

How small a portion of our life it is that we really enjoy! In youth, we are looking forward to things that are to come, in old age we are looking backward to things that are gone past—in manhood, although we appear indeed to be more occupied in things that are present, yet even that is too often absorbed in vague determinations to be vastly happy on some future day.

If none were to reprove the vicious, excepting those who sincerely hate vice, there would be much less censoriousness in the world. Our Saviour could love the criminal while he hated the crime,—but we, his disciples, too often love the crime, but hate the criminal. A perfect knowledge of the depravity of the human heart, with perfect pity for the infirmities of it, never co-existed but in one breast, and never will.

POETRY.

THE FATHER'S TALE.

The following is copied from 'TALES OF THE FACTORIES,' by an English Lady, lately published in London, but not yet reprinted in this country. It bears internal evidence of being a picture from life.

Marvel not, children, that ye see me so
In spirit moved for poor humanity—
This morning, as is oft my wont, you know,
Being awake, and stirring with the bee
I took my way to visit that small mound
Ye know of, in our parish burying ground:

That low green grave, where your young
sister lies,

Whom late, with many tears, ye saw laid
there—

Kiss off these drops from your fond
mother's eyes—

Children, ye see how dear to us ye are.
But God, who gave, required his own again—
We wept, and yielded up our little Jane.

But oh! with what an agony of prayer
That one dear lamb selected from our fold
For His good pleasure, He the rest would
spare

Even with like pleadings that may not be
told;

This very morn', my precious ones, I prayed
By that green mound beneath the lime-tree's
shade.

While thus I stood, smote heavy on mine ear
The funeral bell, and 'turning, I espied
An open grave, planked loosely over, near.
That scarce a few short spaces did divide
From that of my own child, and it must be,
Methought for one as early called as she.

Once—twice, again (no more) that sullen
sound

Jarred with uneven stroke—and at the call
Appeared within the consecrated ground,
No funeral pomp or mourners—plume and
pall—

But minister and clerk, and huddling nigh.
A squalid group—one wretched family.

Foremost, a man of wasted frame, and
weak.

But tall and bony-bowed, but not by years;
Grizzled his thick black locks—his sallow
cheek

Furrowed, as if by long corroding tears,
But the deep sunken caves were parch'd and
dry,

And glazed and meaningless his hollow eye,

With him came, step for step, with sham-
bling gait,

A pale-faced boy, whose swollen and feeble
knees

Bowed out, and bent beneath his starveling
weight;

They two beneath them, slung with care-
less ease,

A little coffin, of the roughest boards
And rudest framing Parish help affords,

And close behind, with stupid looks agape,
Two sickly shivering girls, dragged shuf-
fling on

A long-armed withered creature, like an ape,
From whose bleared eye-balls reason's light
was gone;

The idiot gibbered in his senseless glee,
And the man turned, and cursed him bitterly.

Bareheaded, by the grave of my own dead;
I stood, while his, that wretched man's was
lower'd

Into the narrow house. His shaggy head
Sank on his breast: but when the earth was
pou'd

Upon the coffin-lid, there stirred in him
No visible change or tremor; face of limb

And so he stood, while all was finished
The grave filled in, the raised turf
smooth'd o'er—