

lighted with smiles to greet another,—to know that my presence cannot add to her enjoyment—nay, even perhaps is unwelcome,—to think that a comparative stranger is preferred before the companion of childhood, the friend of riper years, I, who would have died to purchase one smile of affection, one endearing epithet,—and to behold, day by day, their ripening intercourse and regard. Mother, it is intolerable—I can endure it no longer. The slow writhing agony, the never ceaseless torture is unspeakable. Let me fly from her presence—new scenes may help, perhaps, to divert my attention, and when ‘oceans roll and mountains rise to sever us,’ it may be, I shall be enabled to think on her with calmness; but longer to remain here is impossible,” and the strong man bowed his head, while the convulsive movements of his frame told the depths of his feelings. The mother rose from her seat, and advancing to her son, tenderly embraced him—and, as her lips were pressed to his flushed brow, her tears of sympathy fell like healing balm on his tortured heart.

(To be Concluded.)

The Way to be Happy,

If we would be happy, we must glide along through life as the river does between its banks: expanding here, and contracting there—now in noisy shallows, and then in deep, still pools; accommodating itself all the way to the sinuosities of its surface, and the winding humour of its banks—and yet leaving every rock and every projection, and closing the very borders which so rigidly confine it, and compel it to double its length to the ocean with green leaves and luxuriant flowers, from the beginning to the end of its course. But if, on the other hand, we want to be miserable, and make all about us miserable too, we have only, porcupine like, to erect our double pointed quills, and roll ourselves up in them, with a dogged obstinacy, and we shall goad others, and be goaded ourselves, to the utmost degree of our wishes. O, there is nothing like “lowliness, and meekness, and long suffering, forbearing one with another in love,” to lubricate the ways of life and cause all the machinery of society to go without jarring or friction!—*Blake.*

The Old Maid.

Why sits she thus in solitude? her heart
Seems melting in her eyes delicious blue;
And as it heave, her ripe lips lie apart,
As if to let its heavy throbbings through;
In her dark eye a depth of softness swells,
Deeper than that of her careless girlhood wore;
And her cheek crimson with the hue that tells
The rich, fair fruit is ripened to the core.

It is her thirtieth birthday! With a sigh
Her soul hath turned from youth's luxuriant bow'ers,
And her heart taken up the last sweet tie
That measured out its links of golden hours!
She feels her innermost soul within her stir
With thoughts too wild and passionate to speak;
Yet her full heart—its own interpreter—
Translates itself in silence on her cheek.

Joy's opening buds, affection's glowing flowers,
Once highly spren' within her beaming track;
O, life was beautiful in those lost hours!
And yet she does not wish to wander back!
No! she but loves in loneliness to think
On pleasures past, though never more to be;
Hope links her to the future, but the link
That binds her to the past is memory!

From her lone path she never turns aside,
Though passionate worshippers before her fall;
Like some pure planet, in her lonely pride,
She seems to star and beam above them all!
Not that her heart is cold! emotions new
And fresh as flowers are with her heart-strings knit,
And sweetly mournful pleasure wanders through
Her virgin soul, and softly rustle it.

For she hath lived with heart and soul alive
To all that makes life beautiful and fair;
Sweet thoughts, like honey-bees, have made their hives
Of her soft bosom-cell and cluster there;
Yet life is not to her what it hath been:
Her soul hath learned to look beyond its gloss,
And now she hovers, like a star, between
Her deeds of love, her Saviour on the cross!

Beneath the cares of earth she does not bow,
Though she hath oft times drained its bitter cup,
But ever wanders on with heavenward brow,
And eyes whose lovely lids are lifted up!
She feels that in that lovelier, happier sphere,
Her bosom yet will, bird-like, find its mate,
And all the joys it found so blissful here
Within that spirit-realm perpetuate.

Yet sometimes o'er her trembling heart-strings thrill,
Soft sighs, for raptures it hath ne'er enjoyed;
And then she dreams of love, and strives to fill
With wild and passionate thoughts the craving void.
And thus she wanders on,—half sad, half blest,—
Without a mate for the pure, lonely heart,
That yearning, throbs within her virgin breast,
Never to find its lovely counterpart!

CHARACTER.—Men are to be estimated, as Johnson says, by the mass of character. A block of tin may have a grain of silver, but still it is tin, and a block of silver may have an alloy of tin, but still it is silver.—The mass of Elijah's character was excellence, yet he was not without alloy. The mass of Jehu's character was base, yet he had a portion of zeal which was directed by God's great ends. Bad men are made the same use of as scaffolds; they are employed as means to erect a building, and then are taken down and destroyed.—*Cecil.*