

converted her into their salaried servant by the munificent grant of £12 per annum! If the domestic liberality of these gentlemen bears any proportion to their corporate generosity, one would be curious to know after what rate they remunerate their maids-of-all-work and their shop-boys.

Sarah Martin lived for two years in the receipt of this memorable evidence of Corporation bounty. In the winter of 1842 her health began to fail, and it was with pain and difficulty that she continued, day by day, up to the 17th April, 1843, to visit the jail, "the home," she says, "of my first interest and pleasure."

From that day she was confined to her apartments by a painful disease, accompanied by extreme bodily weakness. But nothing could restrain the energy of her mind. In the seclusion of a solitary chamber, "apart from all that could disturb, and in a universe of calm repose and peace and love;" when, speaking of herself and her condition, she remarked, in words of singular beauty:

"I seem to ho
So near the heavenly portals bright,
I catch the streaming rays that fly
From eternity's own light;"

At such a time she resumed the exercise of a talent for the writing of sacred poetry, which had been early developed, and had even been occasionally exercised in the midst of the occupations of her busy life. A selection from her poems is the second of the books named at the head of this article. The publication is a kind, but, as we think, not altogether a wise one. The fact that Sarah Martin wrote such poetry is important in her biography. It is deeply interesting to know, that after some of the most exciting incidents of her life—the establishment of a fund for the relief of prisoners after liberation—the death of her grandmother, and that of the father of a lad whom she had reclaimed—an opposition or a success which she met with in the jail—she could retire to her chamber and pour out her heart in strains of Christian praise and gratitude.

It is, above all things, interesting to be told that this brave woman could cheer the sacred loneliness of her entrance into the dark valley of the shadow of death, with songs of victory and triumph.

The compositions here published not only prove all this, but they evidence the existence in the mind of their author of an unquestionable vein of real poetry. They exhibit some specimens of true poetic ore, and contain separate lines, and occasionally whole stanzas, which evidently came fresh from the mint of a strong mind and fervid heart. But her compositions have those defects which mark the imitative and unpractised artist. They are the poems of one whose time was devoted to the acting of poetry rather than to the writing of it; and it would have been better if the author of the clever memoir which is prefixed to the volume before us, had interwoven such facts and lines as are worthy of being remembered, with a complete biography, rather than have published the whole poems in a separate volume.

Sarah Martin struggled against disease for many months, suffering intense agony, which was partially relieved by opiates. A few minutes before her death, she begged for more of the opiate, to still the racking torture. The nurse told her that she believed the time of her departure had arrived. She clasped her hands together, and exclaimed, "Thank God! thank God!" and never spake more. This was on the 15th October, 1843. She was buried at Caister, by the side of her grandmother; and a tombstone in the churchyard bears a simple inscription, written by herself, which commemorates her death and age, but says not a word of her many virtues. The Yarmouth Corporation ought to erect a tablet to her memory; either in the jail, or in the chancel of the church of St. Nicholas, in which she taught her class of factory girls. Her service, and the debt of gratitude which the whole town owes to her, will not be forgotten, although no marble tell the tale: but such a monument, if erected by the Corporation, would relieve them from the suspicion that they were as ignorant of the moral worth, as they were of the money value, of such labours as Sarah Martin's. Since her death, the Corporation has been compelled to appoint both a jail-chaplain and a schoolmaster.

FASHIONABLE CHURCHES.

From New York Correspondent of National Era.

If numerous and elegant churches afford any evidences of superior godliness, New York may be justly regarded as a

city greatly abounding in grace. Costly temples are springing up in all directions. The different religious denominations are rivalling one another in church building; and the grand struggle appears to be, not so much which can be most faithful to their professed Lord and Master, as which can erect the most magnificent places of worship. Almost all the old, plain, and unpretending edifices, in which the pious citizens of the last generation prayed and dozed, have been torn down, and their places are now occupied by the stores and warehouses of the children of Mammon; whilst, up-town, in the fashionable *fruhourgs*, new churches, decorated inside and outside like the palaces of kings, open their gates to the genteel children of Zion.

These churches have their various degrees of respectability and gentility, just as the millinery establishments of Broadway and the Bowery have theirs. A fashionable lady would no more patronise one of your vulgar, plain, religious edifices, in a side street, than she would think of ordering a spring bonnet in Chelsea. "Dr. Smith is a very zealous preacher!" "O! as for his zeal, I don't know; but he is such a nice, genteel sort of a man: and his church is so very genteel—very fashionable, I assure you—quite select and exclusive!" "Do you still worship at Dr. Brown's church?" "O! dear me! no! It's rather vulgar, you know; and Mr. Jackson succeeded so well in Wall street last year, that we joined Dr. Muphine's church, up-town!" "And how do you like him?" "Well, the congregation's uncommon genteel, I declare. Why, the Thomsons, and the Johnsons, and the Murphys, and the Van Blivens, go there. O! it's none but the tip-top, I assure you!" And so, my dear friend, on every Sabbath, in this godly city, the genteel churches are well filled; silks and satins rustle bravely in the crowded aisles; in soft and sleepy tones, the rounded periods drop like honey from the lips of the oily preacher; and the fashionable congregation is as cold, as formal, and as dead, as worldly-mindedness can make it! Heaven pities, hell laughs, and the angels veil with their wings their saddened faces and their weeping eyes! Yes; enter one of these "uncommonly genteel" churches, where the members attempt to rival their fellow-men, not in faith, love, purity, and virtue, but in the splendour of the building in which they affect to worship, and in pretensions to fashion and exclusiveness, and you are at once struck with the cold, worldly, Pharisaic character of the whole scene. A commonplace, inflated harangue from the pulpit; a jingling hymn sung by a well-paid choir; a formal, heartless prayer; an eager interchange of compliments and recognitions, as the relieved congregation hurry through the vestibule, and the melancholy scene is over. The sons and daughters of Mammon, the votaries of fashion, go home to dinner, more satisfied with themselves, and farther from God than ever, without having heard anything to disturb or alarm the conscience, with sins unrebuked, follies unrepented, minds unenlightened, hearts as frozen, as far removed as ever from the purifying and ennobling influences of true religion.

HEIGHT AND WEIGHT OF MAN.

The average height of Europeans at birth is generally eighteen inches, female children being of less size in the proportion of four hundred and eighty to four hundred and sixty.

In each of the twelve years after birth, one twelfth is added to the stature each year. Between the ages of twelve and twenty, the growth of the body proceeds much more slowly; and between the ages of twenty and twenty-five, when the height of the body usually attains its maximum, it is still further diminished. This point being reached, it is found that the increase is about three and a quarter times greater than at the period of birth. In old age, the height of the body decreases on the average about three inches. In general, the height varies less in women of different countries than men.

There is a difference in the weight of the sexes, both at birth and infancy. The average weight of a male child is about seven pounds, and of a female child only about six and a half pounds. The weight of a new born infant decreases for the first three or four days after birth, and it does not sensibly commence to gain weight until it is a week old. At the end of the first year, the child is nearly three times as heavy as when it was born. At the age of seven years, it is twice as heavy as at the end of the