rude stare or the smile at each other which she had thought her awkwardness might cause, she ever found friends to assist her in any emergency.

A number of months passed pleasantly away; they formed many interesting friendships; they found the serious the gay, and the kind; but, best of all Emma was led to give her heart unservedly to her Saviour, and Maria, who had been a professor of religion for a number of years, earnestly prayed for and was restored to the joys of free salvation, through the instrumentality of their Sabbath school teacher and that of their friends in the mill.

Saturday evening! what delightful associations cluster around that short sentence. One pleasant Saturday afternoon in September, (and who that has wrought in a cotton manufactory has ever seen aught but pleasant Saturday afternoons, pardon the interruption to my story, kind reader,) the two friends were sitting side by side, they had attended to each other's work alternately, which had given each an opportunity to scour their floor, and you would find it difficult which the most to admire the brightness of the polished steel machinery which seemed to vie in brilliancy with the green painted wood work or the whiteness of the floor beneath them; they had been talking of their Sabbath school lesson, of the pleasure and benefit they expected to derive from the services of the morrow, when Emma's thoughts reverted to her brother;—"you must indeed love my brother when he returns, Fanny." "O tell me to love anybody but a sailor, Emma, though I could love any thing for your sake, but I have such a prejudice against that class. Well, we will wait until he comes, which I hope will be very soon."

In about an hour two young gentlemen entered the room, and Emma and Maria were by their side in an instant. 'T was James, and Frank Edgar. They had arrived a few days before, at New York and learned by Mrs Edgar the residence of the two friends. They hastened thither, and there James received a letter from his mother requesting them to
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return home, as she was now able to provide for them according to her wishes, not forgetting an invitation to Maria to make her house her home. He brought a letter from Mr Stanfield, couched in very affectionate language, regretting his inability to aid them at present; but hoping soon to give them a home, as his friends had kindly offered their assistance in order to enable him to resume his business. He concluded by giving an affecting account of the sickness and death of his only son. But with apparent submission, he exclaimed,

"God of the just, I take the bitter cup,
- And bow to thy behest, and drink it up."

The spirit of the letter was so mild and affectionate that they had quite a desire to spend sometime with him as soon as convenient.

Fanny determined to accompany her friends as far as New York, and as their overseer did not, on this occasion, require the usual two weeks' notice, the four friends were soon wending their way to the west, but not until James had become sufficiently acquainted to lose his prejudice against factory girls and manufacturing towns and cities—and Fanny and Emma theirs against that class of community called sailors—and that we should never judge the many, by the few of any class or community, was the wise conclusion of the sailor and his sister.

H. H. S.

WHAT IS TRUE EXCELLENCE OF CHARACTER?

This subject has often commanded thought, and excited feeling. Wise men have dwelt upon it; the honored have imagined that the merit of having obtained it must justly be awarded to them; and the rich that it was the consequent attendant upon their treasures. Thousands have coveted it, yet even a still greater number have been very far from possessing it. Various and flattering has been the garb in which the imagination has often fancied that the person who had obtained it would be arrayed, and then put that garment on, satisfied to wear the appearance of that which is good, while the reality is far from them. Thus while all wish to be esteemed as noble and praise worthy, how few comparatively there are, who if placed in circumstances to develop the real principles and motives of the heart who would not exhibit something revolting to the feelings and startling to the conscience. Yet it is not necessarily so. For that which is purely valuable and rich in character, that which will shine brighter and brighter through every adverse wind and storm, may be acquired by perseverance. I say may be acquired, for it cannot come to us by chance, neither can it descend by inheritance; it cannot be purchased with money, nor does it arise out of poverty. It depends not upon personal advantage, literary acquirements, rank or occupation, but has a higher and nobler seat in the principles of a mind regulated by that fear of the Lord which God himself has declared to be the "beginning of wisdom," a mind purified by the precepts of that being who taught us to do by others as we would have them do by us; to desire to diffuse happiness, which leads us to be kind and affectionate to all: who has instructed us in that humility which exalteth not itself in thought or deed: that decision which when principle is to be involved is like the stubborn oak that cannot be moved, yet is as yielding to the wishes of a friend as the tender vine, when it can be done without sin. These principles and others drawn from the same rich source, cherished in the heart and interwoven with the feelings, will give a right estimate of things, and so mould the character that it will ever appear like a clear bright gem, unalloyed and pure.

M.

SABBATH.

Haste not so rapidly away, but stay to bless me yet a little longer; sweet and cheering are the emotions thou awakenest, but fearful and chilling are the waves of worldliness that will dare attempt to overflow the soul when thy peaceful influences have departed. Therefore I entreat thy stay, that my soul may supply itself from thy bounty, that it hungers not during thy absence, nor lose the relish for thy return. With gratitude I remember the influence that first taught me to hail thy approach; many and precious are the blessings thou hast since conferred upon me. My wearied corporeal
and mental powers acquire new vigor by the pleasing relaxation afforded them, especially my dormant spiritual powers feel thy quickening influence, and there seems a communication opened between the soul and its Creator. Restlessness and gloom possess the souls of those who esteem thee a burden; but light and holy joy are the portion of all who count thee a delight, and with eagerness engage in thy duties and pleasures. The gathering shades announce thy departure, yet the brief respite from care and toil which thou hast afforded, points out thy resemblance to that coming rest—that enduring Sabbath, whose bliss will never ye alloyed to those who participate therein, by the thought of its termination.

Then adieu, sweet Sabbath, for thou art not my rest, but art the refreshing spring in which the weary of earth are privileged to slake their thirst, while marching on their pilgrimage through this desert world; as such I will henceforth greet thee and may I so value and improve thee, as to inherit that peaceful rest of which thou art a type. c.

LUNA'S COMPLAINT.

Ye dwellers on the earth—come listen all To Luna's plaint: Luna—who nightly walks With placid face, and me in of dignity, The teeming gem-bespangled azure fields.

Luna—whom mortal tongues full rightly name "Night's Empress," or the gentle "Queen of eve." Hear her complaint, and then redress her wrongs. "O mortals," heedless are ye to discern The kindness which I bear to your frail race. When the lone trav'ler, wandering, lated, through Bewildering plains of snow, or fearful wilds Untenanted by aught save savage beasts Looks wildly round, uncertain where to turn, Where all is darkness, deep and black, and drear. Then from my couch I rise, and push aside The murky curtains which o'erhang my face, Revealing to his eye the long sought path That guides him to his lov'd ones and his home. And when the merry sleigh-bells gaily chime Beneath the evening sky, and joyous groups Successive skim across the crusted snow,— I love to brighten up their way, and throw Diamond-like lustres all along the road And make the ice-drops sparkle on the trees— Until, so bright, so dazzling is the scene, They almost dream themselves in fairy-land. And when the urchin, weary of his play, Is sent to his unwelcome couch, and sobes Himself to sleep, all friendless as he feels— I, through his window peep; and smile on him: And then he from his half-slower starts and turns To meet my gaze; and smiling in return Seems as he thinks that I at least will feel For his hard fate.

And when at eventide The pale old man upon the door-stone sits Or leans upon the gate, I shed my rays Benignly down upon his furrow'd face, And make his hoary locks more silvery bright, And as he looks on me I fill his mind With many a holy and inspiring thought; And whisper to him things of import high: Of the Almighty's hand which framed us both, And of what is to come when this short life Has waned away; and of what ye shall come When I shall wax and wane for the last time. And many a lesson would I tell ye all Of gentleness, of charity, and love— And all things pure and mild:—"Tis true I shine, But with a borrowed light; yet is that light More bright to you than all the myriad hosts That gem the vault of heaven:—But ye have cast Base slanders on my name: ye embleme me For things I am not like. If some wild scheme, Like meteor's flash or comet's transient blaze, Is darted from a visionary's brain,— "Tis moonshine all," ye say; Or when ye see Some melancholy wight whose blighted hopes, Or proud ambition's soaring rudely crushed, He rendered him a gloomy misanthrope, Ye call him "moonstruck," or a "lunatic." Oh why is this? ungrateful mortals say,— Your scandals hush, nor longer liken me To things so distant:—but ye heed me not. And then methought did sad-faced Luna turn, And wrap her fleecey veil about her form,— Then with a step majestic as before, Pursue her wonted course.

