

the ancient bards, whose songs of the brave, the dauntless, and the free, urged the people on to deeds of valor and noble daring, gave fresh courage to the warrior on the field of battle, and made him more eager to rush on to new scenes of conquest and glory.

Often does some favorite air call up before the mind, with all the freshness of first impressions, scenes and associated feelings long forgotten. To the exile it brings recollections of his home and early friends, the songs to which in childhood's days he was wont to listen, now come back to his mind with as much freshness as if the air around him was still tremulous with its gentle impulsions. It still has the power to move his soul either to joy or sadness, according to the circumstances under which it was first heard. It is the voice of departed friendship and love, now falling mournfully upon his ear, as when the wind breathes gently through a cypress grove; again, his spirit's chords, swept as by an unseen hand, are tuned to rapturous melody.

Music often lifts the mind above earthly objects, and causes it to soar beyond everything visible. Even the soul of the untutored savage becomes elevated; he listens, he dances—his dark eyes sparkle, and his whole countenance is lit up with a supernatural radiance.

The birth of our Saviour was celebrated with music. Immediately after the announcement by the first angel, the Shepherds heard an innumerable company of the heavenly host praising God, and singing "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will towards men." Being cursed by sin, this earth is filled with sighs and groans, yet even here are interludes and interminglings of softer and more harmonious notes. Nature, though groaning beneath the curse of Adam's God, has not forgotten to sing praises to her Maker. There is music in the stream, as it descends from the mountain, and glides in eddying currents through the vale. The birds, as the day breaks, warble sweet notes to Him, who sees even a sparrow fall to the ground.

"Above is heard
The melody of winds, breathed, as the green trees
Bow to their quivering touch, in living beauty,
And birds sing forth their cheerful hymns."

There is music in the deep blue sea.

"Lonely and wild it rises,
That strain of solemn music from the sea,
As though the bright air trembled to disclose
An ocean mystery."

And oh! if the scattered and broken elements of music here possess such power to move and thrill the soul, how sublime and elevating those songs which angels hear, in which millions of angelic Mozart sweep their golden harps, and swell the mighty anthem. Our earthly organs are too weak to bear the overwhelming conception.

"Wherefore and whither bear'st thou up my spirit
On eagle wings, through every plume that thrills? ♣
It hath no crown of victory to inherit—
Be still! triumphant harmony! be still!"

ANNA.

RELIGION.

We have seldom read a more finished description of this heavenly principle, in easy language, than the following, extracted from the English Monthly Review:

"Religion—that messenger of heaven—dwells not exclusively in cells or cloisters; but goes forth among men not to frown on their happiness, but to do them good. She is familiar and cheerful at the tables and fire-sides of the happy; she is equally intimate in the dwellings of poverty and sorrow; she encourages the innocent smiles of youth, and kindles a glow of serenity on the venerable front of age; she is found, too, at the bedside of the sick, when the attendants have ceased from their labour, and the heart is almost still; she is seen at the house of mourning, pointing upward to the "house not made with hands;" she will not retire so long as there is evil that can be prevented, or kindness that can be given: and it is not until the last duty is done, that she hastens away, and raises her altar in the wilderness, so that she may not be seen by men."

A FRAGMENT.

For the Calliopean.

"I feel my weakness increase daily, dear Bryant; it is in vain that Dr. Lorrimer attempts to conceal the fact that my earthly days are numbered. I have the witness in myself that I am silently and swiftly passing from the associations which have fettered me so strongly to this changing world," said a young and lovely girl, whose hectic flush and faded form powerfully corroborated her words.

"Dear Emily," replied her brother, "be composed; you think yourself worse than you really are. We shall yet see you as in days gone by; in the crowded assembly, the fairest where all were fair."

"Bryant, my own dear brother, cease to speak thus, I implore you. The days to which you allude are fled for ever, and some of them leave painful remembrances."

"Surely, dear Emily, nothing has transpired to shade your sunny pathway. Say, dearest girl," he continued anxiously, "has any deep mental anguish been added to your physical sufferings? Has any wound been inflicted on your sensitive spirit which a true-hearted brother may relieve—if not remove?"

"No, Bryant, no. Not at least of the nature to which you allude," replied the fair girl, a deep flush crossing her before pallid features. "I have mingled with the first circles of society, and have been received in a manner sufficiently flattering to woman's vanity; yet with the exception of dear Agnes and yourself, I have not an object of deep interest upon earth. Come nearer to me, dearest Bryant, and let me tell you what has hung heavily on my heart for some time past. Let me speak to you as I used to in those happy days when you taught me to weave garlands of sweet wild flowers, and to sing soft strains of joy and melody."

There was something deeply touching in the cadence of Emily's voice which had its full effect upon her brother, who springing to her side, folded her closely to his bosom as he knelt beside her couch.

Early left orphans, the family of the Lindsay's had clung earnestly and unflinchingly to each other. Bryant was the senior by some years, and the little Emily had ever been the joint pet of Agnes and himself. A mother's dying voice bequeathed Emily to Bryant's especial care, and nobly had he fulfilled his obligations. Possessed of wealth and munificence, no expense had been spared in her education; and the élat which greeted her first entrance to the beau monde thrilled Bryant with emotions little short of paternal. Commonling in person, and accustomed to exact implicit submission to his requests, Bryant was universally regarded with deference. Few, save the gentle Emily, presumed to approach him with familiarity. Yet, to her he was ever yielding and affectionate, whilst she repaid his kindness by implicit and unreserved confidence. But, to return to our story. For some moments neither spoke. At length Emily, raising herself from her brother's shoulder, said,

"I do not often feel equal to the task of speaking, but this evening I breathe more freely than usual, and I must speak whilst I have the power. Bryant, dearest Bryant, my more than brother, listen to the last words of your cherished Emily; nay, start not," she continued; for the arm which still encircled her, quivered convulsively. "I am a dying girl—no human skill can aid me; for me the fields have no medicinal relief, nor the vexed ore a mineral of power." But I can anticipate death without apprehension; nay, there are even moments when I view his approach as that of a friend. Dearest Bryant, why should we dread the messenger, however unprepossessing his appearance, who comes to conduct us to the presence of a beloved and honoured father."

She paused for breath, and Bryant hastily remarked,

"To such as you, my Emily, death can wear no terrors.—Your blameless life—your untiring gentleness—your winning loveliness—your unnumbered charities—all plead your acceptance with Heaven."

"Ah, Bryant, dear Bryant, do not talk thus. I implore you.—Listen to my dying assurance. No life, however blameless to human observation, will afford any consolation when the last enemy stares you in the face. Bryant, death is very, very different when we view him from situations like mine, to what he