

ardent soul—a forehead singularly fair and pure—a well-formed head, slightly, and rather proudly thrown back—a calm and graceful address. Can this be the poor and wretched sailor-boy, who stood, twelve years ago, with his little knapsack, alone, on the heights of Caracas? Look at the white throat, the curved lip, with its sweet, yet half-disdainful smile; it is the same! He is happy now. Sought and caressed by the noble, the fair and the wise; loved and beloved by one, to whom his smile is dearer than the light of heaven. Is he quite happy? No. His restless ambition is still unsatisfied. He is nothing if he be not first; and he must still toil for pre-eminence.

Reader! do you care to know his present whereabouts? More than twenty years have rolled by, since he was a happy truant from the village-school. But they have not chilled his heart, or weakened his spirit, or subdued his enthusiastic love of his profession. He has returned to his native land, prosperity and fame attending his steps, and his rooms are daily thronged with the lovely and gifted, of one of the principal cities in the union.



#### GLIMPSES OF TRUTH.

TRUTH, Heavenly Truth, unveil'd her face,  
And bow'd from her holy mount,  
Each lineament, so full of grace,  
Was mirrored in a chrysal fount;

The fount of knowledge—and we press'd  
To gaze with rapture, and adore—  
But, ah! to lure, or mock our quest,  
That face was hidden as before.

Then Science stoop'd with out-spread wing,  
And bore us to Truth's radiant shrine—  
How did our hearts exulting spring!  
We met her glance, her smile benign.

And now before the source of Truth,  
Our spirits would adoring fall,  
And give the love, "the dew of youth,"  
To the Eternal All in All.



#### SELF-LOVE.

Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,  
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;  
The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds,  
Another still, and still another spreads;  
Friend, parent, neighbor, first it will embrace,  
His country next, and next all human race.  
Wide and more wide the overflowing of the mind  
Take ev'ry creature in of ev'ry kind.

#### LIFE.

##### A STRUGGLE FOR UNATTAINED GOOD.

THE human heart "hopes on, hopes ever." The spirit of man can never rest. His powers are never stilled. Onward, onward he struggles, perseveringly, unceasingly. From infancy to youth, from manhood to extreme age, all his efforts are put forth for the attainment of his desires. One by one they are gratified, and he is happy. One by one they are crushed, and he is wretched. Yet "despair is never quite despair," and he "hopes on, hopes ever." One goal reached, another presents itself, and yet another, 'till time after time does he strain every nerve, and bring into action his every power.

I have been in the bosom of a family, where youth, beauty, and genius, glowed in each countenance. Their hearts were laid open to me, and when I saw there hopes whose colourings would shame the many-hued bow which beautifies the heavens, I wondered not. And when I read in those young souls, schemes glorious even as the brightest sunbeam, I wondered not.

But I found myself in another household, where poverty and squallid want were written on the brow of the veriest child, and misery had deepened furrows on the fronts of those whose noon of life had not yet come; and when I looked for darkness and despair, I found each toiling with anxious eye and throbbing heart, for a goal which they thought to reach. I gazed intently, and read—"Man struggles onward and unceasingly."

I went out and wandered far, musing on the past, the present, and the future, and thoughts unbidden were rushing through the mind, when the hum of many voices arrested my attention. A group of many children was before me. Oh, how they laughed and danced, shouted and froliced in the joy of their young hearts. Now the merry chorus filled the air with melody, and then the full rich laugh rung gleefully upon the evening breeze. The live-long afternoon had they sported. Here, where the hazels cluster so thickly, they had played at "Hide and go seek," 'till the stoutest panted for rest.—There, where the brook bubbles its clear, cold waters round those smooth and slippery stones, they had "followed the leader," 'till the heart of the most venturesome failed him. And for what did they toil?

"Oh! if I could be leader once!" said a tiny creature, and her full dark eye showed the semblance of a tear.

"Try, Clara, try," resounded on all sides.