MIRIAM.
We fear not to commence our sketch with that word, though ours be the nine hundred and ninety-ninth that commences thus. Not that we have forgotten the effect of the "thrice told tale," but there are themes that never tire us. There are names that perish not with the using. There are characters that brighten with the beholding, and their luster shall deepen and increase the nearer we approach them, and the oftener we view them. There are virtues that distance can never eclipse, that time can never dim, that enmity even can not shroud in its own black pall. There are minds, the length and breadth and height and depth of whose greatness can be discovered only in that world where they have no need of the sun or of the moon.

Among such names, the one we have selected stands forth on the page of our country, bold, prominent, alone. Nay, not alone; for kindred names cluster around, bearing it magnanimous company; yet they maintain a respectful distance. Among such characters the brave actors of '76 will ever hold their conspicuous position, ever stand before the world; models of true, generous, untiring patriotism, whose hatred of oppression could find a parallel only in their own quenchless love of humanity, where it had its foundation. These virtues—we look for a personification of them in our noble ancestry; nor look we in vain. Those minds,—they live, in our warmest recollections of the past—they breathe upon our deepest love of home—they inhabit the sanctuary of our liberty and independence—they hover protectingly near us—"shadows of departed greatness," and their influence,—O, it is hallowed, inspiring. We cannot divest ourselves of the elements of national greatness. We may prove unworthy descendants of such illustrious sires, and America will ever be looked upon as their country,—our "birthright," sold for a mess of pottage. We may unwrath their deeds from the chaplet that adorns our Capitol, and the brightest leaves and the choicest flowers will have fallen off. We may obliterate their names from the high places of our land, but the stones of the street will cry out and utter them, and our base ingratitude will sink us beneath the soil their blood has consecrated to worthier feet.

Look at them! Their history, in the variety and intense interest of its minutiae, is foremost among themes that never weary—we speak of the themes that pertain to this life. We would not presume to compare mortal with eternal, though the history of nations, especially the signal history of our own beloved country seems to us to grasp with one hand the destinies of eternity, while with the other, it would elevate the fallen image of God, and bid it look in hope and trust upon the divine Original.

Look at them! They are in the midst of battle, not that they may gratify a propensity to implicate their hands in a brother's blood, or record their names with the heroes of the earth; not that they may bear the conqueror's sword, or wear the Emperor's crown. They had not a thought so grovelling—a wish so unworthy. They felt that inalienable rights were trespassed upon, and that to cringe before a fellow mortal were sin. They felt that the sanctuary of their soul's liberty was violated and that the sacrilege called for vengeance.
They saw the altar of conscience polluted—the oracle of God in the bosom of humanity set at nought, and they knew that a human sacrifice must pay the penalty. They laid their deep designs in the elements of being; they built their fortifications about the spirit; they gathered their ammunitions from the storehouse of the heart; the God of battles was their shield; the name of the Lord was their strong tower; the Lord of hosts was their trust. This is the grand secret of their success.

Let it deepen our humility, not our self-dependence. Let it awaken our gratitude, not our pride. Let it strengthen our love of country, but never our love of self. Let it inspire us with zeal and fervor, and indomitable perseverance in the protection and defence of right, but never, never let it encourage us to lay unhallowed, murderous hands upon the “life we cannot give.”

Look at them! crossing the Delaware at midnight, to take by surprise, an unequal foe; for “one shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight.” But yesterday they retreated over those waters whose dangerous icebergs tempt their feet again. They retreated, overpowered, but not subdued; driven from their posts, but not conquered. Conquered they could not be. They could hold up their lives between the cannon-mouth of a blood-thirsty foe, and the treasures of the land of their choice: yea, they could fall by the sword, if fall they must in the sacred cause they had espoused—but to yield, they knew not how! It was a lesson their mother England with crowned head and sceptred hand had tried long & faithfully to teach them, but her tuition had been at her own expense—they would not be taught. And when she would have bribed them to obedience, they spurned her shining dust, and gloried in a poverty that left the spirit free. And shall such men be whipped into submission?

Shall Americans turn their heads from the piston and their hearts from the sword, that they may take the yoke of oppression upon their necks, and share the badge of loyalty with their wives and daughters? Shall they leave the foe in undisputed possession of their own goodly forts, because they hold them by the arbitrary right of might? because forsooth, the faint-hearted have fled, and the indolent forgotten the injunction, first pure then peaceable? No: inexhausted in expedient, unconquerable in effort, one in purpose, though few in numbers, strong in faith; fervent in zeal, they have decreed to die for home or life for liberty. And what shall shake their firm resolve? Surely not the array of an English host, or the fate of an English king. No: though they have been routed, they will go back and still his majesty’s subjects in the hoarse voice of battle that a righteous cause is mightier than a multitude of warriors. The war trumpet shall echo long and loud the note of victory, for a Washington, a Sullivan, and a Greene, are there.

It is good to refresh our memories often with scenes like these;—they are the strong bonds of a people’s union. They will inspire us with gratitude and veneration for our fathers; ay, and our mothers too, for their self-denial, zeal and patriotism was befitting the times in which they lived. They will check the growth of pride and vain-glory, and restrain the imprudence that looks upon self as the greatest body, the mightiest genius the world ever saw. Nay, more; their natural tendency is to lead the mind upward to Him who was acknowledged as the victor in every conquest, and to whose wisdom was committed those deep-laid schemes that wrought out our salvation. They will make us feel that mighty and imperative responsibilities are ours, as heirs of a blood-bought inheritance. Their hallowed remembrances will rear about our liberties more than earthly sanctuary, and invest imperishable wealth in the name of America. **UNA TILIARIUM.**

**‘THE WIDOW’S SON.’**

’Tis sad to look upon the face of those
We’ve loved, and cherished, and on whom
The garnered hopes of years have rested,
And confess in deepest bitterness of soul,
That they are “dead.” Dead! What is death?
Isn’t to lie down and sleep in long continuous
Rest? To wake no more to earth and earthly
Cares; but rove in fancy’s thought, and bask

‘Neath sunny skies, or slake the thirsty soul
In cooling streams? Is this to die?
Then welcome death: for then thou art the
Choicest boon of Heaven.—But, is it so?
Is death no more than dreamy—a rest? or dreamless
Sleep? Is there no pain in death? Why then
The start, the shrinking back from the dark
Portals of the tomb?
Ah me! there's bitterness
In this dread cup; else why do good men fear?
And the stout hearted weep.

In early times a widowed mother wept beside
The bier; and the slow funeral train
Breathed forth a solemn wail.

Was there
No sorrow in the cup of death thus prest,
E'en to the widow's lips? No barbed and
Pointed arrow, quivering in the soul, and
Rankling deep? Go ask the sorrowing
And mark her quick reply.

Anon, a traveller turns aside to gaze upon
The solemn march—the weeping friends.
His pity beams in every lineament—
His faltering voice bespeaks a sympathizing
Spirit. Listen while he bids the carriers
Of the dead, "Stand still."

Why breaks he thus upon the sacred
Gathering? Does he appear as guest at this
Unpropitious hour?

