

tion and reproduction goes on in an unbroken circle from age to age, in the deep silence of those still deeper waters where the power of man is neither felt nor feared!

"What a wonder, too, is that line of phosphoric light, which, in the darkest night, streams along 'the way of a ship in the midst of the sea!' What is it that gives out this fire, which, like that of love, 'many waters cannot quench, neither can the floods drown it?' Theorists may speculate, naturalists may examine, chemists may analyze; but none of them can explain; and all agree in this, that it is a wonder, a mystery, a marvel. A light that only motion kindles! a fire that burns nothing! a fire, too, seen, not in a bush on Horeb, which is not burned, but in the deep waters of the ocean that cannot be! Is not this a wonder!

"And, if that path of light is a wonder, which streams back from the rudder of a ship, is not that ship itself a wonder? That a fabric so gigantic as a first rate ship, of traffic or of war, framed of ponderous timbers, compacted with bolts and bands of still more ponderous iron, holding in its bosom masses of merchandise, under whose weight strong cars have groaned and paved streets trembled, or bearing on its decks hosts of armed men, with the thundering armament of a nation—that a fabric thus framed and thus freighted, should float in a fluid, into which, if a man fall, he sinks and is lost, is in itself a wonder. But that such a fabric should traverse oceans, struggling on amid the strife of seas and storms, that it should hold on its way like 'a thing of life,' nay, like a thing of intellect, a being endued with courage, and stimulated by a high purpose, a traveller that has seen the end of his voyage from the beginning, that goes forth upon it without fear, and, competes it as with the feeling of a triumph, is, as it seems to me, a greater wonder still. Let me ask you to stand, as you perhaps have stood, upon the deck of such a ship,

'In the dead waste and middle of the night,'

now in the strong light of the moon, as it looks down upon you between the swelling sails, or now in the deep shadow that the sails throw over you. Hear the majestic thing that bears you, breasting and breaking through the waves that oppose themselves to her march! She is moving on alone, on the top of the world, and through the dread solitude of the sea. Nothing is heard, save, perhaps, the falling back of a wave, that has been showing its white crest to the moon, or, as your ship is plowing her way, the rushing of the water along her sides. Yet she seems to care for all that she contains, and to watch, while they sleep as sweetly in her bosom as in their own beds at home: and though she sees no convoy to guard her, and no torch-bearer to light her on, she seems as conscious that she is safe, as she is confident that she is going right. Is not all this a wonder?"

### THE MINES.

"There's danger in the mines, old man," I asked of an aged miner, who, with his arms bent, leaned against the side of the immense vault absorbed in meditation—"it must be a fearful life."

The old man looked at me with a steadfast, but somewhat vacant stare, and then in half-broken sentences he uttered, "Danger—where is there not—on the earth or beneath it—in the mountain or in the valley—on the ocean or in the quiet of nature's most hidden spot—where is there not danger?—where has not death left some token of his presence?"—"True," I replied, "but the vicissitudes of life are various; the sailor seeks his living on the waters, and he knows each moment that they may engulf him—the hunter seeks death in the wild woods—and the soldier in the battle field—and the miner knows not but the spot where he now stands to-morrow may be his tomb."—"It is so, indeed," replied the old man—"we find death in the means we seek to perpetuate life—'tis a strange riddle—who shall solve it?"

"Have you long followed this occupation?" I asked, somewhat struck with the old man's manner.

"From a boy—I drew my first breath in the mines—I shall yield it up in their gloom."

"You have seen some of those vicissitudes," said I, "to which you have just now alluded?"

"Yes," he replied, with a faltering voice, "I have. There was a time that three tall boys looked up to me and called me father. They were sturdy striplings! Now it seems but yesterday they stood before me so proud in their strength—and I filled too with a father's vanity. But the Lord chasteneth the proud heart. Where are they now? I saw the youngest—he was the dearest of the flock—his mother's spirit seemed to have settled on him—crushed at my feet a bleeding mass. We were together—so near that his hot blood sprang into my face. Molten lead had been less lasting than those fearful drops. One moment and his light laugh was in my ears; the next, and the large mass came—there was no cry—no look of terror—but the transition to eternity was as the lightning's flash—and my poor boy lay crushed beneath the fearful load. It was an awful moment—but time that changeth all things brought relief—and I still had sons. But my cup of affliction was not yet full. They too were taken from me. Side by side they died—not as their brother—but the fire-damp caught their breath, and left them scorched and lifeless. They brought them home to the old man—his fair jewels—than whom earth's richest treasures in his sight had no price—and told

him he was childless and alone. It is a strange decree that the old plant should thus survive the stripling things it shaded, and for whom it would have died a thousand times. Is it surprising that I should wish to die here in the mines?"—"You have, indeed," I replied, "drank of affliction. Whence did you derive consolation?"

