

What though church bells do not call the world to prayer,  
 Innate chimes, though silent, summon all men there,  
 With a faith as silent, falling like the dew  
 On Hermon's top. O! heaven is near, almost in view!

There, where art vies not with nature, I would die;  
 I would lose my dim sight gazing on the sky;  
 There my ears would catch the rippling streamlet's flowing,  
 Well known sounds from leaf and tree-top softly blowing,  
 Cheerful notes from bird and insect, and the cattle lowing,  
 Happy children's laughter, as they're homeward hieing;  
 While my spirit for its upward home is sighing.

St. John, June, 1860.

A. G. C.

## PAPERS BY A RECLUSE.

### No. 6.

I have often thought that the world makes astonishingly slow progress considering its opportunities. Of course I do not here intend any reflection on the physical motions of our planet—they, I dare say, are well enough. I allude more particularly to the tardiness with which improvements are effected in the physical and moral condition of mankind. That much misery and much wickedness exist in connection with the human family is unquestionable; but it is equally a fact that ignorance cannot be pleaded in excuse of this unfortunate state of affairs. Is there a beggar that perambulates our streets, who has not been daily informed of various methods, by any one of which he may become rich? Is there an invalid, whose numerous and sympathizing friends do not earnestly press upon his languid attention the virtues of some wonderful and infallible remedy? Is there a wretch, however lost in the mazes of vice, who cannot command at will, nay, who can decently avoid, the gratuitous services of a thousand starched neckcloths and an equal number of warm, gentle hearts, each able and willing to map out for him the shortest and easiest course by which he may regain the highroad of virtue? All history testifies to the generous readiness with which the world gives—advice; and if my own personal experience is worth anything, it but corroborates the testimony of history. It appears that Mr. Sparks with his usual communicativeness and love of hyperbole, had, after the conversation alluded to in my last paper, represented to my friends and others that I was approaching the last stages of melancholy and despondency, but that he had prescribed for me a course which, if pursued, must result in my triumphant and complete recovery. Immediately my hermitage in which I had enjoyed so many hours of happy solitude, was a hermitage no longer. Friend after friend arrived with countenances variously expressive of frightened curiosity, outraged pro-