Rather comes he as the
Messenger of peace and joy. "The dead shall
Live again," he cries—and lo! the dead arose.

Long years, methinks have passed, since
He, the dead, revived, and lived again.

'Mid yonder throng there stands a preacher of
The word. His soul is full of mighty thoughts.
Impassioned language flows in strains of more
Than mortal eloquence. He tells of death—
And as he speaks, he seems like one who has
Had conversance with things beyond the grave.
He talks of darkness deep, profound,
And tells of spirits dwelling there.
He adds most glorious descriptions
Of Heaven. Say, speaker, hast thou ken'd
Worlds invisible? Hast thou impassed
The Styx of life's dissevered waters—
And discerned the Elysian fields?

Ah! 'tis the Widow's Son. Raised from
The sleep of death, he tells of scenes—
To mortals all unknown—and yet he dare
Not tell of all he's witnessed in the
Spirit land. High, holy, and enrapturing tho'
His language be, he must not yet reveal
The secrets of the grave.

Man hath not seen—and man must
Never see—"the future as it is"—till he himself
Hath drank the cup of death, and put
On the garb of immortality.

ROSA,—OR, JUDGE NOT THE MOTIVE.

"Going the wrong way, friend Rosa," said I,
"are you not one of Mrs. Carter's guests this
evening?"

She smiled a negative, and would have passed
on—but, unwilling to part with her so soon, I pur-
poseously detained her, by asking in my impertinent
way, why we had not the pleasure of meeting her
more frequently in the social circle. Fixing her
soft, dark eyes upon me with an expression of
their own, she replied in a tone I shall never for-
get,—"Shall I tell you?"

The pathos of her manner, while it awakened a
deeper wish to hear all, reminded me, that I might
have spoken injudiciously; "I will promise you a
respectful attentive auditor, if you will condescend
to act the orator,"—I answered half hesitatingly,
half eagerly,—

"But you are on your way thither, and I should
detain you too long." "Not to Mrs. Carter's, I am
going on an errand of mercy; and if your engage-
ments are not positive, I shall be most happy to
introduce you to yonder hut."

"And I shall be most happy to accompany you
to any lonely abode you may be visiting. My
present walk is one of recreation; promotive to
the health of both body and spirits. Nothing by
way of amusement does me half the service of
undisturbed communion with the works of nature,
and frequent exercise in the open air.

"But do not let these shut you out from the
company of those who will reap a pleasure from
your society, equal to that you derive from your
inanimate friends."

"I am aware I may be thought a misanthrope.
But let me tell my story, and you shall judge."

"The book of Nature, and the book of Provi-
dence are interesting commentaries of the book
of Revelation. Yet fondly as I cherish the com-
panionship of the birds and brooks, the trees and
flowers, they seem but so many ties that bind me
yet closer to the great fraternity to whose pleas-
ure and benefit they are dedicated. I love to
study the laws by which the universe is held in
being: yet engrossing as the theme is to thought
and leisure, they purify and elevate the feelings that go out after their nearer kindred of immortality. Yet I am much alone—alone not as the hermit is. I long for one hour of such solitude—but alone in that sense the stranger knows so well. And for what reason? Many would say, from an unamiable, selfish choice. But I can appeal to you, Maria, for the refutation of a censura so unjust. I need not tell you that perpetual solitude would be to your Rosa, anything but perpetual bliss. You know how I love the society of those from whom the thoughtless accuse me of shrinking away. Perhaps I do avoid more than I ought, the haunts where 'youth and pleasure meet,' but 'tis not that I choose to do so; 'tis not that I would not sometimes be there. Yet why should I linger among them? It is out of my power to return the many civilities I should receive from the multitude; and passing few, are they who 'give, hoping for nothing again.' That you will call a selfish declaration. Understand me perfectly. I possess nothing that can win favor. If brilliant wit was mine I should be an acceptable guest among the gay and dazzling. Could I please or instruct, the sensible would listen to me. If I would deck myself in showy nothing, the silly would follow me with their cards. If I would cringe before the aristocracy, they perchance would patronize. If wealth were mine, I should be welcome anywhere, and shall I tell you what wondrous things a genteel and 'marriageable' young brother can sometimes do for those sisters who else were among the obscure?"

By this time we approached the cottage; and ere I had an opportunity of replying to my companion, we stood by the bedside of the drunkard's wife. I had almost feared for the motive that prompted some of her expressions; but the half hour we spent together in the hut of distress made me ashamed of having cherished an unworthy thought of Rosa Fontaine. I saw and felt that she was the personification of selfless love, instead of the victim of uncared-for discontent. I saw and felt that the world was not all a waste to her, though she had little sympathy for the honors and still less for the follies of the world. She was no stranger in the cottage, though she had been there before; and eyes that had not been held till now, looked unutterable thanks upon a new benefactress. She pressed to her lips the hand of the patient sufferer; and there was unutterable tenderness in her kind farewell. We took leave, and I begged that I might be entertained, as we walked homeward, with a sketch of her history.

She laid her hand upon my arm, and looking me full in the face, she said:

"I am no egotist—not am I willing to believe there is insincerity in a wish so candidly expressed. Though I cannot promise to gratify by the interest of my story, I will endeavor to do so by prompt, cheerful compliance with your request. But I must forewarn you not to expect aught of the romantic or marvellous—fortune neither scowled in my childish face, or played her golden pranks before my infant eye. She scattered not profusely her thorns or her roses in my juvenile pathway—she bequeathed me a few of each. My parents were among the early settlers of the pretty village of Lockmont—a place where respectability is measured by worth and not by wealth, by character and not accomplishments.

"Society was virtuous and par-consequence happy. The 'grave and gay,' were never more safely, more agreeably combined; and the young people tempered their pleasures somewhat by the tastes of their grandsires. They were pleasures, nevertheless, real pleasures—the vivacity of youth was there, and gold-eyed hope lost none of its elasticity. It was directed not fettered by principle not bigotry. The remains of puritanism that lingered there were not the stern, rigid, forbidding things that are too generally associated with that title of our ancestry. They were the uncompromising love of duty blended with New England fervor of feeling, and presiding over the buoyancy of inexperienced youth.

"But I had forgotten that 'ego' is the heroine of my tale. In my cradle almost, I had my peculiarities; and to those, perhaps, more than to anything else I owe my early exit from a land of such attractions. I could never learn to look at this world as other people do. I could never believe that my errand here was to treasure up the good things it affords, while others need them—or to spend a life toiling for the body while the mind is left a barren waste. But that sounds too harsh, and might too easily be construed into a reflection upon the character of those whose memory I revere with the warmest filial gratitude. I mean simply, that while my brothers and sisters were happy in such an education as the circumstances of our dear parents allowed them, I secretly pined for a full cup from that fount where shallow draughts intoxicate the brain, and drinking largely sober us again."
"While they sported in the gaiety of young life, I stole away to indulge in reflections I might not utter—having been taught that the daughter of a country farmer should not look far beyond the walls of the district school house for the sum of her mind's riches. To be satisfied with this were impossible; to repine were ungrateful. I loved home and its inmates almost to idolatry—still my restless spirit longed for something it found not there.

