

circumstance, what could be the reason that Mr. Derwent never married? There was one incident, however, which occurred a few years after his return, that seemed to afford him no small degree of pleasure. Our readers, perhaps, have not forgotten little George, Emily's brother. As he advanced to manhood, he fully realized the expectations of his Sister,—and after a course of studies entered into the sacred office,—and officiated in the very village, and at the same altar where his Father had, many years before, offered up the sacrifice of prayer and praise. Soon after entering into the ministry, he was united to Lucy Carman,—and in witnessing their happiness Edward seemed to forget in some measure the sorrow that had embittered his life.

The Serenade.

(From the German.)

"List, mother, the strains of soft music I hear,
How sweetly the melody falls on my ear!
Withdraw those dark curtains, the moon's silver light,
Will make the sad chamber of sickness seem bright;
Throw open the lattice—I pine for the air,
And give me yon roses to twine in my hair;
I feel what those exquisite numbers must be,
I know my young lover is singing to me."

"O! hush, gentle daughter, no lover is nigh,
He has left thee in sorrow and sickness to die;
Thy beauty has vanished—thy triumphs are o'er,
And gay serenaders shall woo thee no more:
My voice only greets thee with pining strain;
I sit by thy pillow, I weep for thy pain;
Thou hast now, my dear child, on this desolate sod,
No friend but thy mother, no hope but thy God."

"Hark! mother—the sounds more exultingly rise,
A peal of loud joyfulness swells to the skies;
Our friends some glad festival surely prepare,
And summon us thus in their pageant to share."

"Our friends are all changed, love—they pass by our door,
Their smiles and their banquets rejoice not the poor:
O heed not their faithlessness—quick heaves thy breath,
These subjects belit not the chamber of death."

"Again the clear voices the chorus repeat—
Sey, mother, was harmony ever so sweet?"

"I listen, my child, but I hear not a tone,
That music is breathed for no ear but thy own.
O think not of passion, of pomp or of mirth:
Thy heart must be weaned from the trifles of earth:
Those voices proceed from a region of light,
My daughter, I feel thou must leave me to-night."

"O mother, a knowledge prophetic is thine,
I am passing from life, yet I do not repine;
Thanks, thanks, for thy patience and tenderness past,
But most for thy faithful rebuke at the last;
Though the world has its injuries heaped on my head,
I mourn not—my mother hangs over my bed,
And the God whom she taught me to serve and to love,
Has sent his kind angels to call me above."

Hope is the leading-string of youth, memory the staff of age.

A "Gentleman."

"Show me the man who can quit the brilliant society of the young to listen to the kindly voice of age—who can hold cheerful conversation with one whom years has deprived of charms—show me the man who is as willing to help the deformed who stands in need of help, as if the blush of Helen mantled on her cheek—show me the man who would no more look rudely at the poor girl in the village than at the elegant and well-dressed lady in the saloon—show me the man who treats unprotected maidenhood as he would the heiress, surrounded by the powerful protection of rank, richness and family—show me the man who abhors the libertine's gibe, who shuns as a blasphemer, the traducer of his mother's sex—who scorns as he would a coward the ridiculer of womanly foibles, or the exposor of womanly reputation—show me that man who never forgets for an instant the delicacy, the respect that is due to woman as woman in any condition or class—show me such a man, and you show me a gentleman—nay, you show me better, you show me a true Christian."—*Giles' Lectures.*

All Breeding.

All breeding, says the Abbe Bellegarde, is not a single defect, it is the result of many. It is sometimes a great ignorance of decorum, or a stupid indolence, which prevents us from giving to others what is due to them. It is a peevish malignity which inclines us to oppose the inclinations of those with whom we converse. It is the consequence of a foolish vanity which hath no complaisance for any other person; the effect of a proud and whimsical humour which soars above all the rules of civility; or, lastly, it is produced by a melancholy turn of mind which pampers itself with a rude and obdoling behaviour.—*Fielding.*

Pope, in his old age, said: "As much company as I have kept, and as much as I love it, I love reading better. I would rather be employed in reading, than in the most agreeable conversation."