

FRIENDSHIP.

For the Calliopean.

"Oh, Friendship! flower of fairest hue,
To earthly hands so seldom given;
Thy bloom shall other climes renew,
Thy native soil is heaven."

If aught on earth can give joy or gladness to the mind of man, it is the interchange of friendly feeling—the sympathies of a kindred heart. In the exercise of friendship, we realize those finer emotions which adorn the heart. True friendship is the silver chain which binds "heart to heart and mind to mind."

How rich the feast, to live in the enjoyment of fond, abiding friendship, and to participate in its pure and elevating joys. In social intercourse with congenial spirits, there is something cordial and consolatory. When beauty, fame, and power are overshadowed by oblivion, and it is our lot to struggle with the tide of misfortune, we have a hope in the true smile of friendship—the friendship of one to whom we can unfold our joys and griefs, and who is ready to apply the balm of sympathy, and wipe away the latest tear.

How cold and odious must be that heart which does not appreciate the sympathies of a dear friend. Where this is not one of the ruling motives in the heart, its characteristic must be selfishness; and thus mankind, created to comfort and bless each other, overthrow the designs of their benevolent Benefactor. Acting under the influence of such principles, mankind lay the foundation of their own ruin. In their train follow covetousness, envy, revenge, and all the unholy passions that can possess the human heart.

What can afford us a more pleasing theme for meditation, in after years, than the remembrance of youthful friends? There is a sweet and peaceful melancholy attending their memory.

Those were hours of merry greeting, when, as yet, the chilling blasts of care had but lightly stamped their impress on our brow, and ere the death-damp of vice had soiled the purity of youthful joys. Every spot over which we rambled in youthful days brings up associations that awaken the tenderest emotions of the soul, and with their holy memories there comes a thrill of pleasure—a reverie of fond regret, that they have passed away.

"Oh, how painfully sweet are the echoes which start,
When memory plays an old tune on the heart."

How prone is the mind, when lonely, to fly away, in imagination, to loved ones absent, and in the wild wanderings of fancy, "to live o'er years of bliss again."

True friendship is no fragile flower.—Its blossoms are fairest in the storm. It is not an alloy of earth; but an amaranth of heaven—an emblem of that eternal friendship that lives in a purer world—of that christian friendship, whose Author is an Eternal Friend. In that blest clime there will be no reserve to "enslave the sweetest feelings of the soul." Then, secure from coldness and distrust, pure and sanctified friendship shall indissolubly join, and satisfy, as with the fruits of paradise, the happy souls redeemed from earth. ANGELINE.

FOLLY OF DISCONTENT.—The following little anecdote of a person who had contemplated self-destruction, is beautiful and touching.

"I was weary of life, and, after a day, such as some have known, and none would wish to remember, was hurrying along the street to the river, when I felt a sudden check. I turned and beheld a little boy, who had caught hold of the skirt of my cloak in his anxiety to solicit my notice. His look was irresistible. Not less so was the lesson he had learnt; 'There are six of us, and we are dying for the want of food.' Why should I not, said I to myself, relieve this wretched family? I have the means, and it will not delay me many minutes. But what if it does? The scene of misery he conducted me to I cannot describe. I threw them my purse, and their burst of gratitude overcame me. It filled my eyes—it went as a cordial to my heart. I will call to-morrow, I cried. Fool that I was, to think of leaving a world where such pleasure was to be had, and so cheap.

From the Mother's Magazine.

They are my Father's Stars.

"They are my father's stars," said a little girl, as I stood at the door of her father's dwelling, gazing at those bright specimens of God's handiwork. The little girl was scarce five years of age, and by no means of a talkative disposition. All attempts to induce her to make further remarks, or to explain her meaning in respect to the one above repeated, were in vain.

Words of wisdom are often uttered by children. Their remarks often lead us back to Nature, from which so many influences cause us to wander.

It is true, that the stars were her Father's, though not, probably, in the sense in which she used the expression. They belong to her Father and our Father, to her God and our God.

It is most desirable to form the habit of looking upon everything as belonging to our Father who is in heaven. It will add greatly to our happiness, and promote our spiritual progress. We are so hurried by the affairs of this earth, that we rush on, forgetting that there are such things as stars and streamlets, unless when we have need of the one to guide our vessels, or of the other to turn our water-wheels; and then we look not beyond the maternal object.

God has created objects of beauty, and we refuse to acknowledge them as his. The painter or sculptor regards it as an insult when you admire the beauty of his work, and refuse to credit it to the author. When we admire the stars, and the ocean, and the rainbow, and the storm-cloud, and have no thought of their Creator, do we not refuse to acknowledge them as His? Do we not treat Him with insult?

Let us follow the example of holy men of old. Isaac went forth at eventide to meditate. Doubtless he went forth to contemplate the works of God. Doubtless he saw in the bright shining stars, the reflection of the glory of his Father, and heard in the low sounds which broke the silence of the evening landscape, the hymnings of that Father's praise.

David, as we should naturally expect from the poetic structure of his mind, was accustomed to "consider the heavens," but not in their natural beauty and glory alone. He was accustomed to consider the heavens which *thou hast made*, and the moon and the stars which *thou hast ordained*. Thus in contemplating nature, God was near to him, and was in all his thoughts.

If we were thus to associate God with all His works, and especially with the beautiful in His works, the influence on our minds would be most salutary. It would add to the delight which those objects are adapted to occasion. It would give additional lustre to every star which shines in the heavens, and a warmer colouring to every object of beauty, which is seen on earth. It would save us from forgetfulness of God.

TEACHING seems to have been conducive to old age. Zenophilus, the Pythagorean, taught a numerous train of students till he was 104. Leonocaurus read his lectures at 98, and Fuseli, at about the same age. 'All the world,' says Hermippus Redivivus, hath heard of Mr. Colverly, who kept a boarding school for young ladies in Queen Square. He maintained his health, his vigor, his cheerfulness, his sense, and his good humor to upward of a hundred, and could say merrily, when he heard men forty years younger than himself, coughing, groaning and complaining, 'what a troublesome thing it is to be troubled with old folks?' After he parted with his school he did not survive long, and it was his opinion that he might have enjoyed life several years longer had he not given up business.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD 'LADY.'—Formerly when the affluent lived all the year round at their mansions in the country, the lady of the manor distributed to her poor neighbors, with her own hands, once a week, or oftener, a certain quantity of bread, and she was called by them the *loaf day*, that is, in the saxon, the *bread-giver*. These two words were, in time, corrupted and the meaning is now as little known as the practice which gave rise to it.