"Having as I trust learned what it was to 'seek first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness,' the treasures of this world looked hardly worth possessing—valuable only as they subserve the interest of the immortal tenant of a mortal tenement. My friends tried to counteract those habits of attraction that gained ascendency over me. I dreaded to give them pain; but the passion, that reigned dominant, would not be thwarted. I could command my words but not my thoughts away. I could check my doings, but my desires were unconquerable. How could I think of spending a lifetime with no other advantages—no other means of mental improvement than my native town afforded. My father, who could not, no. that is too much; who did not see as I saw the wants of my being, had nothing to bestow—nothing save a good home, a generous supply of such wants as he could discover, and a bountiful share of the warm affections of his own guardian heart.—These, you will say, are no trifles. Nor did I deem them such. If I could have been such an ingrate, I should, long ere this, have discovered my mistake. She who would barter them away at any price, save peace of conscience, is a wretch whose lot is unenviable indeed. These treasures, I trust are mine still, though a long time has elapsed since I tore myself from the fulness of their enjoyment.

"The struggle between social and intellectual self was severe beyond my most ominous dreams. I left home by consent of my friends, who had previously wielded many a ponderous argument to convince the understanding of what they knew the heart did feel—that 'there's no place like home.' They reiterated and re-reiterated that precious item of worldly policy that has a 'rainy day,' in view, and sternly maintained that it was imprudent for one who could so ill afford it, to spend her youth in the pursuit of knowledge.

"Rosa," said my grandmother, "when I was young, the girls were in the habit of storing up bedding, table linen, and such like things against the time of need. I tell you, Rosa, you are a fool-isa child, and by and by, when I am in my grave, and your are a poor penniless wanderer in a land of strangers, you will wish you had hearkened in childhood to your old grandmother.

"I had been her idol, and it was harder resisting the eloquence of her unwearied affection than the power of her sage counsels about 'bedding, table linen and such like things.'

"I labored hard to convince them that I was looking out more effectually for the storms of life by transforming the little I could command, into imperishable wealth, and storing my earthly all in treasury unaffected by chance, unreached by fortune. They knew perfectly that I prized not what most love so well; and yielded reluctantly to my wishes of seeking and appropriating my own fortune, not so much from a conviction of the soundness of my philosophy as of their inability to wrest it from me.

"In the pursuit of my object I came to this city, alone, a stranger. To hermitize my sociabilities entered not into my plan. If such is the effect of my mode of life, I owe it to circumstances rather than choice. And surely that purpose to which the heart's best treasure is sacrificed, may not yield to the short-lived gratification I should derive from the busy throng."

"And have you found your reward? Can you devote yourself to the task of improving your mind, with as much zeal as you expected?"

"Not as ardently as I wish; nor can I while I am thus dependent on the kindness of my fellow-creatures; yet the sources of intellectual pleasure are so many and varied here, that I find myself daily becoming more attached to the city, notwithstanding the eccentricity of my habits.

"You heard my repeated assertion that I court not the splendor of wealth—nevertheless its independence I fain would possess,—I would be rich in the power to do good—rich in my moments of study and reflection. I know my lot in life is marked out by a hand infinitely wiser, kinder than my own; yet in my folly, I have sometimes dared to think of a sphere, quite the reverse of my present one. When I see the daughters of the wealthy idling away their school hours, I wish I could borrow what seems so irksome to them.

"Nay, I will not murmur. He who made the mind with its ardent aspirations, and quenchless desires, appointed its place on earth, and He has a right to say to the restless spirit, as to the ocean-billow,—'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.'
I know it is well, though I know not why. Perhaps I should find too much pleasure in my favorite pursuit, if I could direct my intellectual destiny, and mayhap I should forget to look forward for the consummation of bliss to that time when "this mortal shall put on immortality." Is it not a delightful thought that these undying spirits shall spend a long eternity in searching into the unfathomable depths of the infinity of wisdom, love and power.

Then let us prove faithful, dear Maria, to our eternal trusts, and in yonder bright world, we shall be permitted to understand even the deep things of God—yea, of that God the traces of whose footsteps we so much admire, wherever we turn our eyes."

"The last rays of departing day fell upon her countenance. As I gazed, her speaking features seemed lit up to an ecstasy with the spirit of her theme. I wished that I might linger there if for naught but to feast on the beauty of her spirit portrayed in that dark eye which rested upon the glowing west.

But duty called us both away. Can I hear the singular conduct of that young lady called in question by the thoughtless, without a deep wound to my own feelings—never. Her name will ever be associated with a vividness of moral and intellectual beauty, too bright to be effaced, too rare to be forgotten—and I trust her example shall have to do with moulding the character of Maria."
and where you don’t find books containing just what you happen to be in greatest want of.

'Just what happens to be true though, by your own consent, begging leave to quote from your last acknowledgment. But candidly; am I not as well prepared to judge impartially, and may I not as freely express my opinion as though I belonged to the aristocracy itself?'

'Most certainly.'

Then allow me to propose two or three simple questions, which by the way, I do not wish you to answer just now, for your present wit seems aimed more at the person, than the theme. To your good sense in its candid, reflecting moments, they are proposed. Please let the reply occupy as many columns in the next weekly.'

'Does the literature of our times aim more to elevate or please?'

'Would it labor more zealously to gain friends to the great truths that form the basis of society, morality and religion, or friends to itself and its perpetrators?'

'Do its patrons consult more the welfare of the rising generation, and the regeneration of the earth, or their own pastime and the applause of the multitude?' and she glided out of the room.

THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY,
And Washingtonian Celebration, 22d Feb. 1842.

Hail, Flag of our country, we love thy light form,
In gladness and sadness, in sunshine and storm;
To-day will our nation lift proudly her eye,
And gaze on her tri-colored banner on high.

The tyrant's huge heel on the neck of our sires,
Their country enveloped in battle-lit fires—
The Flag of their nation waved over them then,
They gazed on the token, and felt they were men.

They shook off their fetters, inspired by the sight,
And strong and more firm grew the arm of their might;
Imploring kind heaven's protection on thee,
They badethee wave on, o'er the land of the free.

Now, flag of our country, rejoice in the breeze;
We've smoked with all nations the calmest of peace;
Wave on, o'er the crest of the sadder free,
O'er the graves of the slain, o'er the fathomless sea.

Wave on, 'tis the birthday of him who led forth
The fire of the South, with the nerve of the North;
Wave on, high in air, o'er Columbia's pride,
O'er a land where a Washington conquer'd and di'd.

Wave on! here are champions noble as those,
Who wrested their homes from the grasp of their foes;
The work of oppression—Ah! 'tis not yet done,
Here are victories gained, and yet more to be won.

Wave on, we are fighting our deadliest foe;
He's doom'd to destruction in swift overthrow;
Our forces are rallied—deserters have come
To join the strong hosts that do battle with Rum.

Dance lightly, our star spangled banner, to-day,
For thousands of hearts have emerg'd from the way
Of that terrible monster, whose demon-forg'd chains
Clank heavily, drearily, in thy domains.

Dance lightly! each soldier has sworn to be free,
In triumph, confidingly turn thee to thee—
Thy bright stars and stripes shall inspire them to wield,
Kind words their sure weapon, Cold Water their shield.

Hearts freer than air will exult in thy sway,
And eyes wont to weep will wear gladness to-day;
The drunkard has turned from the wine cup, and
Smil'd
Once more as of yore, on his home, wife, and child.

Dance lightly, there's joy on this festival morn,
Fresh laurels of health shall the grey head adorn;
The fast fading rose of young manhood re-bloom,
And the wreck of the spirits be snatch'd from the tomb.

America's flag, thou art gaily unfurled—
Our nation's escutcheon—a star in the world;
To-day thou art floating o'er hilltop and plain,
From river to ocean, from Georgia to Maine.

ADELAIDE.
Reflections.—Child at Prayer.

REFLECTIONS.