The old man looked up—"from Heaven—God gave and he hath taken away—blessed be his name." I bowed my head to the miner's pious prayer—and the old man passed on.

Cardiff Chronicle.

From Tait's Magazine.

### THE WATER LILY.

Beauteous flower, whose pure blossom rears  
Upon the bosom of the scarce moved stream!  
Queen of the lake and dark-blue river!  
Mirror'd in the waters, I see thy form,  
That now attracts my earnest gaze.  
Oft as the evening breeze breathes o'er  
Thy resting place, thy silver chalice rises  
Upon the bosom of the mimic wave—  
Emblem of purity! When morning breaks,  
From 'neath the wat'ry couch thou risest,  
To meet the orient brow. At eve,  
When sinks the sun amid the ocean isles,  
Thy petals close upon that rich fragrance  
That deeply dwells within thy golden breast.  
Some say thou'rt void of sweetest perfume—  
Indeed they wrong thee, water lily!  
Those who seek thy fragrance to enjoy,  
Must kiss thy lips at evening tide,  
When glittering pearl-drops lie within  
Thy cup—the summer shower just past away:  
'Tis then thy perfume sweetest smells,  
Mellifluous. I oft have seen thee  
Floating queen-like upon the shaded stream,  
Where mortal hand could scarce disturb thee  
And, as I looked, fancy would depict  
Some sylph-like form within thy bosom  
Nestling. I would think it was the abode  
Of fairy beings, such as oft we heard of  
In childhood's cloudless days.  
Alas! no more upon the meadows gay  
Those lightsome forms, beneath the mushroom shade,  
Do sport the moon-lit night away.  
Banished, perchance, to lonely glades,  
Ye seek the varied course of silent streams—  
Chiefest where glow, in summer time,  
The beds of beauteous water lilies.  
There in safety ye may rest,  
Within your silbaster bark,  
And float secure upon the wavelet's breast.

### THE GENUS 'BORE.'

—'Oh, he's as tedious  
As in a tired horse, a railing wife;  
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live  
With cheese and garlick, in a windmill, far,  
Than feed on cakes, and have him talk to me,  
In any summer-house in Christendom.'

SHAKESPEARE.

The good and the bad things of earth are strangely mingled together, and you cannot have either separately. Agreeable friends are blessings; but one cannot form acquaintances, without contracting some sort of alliances with those who are especially disagreeable. For what purposes bores were created, it would be difficult to determine; perhaps, to teach us patience and forbearance. It certainly requires as much patience to remain cool under the inflictions of dulness, as for any thing else in life; and to be able to forbear, when you feel tempted to kick stupidity out of your presence, is a virtue indeed.

There are two leading classes of bores—the garrulous and the taciturn. Heaven help you, when you are victimized by one of the first class! He deluges you with words. He inflicts all the scandal and news upon you, while you look like Resignation hugging a whipping-post. You feel irritated awhile, and then sick. He has tongue enough for both, and only requires that you resolve yourself into a horrible deformity, by becoming all ear. You gape, and show symptoms of sleep. He doesn't care; you may sleep, or dislocate your jaws, as you please. He is one of the emissaries of fate, sent on earth to punish, and he means to fulfil the purpose of his destiny. There is no getting clear of his noise; and you may as well be as complacent as you can, and regard his tongue as the scourge which inflicts chastisement for past sin.

Again, a taciturn bore drops into your presence. You talk first on one subject and then on some other; but instead of showing interest, he looks as if his leaden eyelid would fall in spite of your efforts. You think the fellow a fool; and can scarcely resist the propensity to enlighten him in regard to himself, by telling him so. You look 'unutterable things' at him; but you cannot stir him up. Your heart sinks within you, and for a moment you look the model of a statue of despair. You ask him to read the morning paper, but he is tired to death of politics. You offer him a book, and he fumbles it listlessly for a moment, and puts it down. Your agony becomes excruciating; your friend looks like the impersonation of the night-mare, and he clings to you, as the old man of the sea clung to Sinbad.

