

## POETRY.

## YOUTHFUL MUSINGS.

Oh, lovely are visions of youth,  
When by tempests in life we're driven ;  
They come—rays of comfort, to soothe  
The ills for our heritage given ;  
Though they wake a vain sigh of regret,  
And pleasure is mingled with pain,  
If permitted, we would not forget,  
But recall them again and again.

Delights not our fancy to view  
That scene where 'twas rapture to rove,  
The landscape in childhood we knew,  
Whon blest in our friendship and love,  
Shall we trace not the times that are flown—  
The days of our innocent mirth,  
Because the bright moments that shone  
Aro succeeded by feelings of dearth ?

We cannot, we would not forbear  
To ponder o'er memory's pages,  
For the record we find written there,  
Like magic our sadness assuages ;  
Though a tear while we're musing may steal  
It is not a witness of sorrow,  
For richer's the pleasure we feel  
Than any from mirth we can borrow.

## VARIETIES.

**SIR WALTER SCOTT.**—The following lines were written by Sir Walter Scott when between ten and eleven years of age, and when he was attending the high school at Edinburgh. His master there had spoken of him as a remarkably stupid boy, and his mother with grief acknowledged that he spoke truly. She saw him one morning in the midst of a tremendous storm standing still in the street, looking at the sky. She called to him repeatedly, but he remained looking upward, without taking the least notice of her. When he returned into the house she was very much displeased with him. "Mother," he said, "I could tell you the reason why I stood still, and why I looked at the sky, if you would only give me a pencil." She gave him one, and in less than five minutes he laid a bit of paper on her lap with these lines on it :

Load o'er my head what awful thunders roll !  
What vivid lightnings flash from pole to pole !  
It is thy voice, my God, that bids them fly,  
Thy voice directs them through the vaulted sky :  
Then let the good thy mighty power revere.  
Let hardened sinners thy just judgment fear.

The old lady repeated them to me herself, and the tears were in her eyes : for I really believe, simple as they are, that she values these lines, being the first effusion of her son's genius, more than any later beauties which have so charmed all the world beside.

**DR. YOUNG.**—One day as Dr. Young was walking in his garden at Welwyn, in company with two ladies (one of whom he afterwards married,) the servant came to acquaint him a gentleman wished to speak with him. "Tell him," says the doctor, "I am too happily engaged to change my situation." The ladies insisted he should go, as his visitor was a man of rank, his patron

and his friend ; but, as persuasion had no effect, one took him by the right arm, the other by the left, and led him to the garden gate ; when, finding resistance in vain, he bowed, laid his hand upon his heart, and, in that expressive manner, for which he was so remarkable, spoke the following lines :

"Thus Adam look'd, when from the garden driv'n,  
And thus disputed orders sent from heav'n ;  
Like him I go, but yet to go am loth ;  
Like him I go, for angels drove us both :  
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind,  
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind."

## BIRTH PLACE OF DR. WATTS.

You remember Dr. Watts' beautiful Hymn, as every one accustomed to his inimitable and all but inspired psalmody must—

There is a land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign.

And when I tell you, that I am now penning these lines from the spot, and sitting at the window which looks out where he looked on the

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
All dressed in living green,

which so awoke his thoughts of heaven, and helped him to sing the Christian's triumph in the Jordan of death, you will not perhaps think it unworthy that I should allude to this interesting circumstance. Southamton is the birth place of this sweet singer of our modern and Christianized Israel ; and the house in which I am a guest is the spot where he wrote the hymn above mentioned. The town lies on a swell between the forks of the Test and Itchen, the latter of which is the "swelling flood," celebrated in the song, one mile, or less, from my present position, and beyond which is seen from this place, the "land of pure delight,"

Where everlasting spring abides,  
And never-withering flowers.

So, at least, it may seem. It is indeed a fair and beautiful type of that paradise of which the poet sung. It rises from the margin of the flood, and swells into boundless prospect, all mantled in the richest verdure of summer, chequered with forest growth and fruitful fields under the highest cultivation, and gardens and villas, and every adornment which the hand of man, in a series of ages, could create on such susceptible grounds. Our poet's imagination, so spiritual and heavenly, leaped from this enchanting scene to the fields and gardens of the upper world. As he looked upon these waters now before me, and then before him, he thought of the final passage of the Christian :

Death like a narrow sea divides  
This heavenly land from ours.

And are these indeed the circumstances which suggested these lines, that has been such a help to the devotions of so many believers in Christ and which for ages to come are likely to breathe from the dying lips of those

Who see the Canaan which they love,  
With unobscured eyes.

## OFFICER TURNED PREACHER.

Some time, since a lady who was much devoted to the Bible cause, going on board a ship of war, was received by an officer on deck, not without respect, but accompanied with many of those expressions which unfortunately are too frequent in the lips of sailors. The lady expressed her wish that while she was on board he would have the goodness to desist from language of that description. He professed his readiness to oblige her, and during her stay on board, not one oath escaped his lips. She pursued her course, distributing to the sailors her tracts and Bibles, and, above all her admonition. On her return she was accompanied by the same officer, and took an opportunity of thanking him for his kindness in attending to her request. He expressed his readiness to oblige her on any occasion, and said there was nothing she should ask him to do that he would not do.

"Then," said she, "I'll thank you to read that book," giving him a Bible.

He felt himself surprised, but considered as he had given his promise, he was bound to fulfil it.

The lady afterwards visiting a distant part of the country, went to church, heard a sermon, and, on returning, when the clergyman, remaining after her, said—"If I mistake not, I am addressing such a lady,"—(mentioning her name.)

"That is my name," said she, "but I have no recollection of you."

"Does not your ladyship recollect visiting such a ship, and giving an officer a Bible ?"

"Yes said she, "I do."

"Then, madam, I am the person, and the good effects are what you have seen this morning."

FATTENY is often the guide to destruction. It is the first rudiment which man attains to with success, and the first lesson he repeats to gain our affection ; too often, my fair friends, you give ear to it, and suffer your hearts to be enslaved for encomiums which your mirror tells you are false.

Always suspect a man who affects great softness of manner, an unruffled evenness of temper, and an enunciation, studied, slow, and deliberate. These things are unnatural, and bespeak a degree of mental discipline into which he who has no purpose of craft or design to answer, cannot submit to drill himself. The most successful knaves are of this description. As smooth as a razor dipt in oil, and as sharp. They affect the innocence of the dove, which they have not, in order to belie the cunning of the serpent, which they have.

A moon is said to have been discovered lately by an English Astronomer to the planet Mars.