



THE "GOOD NIGHT" OF THE BIRDS.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

It was a Sabbath evening,
 In Spring's most glorious time,
 When trees, and shrub, and earthly flower,
 Were in their fragrant prime:
 And where the cloudless sun declined,
 A glow of light serene,
 A blessing to the world he left,
 Came floating o'er the scene.

Then from the verdant hedge row,
 A gentle discord stole,
 And with its tide of melody
 Dissolved the listening soul,
 The tenants of that leafy lodge,
 Each on its downy nest,
 Pour'd forth a loud and sweet "good night"
 Before they sank to rest.

The tender parting carol,
 How wild it war and deep,
 And then with soft, harmonious close,
 It melted into sleep,
 Methought in yonder land of praise,
 Which faith delights to view,
 True-hearted peaceful whisperers
 There would be room for you

Ye give us many a lesson
 Of music high and rare:
 Sweet teachers of the lays of Heaven,
 Say, will ye not be there?
 Ye have no sin, like ours, to purge
 With penitential dew—
 Oh! in the clime of perfect love
 Is there no place for you?

ROSSE UPON THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST.

"I confess that the majesty of the scriptures astonishes me; the sanctity of the Gospel speaks to my heart. See the book of the philosophers, with all their pomp; how little they appear beside this! Can it be that a book at once so sublime and so simple, was the work of men? Can it be that he whose history it is, was but a man himself? Is that the tone of an enthusiast, or of an ambitious secretary?—what madness what purity in his manners!—What touching grace in his instructions! What elevation in his maxims! What profound wisdom in his discourses! What presence of mind, what subtlety and what justness in his replies! What empire over his passions! Where is the man—where is the sage, who know—how to act, to suffer and to die, without weakness and without ostentation? When Plato paints his imaginary just man, covered with oil the equilibrium of crime, yet worthy of all the rewards of virtue, he paints in every trial Jesus Christ. The resemblance is so striking that all the Fathers perceived it, and that one can not but be struck with it. What prejudices, what blindness, must he have who dares to compare the son of Sophocles to the son of Mary! What a distance from the one heart to the other! Socrates, dying without pain, without gloomy, calmly supports his character to the last, and if this peaceful death had not honored his life, we would have doubted whether Socrates, with all his genius, was anything more than a sophist. He discovered it is said the principles of morals. But others had already put them into practice. He but imitated what they had done. He only presented their examples as lessons. Aristides had been just before Socrates declared what justice was; Leonidas had died for his country, before Socrates had made a duty of patriotism, Sparta was sober before Socrates commended sobriety, before he had defined virtue, Greece abounded in virtuous men. But where did Jesus find among his own people, that pure and elevated morality, of which he alone has given both the lesson and the example? From the bosom of the most ferocious fanaticism was heard the loftiest wisdom, and the simplicity of the most heroic virtues honoured the vilest of nations. The death of Socrates, philosophizing tranquilly with his friends, is the mildest that one could desire; that of Jesus expiring in torture, crowned, raised at, cursed by a whole people, is the most horrible that one could dread. Socrates taking the poisoned cup,

blesse him who presents it, and who weeps; Jesus in the midst of terrible sufferings prays for his enraged persecutors. Yes, if the life and death of Socrates are those of a philosopher, the life and death of Jesus are those of God."

A LOCAL HOWARD.

There lives in Manchester—a working man by birth and education—one of those rare characters who by dint of goodness almost become great. Thomas Wright is now an old man. His face and head have an appearance singularly venerable—though his hands bear the marks of hard and honorable industry. This man has devoted his time, his energies, and his means, each as they are, to the interests of society. He has made the prisons of Lancashire a second home—he has become in the best sense of the term, the prisoner's friend. Shaming the clergy of the districts—the ostentatious lay philanthropists who cheaply earn a reputation by subscription lists—he has worked silently—obscurely—in his holy work—redeem hundreds of poor creatures from the errors of their way,—soothing the agonies of the felon's cell, watching with the anxiety of a father over the discharged prisoner,—sheltering the houseless—struggling against prejudice and apathy in behalf of the lapsed but penitent clerk or artisan. A more noble or more useful career can hardly be conceived. That such a man should long remain unnoticed in busy, dashing, clashing Manchester is not wonderful—but it is creditable to the town, that when his merits were pointed out by strangers—they at once acknowledged the impolicy of suffering a man of his energy, influence and devotion, to waste his hours in the routine duties of a foundry. They have resolved to buy him off, to enable him to devote his remaining years to prison labours, and have already commenced a subscription to that end. Would it were larger—not for his sake so much as for the honour of the town in which he lives, and which he has served so well.

If a Norwegian Judge makes a wrong decision, he has to pay the damage himself. In Denmark they have a conciliatory Judge, before whom all disputes must pass: if he cannot reconcile the parties, they may then apply to a court of law.

While originality is more esteemed and sought for the greater, acquired talent, because it throws a light upon things, and is peculiar to the individuals