

Is it extending the time too long, and to a further period than the Sunday School Union will continue its operations? We would further ask how a person that is *dead* can be made a *life* member of the Sunday School Union.—*Ed. Reformer.*]

From the Cincinnati Sentinel

"Woe unto them that make widows their prey." The members of the Third Presbyterian Church and congregation, now under the pastoral charge of Mr. Gallaher, were recently notified to attend a special meeting at said church, for the transaction of very important business. The excitement produced by the notice, being considerable, and general, many collected at the hour appointed. When the object of the meeting was disclosed, lo and behold! a number of pious young ministers, fresh from the Presbyterian mint, had come over to the help of the Lord, and were greatly in need of money!! Since those who had money to give were already well nigh drained of their cash for pious purposes, it was resolved, that "poor widows," who did not possess "one mite" of shining dust for the Lord's treasury, should come forward and subscribe an amount, to be discharged in work—such as spinning, sewing, knitting, &c. Report says, that some subscribed as high as twenty dollars; and many others a less sum, who are compelled to labour for a daily subsistence.

[The above information was received from a member of Mr. G.'s church.]

ORIGINAL.

ON BEAUTY.

*Forma hominis fragile est: quantumque accedit ad annos,
Fit minor; et spatium carpitur ipsa suo.
Non violæ semper, nec hiantia lilia, florent:
Et riget, amissa spina relicta rosa.
Et tibi juncus canis venient, formosæ, capilli;
Jam venient rugæ, quæ tibi corpusarent
Jam molire animum, qui durat; et adstrue formæ:
Solutus ad extremos permanet ille rogos.*

Ovid.

"Beauty is but a perishable good, which loses by duration, and is wasted with age. Neither the violet nor the expanding lily is always in bloom; and rugged is the thorn when stripped of its rose. Gray hairs, shall spoil all thy comeliness; and wrinkles shall plough thy polished brow. Improve then the mind, which endureth, and make it a substitute for beauty. It alone will tarry with thee through life; and accompany thee to the grave."

Beauty of person is certainly a very great natural advantage, in as much as it is sure at once to conciliate the good will of all who behold it; and to interest them in its favor.

This feeling is universal, and therefore inspired by the Creator for some generally wise and beneficent end.

Whether beauty of body is intended as the sign of beauty of mind; and, as such, is instinctively taken: just as one is apt to judge of the inmate's quality by the elegant exterior of his mansion; or whether it is merely the feeling of taste, which attracts and covets most what is most perfect of its kind: sure it is that he must be of a very coarse and callous mould, who feels no such kindly emotion, no such friendly sympathy arising in his bosom, at the sight of exquisite beauty.

There is nothing at all improbable in conceiving it the sign of mental worth; though those possess-

ing it are often found the most worthless of their species. May not these have become such, though virginally formed the most perfect; and there is many a proof upon record that the most perfect, when once depraved, are the most depraved of any? A general rule is not destroyed by the exceptions found to it.

It is true again that we frequently meet with others ugly and deformed in the extreme; yet, whose worth and good sense are of the most exalted kind. Such, an *Æsop* and a *Socrates* are reported to have been. But these may form to the opposite rule only similar exceptions: which conjecture seems indeed confirmed by the avowal of *Socrates* that he felt within himself all that native baseness and propensity to vice, which an eminent physiognomist had ascribed to him from his looks and appearance; but which, as he said, he had made it his constant endeavour to subdue, by practising the opposite virtues. A good face, after all, if it is not, ought at any rate to be the indication of a choice and generous mind.

Deformity, however; is a less sure subject of surmise; since it all may be but the effect of accident. Yet I feel myself as naturally repulsed by this last, as I am attracted by the former.

Neither, to be sure, can form any safe criterion to go by; as man by his free will has the power of debasing in himself a mind the most noble and dignified: or, by struggling against every natural difficulty and obstacle, of improving a less perfect one, and exalting it to no common pitch of real worth and excellence. The baneful effects also of fondness and flattery alter for the worse the natural condition of the one; while they spare, and spoil not the other.