In my solitary hours, I often seat myself by a window, and survey the beauties of nature. While gazing on earth's beautiful things, my thoughts involuntarily soar onward and upward, to Nature's God. I reflect upon His wisdom and perfections, and confess with shame, my proneness to murmur at the dispensations of His Providence. The moon, as she gilds and lights the heavens, often excites intense emotions. The stars, as they reflect their lesser rays, often beguile my hours of weariness. Thoughts like these, sometimes suggest themselves. Are yonder worlds inhabited? if so, are their inhabitants imperfect as ourselves, and subject like man, to changes, disease and death? or are they in possession of an original state of happiness—unacquainted with the sorrows in which we are doomed to participate.

Other inquiries often arise, which I find equally insolvable. Filled with such reflections, time glides swiftly, yet imperceptibly away. In fancy I visit the home of my childhood: and while roaming through the haunts of childhood, I sometimes find myself borne on the wings of dreamy sleep. A few evenings since, I enjoyed a delightful reverie—I seemed to stand at the gate of our humble dwelling. A chariot seemingly approached which I was invited to enter. Seating myself, I was borne through the air with surprising velocity. I at length alighted—where, I knew not; for all was surpassingly strange. I seated myself upon a grass plat, and fell asleep.

When I awoke, the shades of night had disappeared. At the right of my location, were green hills, rising in succession, and towering out of sight. At my left, a beautiful valley. While before me, glided a gurgling stream. Its banks were garnished with shrubs and flowers; while the wind fanned my forehead, surcharged with delicious perfumes. The birds were sporting among the branches of the trees, chanting their merry songs, apparently welcoming the presence of a stranger. I arose from my seat, and turning round, beheld two beings, far surpassing in beauty my most fanciful conceptions. Their countenances glowed with youthful hope—and as they saluted me, I could trace in the expression, a guileless innocence. I wandered with them unconscious of time or place, till I found myself at the grave of my mother. A father laid there too, while in a far-off land, methought a brother had found a resting place. My sad heart groaned and murmured. I felt disposed to question even the goodness of him who had thus afflicted me, when my companions interrupted my hasty speech:—

"Mortal," spake one, (and her name was Piety,) "divest thyself of sorrow, dispel thy gloomy forebodings, and cease thy sad complaints. Yonder shalt thou find rest. Beyond the confines of the tomb the spirit finds a glorious abode." "There," responded the other, "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." I gazed upon my companions, and as they turned to leave me, I heard them say, "Peace and Piety." I awoke, and felt confident that fancy for once had taught me a lesson of wisdom—for piety doth indeed bring peace. I learned from that hour, in every situation to be content, for all things earthly end with the grave.

CHILD AT PRAYER.

Little child, with upturned eye,
Lisping out thine earnest prayer;
In thy guileless infancy,—
Know'st thou aught of grief or care?
Dost thou tire of earthly things?
Seekest thou a home above?
Wouldst thou, freed from childhood's sins,
Know a precious Saviour's love?
Child! thy prayer shall answered be,
Jesus died for such as thee.

Lamb-like one! and would'st thou fain,
With the heavenly shepherd go:
Following him through pastures green
Where the living waters flow:
Say—thys early would'st thou tred,
Wisdom's rough and narrow way;
By that Shepherd's guidance led
Up to heaven's eternal day?
Child! let fear thy bosom flee,
Jesus loveth such as thee.

Gentle child! thy young heart now
Dreameth of that glorious land—
Longeth at His throne to bow,
'Mongst a sinless cherub land;
And, with harp of angel-tone
Mingle with the choir above,—
Singing to the Blessed One:
Sweetest hymns of praise and love.
Child! that land thou soon shalt see,
Jesus saveth such as thee.
SALLY'S SENTIMENTAL COUSIN.

MISSES EDITORS:—I don't know as what I have written will be any credit to the Magazine. I haven't been in the habit of writing composition much, since I went to school up in Vermont. I thought that cousin Amelia's visit might perhaps amuse some of your readers as much as it did me; and besides, I wanted to see for once, how I should look in print. I sha'n't be offended if you don't publish it, tho' may be I shall be a little disappointed.

SALLY.

Early last spring, father had a letter from uncle Jenkins, who lives in Boston, saying that his daughter, Amelia Malvina, who is just about my age, wished to come and spend a few weeks with us in the country, as a city life was rather tedious in the summer season. Father asked me how I should like to have her come. I told him that I should like it very much: as she had never been in the country, and I had never been in the city, I thought it would be pleasant for us both; so in the course of a week or two, she came. I can remember just how she looked when I met her on the door-step, after she had got out of the stage. In person, she was tall, and rather robust for a city-bred young lady. Her hair, which was dark, hung on each side of her face, in what I suppose had been graceful ringlets, but from the wind, and the jolting of the stage over the rough roads, they better deserved the name of stringlets. Her eyes were large and dark and had rather a disconsolate expression. After the usual greetings, I said to her: "Are you much tired, cousin Amelia?" 'In deed,' she answered, 'I am excessively fatigued.' Martha and I did all we could for her comfort and refreshment, and she soon began to feel at home and to be quite talkative. 'Oh!' she said, 'what a delightful sequestered retreat this is! How melodiously the songsters warble among the luxuriant foliage! It exceeds all my imagination of rural felicity!' with a great deal more to this same effect, very much to the wondement of mother and myself, who supposed that such great words were not made to talk with, but only to put in books. We soon got used to it, for we found that Amelia always talked in that way.

The next day she wanted very much to take a walk in the fields. Mother said I'd better not spend the time for nothing, so I took a basket and knife to get some dandelions for dinner. The wind was rather cool and the ground was damp from rain, so I put on a thick shawl and shoes, but what was my surprise, when cousin Amelia came down stairs, to see her dressed in a white muslin frock and thin slippers, and a bonnet which I believe she called a gipsy. Mother talked to her some time, and I offered to lend her a shawl, but she would not accept; 'her dress was so much more appropriate,' she said, 'for rambling among the bushes and shrubbery, like the nymphs or fairies.' I could hardly help laughing at her foolishness, and I guess she was ashamed of it afterwards. Well, we set off; and after going through two or three fields, we came to a place where the dandelions were pretty thick, and I told her that I would stop there, so I set down my basket. She did not offer to help me, but said she would go and twine a garland from some flowers which she saw in the next field. After a while, she came back, and such a queer looking creature as she was! Her dress was all stuck full of red and yellow flowers, and was flying in every direction, and her white dress and stockings were all spattered over with mud, so that she looked like,—any thing but a nymph. It seems that she had gone into a meadow near by, to pick some flowers, and had there become so frightened at the sudden appearance of a cow, that she ran for her life, heedless of mud, flowers, and every thing else. She was not much pleased with her first ramble, for besides the fright she received, she took a severe cold, so that she was unable to leave the house for several days. She used to amuse herself in the house by reading books which she brought with her, such as the Children of the Abbey, the Bandit's Bride, and some others, which I have forgotten. I never read any of these, but one day I went into her chamber, and she was crying, so that I couldn't help asking her what the matter was. She said that the tale she was perusing, was so affecting that she could not refrain from weeping. And then she read a story about a lady who was stolen away from her lover when they were out walking together one evening, and how she was carried into a castle in the woods, and locked up in a room all alone, where she pined away and died of love! and how her gallant went right off to where they were having a battle, and kept a fighting till somebody killed him. I couldn't think what made her cry about this, for I thought that the lady was dreadful silly to die of love for a man that hadn't spirit enough even to
go after a sheriff or constable to get her out of the castle; and so I told her; but she said that I "hadn't any sensibility, and could not appreciate it."

Well, the next time cousin Amelia and I went out, I asked her to go with me to see a poor woman who was sick. The cottage where she lived was not very neat, and the children were ragged and dirty, but the poor woman was not able to attend to them, and was dying from hunger and want of proper treatment. Cousin Amelia's sensibility was so great that she could not bear the sight of so much wretchedness and filth, and had all possessed as much as she, the woman must have remained and died as she was.

