

A Voice at the Throne.

For the Calliopean.

The following beautiful lines are from the Scrap Book of a friend.

A little child,
A little meek-faced, quiet village child,
Sat singing by her cottage door, at eve,
A low, sweet Sabbath song. No human ear
Caught the faint melody. No human eye
Beheld the upturned aspect, or the smile
That wreathed her innocent lips, tho' while they breathed
Tho' oft repeated burden of the hymn,
"Praise God! Praise God!"

A seraph by the Throne,
In the full glory stood; with eager hand
He smote the golden harp-string, till a flood
Of harmony on the celestial air,
Swelled forth unceasing. Then, with a great voice,
He sang—Holy, holy, evermore,
Lord, God Almighty! And the celestial courts
Thrilled with the rapture, and the Hierarchs,
Angel, and rapt Archangel, throbb'd and burned
With vehement adoration. Higher yet
Rose the majestic anthem, without pause;
Higher, with rich magnificence of sound,
To its full strength—and still the infinite heavens
Rang with the 'Holy, holy, evermore,'
Till trembling from excess of awe and love,
Each sceptred spirit sank below the Throne
With a mute hallelujah. But even then,
While the ecstatic song was at its height,
Stole in an alien voice—a voice that seem'd
To float, upraised, from some world afar—
A meek and childlike voice, faint, but how sweet,
That blended with the seraph's rushing strain,
E'en as a fountain's music with the rill
Of the reverberate thunder. Loving smiles
Lit up the beauty of each angel's face
At that new utterance—smiles of joy, that grow
More yet, as ever and anon
Was heard the seraph burden of the hymn—
'Praise God! Praise God!' and when the seraph's song
Had reached its close, and o'er the golden lyre
Silence hung brooding, when the eternal courts
Rung but with echoes of his chant sublime,
Till through the abyssal space that wandering voice
Came floating upwards from its world afar,
Still murmured sweet on the celestial air—
'Praise God! Praise God!'

Read at the Annual Review.

The Importance of forming a taste for Useful Reading while young.

"The fount of life, outbursting from the throne
Of God—the deep Florian fountain pure,
All, all are open wide, and pouring out
Their various flood upon the thiraty world."

It has been said, and very truly, "Man is a bundle of habits." How important then, that that "bundle" be composed of pleasing and useful elements. Among the most important and desirable of these, is a taste for useful reading; as appears from the many advantages to be derived from the perusal of instructive books. Besides storing the mind with knowledge, reading induces a habit of thought, and disciplines the mind by bringing all its powers into action, thus rendering a person an agreeable, as well as a useful member of society.

By reading we acquire our knowledge of past transactions and events, and of the characters and actions of those who lived in by-gone ages. Thus we are enabled to learn as much in a few years as we could in a century, if left entirely dependant on our own experience and observation. By reading, we add to our own experience that of others, and are prepared to enter on the business of life with the advantages of a person acquainted with

it. We learn the various successes and failures of our ancestors, and are enabled to profit by them; we see the heinousness of vice and the loveliness of virtue, and are taught to despise and discourage the one, while we exalt and encourage the other.

One whose intellect is strengthened and whose taste is cultivated by a course of useful reading, is prepared to resist the temptations, to overcome the obstacles, and to avoid the indiscretions incident to life's probation.

A habit of reading is a great preventive of vice, and serves as a solace for many a weary hour—

"When disappointment's bitter sting
Inflicts its keen and torturing smart,
And sorrow, with its raven wing,
O'er shades the sunshine of my heart—
When friends are false, or cold and chill,
I turn to them my every thought,
And half forget each earthly ill—
Deceit alone in looks is not."

By the celebrated Bartholin, it has been said, "that without books, God is silent, justice dormant, natural science at a stand, philosophy lame, and all things involved in Cimmerian darkness." It has been beautifully and appropriately said that "books may be considered as the embodiment of the light of past ages, whether elicited by reason or experience."

It ought to fill our hearts with gratitude to the great Author of our being, that we are permitted to live in a time, when we may, at pleasure, unseal its beams, and gratify the longing desires of our hearts. "Our lines have indeed fallen in pleasant places, yea, we have a goodly heritage."

All distinguished for literary attainments, or great mental superiority, have been also distinguished for their love of books; indeed it is impossible to attain to eminence in knowledge and wisdom without it. His library was the chosen retreat of Robert Southey, whose works are so full of beauty and feeling, and no less valuable because they invariably aim at the promotion of virtue. On account of his love of solitude, he has received the title of "The Hermit Poet." No temptation, however alluring, could induce him to leave his own quiet home. In his library, his favorite haunt, he delighted to converse with the spirits of those whose bodies had long since been consigned to the tomb.

Though all may not be able to turn their reading to so good an account as he did, yet, good in some way must inevitably result from the perusal of useful books. In society we see its beneficial influence. Upon the intelligence and happiness of the domestic circle, how salutary and transforming is the influence of a taste for useful books. Instead of sitting down at the close of the day in moodish silence, or for the purpose of idle gossip, or wicked slander, the family in whose minds a taste for solid literature has been cultivated, make the social circle a delightful means of mutual happiness and progressive improvement, spending their time in the interchange of elevated thought and sentiment, or in enriching their minds from the endlessly diversified treasures of knowledge opened up before them in the researches of those who, having acted their part on the great theatre of human life, have passed away to the spirit world. The importance of forming a taste for useful reading; while young is strikingly exhibited in the contrast afforded by different individuals, having enjoyed while young equal facilities for intellectual and moral improvement, and possessing originally equal powers and susceptibilities. We find one intelligent and influential, another ignorant and possessing little influence; one whose society is always pleasing and instructive, another who can converse intelligently on no subject of greater importance than that of the latest fashions, &c.; one is an active and energizing member of society, another a mere clog or cipher. Those who have formed a taste for useful reading are led instinctively to the fountains of knowledge, and thus the boundaries of their field of thought are constantly enlarging, and the treasures of the mind accumulating; while those who have not cultivated this mental appetite glide down the stream of time without improvement, "unblest and unblest."

Another reason why it is important to cultivate a taste for useful books in youth, is the security which is thus afforded to