

A LETTER.—Every incident about a letter has something connected with the past, the future, the unseen, the unknown; things the most simple and natural, that touch the tenderest, the sweetest sympathies of our common souls; and things the most awful, mysterious, and sublime, which awaken "the thoughts that travel thro' eternity," the "feelings that lie too deep for tears."

To a letter belong,—taking it under the most usual circumstances which give birth to documents of this kind—a name, a place, an occasion, and a date. What is the name? That by which an insulated individual (the writer) was known on earth from all his contemporaries; and that by which (speaking after the manner of men) he will be summoned to appear at the bar of God, in the day of judgement, to give an account of the deeds done in the body. What is the place? The locality, where he dwelt for a season, where generations had died before, and generations will live after him, to the end of time. What is the occasion? One of those daily occurrences, the things that happen to all, of which, in the bulk, we think almost nothing, but which, to each in turn, when the particular application falls upon himself, his family, his friends, his countrymen, or any class of persons to whom he is affectionally allied, or generously attached, may be of more pressing importance while it lasts, than anything else in the world. What is the date? A visible memorial of one of the days of the years of man on the earth, perhaps the only existing register of that particular day, which came in its course, and went, when its errand was accomplished, whether all the days, and years, and ages of time, depart in peace, to await the arrival of that day when its account must be given in before the tribunal of the judge of quick and dead.

The date of which an undistinguished day is also a visible memorial of that happened within the course of its twenty-four hours, to every living man, including whatever he did, or said, or thought, or felt, or suffered. It is more than this; it is a memorial of all that was enjoyed in heaven, endured in hell, or transacted throughout the whole universe of God, in providence, and in his grace, by Himself or by his creatures; and it is the memorial of a day, which has left upon every day that has succeeded, or shall follow it to the end, eternal influences, which however unappreciably small or great to finite minds, are yet distinctly estimated by Him, to whom all things are known in their beginning, connexions, and issues.

This may be deemed revelation and hallucination by "economists and calculators," who busy themselves wholly with things present and passing, but that man has within him powers and faculties unawakened and unapprehended, who cannot thus, by association, connect himself with all created beings and intelligences, especially those of his own species, of whom he can gain any knowledge by research on earth, or revelation from heaven; through all the things that are seen, discerning the signs and traces of things that are not seen, feeling, meaning, that the dignity and value of the former must be precisely in proportion to the relationship which they bear to the latter; for the things which are seen are temporal, the things which are not seen are eternal.—*J. Montgomerie.*

THE LILAC.—The common lilac was, lately, thought to be exclusively a native of Persia, but within the last few years, it has been found by Dr. Barton in Transylvania. The blue and the white varieties were cultivated by Gerard and Parkinson, in 1597, under the name of the Blue Pipe and White Pipe; and, apparently, confounded with *Philadelphus*, which was also called Pipe Tree. The first time the lilac was made known to European botanists was by a plant brought from Constantinople to Vienna by the ambassador Busbequius, toward the end of the sixteenth century. From the plant being very showy, of the easiest culture, and extremely hardy, it soon spread rapidly throughout the gardens of Europe. In some parts of Britain and various parts of Germany, it is mixed with other shrubs, or planted alone, to form garden-hedges; and, as a proof of its hardiness, we may mention that there are hedges of it by the road sides in the neighbourhood of Ulm and Augsburg, in the elevated, and consequently cold, region of Bavaria.—*Arboretum Britannicum.*

For the Pearl.

ELEGY.

On the death of KING WILLIAM the Fourth
of Great Britain.

Oh Britain! again thou art summoned to mourning,
For now thy Fourth William death's victim doth lie;
The garments of conquest, and royalty scorning,
The victor exclaimeth "thou also must die!"

'Tis mournful to tell of our Kings as departed,
Their virtues and splendors thus shrouded in gloom;
It distresses the sons of the brave and true hearted,
To see England's princes go down to the tomb.

The great house of Brunswick, contributes a number
To tread the deep valley of sombre death-shade;
Admonishing mortals, in voice as of thunder
To watch and prepare for the home of the dead.

Our generous, and brave, and right-naval monarch,
His mandate can rule us no more, for at last
He's gone to the bed of his fathers with honour;
And with ripeness of days he descends to the past.

But yet he's immortal, we trust that he liveth!
That the prayers of the righteous for him have prevailed;
That he's gone to the throne which no heritor leaveth,
To the crown which no changes have ever assailed.

While the voice of his flock, the voices of millions,
Cries, "rest thou in peace" in the tomb of the brave;
And the Willows and Cypress, weep over our William,
May kind Heaven, that flock our much loved country save!

Oh great Kings of Kings; our late sovereigns elector,
Remember our need and look down from thy throne;
Remember our nation! still be her protection,
And pardon her error, and keep her thine own!

Oh still let her live, as the land that thou lovest;
And carest for, while the sun soars and declines;
The men of her counsel be those thou approvest,
Men after thine own heart, the strength of our times.

Remember we pray thee, thou fountain of honour,
The Virgin our Queen from the throne of thy love;
May thy choicest of blessings be shower'd upon her,
On her let thy favor descend from above.

