

then, ashamed and confounded before all the heavenly creation. Weeping, she cried, "Have pity, Father of beings! have pity!"

Then stood an angel of God before the disconsolate mourner, and spoke to her the words of holy destiny: "Because thou hast envied the light of the Sun, oh thou most miserable! thou shalt in future shine only by his light; and when yonder earth steps before thee, thou shalt be, as now, half or wholly darkened. Yet, child of error, weep not; the Merciful hath forgiven thy fault, and hath turned it even to good. 'Go,' said He, 'speak consolingly to the repentant; let her also in her radiance be queen. The tears of her repentance shall be a balsam to quicken all that languish, and to endow with new strength all that have fainted beneath the rays of the Sun.'

Comforted turned Luna away; when behold! there suddenly encircled her the same glory in which even now she glitters; and she entered upon the silent course in which she still moves on, the queen of night and leader of the stars. Bemoaning her guilt, and sympathizing with every tear, she ever seeks whom she may console.

Daughter of Beauty! beware of envy. Envy hath hurled an angel from heaven; it hath darkened the loveliest form of night—even the beautiful Moon!

The Child of Mercy.

WHEN the Almighty would create Mankind, He called His chief angels to counsel around Him.

"Create him not!" said the angel of Justice; "he will be unjust toward his brethrer, and with those that are weak will he deal harshly and cruelly."

"Create him not!" said the angel of Peace; "he will drench the earth with human blood, and the first-born of his race will become a fratricide."

"He will profane Thy Holiness with falsehood," exclaimed the angel of Truth, "even though Thou shouldst enstamp Thine own image—the seal of truth—upon his forehead."

While they were yet speaking, Mercy, the youngest—the dearest child of the Eternal Father, approached His throne, and clasped His knees: "Create him!" cried she; "create him, Father! an image of Thyself—a cherished object of Thy goodness. When all thy servants have forsaken him, then will I seek him, and will stand fondly by him, and will turn even his faults to good. His frail heart will I fill with compassion, and will incline it to commiserate the weaker. When he wanders from Peace and Truth—when he offends against Justice and Equity, then shall even the consequences of his error lead him back, chastened and improved."

The Father of the human race created Man—a frail and erring creature; but even in his faults a favorite of His goodness—a son of Mercy—a son of that Love which can never forsake him, but which ever seeks to make him better.

Remember thy origin, oh Man! when thou art cruel and unjust. Of all the Divine attributes, Mercy alone chose to call thee into being, and hath through life extended to thee only the love and compassion of the maternal breast.

Energy and Mind.

ENERGY is every thing. How mean a thing is man with little motive power! All the abilities nature has given him lie useless, like a great and mighty machine, ready at every point for useful action, but not a wheel turns for want of a starting power! A great man is like a great machine. He has a great power to set in motion the varied and immense projects which he has in his hand; little motives can neither start nor stop him; they may set in full play the powers of an ordinary man, and render him a respectable, nay, even a beautiful piece of mechanism, but never a magnificent one.

Yet there is one point which lifts man supremely above the machine. By the working of his own mind he can improve and exalt himself; by directing his eye to what is great and good, he may become so. If, then, we can become what we wish to be, what high objects should we aim at, and what resolute and energetic efforts should we be ever making to attain them!

Emma Eastwood.

For the Calliopean.

LIKE many, whose natural dispositions are unpurified and unrefined by the blessed influence of divine grace, Emma Eastwood gave herself many unhappy hours, and not unfrequently much pain to kind friends, by manifesting, on the slightest occasions, a hasty and inconsiderate temper, although the very reverse of that, which, with affectionate tenderness, they besought her to cultivate.

Emma was passionately fond of flowers; and in the beautiful spot where stood her father's cottage, she had ample opportunity for cultivating them. Accordingly her leisure hours were frequently devoted to her favorites, as she termed them. And yet, so little was she benefited by the bright example of such gentle companions, that at every trifling provocation she would get angry with brothers, sisters and playmates; and by her unkind treatment, soon dissipate from every little face its happy smiles.

One bright autumnal day, Emma was taking her accustomed walk among the flowers, of which but few now remained, for the chilling frosts of November had scattered their leaves. From among those which still lingered, like well-tried friends, she selected a bouquet of violets, for her mother. As Mrs. Eastwood received it from her hand, tears gathered in her eyes—"Emma," said she "you will be able to gather me but few flowers more." "Yes, dear mamma," she replied, "the cruel frost has almost destroyed them. How lonely we shall be without them through the long dreary winter." On looking up Emma beheld her mother's eyes filled with tears, resting upon her,—at the sight of which her kindest and most tender feelings (for Emma had an affectionate heart,) were aroused, and she anxiously enquired the cause of her mother's grief.

"Nothing unusual has occurred, my child," said her mother; "I was only thinking, were you, my dear Emma, more like these gentle flowers we love so well, how little would I lament their absence—blessed with the presence of a child as lovely in mind and disposition as they. Yes, Emma, many a happy lesson might you learn from these little violets. They spring up—grow—and are sustained by the same Almighty Power, upon whom we too are dependant. Do you ever think of this? Their earliest perfume and sweetest fragrance ascend to him as grateful tributes of praise. They are beautiful. Yet how modest and unassuming—how free from every thing like vanity. Meekly and submissively they bend before the wild blast, and kindly meet the gentle zephyr. Forgivingly they smile upon the storm—always the same, whether in sunshine or shade—loved and lovely. Such, my dear child, may you become, if, from your kind heavenly Father, you seek grace to imitate the flowers."

Emma's heart was too full for reply; but her mother's kind words and tearful eye were not soon forgotten. From that hour she strove to subdue her evil temper; and, assisted by ever ready and indulgent friends, she in a short time proved most successful. All noticed the delightful change. Her brothers and sisters loved her more; for now, when any of them came to her about their work or play, instead of a selfish, peevish answer, pleasing smiles and kind words were their happy welcome.

Many years have passed, and many changes taken place, since the time to which I have alluded. From trials and sorrows, to which all are exposed, Emma has not been exempted. A dearly loved father, and that kind mother, to whose precepts she is so much indebted, have been laid in the cold grave. One by one, have the friends of her youth passed away. She has felt the cruel breath of misfortune and adversity. But through all, like the gentle flowers, you always find her the same. Her heart ascending trustingly and in gratitude to God, bends submissively to his will. Gentle words, kind deeds, and thoughts of love, like the fragrance of beautiful flowers, herald her approach—and she trusts, that when removed by death from this, the place of her pilgrimage, she shall be transplanted to a clime of perpetual bloom.

My little sisters, for you have I written the story of Emma. Happy are you, if the admonitions and counsels of a kind and tender mother direct you in the path of duty; and thrice happy will you be, if, by attention to her precepts, in goodness of heart and amiability of disposition, you emulate the flowers.

CLEORE.

Port Dover, November, 1847.