

Lord of Day! What a glorious figure should we make in the system! How the rest of the planets would gaze at us, and admire us as we swept by them, many of whom would undoubtedly be drawn to us by our united attraction, and so we should go on, increasing and increasing for ever.

'You are right,' said Mars. 'I have often thought of this. Let's see, there are nearly thirty of us in the zodiac, to say nothing of some five hundred more whom we hardly call members of the family, but who still pay allegiance to our great luminary, though they are exceedingly strange and eccentric in their deportment, and sometimes set us all in a shiver when they come blazing down upon us, and then suddenly whisk off to some distant part of the universe, and are not seen again for an hundred years. Setting, then, those unaccountable creatures, the comets, out of the account, there are about thirty of us, steady, uniform, well behaved planets, who sweep about in our circles with great regularity, yet entirely dissociated from one another, as though we were mortal enemies. Now there are some malicious planets in the firmament—fiery, malignant orbs, who do not acknowledge allegiance to our great luminary, and who often say to us, 'If you are really so harmonious as you pretend—governed by the same laws and subject to the same influence, and moving in the same direction, and making such wonderful music as poets sing of, why are you broken up into so many separate bodies, each with its separate interest, each setting up to be a world of itself, and looking askance at each other, and often running across each other's orbit, and pulling at one another as you do?' 'And really,' added Mars, 'I think there is some truth in it, and it is a great scandal, it is indeed madam, that such things should be said of us, whether true or not. We have a character to support, and we should pay a regard to our dignity. But, if we were once rolled up together into one magnificent world, what a sublime spectacle! and how much more becoming than to be running helter-skelter all over the sky!'

'I feel just as you do,' returned the Earth; 'and I propose that you and I set the example of union, and henceforth move on together through the firmament.' Mars appeared highly delighted with this proposal, and twinkled more brightly than ever. So he put himself in order and set out on a journey down to the Earth. But before he had got half way—for the Earth was only about two thirds as far from the Sun as he was—he found he was getting all out of order. His climate was entirely changed, and the blaze of the Sun became intolerable. The Sun's attraction, too, began to act with amazing power, being more than twice as great as before. The tides accordingly rose immensely higher, and rolled and dashed over their old boundaries, and he was really afraid he should not hold himself together, or keep a spark of life in existence till he could reach this terrible orb. He finished his journey at last, breathless, panting, and almost frightened out of his wits. But when he got here the matter was still worse. He found the Earth flying at an intolerably rapid rate, moving just about twice as fast as he had been accustomed to do himself. He could hardly keep his breath, so swift did the Earth drag him pell-mell through the void. Every tree and shrub and living creature on the surface was thrown prostrate, as if the besom of desolation had swept over him in an instant. On the other hand, the Earth tugged and groaned under her load. She had never before relaxed her equal flight for an instant, since she first started on her course. But she now had the world accustomed to a motion that scarcely half equalled her own to drag on. Her own velocity was arrested, and every thing loose upon her began to fly off from the surface. Confusion and consternation reigned every where. Moreover, as her velocity was arrested, her centrifugal force greatly diminished and, there being nothing left to counteract the Sun's attraction, nothing evidently remained for our two luckless orbs but to be drawn with constantly increasing momentum into the Sun's blaze, and their burn up as the price of their folly.

The cold sweat stood upon my brow as I saw the dreadful catastrophe approaching, that would blot out two of the brightest orbs of the skies, with all their millions of inhabi-

tants. But another glance into the firmament showed me that this was all a phantom of my own imagination. There was Mars, a little speck, fifty millions of miles off, rolling securely in his own sphere, and shedding his beautiful light all over the heavens. The Moon was walking in her brightness, and the Earth was pursuing her peaceful career through the center of the zodiac, each apparently well satisfied that the station it occupied was that in which it could best subserve the high purposes of its creation.

I thought of Christian denominations, and I asked myself whether these could not as well declare the glory of God, though in separate bodies like the orbs of Heaven, and moving harmoniously, some with a swifter, some with a slower motion, yet each in its own sphere, and according to the same laws and all circling around the same great Source of light and centre of heavenly influence, and, like the heavenly bodies, making sweet music as they roll, in the ear of the universe, and like them.—

For ever singing as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine.'

The Eglantine.

FEMALE BEAUTY IN FRANCE.

Although female beauty is not common in France, when it is found, it is usually of a very high order. The sweet, cherub-like, guileless expression that belongs to the English female face, and through it to the American, is hardly ever, perhaps never, met with here. The French countenance seldom conveys the idea of extreme, infantile innocence. Even in the children there is a manner which, while it does not absolutely convey an impression of an absence of the virtues, I think leaves less conviction of its belonging to the soul of the being than the peculiar look I mean. One always sees woman modest, amiable, spiritual feminine, and attractive, if you will, in a French girl; while one sometimes sees a young angel in a young English or American face. I have no allusion now to religious education, or to religious feeling which are quite as general in the sex, particularly the young of good families, under the characteristic distinctions, here, as any where else. In this particular the great difference is that, in America it is religion, and in France it is infidelity, that is metaphysical.