The present is the age of bores. No skill can avoid them. Like the enemy of your soul's salvation, they go about seeking whose peace they may destroy. They infest every society, and their

name is Legion. If you were to seek a cave in some far-off mountain, they would find you out; or if, in despair, you should drown yourself, in the sea, the ghost of some bore would be sure to rise with yours from the waters, and torture your shade on its way to 'kingdom come.' Whether you sit down, lie down, read, write, or reflect you must be annoyed by the presentiment of bores and coming evils. Your apprehensions are ceaseless, and you momentarily expect the Philistines will be upon you—Philistines who wield the weapon which was fatal to their ancestors of old.

### THE YOUNG BRIDE.

Observe that slow and solemn tread, when the young bride takes her wedded one by the arm, and with downcast looks, and a heavy heart, turns her face from "sweet home," and all its associations, which have for years been growing and brightening, and entwining so closely around the purest and tenderest feelings of the heart. How reluctant that step, as she moves towards the carriage; how eloquent those tears, which rush unbidden from their fountain!

She has just bade adieu to her home! she has given the parting hand—the parting kiss! With deep and struggling emotions she had pronounced the farewell! and oh, how fond, and yet mournful a spell the word breathes! and, perhaps, 'tis the last farewell to father, mother, brother, sister!

Childhood and youth, the sweet morning of life, with its "charm of earliest birds," and earliest associations, have now passed. Now commences a new—a momentous period of existence! Of this she is well aware. She reads in living characters—uncertainty assuming that where all was peace—where all was happiness—where home, sweet home, was all in all unto her. But these ties, these associations, these endearments, she has yielded, one by one, and now she has broken them all asunder! She has turned her face from them all, and witness how she clings to the arm of him, for whom all these have been exchanged!

See how she moves on; the world is before her, and a history to be written, whose pages are to be filled up with life's loveliest pencillings, or, perhaps, with incidents of eventful interest—of startling, fearful record! Who can throw aside the veil even of "three-score years and ten," for her, and record the happy and sun-bright incidents that shall arise in succession, to make joyous and full her cup of life; that shall throw around those embellishments of the mind and the heart, that which crowns the domestic circle with beauty and loveliness; that which sweetens social intercourse, and softens, improves, and elevates the condition of society? Or who, with firm and unwavering hand, can register the hours and days of affectionate and silent weeping—of midnight watching! Who pen the blighted hopes—the instances of unrequited love—the loneliness and sorrow of the confiding heart—the deep, corroding cares of the mind, when neglected and forgotten, as it were, by him who is dearer to her than life—when all around is sere and desolate—when the garnered stores are wasted, and the wells dried up, and the flickering blaze upon the hearth wanes, and goes out! and leaves her in solitude, in silence, and in tears! But her affectionous wane not, slumber not, die not?

The brilliant skies may shed down all their gladdening beauties; nature array herself in gay flowers, bright hopes—and friends, kind friends, may greet with laughing countenances and kind hearts; but it avails naught. One kind look—one soft and affectionate accent, the unequivocal evidence of remaining love; one smile like that which wooed and won that heart, would enkindle brighter, and deeper, and lovelier emotions at its fountain, than heaven, with all its splendour, and earth, with all its beauties, and gay associations.

Oh! young man, even be to thy young bride, then, what thou seemest now to be; disappoint her not! What has she not given up for thee? What sweet ties, that bound heart to heart, and hand to hand, and life to life, has she not broken off for thee? Prove thyself worthy of all she has sacrificed. Let it ever be her pleasure, as now, to cling with confiding joy and love to that arm. Let it be her stay, her support, and it shall be well repaid. Here is an enduring—an undying love! Prosperity will strengthen it—adversity will brighten and invigorate it, and give to it additional lustre and loveliness! Should the hand of disease fall upon thee, then wilt thou behold woman's love—woman's devotion! for thou wilt never witness her spirits wax faint and drooping at thy couch! When thine own are failing, she will cling to thee like a sweet vine, and diffuse around thy pillow those sweet influences and attractions that shall touch the master-springs and nobler passions of thy nature—that shall give new impulse to life! Her kind voice will be like music to thy failing heart—like oil to thy wounds! Yea! she will raise thee, restore thee, and make thee happy, if anything less than an angel arm can do it!

PARNELIA.

BAD THINGS.—An unfaithful servant, a smoky house, a stumbling horse, a scolding wife, an aching tooth, an empty purse, an undutiful child, an incessant talker, hogs that break through enclosures, a dull razor, mosquitoes, a fop, and a subscriber that won't pay for his paper.