

garden that hath no water, and as a wandering bird cast out of the nest—in that day of trouble, and of treading down, and perplexity, the noise of viols, the mirth of the tabret, and the joy of the harp, are silent in the grave. Blessed is the man who, when cast into this utter wretchedness, far away from all creatures and from all comfort, can yet be willing, amidst all his tears and anguish, there to remain as long as God shall please.—*British Quarterly.*

PIETY.—When we speak of piety, says Dr. Spring, we mean something more than a name. By piety, we mean the religion of principle, in distinction from the religion of impulse; a spiritual religion, in distinction from a religion of forms; a religion of which the Spirit of God, and not the wisdom, or the will of man, is the author; a self-denying, and not a self-indulgent religion; a religion that has a heavenward, and not an earthly tendency; a practical religion in opposition to the abstractions of theory; a religion that is so full of Christ, that he is at the basis of all its duties and hopes, its centre, its living head, and its glory.

RESOLUTIONS FORMED UNDER ANGRY FEELINGS.—Never do any thing that can denote an angry mind; for although every body is born with a certain degree of passion, and from untoward circumstances will sometimes feel its operation, and be what they call “out of humor,” yet a sensible man or woman will never allow it to be discovered. Check and restrain it: never make any determination until you find it entirely subsided; and always avoid saying any thing that you would afterwards wish unsaid.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.—Six things, says Hamilton, are requisite to create a “happy home.” Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, and light up with cheerfulness; and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while over all as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.

Poetry.

ETERNITY.

Eternity! Eternity!
How long thou art, Eternity!
Yet onward still to thee we speed
As to the fight th’ impatient steed,
As ships to port, or shaft from bow,
Or swift as couriers homeward go:
Mark well, O man, Eternity.

Eternity! Eternity!
How long thou art, Eternity!
A ring whose orbit still extends,
And ne’er beginning, never ends;
“Always” thy centre, ring immense!
And “never” thy circumference:
Mark well, O man, Eternity.

Eternity! Eternity!
How long thou art, Eternity!
Came there a bird each thousandth year
One sand-grain from the hills to bear,
When all had vanished grain by grain,
Eternity would still remain:
MARK WELL, O MAN, ETERNITY.

WÜLFER.