

parents would find their existence bound up in a whining, pining, helpless lump of selfishness. Call this bitter language, ascetic description, it is, nevertheless, strictly true; nor is the case of Eliza W——, isolated. The annals of history and every day observation concur in this, that even those parents who have themselves energetically and successfully combated the storms and ills of life, often fall into one error in the education of their children—particularly their daughters; from mistaken kindness they anticipate all their wishes, supply every embryo want, and thus deprive both body and mind of every healthy incentive to action; in lieu of which a morbid craving takes possession of the soul, a craving for something undefinable and irrational; rendering its victims displeased with self and all the world. Now the only remedy for this dire malady, for malady it is, is to restore the mind to health and vigour, by giving it employment and rousing its dormant energies to the accomplishment of some worthy object. Let the objectless, wretched daughter of luxury arise from her lethargy, and no longer relying upon wealth or friends to procure for her all she may desire, seek employment, fix an object, and determinately push forward to its accomplishment. Instead of insatiately expecting others to minister to her gratification, let her eagerly endeavour to do good; let her labor to promote the happiness and well-being of those by whom she is surrounded, until her heart warms and expands with the effort, and she will find her misery vanish—instead of finding life a hedge of thorns, she will discover it to be an easy and pleasant way, for the most part set with roses of such sweetness and fragrance, as fully to repay her little toil, and cheer her earthly pilgrimage to the land of perfect and unceasing bliss. IDA.

Leaves of Antiquity:

OR THE POETRY OF HEBREW TRADITION.

[Translated from the German of Herder.]

Comed to be seen: "The Swan of Paradise."

From his youth, says sacred tradition, Enoch walked with God, and was a silent contemplator. Even while a child, his angel had led him into Paradise. He read in books sent to him from heaven, which were not written upon earthly leaves: he read in the book of the stars; and hence he was named Idris the Contemplator.

Once he sat alone under the cedars, and a silent inspiration was breathed into him. He beheld the approaching fate of this world, which was soon to be overwhelmed with a flood, and saw the day of avenging judgment. "Oh," sighed his soul, "that I could publish this to coming generations!"

Suddenly a shining swan descended from heaven. Three times it encircled the Contemplator's head, and then slowly returned to the clouds. Enoch knew it: it was a swan of Paradise, which, even in his childhood, he had seen and loved. A feather had fallen from its wing; he took the quill, and with it wrote his books of futurity.

And when he had long, but vainly, warned his brethren, and had prayed that the light which was in him might arise upon the world, he called his son to him, and thus spake: "The days of my life are at an end;—three hundred and sixty-five short days. Perhaps, my son, the All-Gracious may reckon the remainder of my years to thine."

He spake, and blessed him; when, behold! the swans of Paradise surrounded him, and softly raised him up. Upon their wings they bore him away, and Enoch was no more.

And when his son, Methuselah, amid the clouds of the holy mountain, had vainly sought him, a man in a radiant form stood before him: "I was thy father's angel," said he, "who instructed him, and led him, even while a child, to Paradise. There he is now. He had lived many years, for he soon became perfect; therefore he pleased God, and was dear to Him, and was taken from life."

He spake, and touched the earth with his staff, when an almond-tree arose—the early harbinger of spring. Yet ere its leaves appeared, its naked branches put forth blossoms, and pro-

claimed the joyful period. The angel vanished; and Methuselah, who enjoyed the years of his father, and attained the highest age of all the sons of earth, annually beheld, in the early blossoms of the almond-tree, the youth of his father.

The Raven of Noah.

Anxiously Noah looked around from his floating ark, and waited until the waters of the deluge should subside. Scarcely had the summits of the mountains looked forth, when he called all the feathered tribe around him. "Who," said he, "among you will be a messenger to discover whether our salvation is near?"

Instantly the raven pressed before all the others with a loud cry, for he scented his favorite food. Scarcely was the window opened, when he flew away, and returned not back. The ingrate forgot his saviour and his duties, and clung to the carrion.

But vengeance tarried not. The air was yet loaded with poisonous damps, and heavy vapors hung over the dead carcass, that beclouded his vision and blackened his feathers. His forgetfulness became his punishment, and his memory was as dull as his eyes. He knows not even his new-born young, and tastes not a father's joy. Terrified at their hideousness, he flies away and leaves them. The ingrate gave existence to an ungrateful race, and was left destitute of that dearest reward, the gratitude of his children.

Noah's Dove.

Eight days had the father of the new world awaited the return of the tardy raven, when he called his hosts around him, to choose another messenger. Timidly the dove flew upon his arm, and offered herself for the messenger.

"Daughter of fidelity!" said Noah, "thou wouldst indeed be to me a minister of good tidings; but how wilt thou perform thy journey, and accomplish thy task?—How, when thy wings are weary, and the storm seizes thee and hurls thee into the surge of death? Even thy foot avoids the mire, and thy tongue rejects the unclean food."

"Who," said the dove, "gives power to the weary and strength sufficient to the feeble? Suffer me; I will surely be to thee a minister of good tidings."

She flew away, and hovered here and there, but found no place whereon she could rest; when suddenly the mountain of Paradise, with its green summit, arose before her. Over it the waters of the deluge were not able to prevail; and to the dove, recourse to it was not forbidden. Joyfully she hastened forward and flew thither, descending humbly to the foot of the mountain. There a beautiful olive-tree bloomed; she broke a leaf of the tree, and, strengthened, hastened back, and laid the branch upon the breast of the slumbering Noah. He awoke, and perceived therein the perfume of Paradise. Then his heart revived; the green leaf of Peace reanimated his sons and daughters, until his deliverer himself appeared to him confirming the good tidings of the dove.

The dove, since then, has been the emblem of peace and love. 'Like silver shine her wings,' says the song;—a remaining gleam of that splendor of Paradise that refreshed her in her wanderings.

THE farmer should be placed in the front rank of the toiling millions of our land, because his employment gives life and support to the whole. The agricultural interest may be regarded as the corner stone upon which the whole fabric stands. We knew that artisans existed at an early age of the world, and that mechanism was an art both taught and practised. Cities were erected which required art, skill, and mechanical genius; but the foundation of the whole was the fruit of the earth and cultivation of the soil. It has been so since, and ever will be. That the farmer is dependent on the mechanic and manufacturer as co-workers in his labors no one will deny. The improvements in the arts and sciences tend to advance the farming interest and to lighten the burdens and labors of those who swing the scythe and hold the plough.