Notwithstanding all this, the face is rightly considered as the index of the mind, which shews to our fellow creatures all the feelings we wish to express; and likewise betrays to them, even in spite of us, those which we wish to conceal. How often, when the tongue is false, do the looks give it the lie; and warn us against crediting its strongest asseverations! But when a comely countenance is in league with a deceitful tongue to impose upon us, we have no other natural means afforded of knowing what is passing in the minds of our fellow creatures; or of guessing their designs; which for no good purpose are kept so closely folded up within them. Such an extreme case of duplicity as this, is, however, providentially for the safety and welfare of mankind, a very rare one; and we would consider the wretch as an uncommon monster, in society, who is discovered at last to have been such a consummate imposter.

Yet beauty, though so lovely a quality, so universally admired, and so desirable; is a dangerous charge to those who possess it; especially to the weaker half of our species, whose peculiar perquisite nature has doomed it to be; for, besides the vanity, with which it is apt to inspire them, and which so often makes them turn to bad account the best natural dispositions, and most valuable endowments, either through their neglect to improve them, relying too much on the advantage of a fine

exterior; or their abuse of them: it exposes particularly the fair sexe to every tempting allure-ment of vice; and too frequently proves in the end the very bane and ruin of their virtue; consequently the disturber of their peace, and the destroyer of their happiness both here and hereafter. It should therefore prove some consolation to those not so gifted by nature with a fascinating appearance, to be thus exempted from the many dangers which attend it, and the fatal consequences of the numberless temptations, to which it is continually exposed. Not to say but what those have the most merit, who gain the victory in such a conflict, though the unattacked are most secure; nor ever experience the evils resulting from a defeat. It should also make such regret their want of beauty the less, to know that *nothing* on earth is more perishable and transient. It not only withers with age, and decays like a flower, when its short season is o'er: but it is often nipped in the bud, or in all its full spread bloom, by sudden disease. The slightest sickness impairs or destroys it. Its delicate frame is shaken with every blast; and its lovely form, on which we used to gaze with such admiration and transport, thrown prostrate on the ground, all soiled in dirt, and blended with its native earth: the companion left, and prey become of rottonness and the worm.

Frequent and serious meditation on death is the most infallible cure to all the moral infirmities of the mind; but particularly to the vanity we are apt to feel at being endowed with a fair form and prepossessing exterior. It is impossible to indulge in such vanity, if we but reflect on the appalling change which that form undergoes after death; and its hideous and humbling transmutation in the grave.

MEDITATION IN A CHURCH YARD.

Here let me sit and meditate a while
Among the silent mansions of the dead;
Where wisdom holds her court:
And to the thoughtful few,
Who shun the giddy crowd, oft truths reveals.
Though awful, that can sooth life's ev'ry care;
Blunt sorrow's sharpest sting,
And turn ev'n grief to joy.
Hark! Now she bids observe with curious eye
The mould'ring fragments of the human frame,
Low laid in native dust,
By heedless footstep trod.
Vain mortals! why, she says, ah! why so boast
Of beauty's transient bloom! of sinewy strength,
Than lute in minstrel's hand,
By death more quick unstrung?
That head, of aspect grim, was her's, whose cheek
With youth's rich purple glow'd: whose ruby lips
A smile bewitching wore:
And graceful brow o'erarch'd
Her azure eyes, that mildest lustre shed;
As Eve's attendant star shines through a show'r:
While round her lily neck
Her ebon tresses wav'd.
These too the sad remains of him, who late,
The village champion, dar'd his match in might.
No giants force so great
May death's dread stroke forfend.
Here crumbling lie together rich and poor,
Who erst their distance kept. Hush'd is the voice
Of mirth: and riots feast,
Save with the maggot, ends.
No rival statesmen here their factions stir,
Extinct ambition's fire. Nor foe meets foe,
As wont, with wrathful eyes;
Join'd in clay cold embrace
Thine too, poor pensive mortal! there that sit'st,
And e'yst the mingling mass of human kind,
Thine is that humbling fate,
The fate of all who live