

For the Mayflower.

The Orphan.

'As I to work have bent my steps
At early morn, in summer bright,
I oft have met a little girl—
A little girl with tresses bright ;
She had a pale, sad, speaking face,—
A tear I once saw in her eye—
And with her always walk'd a dame
To whom she spake attentively.

She call'd the dame, her grandmama ;
And with her tiny, tim'rous voice,
Sweet tales would tell, each simple word,
Did make the old dame's heart rejoice.
Who they could be, I marvel'd much,
And long it was, ere I did know :—
But now their names I would forget,
Remember'd, they depress me so.

The little girl, an orphan was,
And knew no friendly hand, save hers
Who led her to the sun's warm beams
For soothing charms which he confers.
Her father, and her mother, too,
Lie in no cold, dark church-yard grave ;
They rest where none can see, but God ;
They sleep beneath the sleepless wave !

Of all a hundred living souls
Who left their fatherland, to seek
For bread and life,—mayhap, there lives
But few, who of their tale can speak.
The sea hath swelled its giant breast,
And swept away a hopeful band,
And sorrow hath most poignant been,
With those who reached the dreary land.

One morn, as I to labour went,
The little girl I did not meet :
The angel face I always lov'd
Was not with those who paced the street ;—
And now to miss her, and the dame—
Excited fears I could not quell,
For oh, to lose her gentle smile—
Would be a loss, I know full well.

Again I passed that cheerless street,
And hoped to see that sad-faced child ;
But not one face like hers I found—
Not one so pale, so good, so mild ;—
Only a hearse I met :—and then—
There came a sudden, deadening dread ;
Then spoke a voice—a chilling voice,
Which seem'd to say—"The child is dead !" B.

Halifax, May, 1851.

Virtue alone is Beautiful.

The following extract is from a Book entitled "The Stranger in Lowell," of which J. G. WHITTIER is the Author :—

"Handsomeness is that handsome does—hold up your heads, girls" was the language of Primrose in the play, when addressing her daughters. The worthy matron was right. Would that all my female readers, who are sorrowing foolishly because they are not in all respects like Dufosse's Eve, or that statue of the Venus 'which enchants the world,' could be persuaded to listen to her. What is good looking, as Horace Smith remarks, but looking good? Be good, be womanly, be gentle—generous in your sym-

pathies, heedful of the well-being of all around you, and my word for it, you will not lack kind words of admiration. Loving and pleasant associations will gather about you. Never mind the ugly reflection which your glass may give you. That mirror has no heart. But quite another picture is given on the retina of human sympathy. There the beauty of holiness, of purity, of that inward grace 'which passeth show,' rests over it, softening and mellowing its features, just as the full, calm moonlight melts those of a rough landscape into harmonious loveliness.

'Hold up your heads, girls!' I repeat after Primrose.—Why should you not?—Every mother's daughter of you can be beautiful. You can envelope yourselves in an atmosphere of moral and intellectual beauty, through which your otherwise plain faces will look forth like those of angels.—Beautiful to Ledyard, stiffening in the cold of a northern winter, seemed the diminutive, smoked, stained women of Lapland who wrapped him in their furs, and ministered to his necessities with kindness and gentle words of compassion. Lovely to the homesick heart of Park seemed the dark maids of Sego, as they sung their low and simple song of welcome beside his bed, and sought to comfort the white stranger, who had 'no mother to bring him milk, and no wife to grind him corn.' O! talk as we may, of beauty as a thing to be chiselled from marble or wrought on canvass—speculate as we may on its colours and outlines, what is it but an intellectual abstraction after all?—The heart feels a beauty of another kind ;—looking through the outward environment, it discovers a deeper and more real loveliness.

"This was well understood by the old painters. In their pictures of Mary, the virgin mother, the beauty which melts and subdues the gazer, is that of the soul and the affections—uniting the awe and the mystery of the mother's allotment with the inexpressible love, the unutterable tenderness of young maternity—Heaven's crowning miracle with nature's sweetest and holiest instinct.—And their pale Magdalens, holy with the look of sins forgiven, how the divine beauty of their penitence sinks into the heart! Do we not feel that the only real deformity is sin, and that goodness ever more hallows and sanctifies its dwelling place?"