Cousin Amelia stayed with us a few weeks, and spent her time mostly in reading, walking, or looking out of the window, for she was too romantic and sentimental to do anything else. She was generally very careful not to go near a meadow, but she used to frighten us all very often by running in from the garden or fields, with the story of some 'hideous monster,' she had seen which would perhaps prove to be a toad or earwig. But she soon grew tired of a country life. It was not half as romantic as she had anticipated, and then the people were so destitute of refinement so unsentimental she could not endure residing among them, so she left us and returned to Boston. After she had gone, I found the following piece of poetry, in a drawer, in her chamber; she composed it, I suppose, some day when the heat obliged her to stay in the house. I should think it was 'sentimental' poetry.

Oh hear my voice thou soft and gentle breeze,  
So sweetly whispering thro' the verdant trees,  
And come and bearme on thy winds away  
To some sweet shades where man did never stray.
To the calm shades of some luxuriant grove,  
Where nought is heard except the murmuring dove  
Or gentle nightingale's melodious strain,  
Where beauteous flowers bedeck the lovely plain,  
And no harsh voice disturbs my calm repose.

I read this to father, and then I said, 'I wonder if cousin Amelia Malvina would be contented if she could find such a place as this. I'm afraid 'twould be muddy sometimes, or maybe there might be cows or toads there.'

'Tell, I don't know,' said father, taking off his specs, 'but I guess it'll take a pretty stiff nor'-wester, to carry off a girl as stout as 'Meely' is, any how.'

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**TO A BROTHER.**

Brother! I love to gaze on thy fair form,  
And trace an almost perfect imagery  
In thee,—of one low sleeping in the dust.  
Gentle and lovely in his life, for he sought early  
The blest path where wisdom guides,  
And virtue leads the way.

Dear boy!—thou wert too good to tarry  
In this world of sorrow,—Thou, lov'd one  
Dost wear his name—why not possess his worth?  
In thy young face I trace the lineaments  
Of that lov'd brother's noble character—  
O! emulate his virtues, learn to live  
Above the fascinating charms that so  
Forever glitter round thee.

Thy young heart now, doth cleave to ways  
Of innocence and truth—and thou dost turn  
From scenes of vice and dissipation  
With unveiled disgust.  
Learn that for the youthful one is set,  
A treacherous snare—its coils  
Encircle all.  
Earth's scenes of pleasure, gaiety and mirth  
Too oft entwine the unwary. O then,

See thou dost ever shun the way  
Where sin doth hold dominion.  
In each artful form,  
Each winning smile, she doth present herself,  
Oh! heed her not; her treacherous smiles entice  
But to betray to misery and death.

Could'st thou but know the yearnings of  
Thy dying mother's soul! her last most earnest  
Prayer was for her son! Thou could'st but prattle  
Round her dying bed, playful as when  
In health she press'd thee to her breast and bade  
Thee smile. Yes, then she pray'd for thee her son,  
That thro' thy life thou should'st with watchful  
Zeal, preserve a conscience clear, a spirit  
Undefiled.

This do—and trust the precious promise, thy  
Redeemer offers;—so thou shalt have thy cup  
With heavenly blessings fill'd and running o'er,  
And when death summon's thee away from earth,  
Thou'lt find the promise true—thy name enroll'd  
In the Lamb's book of Life and thou shalt sing  
The blissful song of the redeem'd in Heaven.
THE FAMILY RELATION.

Sin, like its grim oppressor, death, selects the fairest spots of earth for its theatre of action. No where is its blighting power more deeply felt, than in the family circle—the place which heaven designed as a refuge from an unfeeling world, where the heart might bring all its joys and sorrows, and be greeted in return with the welcome voice of sympathy. But alas, in many families sadly different is the reality. That endearing familiarity which the ties of relationship sanction, is converted into a license for the indulgence of selfish unkindness, and rudeness. Sunny smiles and tender words are bestowed on all but those, to whom they justly belong. The forbidding look of indifference and cold reserve, takes the place of generous expressions of love and confidence. Many a warm heart thus repulsed, calls back the full tide of affection which would freely gush forth; and forced by necessity, learns to tread life's journey alone, until at last it becomes in feeling, the isolated, unsocial, stoical thing which at first it only seemed to be. Unless perchance, it finds in some kind stranger's bosom, a home and a kindred spirit: then, how joyously leaps forth again the unsealed fountain of friendship! Oh, if such neglected ones, as they turn in disappointment from earth's children, would think them of that Friend whose love combines all the sympathy of human, and all the strength of a divine nature: how unutterably sweet would be their consolation. How precious the words that fell from his lips while he tabernacled in the flesh. 'Whosoever doeth the will of God, the same is my brother, and my sister, and mother.'

The family relation is not thus perverted by all: where religion's softening and elevating influence is felt, home is the most attractive spot on earth—the power of sin is broken. And yet, 'tis not entirely destroyed, for 'love is not sufficient shield against the invidious approach of death.' How desolate and sad the lot of those who have lived to consign to the tomb, one after another of a loved and pleasant family circle, until all are gone, and they are homeless.

Many of those by whom we are daily surrounded, are thus bereaved. Here are seen theyoung, with care-worn brow and thoughtful me in, that ill befitt their years; if they speak their aching thoughts, they will tell of beloved friends forever departed, and happy homes no longer theirs. Here too, is seen the aged matron, toiling day after day, and when exhausted nature refuses longer to sustain the unequal task, with tearful eye and trembling lip, she sighs for the seclusion of a quiet home where she might once more regain her wonted share of health. But ah, she has no home,—amid the din and bustle of business her life wears away, seldom affording an hour of that calm retirement which is so suitable and desirable for declining years. Shall we not tenderly regard such afflicted ones, and thus alleviate some of the ills that sin hath wrought? CAROLINE.

LINES TO A LITTLE DEAF PUPIL.

I pity thy deafness, thou gentle young creature,
It hangs like a pall o'er thy glad buoyant nature;
A fetter, a prison—to bind up thy spirit—
O what hast thou done such affliction to merit?

All in vain to thy ear is creation's sweet singing;
The brook murmurs onward no melody bringing;
Unnoticed the lays of the warbler pass o'er thee,
And naught save its plumage is passing before thee.

The hum of the insect that sips from the blossom,
May toll not its story of peace to thy bosom—
The deep-breathing zephyr sighs not for thy sadness,
Nor wakes the rich harp to the tone of thy gladness.

Far dearer to childhood than nature's blithe singing,
The voices of playmates, the merry laugh ringing—
The wildness of life from the spirit out-breaking,
Yet these, from our Ann, are no answer awaking.

Ah, yes! little pupil, thou art doom'd to surrender,
The music of sounds, more affectingly tender—
The silver-voic'd kindness of sister and brother,
The deep-ton'd affection of father and mother.

The voice of instruction, O how shall it greet thee?
The pure streams of knowledge, O where shall they meet thee?
And who shall portray to the gaze of thy spirit,
The treasures uncounted thy soul may inherit?
O, Ann, thy lost sense, if I might but restore thee,
Harmonious measures should steal quickly o'er thee;
Thy being, unchain'd like the fetterless ocean,
Should drink in the song of all nature's devotion.

The joys of gay life should be thine to-morrow;
Kind words of affection should heal every sorrow,
Good news, to thy undying nature appealing,
Should fall on thy ear as a sure balm of healing.

But nay! 'tis the will of thy Father in Heaven;
And why should I covet what He hast not given?
Wise truth from His presence the Godhead revealing
Would hush every murmur and chaste each feeling.

