

THE SICK CHILD.

"O, Mother, when will morning come?"

A weeping creature said:
As on a wo-worn, wither'd breast
It laid its little head.

"And when it does, I hope 'twill be
All pleasant, warm and bright,
And pay me for the many pangs
I've felt this weary night.

"O, mother, would you not, if rich,
Like the rector, or the squire,
Burn a bright candle all the night,
And make a nice, warm fire?
Oh I should be so glad to see
Their kind and cheerful glow!

Oh THEN I should not feel the night,
So very long, I know,

"Tis true you told me to your heart,
And kiss me when I cry—
And lift the cup unto my lip
When I complain I'm dry.
Across my shoulder your dear arm
All tenderly is press'd,
And often am I lull'd to sleep
By the throbbing of your breast.

"But, 'twould be comfort, would it not,
For you as well as me,
To have a light—to have a fire—
Perhaps—a cup of tea?
I often think I should be well
If these things were but so—
For, mother, I remember once
We had them—long ago.

"But you were not a widow then,
I not an orphan boy,
When father, (long ago) came home
'I us'd to jump for joy
I us'd to climb upon his knee,
And cling upon his neck,
And listen while he told us tales
Of his life and of wreck.

"I was not a bright fire THEN!
And such a many friends!
Where are they all gone, mother dear,
For no one to us sends?
I think if some of them would come
We might know comfort now,
Though of them all, not one could be
Like HIM I will allow."

"But he was sick and then his wounds
Would often give him pain,
So that I cannot bear to wish
Him with us once again.
You say that we shall go to him
In such a happy place—
I wish it was this very night
That I might see his face!"

The little murmurer's wish was heard,
Before the morning broke,
He slept the long and silent sleep,
From which he never woke;
Above the little pain-worm thing
The sailor's widow wept
And wonder'd how her lonely heart
In vital pulses kept.


But she liv'd on, though all bereft,
A toil-worn, heart-wrung slave:
And oft she came to weep upon
Her young boy's little grave
A corner of the poor-house ground
Contain'd his mould'ring clay,
And there the mourning mother wept
A Sabbath hour away.

And as she felt the dull decay
Through all her pulses creep,
She cried—"By his unconscious dust,
I'll soon be laid to sleep—
Then valor, patience, innocence,
Like visions will have past;
And the sailor, and his wife and child,
Will have found relief at last."

V A R I E T I E S.

LIFE—A BOOK.—We compare life to a book. You may smile at the simile, yet life may be likened to an intensely interesting volume. It is a great, a glorious book; of strange and thrilling incident, of varied and ever varying contents; of joy and love; of hope and despair; of light and shade, of misery—and the grave closes the contents.

There are golden passages in the book of life, and these are the sunny hours of childhood. The mind loves to rove through its flowery meads, and linger amid its fond enchantments. The syren hope sings in its sun-lit bowers, and all is light and redolent of bliss. We read with breathless interest—we take no heed of time—and weep when the chapter closes.

Next a tale of love enchants us; and we rove with frenzied interest through its deriding bowers of affection. What then is that love—what fond desires!  gloomy *finale* shows us, that

"Tis but a false, bewildering fire:
Too often love's insidious dart
Feeds the fond soul with sweet desire
But wounds the heart!"

Now we turn to the more sober expectations of friendship. The ardent flame of love has been quenched by the damps of disappointment, and the rational hopes of friendship absorb all our interest. But as we find too soon that the reality is far, very far below our fancied standard, that it is too often but a phantom, which flits away like "the baseless fabric of a vision."

"A sound which follows wealth and fame
But leaves the wretch to weep."

Then we open upon a new page, and here is manhood's busy story. And for a while we are lost in the cares, the business, and turmoils of life. But the page soon tires. It is a monotonous tale, and again we turn to the—but we can review the book in order; let us turn to the closing chapter.

And there what a sad collection of incidents meet the eye! Sickness—misery—a coffin—a winding sheet! The deep tones of the death-bell falling heavily on the ear, sound a solemn "Finitis"—and the lids are closed forever!

The Five Senses.—Perhaps hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting, and feeling, are not all our senses. A blind, deaf and dumb girl, of the name of Julia Brace, is in the Hartford asylum, the only blind, deaf, and dumb person known to us to be in the world, except one other single instance. Julia never makes a false step upon a flight of stairs or enters a wrong door, or mistakes her seat at the table, within the house she inhabits. She can copy raised letters accurately. She is instructed in needle-work, and takes great delight in it. Her simple wardrobe is systematically arranged. If an article is displaced by another person, she perceives it, and restores it. She selects her own garments without hesitation, from large baskets full of other clothing. What is the sense

by which she performs so many operations, which would seem to require the use of sight.—*Am. Paper.*

Delineation of Prejudice.—The following forcible and beautiful delineation of prejudice is ascribed to the celebrated Dr. Price:

"Prejudice may be compared to a misty morning in October. A man goes forth to an eminence, and he sees at the summit of a neighbouring hill a figure, apparently of gigantic stature—for such the imperfect medium through which he is viewed would make him appear. He goes forward a few steps, and the figure advances towards him. The size lessens as they approach. They draw still nearer, and the extraordinary appearance is gradually, but sensibly diminished; and at last they meet, and perhaps the person he had taken for a monster proves to be his own brother."

PRUDENCE.—Two friends happening to quarrel at a tavern, one of them insisted that the other should fight him next morning. The challenge was accepted on condition that they should breakfast together at the house of the person challenged, previous to their going to the field. When the challenger came in the morning, according to appointment, he found every preparation made for breakfast, and his friend with his wife and children ready to receive him. Their repast being ended, and the family withdrawn, without the least intimation of their proposal having transpired, the challenger asked the other if he was ready to attend? "No," said he "not till we are more on a par. that amiable woman, and those six lovely children, who just now breakfasted with us, depend, under Providence, on my life for subsistence; and till you can stake something equal, in my estimation, to the welfare of seven persons dearer to me than the apple of my eye, I cannot think we are equally matched." "We are not indeed!" replied the other, giving him his hand. They became firmer friends than ever.

God Defined.—Collins, the free-thinker, met a plain countryman going to church. He asked him where he was going? "To church, sir." "What do you do there?" "Worship God." "Pray whether is your God a great or a little God?" "He is both, sir." "How can he be both?" "He, is so great that the heavens of heavens cannot contain him, and so little that he can dwell in my heart." Collins declared that this simple answer of the countryman had more effect upon his mind, than all the volumes the learned doctors had written against him.

ECONOMY.—Some persons are ashamed of this virtue for a virtue it is, and the reverse of it, wastefulness, is a sin. Many are penurious, and they call it being economical; but a person may spend or give money liberally, and be withal very economical; true economy is to spend only what you can afford and that judiciously. Some people would sooner spend what they cannot afford, or use a little deception than say, I cannot afford the expence.