

our associations with night though solemn and subdued are not melancholy. There are nights which nature and the soul invest with stilly and lustrous purity, as touching as it is holy—when the quiet moon looks gently and brightly on the scenes and dwellings of earth—and the dim prospect filled with undefined visions, and fading into a mysterious perspective, is more spiritually beautiful in its very obscurity. When a milder light reveals the distant glories, which a more burning lustre had concealed, and makes it rapture to gaze upon the face of that heaven which in the blaze of noonday it were terrible even to glance at. And thus I can think of the virtuous aged. I can see the ardent fervour of youth softened gradually down to this beautiful moonlight of existence, and the view above them growing more exalted and sublime as that around them became more circumscribed and dim; and the virtuous deeds they have done on earth rising, as they approach to heaven and shining as the stars in glory;—I can see such a one retiring gracefully from the scene of his labours and usefulness, in the bosom of love, to be supported by those arms which once had clung around his knees, to be blessed by those lips he first had taught to move in prayer,—and call God “Our Father.” I can see him with heart that can yet be cheerful, and eye that yet can glisten in the joys of youth; but with a spirit devoid of fear, solemnized by the shadow of a coming, and a great event. I can see him sinking tranquilly to sleep in Jesus, his mind illumined with dreams of happy memories and holy hopes.—And then the prophet’s prayer is mine—“let me die the death of the righteous, and let my latter end be like his!”

THE CROCODILE.

THE crocodile, which lives in the river Nilus, hath a worm which breeds in the teeth of it, and puts it to extreme anguish. A little bird, no bigger than a wren, is barber-surgeon to the crocodile; flies into the jaws of it, picks out the worm, and brings present remedy. The crocodile, glad of ease, but ungrateful to her that gave it, that the bird may not talk largely of her abroad for non-payment, closeth her chops, intending to swallow her, and so put her to perpetual silence; but nature loathing such ingratitude, hath armed the bird with a quill, or prickly crest, on its head-top, which wounds the crocodile in the mouth, forces her to open her bloody prison, and away flies the pretty tooth-picker from her unworthy patient.

He who is not making a fortune is spending two.

TO AN INFANT.

Thou wak’st from happy sleep to play
With bounding heart, my boy!
Before thee lies a long bright day
Of summer and of joy!

Thou hast no heavy thought or dream
To cloud thy fearless eye;—
Long be it thus; life’s early stream
Should still reflect the sky!

Yet ere the cares of earth lie dim
On thy young spirit’s wings,—
Now in thy morn forget not Him
From whom each pure thought springs!

So in thy onward vale of tears,
Where’er thy path may be,
When strength hath bow’d to evil years—
He will remember thee.

TIME.

How swift the pinions Time puts on
To urge his flight away!
To day’s soon yesterday, anon,
Tomorrow is today.

Thus, days, and weeks, and months, and years,
Depart from mortal view;
As sadly through the “vale of tears,”
Our journey we pursue.

Yet grieve not, man, that thus he flies,
He hastes thee to thy rest;
The drooping wretch that soonest dies,
Is soonest with the bless’d.

THE MOTHER AND HER BABE.

FROM THE GREEK OF ARCHIAS.

LYSIPPE’S babe had crawl’d on hands and knees,
Close to the margin of a daisy rock.
When lo! her heedless boy the mother sees,
And with a mother’s pangs receives the shock.
To stir was death! great God what should she do?
Sure some kind Deity around her watched,
She bar’d her breast—it caught the prattler’s view,
And from the brink of fate the unconscious victim
snatch’d.

Love never fails to master what he finds,
But works a different way in different minds,
The fool enlightens, and the wise he blinds.—DRYDEN.

YEARS rush by us like the wind. We see not whence the eddy comes, nor whitherward it is tending, and we seem ourselves to witness the flight without a sense that we are changed; and yet time is beguiling man of his strength, as the winds rob the woods of their foliage.—Woodstock.