We know it is best, though we know not the reason;
His nature is love, though 'tis hid for a season—
He shields the shorn lambskins and feeds the young ravens—
'Tis good to confide in a Father in heaven.

The sunshine of gladness poured out without measure.
The smile of content the heart's surest treasure?
The voice of the ingrate so sadly uncheering,
The lip of profanity gains not thy heeding,
And mute in thy ear is the tempter's soft pleading.

'Should spring on thy innocence, young, happy creature,
'Tis mine to contemplate each thought-telling feature;
And had I the power, 'twere my duty and pleasure
To add to thy intellect's beauty and treasure.

'Methinks, stricken one, thou hast pleasures redeeming,
Else why o'er thy features so silently beaming;

The Influence of Christian Example.

Different grades of character are to be found
in every community, and a natural consequence of
this gradation is the desire to build up self-reputation
by the pulling down of others to the same level. In a community, nominally christians, a
higher tone of morality is expected, than among
an opposite class of individuals. Wherever the
Church of the Most High is reared, thither the
eyes of an expectant world are turned, and the
least dereliction from the path of duty, is seized
upon with avidity, and made the text from which
the enemies of the cross preach their most effectual sermons. The error of unbelievers rests in a
measure upon their false premises. They make
the conduct of the professing christian a test by
which they try religion itself, and consequently, if
a professor of the faith of Jesus, sirs, 'tis his religion makes him thus sinful, rather than his lack
of the pure spirit of the gospel. That such conclusions are false, may be inferred from the fact,
that scientific theories are never rested on such
a basis.

The truth is, men are too indolent to examine
the claims of religious truth for themselves, and
they adopt the easiest method of jumping at conclu-
sions. They suppose, if religion is what its
friends claim for it, they (its friends) will exemplify its efficiency in their own practices. This
perhaps they have a right to expect; still it is not
right to condemn religion because its friends
prove traitorous. The veriest wretch on earth
may 'steal the livery of the court of heaven to
serve the devil in,' simply because its broad folds
have enveloped the foul carcases of thousands like
himself, vile and polluted.

The broad mantle of christianity has been pros-
stituted to the covering up of depravity, which if
seen, would well nigh shame the father of evil
himself, and doubtless many in the range of the
spirit land, own to their shame and everlasting
contempt, that they sometimes named the name of
Jesus, and subscribed with their hand to the con-
 covenant of Israel. O, if there be a bitter drug in
the cup of woe, think you the false-hearted pro-
fessor will not drain it to the dregs.

But the disposition of the world to assume the
The Storm.—A Fragment.

The appearance of religion, in order to succeed the better in their evil deeds, is an argument in her favor which her bitterest foes cannot gainsay. Why should her garb be worn if there be not an intrinsic value in such a covering? Think not, ye revilers at the cross, to mar the lustre of its glory, by pointing at the villainous purloiners of her dress. Earth's garnishing can never produce her equal, though it may boast her likeness.

Much, very much may be reasonably expected of a christian, and each should see to it, that they walk worthy of the vocation by which they are called. When men lay claim to the character of a christian, they do so acknowledging in act, if not in word, that they are actuated by high and holy principles. They avow a spiritual communion with the Father of Spirits: and they profess to live above the atmosphere of a selfish world. They nominally forget earthly things, and look for a better country, even an heavenly. If, therefore, they belie their own professions, they can expect nothing less than the sneering taunts and jeers of those who pretend less, and possess more. One holy, devoted, consistent christian, can, by his example, do more for the upbuilding of the Redeemer's Kingdom, than all the books of modern Theologists. Men may cavil and deride at the precepts of the christian, but they can never gainsay the example of an upright, circumspect and prudent follower of the faith of Jesus. Would you, christian, disarm infidelity, and lay all opposing influences in the very dust, live the life of the just. Watch, pray, and relax not your efforts for personal holiness. The influence of a good man will be felt, long after the shadows of evening have fallen on his grave. The rose may bloom and wither, the grass may spring up and decay o'er the resting place of the just, all things earthly may change or be forgotten, but the memory of a consistent christian shall remain and be emphatically blessed.

LUCY.

THE STORM.—A FRAGMENT.

The rude winds howled most piteously—
The threatening clouds grew blacker still,
As evening's shadows gathered o'er the earth.
The forked lightning's lurid glare,
And the hoarse roll of distant thunder.
Did most awfully display the rage
Of warring elements. Portentous clouds
Lowering in blackest wrath came flying on
The wind's unseen, yet wide-spread wings.
The forest roared. The stately oak
Torn from its ancient resting-place, in proud
Obeisance fell. The waters foamed
And dashed against the grey old rocks,
And the boisterous surge cast up from the deep
Caverns of the fathomless abyss, the countless
Gatherings of ages. Here the wreck of some
Ill-fated bark repose—and there the bleached
And shapeless bones of some long-lost and long
Forgotten mariner were cast out from the gulf
below.
The huge rocks crumbled and tottering fell!
From the high giddy precipice. The mountains
Seemed to reel and quiver to their base.

Far o'er the tossing wave, a ship
If looming up—borne on resistlessly
As the rude plaything of a tiny child,
Is tossed.

Hark! hear the shriek of agony in chorus,
Bursting from a score of souls. It rises far above
The storm's dire deepening roar. There once again
It comes! 'Tis o'er. The gathering waters close,
The fated ones are gone.

O, mighty power! Invisible, yet seen.
Jehovah's God! How great, how vast, how wonderful
Art thou. In thy right hand thou hold'st
The earth. At thy command the elements
Rush, as doth the fierce ungovernable
War-horse to the conflict—yet again
At thy command, are still.

ELIZABETH.
Dear me, Sister—what an awkward fix I’m in, just now. Why, child, didn’t I tell you I couldn’t have anything to do with “Mr. and Mrs. Public;” and here you are, “butterfly-like,” showing off, for the special edification of the readers of the Magazine. If I could borrow a “swan’s feather,” I’d just give you a few extra touches by way of caution—as it is, I’m forced to use a goose quill—(I ain’t quite a goose, tho’). There, sister, I’ve put my pen, clerk-like, behind my ear to catch an idea, if possible—but rather guess I haven’t any in my cranium just now, to catch.

Well, your first question stands thus: “How is it?” I’ll tell you. After the reception of your letter, I made special inquiries, relative to the “conjuring up of black spirits and white,” and found that the charge of divinations, rested upon the shoulders of Miss ——, alone. She’s a bit of a genius, by the way, and I think she’ll be able to exonerate herself from all serious “charges” connected with that topic. As for the tale that “some two or three girls,” write, edit, &c. the Operatives’ Magazine, &c.—why, it’s partly true, but mostly false. The facts, as far as I have been able to gather them, are as follows:

Imprimis: Some time ago, several gentlemen of this city proposed, there should be a Literary and Religious work, written by “Female Operatives.” After much deliberation, it was deemed advisable to issue a number as a specimen, and see how the community would receive it. Public sympathy had been so strong for the “poor degraded, factory girl,” it was naturally supposed that Mr. Public would eventually adopt it. And so he did—though he don’t afford pocket money enough to pay for necessary clothing as yet,—(hope he will some time.) Well, the “thing” thus gathered, proved good, quite good; and a few young ladies, fancying it would “grow faster” under their fostering care, petitioned for the privilege of managing the concerns to their own liking. Their request was graciously granted—and lo! the result is visible.

Your mystical allusion to “snow flakes,” and “rain drops,” of literature, are far above my comprehension. I’ve seen “hail stones” but they didn’t look as if they were very “literary;” they appeared more like “stationary,” especially when they come in contact with mother earth.