As our Hephzibah, Lord delight in her for ever—
Let her live in thy sight, and lengthen her days;
And in them make peace to flow down as a river,
And justice abound as the waves of the seas.

Like Esther, may she be intrepid in saving
The people of God from their subtlest foes:
And smite thro' the proud, whose vice is depraving
The home of our sires, where true liberty grows.

Oh counsel her counsellors, let them be gifted
With wisdom, who sit on the senator's form:
Make her officers peace, and be they uplifted
By righteousness all, and their country adorn.

Let mercy and truth, at her glad coronation
Descend, and embrace, and remain in her court;
Her cities make praise, and her bulwarks salvation.
Jehovah's Salvation be ever our fort!

Thy word may she study,—and may it enlighten
With wisdom her judgement, with prudence her way;
And year after year, may her annals still brighten
With bloodless achievements, which fame shall display.

The Kingdom,—the Queen of thy gracious election,—
The Church, with her banner of meekness and truth
We humbly commend to thy mighty protection
As the dew from the womb of the morn be her youth.

Long, Long, may she live by thy highest permission
And rule in the land of the brave and the free,
Thy people and heritage henceforth enriching
At home and afar, on the land or the sea.

And may the queen dowager, great William's consort
Have comfort of heaven, and live and be blest;
By viewing thy people continually prospered
While growing in meekness for heavenly rest.

England! loved England! awake to thy duty!
Wise!—thy best counsellors love and obey!
Thou shalt thou be seen most transcendent in beauty,
Shining in brightness, never doomed to decay.

THE GLORY OF CHRIST APPARENT EVEN IN HIS HUMILIATION.

His birth was lowly, but it was celebrated with Hallelujahs by the heavenly host in the air above; he had a poor lodging; but a star-lighted visitants to it from distant countries. Never prince had such visitants so conducted. He had not the magnificent equipage that other kings have, but he was attended with multitudes of patients, seeking and obtaining healing of soul and body; that was more true greatness, than if he had been attended with crowds of princes; he made the dumb who attended him to sing his praises, and the lame to leap for joy, the deaf to hear his wonders, and the blind to see his glory: he had no guard of soldiers, nor magnificent retinue of servants; but as the centurion who had both, acknowledged, health and sickness, life and death, took orders from him. Even the winds and storms which no earthly power can controul, obeyed him; and death and the grave durst not refuse to deliver up their prey when he demanded it. He did not walk upon tapestry; but when he walked on the sea, the waters supported him; all parts of the creation, excepting sinful men, honored him as their Creator; he kept no treasure, but when he had occasion for money, the sea sent it to him in the mouth of a fish; he had no barns nor corn-fields, but when he was inclined to make a feast, a few loaves covered a sufficient table for many thousands. None of all the monarchs of the world ever gave such an entertainment.

By these, and many such things, the Redeemer's glory shone through his humiliation, in the several parts of his life. Nor was it wholly clouded at his death; he had not, indeed, that fantastic equipage of sorrow that other great persons have on such occasion. But the frame of nature solemnized the death of its Author; heaven and earth were mourners; the sun was clad in sackcloth; and if the inhabitants of the earth were unmoved, the earth itself trembled under the awful load; there were few to pay the Jewish compliment of rending their garments, but the rocks were not so insensible; they rent their howels; he had not a grave of his own, but other men's graves opened to him. Death and the grave might be proud of such a tenant in their territories: but he came not there as a subject, but as an invader, and a conqueror: it was then the king of terrors lost his sting; and on the third day the Prince of Life triumphed over him, spoiling death and the grave.

CELEBRITY OF CRIMINALS.—It has often been a matter of serious consideration to me, how much the natural love of distinction in man must be flattered by the sudden celebrity to which even the worst criminal stands forth, who is eminent for nothing but the greatness of his crime. He has perhaps lived a life of obscurity and want, till by some hideous act of atrocity he becomes the temporary hero of the day. Every newspaper is then thought insipid that has not a column devoted to him; his most trifling actions become objects of intense and universal interest; we are told how he eats, and drinks, and talks, and sleeps. He is visited by the most eminent Christians; he is assured of the certainty of future blessedness. When the day of execution arrives, crowds assemble to witness his conduct and to admire his heroism. The sympathy of thousands is excited,—all gaze in breathless expectation to hear the least sound of his voice, and he dies like a martyr rather than a criminal.

There is a degree of vanity in our nature which the approach of death can scarcely overpower; and if there be a temptation to hypocrisy, or an occasion when hypocrisy is dangerous to the salvation of all, it is on such occasions as these, when a multitude beholds the greatest of criminals almost canonized as a saint;—the least relic of him is carefully treasured,—the very rope on which he was suspended becomes an object of inestimable value; and we saw, on a late occasion, that when the offender became sufficiently notorious, he was finally represented on the stage. Consider how many hundreds are longing for celebrity; how willingly men will sacrifice their lives for fame, and that a few would rather be thus known for their crimes, than not known at all.—*SINCLAIR'S Modern Ac-*