

A Daughter's Love.

There is no one so slow to note the follies or sins of a father as a daughter. The wife of his bosom may fly in horror from his embrace, but his fair-haired child cleaves to him in boundless charity. Quickened by the visitation of pain to the paternal dwelling, her prayers are more brief but more earnest—her efforts doubled and untiring—and if she can but win a transient smile from that sullen and gloomy face, she is paid—O, how richly paid!—for all her sleepless cares and unceasing labour. The father may sink from deep to deep—from a lower to yet a lower depth, Satan's kinsman and Satan's prey—those who in a happier hour received largely of his benefactions, may start when they behold his shadow, and accelerate their pace to get beyond it—all, all may forsake him—God and the world—all but the devil—and his daughter. Poor child! if thou canst not save, thy feeble torch, made as bright as thy power can make it, throws at least a flickering light upon the path, till the object of thy unquenchable affection has for ever left thee, and is shrouded in thick darkness; and when undone—when gone from thee and gone for ever—though thou mayest wed thy early love, and know in him all that thy young fond heart pictured—yet again and again, in the midst of thy placid joy, even with thy smiling infant on thy knee, the lost one will not be all forgotten! Seeing the past as it were only yesterday, forgetful of thy little darling, thou wilt exclaim from the depths of thy ever mindful and affectionate spirit, "My father! O my father!"

The Welcome and Farewell.

To meet and part, as we have met and parted,
One moment cherished and the next forgot,
To wear a smile when almost broken-hearted,
I know, full well, is hapless woman's lot;
Yet let me, to thy tenderness appealing,
Avert this brief but melancholy doom—
Content that, close beside the thorn of feeling,
Grows memory, like a rose, in guarded bloom.

Love's history, dearest, is a sad one ever,
Yet often with a smile I've heard it told:—
Oh, there are records of the heart which never
Are to the scrutinizing gaze unrolled!
Mine eyes to thine may scarce again aspire,
Still in thy memory, dearest, let me dwell,
And hush, with this hope, the magnetic wire
Wild with our mingled welcome and farewell.

To Ladies about to Marry.

TRUE REASONING.—Woman cannot be too cautious, too watchful, too exacting, in her choice of a lover, who, from the slave of a few weeks or months, (rarely years,) is to become the master of her future destiny, and the guide, not only through all time, but perhaps eternity. What madness, then, to suffer the heart to be taken captive by beauty, talent, grace, fascination, before the reason is convinced of the soundness of principle, the purity of faith, the integrity of mind, of the future husband. It is not always the all-enduring, devoted, and impassioned lover, who makes the kindest, the most attentive and forbearing husband. We have often seen the coldest inattention, the most mortifying disparagement, the most insulting inconsistency, follow, even in the first months of matrimony, on the most romantic devotion and blindest adoration of courtship.—The honeymoon seems to exhaust every drop of honey, and leave nothing but stings in the jar. Again, the lover who dares to be a man, and to "hint a fault, and hesitate dislike," even though the happiness of his whole life seems to him at stake—one who may forget a bouquet, or neglect a compliment, arrives a few minutes too late, or be disinclined for a waltz or a polka, not admire a fashion, or disagree with a sentiment—such a lover, despicable and indifferent as he is pronounced to be by astounded mammas and indignant aunts, (jealous for their daughters and nieces as for themselves,) and far as he falls short of romantic sisters' and young friends' exacting notions—may turn out the best of husbands after all. If he dared to be a man when he had everything to gain, he will not be a coward when he has (in the world's opinion) nothing to lose.

Misfortune is never mournful to the soul that accepts it; for such do always see that every cloud is an angel's face.—Every man deems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which are the hardest of all others for him to bear; but they are so, simply because they are the very ones he most needs.