In regard to their motives, I think we shall be forced to give them the credit of being disinterested, for they work for “nothing” except so far as the principle of reaction is concerned. They evidently improve in style, if not in subject—and this I presume they consider sufficient reward.

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Your sympathy for Miss ——’s affliction was duly appreciated; and at a regular meeting of the “circle,” it was “voted that Zelia be presented with a leather medal.” You see they pay according to “value received.” Preserve your medal, my sister—for in after life, as you gaze upon its scientific inscription, the reflection that you alleviated the woes of one poor editor, will afford you abundant satisfaction.

Hoping soon to greet you, not on paper, but face to face, I bid you an affectionate adieu.

Your sister,

LOZILIA.

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The following lines are from the pen of an “Operative,” aged 12 years.—Eds.

The winter snows are gone,
The ice is seen no more;
And the tender grass is springing
Around our cottage door.
The lambkins skip and play
Upon the grassy lawn,
The birds now tune their merry notes,
At early morning’s dawn.
The rivers now are bounding,
Loosed from their icy chain;
All nature’s voice is saying,
“Spring-time has come again.”

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THOUGHTS ON THE CREATION AND FALL OF MAN.

"'Twas great to call the world from nought, 'Twas greater to redeem."

Chaos reigned! but 'God spake,' and from its silent dominions came bounding forth this mighty fabric, exulting in all the delight of new existence. No mark of deformity was there, for it was reared by an all-skilful architect. All things were vocal with praise; nature's music was then harmonious, for man's discordant notes had not yet sounded therewith. The sixth day of creation dawned and the spacious theatre was now completed, but the drama had not commenced, for the mysterious actor had not yet appeared upon the stage. But hark! Heaven's eternal King holds counsel with himself, and the combined wisdom of the sacred Trinity is summoned to exercise itself upon a being who should be created worthy of bearing the image of its Maker. The mighty project is achieved, and from the dust of the earth man arises, glorious in form and commanding in appearance; unlike his predecessors of the brute creation, he assumes an erect position—striking emblem of the uprightness of his character. Animals as they glory in their size and exult in strength, render their homage as if conscious of the superiority of this last display of creative wisdom; even inanimate nature assumes a look of gladness at the appearance of the intelligent phenomena. Such was man originally, and as such, he was prepared when 'the morning stars sang together,' to add a grateful note of praise to Him who had made and pronounced them 'good.' But alas! as he departs from the fatal tree, there is a mournful change. Where now is that dignity which encircled his brow; and those beams of glory which so recently radiated from his countenance, pointing out his resemblance to the inhabitants of heaven? Nature as she arrays herself in gloom, responds—gone! and man, as with shame he seeks to hide from the eye of Omnipotence, gives evidence that they have departed. Yea, he feels the mournful change but asks not the cause; for the inward monitor (not yet seared,) whispers, 'it is but the faithful fulfilment of the prediction. He now learns that his creator is not only a God of goodness and love, but also a God of truth and justice.' He looks forward and in the midst of futurity, faintly discerns the effects of his folly transmitted, a miserable inheritance, to his posterity. In the mania of the moment, he desires annihilation; but reason, nature, and the fate of those 'who kept not their first estate,' simultaneously declare that infinite wisdom has no where in his dominions such a hiding place where he can escape justice. But lo! from the lips of pure benevolence, he catches the sound, 'Saviour!' The star of hope arises to his distracted vision. The inward tempest is hushed to peace. A hiding place is now found, not indeed where the sinner may evade detecting justice, but where he may receive forgiving mercy. Glorious promise! compared with whose bright-ness earth's glory becomes dim, or is rather eclipsed by surpassing loveliness. Another new and wonderful attribute of Deity is developed, and the sound of mercy is echoed through all ranks of intelligences. Illustrious Star! a period of six thousand years has not diminished thy lustre—it seems rather increased by contrasting it with increased darkness. We, the sharers in the aposta-ty, hail thee as the harbinger of good—as the precursor of that glorious day which shall be ushered in by the Sun of righteousness. c. j.

THE CORAL INSECT.

Down in the deep and silvery sea,
An insect built his coral bower;
No jewel'd prince, more gay than he,
In splendid hall, or regal tower.

And many a pearl that glistening there,
The sea-grass tall hung waving o'er;
And curious shells and diamonds rare,
Lay scattered on the shining floor.

But from the deep the stranger tore
The coral bower, with eager hands,
And to his home the prize he bore,
Far, far away in distant lands.

And many on the treasure gazed
Wrought with such loveliness and care,
But while the sea-plant many praised,
None deemed an insect wrought it there.

Thus genius with its unseen might
Wreathes garlands for the rich and great;
Wakes dreams of beauty, wondrous bright,
While insect-like meets "lonely fate."

ANNA.
"A Word about Us."

In presenting the last No. of the present Vol., we appear in the garb we intend to wear for the ensuing year. Our pages will be increased to twenty-four. We shall accompany our work with engravings—and these will be suited to our ability. If our circulation warrants the expense, we shall add music. Our work has been thus far, an experiment. We know of no publication, beside our own, conducted exclusively by females. There may be such, but we do not at this moment remember one. The Magazine from July, '41, has been written, edited, and published by females alone. 'Tis true we don't all work in the mill—for were we confined within the limits of the factory thirteen out of the twenty-four hours, it would be impossible for us to issue our work ourselves. The majority of our correspondents are now employed in the mills. We have others who are not, but have been.

We have heard it said that we were not honest in our pretensions—this we deny. We said in July last, that our pages were free to those who had been, as well as those who are operatives; and this we did, presuming that those who had spent four or five years of life in the mills did not lose their identity by coming out of this employment, and laboring in a sphere more congenial to their tastes. Our pages are still open to such, and we hope to add many more to our list of regular correspondents. Meanwhile we would give the elbows of many of our friends still within sound of the shuttle, a kindly jog.

Don't you know, friend, that you can write better than any of our present contributors, and won't you exercise a little benevolence in our behalf? We have catered to the taste of our readers to the best of our ability—and we have the vanity to think that the general scope of our work has done credit to the class it is intended to represent. We do not pretend to claim superior talents; we only assert that the fact that we are or have been employed in a manufactory, does not detract aught from our intellectual capacities.

We have forborne to notice the encomiums the press at large have so liberally heaped upon us. That we have been gratified, we confess with pleasure, and yet our only determination has been to stand or fall by our intrinsic merits. If our work is morally good, then we claim for it the support of a generous public: if not, let it be numbered with things that were. Since we commenced our efforts, we have lost but "one subscriber." We hope our present subscribers will continue their patronage. We need a larger list. Our income for the present year, has not defrayed our actual expenses. This we think should not be, for if we are what we profess to be, an enlightened community will not, we think, forget our claim for a liberal support.

To the conductors of the press, at large, we tender our thanks for the kind words they have spoken of, and for us. If the thanks of females are worth any thing, we beg you accept them, and with them our kindest recollections. Our work as editors, has been new—entirely so. We have been better accustomed to the dignities of the cotton mill, than those of the chair editorial. We hope, however, to "get accustomed" to the last, and bear them with credit to ourselves, and the class whom we are proud to represent. Will this portion of our friends still cheer us by their kind notice and kinder regards. We will try and deserve all the good which may be said of us.

To our subscribers we would say, we hope you will pardon our deficiencies, and continue your patronage, and not this only, but induce your neighbors and friends to follow your example. We do not beg any body's good will or support; we ask it on the ground of returning to each of our subscribers their money's worth, and will guarantee to all, a satisfactory return of all obligations they may confer.

Reader, we offer you our hand, and with this, we bid adieu to the present volume, though we hope to give you many a hearty shake for the year to come.—Eds.