

yonder, glittering in the sun's rays, is the spire of the village church,—those green fields to the left, are the very ones in which I have lingered for hours together, chasing the butterfly, or plucking the wild roses, which they produced in abundance. But I have approached, almost without being aware of it, the home of my childhood. It stands in a sequestered spot, surrounded by green foliage. The garden before the door looks as trim as when I last beheld it; gay with flowers of every hue,—and the fruit trees of the orchard are laden with blossoms. What a stillness rests on every object. The only sign of life is the blue smoke that curls gracefully above the cottage. Ah! I tremble to approach nearer. My only parent, my widowed mother, how will she receive her prodigal son? Perhaps, fearful thought! she may be laid in the cold embrace of the tomb,—and the pardon, and blessing, to which I have looked forward, through years of misery, may never be mine."

But his trembling hand lifts the latch, and, once more, he stands in the home of his childhood. We will gratify our curiosity, and, peeping through the casement, mark the reception he receives. An aged woman is embracing him, with looks of unutterable fondness. It is his mother. No word of harshness escapes her lips, no rebuke for the anxiety and sorrow which that son has caused; he has returned again to bless her sight, —and every thing else is forgiven, and forgotten.

[ORIGINAL.]

Evening.

"Come Evening, once again, season of peace!
Return, sweet Evening! and continue long."

The day is rapidly declining. The hum and noise of the city is, in a great measure, hushed, and the hour due, perhaps, as well as that of early morn, to meditation and silent song, again blesses our earth with its genial influence. The petty cares and anxieties of day are for a time silenced; the labourer, mechanic and merchant obtain a short respite from their various occupations; the student lays aside the book and pen which have engrossed his attention, and indulges, uninterrupted, in all the luxury of thought.

Perhaps, to those who are at all studiously inclined, there is no hour, in which the mind is more at liberty to exercise its powers, than the hour of evening. During the day, physical occupations engage the attention, and, frequently, engross the mind to the almost exclusion of thought,—except such as is connected with them,—but at eve, when the employments of the day are suspended, the mind recovers its wonted tone, and follows the bent of its inclination. Now is the hour, when memory brings to vivid remembrance scenes of other days; friends who formerly enjoyed, with us, the time of Evening,—but now separated by mountain or ocean,—and some, alas! in the cold embrace of the tomb. Fancy, too, with her ever busy pencil, depicts scenes which only exist in the mind, or which, though real, we have never beheld,—and the reasoning faculties, in their turn, investigate the cause and effect of various phenomena; solve difficult questions,—and unfold, to our admiring gaze, the mysteries of nature, which, though continually surrounding us, we have never before regarded in their proper light.

The evening of the day may be regarded as typical of the eve of life: like it, that period is one of comparative rest; the hopes and fears of youth's golden time are over; the perplexities and trials of riper age have, in a great measure, subsided,—and as the remembrance of a well spent day affords pleasure, which they only who have experienced can appreciate,—so the remembrance of a life spent in benefiting our fellow creature,—and employing our talents to the noblest purposes, designed by their beneficent donor, shall impart inexpressible satisfaction, and shed a lustre over our declining days.

W: R.

MUSIC is the soul of moral harmony; its object is to create moral concord in the soul. It is the vocal emblem or counterpart of those perfect moral principles by which the world should be governed; and hence our obligation to associate this art with no subjects inconsistent with its own character.—Music belongs to the spirit of universal peace and brotherhood; and hence its conjunction with religion, with time and eternity.—*Fraser.*