There is a coquettish prettiness that is quite common in France, in which air and manner are mingled with a certain sauciness of expression that it is not easily described, but which, while it blends well enough with the style of the face, is rather pleasing than captivating. It marks the peculiar beauty of the grisette who, with her little cap, hand stuck in the pockets of her apron, mincing walk, coquettish eye, and well balanced head, is a creature perfectly sui generis. Such a girl is more like an actress imitating the character than one is apt to imagine the character itself. I have met with imitators of these roguish beauties in a higher station, such as the wives and daughters of the industrious classes, as it is the fashion to call them here, and even among the banking community; but never among women of condition, whose deportment in France, whatever may be their moral, is usually marked by gentility of air and a perfectly good manner, always excepting that small taint of rancour to which I have already alluded, and which certainly must have come from the camp and emigration.

The highest style of the French beauty is the classical. I cannot recal a more lovely picture, a finer union of the grand and feminine than the Dutchess de—in full dress, at a carnival ball, where she shone peerless among hundreds of the elite of Europe. I see her now, with her small, well-seated head: her large, dark brilliant eye riveted on the mazes of a Pologneise dance in character; her hair, black as the raven's wing, clustering over a brow of ivory; her graceful form slightly inclining forward in delighted and graceful attention; her features just Grecian enough to be a model of delicate beauty, just Roman enough to be noble; her color heightened to that of youth by the heat of the room and her costume, in which all the art of Paris was blended with a critical knowledge of the just and the becoming. And yet this woman was a grandmother!

—Cooper's *Gleanings*.

WHAT IS LIFE?

What is life? I asked the deist—the man who has creatures without a Creator, and a scale of being without a God at its head—who can watch the rolling sun, the changing sky, and revolving seasons—listen to the tones of the ocean and voices of the winds without seeing or hearing any thing of the Almighty—who reads, on Nature's ample page, of every thing but Jehovah—I asked him, "What is Life?" He passed me by and answered not.

I asked the infidel—the man who, while he believes in a God, denies the divine authenticity of Christianity, spurning it contemptuously, and trampling it in the dust—to whom the promises are nothing, hell a phantom, and heaven an idle dream; I asked him, "What is Life?" In silence he moved on and made no reply.

I asked the boasting philosopher—the man who had spent all his days in the quiet cell without the enjoyments of society or the companionship of friends—who had offered up his health, happiness, and usefulness as a free gift to the source of wisdom; I asked him, "What is Life?" but he heard me not.

And can it be possible, asked I, that these individuals know not "what is life?" Have they found other pearls of knowledge and never discovered this? So far as respects this, have all their investigations been in vain?

I sat down in despair. I asked myself, "What is life?" but obtained no reply. Was there no other source to which I might make successful application? I gave vent to the feelings of my heart. I mourned and wept that there was none among the learned of earth to solve for me this mystery—this enigma.

A form approached me. Lovely was her appearance, light her step, and sweet her voice. She was not gaudy, but plain in her dress—not ostentatious, but simple and free in her manners. I examined her features, but could detect no resemblance to the daughters of earth. Her voice was not theirs.

"Fairest one," said I, "where is thy home?"

She smiled, and pointed to the skies. "There," replied, she, "there it is. From it I have just come; to it I shall soon go."

"Hail, angelic visitant! Welcome is thy visit to earth. Peace and happiness shall follow thy footsteps. Beneath thy smile the desert shall gladden. 'Thorns and briers' sown by the fall shalt thou eradicate, and on every side roses shall bloom."

"Thou hast asked, 'What is life?' I can tell thee. With me dwells wisdom. Wilt thou hear?"

"Gladly."

"Life is the gift of God. It is a state of moral discipline—a condition of trial in which the soul is fitted for a higher and nobler sphere. 'Tis the morning of a day that shall never terminate. Death may obscure its light for a time; but it will shine out with renewed lustre. Thou art born for eternity. Immortality is thy birthright—thy richest portion. Life! Begun in time—perpetuated forever."

"I am to exist forever! My life is never to be annihilated. I am beyond the power of destruction! Oh, pleasing news! Oh, delightful intelligence!"

"It is so, it is so. Thy body, which is *thine*, but not, thyself, will decay; but that which constitutes thy identity; which makes *thee*, will never, never die."

"Away, my fears."

"Be no more anxious. Thou assuredly shalt never know the power of annihilation."

The form vanished. The lute-like tones died away upon my ear, but left their influence upon my heart. There it still lives, and will continue to live. I now feel the value of life. I see its importance. I have been instructed in its worth. Henceforth, it shall be my main concern to improve it to the glory of the author.

Camilla.

A young wife remonstrated with her husband, a dissipated spendthrift, on his conduct. "My love," said he, "I'm only like the prodigal son. I shall reform by-and-by." "And I will be like the prodigal son, too," she replied, "for I will arise and go unto my father," and accordingly off she went.