

POETRY.

THE VOICE OF PRAISE.

There is a voice of magic power
To charm the old, delight the young—
In lordly hall, in rustic bower,
In every clime, in every tongue,
Howe'er its sweet vibration rung,
In whispers low, in poet's lays,
There lives not one who has not hung
Enraptur'd on the voice of praise.

The timid child, at that soft voice,
Lifts for a moment's space the eye;
It bids the fluttering heart rejoice,
And stays the step prepar'd to fly;
'Tis pleasure breathes that short quick sigh
And flushes o'er that rosy face;
Whilst shame and infant modesty
Shrink back with hesitating grace.

The lovely maiden's dimpled cheek
At that sweet voice still deeper glows;
Her quivering lips in vain would seek
To hide the bliss her eyes disclose;
The charm her sweet confusion shows
Of springs from some low broken word:
O praise! to her how sweetly flows
Thine accent from the loved one heard!

The hero, when a people's voice
Proclaims their darling victor near,
Feels he not then his soul rejoice,
Their shouts of love, of praise, to hear?
Yes! fame to generous minds is dear—
It pierces to their inmost core;
He weeps, who never shed a tear;
He trembles, who ne'er shook before.

The poet too—ah! well I deem,
Small is the need the tale to tell;
Who knows not that his thought, his dream,
On thee at noon, at midnight well?
Who knows not that thy magic spell
Can charm his every care away?
In memory cheer his gloomy cell;
In hope can lend a deathless day?

'Tis sweet to watch Affection's eye;
To mark the tear with love replete;
To feel the softly-breathing sigh,
When friendship's lips the tones repeat;
But oh! a thousand times more sweet
The praise of those we love to hear!
Like balmy showers in summer's heat,
It falls upon the greedy ear.

The lover lulls his rankling wound,
By dwelling on his fair one's name;
The mother listens to the sound
Of her young warrior's growing fame.
Thy voice can smother the mourning name,
Of her soul's wedded partner riven,
Who cherishes the hallow'd flame,
Parted on earth, to meet in heaven!

That voice can quiet passion's mood;
Can humble merit raise on high;

And from the wise, and from the good,
It breathes of Immortality;
There is a lip, there is an eye,
Where most I love to see it shine,
To hear it speak, to feel it sigh—
My mother, need I say 'tis thine!

VARIETIES.

THE TURNPIKE OF LIFE.

We are all on a journey The world through which we are passing, is in some respects, like a turnpike; all along which Vice and Folly have erected toll gates, for the accommodation of those who choose to call in as they go: and there are very few of all the host of travellers, who do not occasionally stop a little at some one of them; and consequently pay more or less to the toll gatherers. Pay more or less I say, because there is a great variety as well in the amount, as in the kind of toll exacted at the different stopping places.

Pride and fashion take heavy tolls of the purse—many a man has become a beggar by paying at their gates; the ordinary rates they charge are heavy, and the road that way, is none of the best.

Pleasure offers a very smooth, delightful road in the onset; she tempts the traveller with many fair promises, and wins thousands; but she taxes without mercy, like an artful robber she allures till she gets her victim in her power, and then strips him of health and money, and turns him off a miserable object, into the very worst and most rugged road of life.

Intemperance plays the part of a sturdy villain. He's the very worst toll gatherer on the road; for he not only gets from his customers their money and health, but he robs them of their very brains. The men you see in the road ragged and ruined in fame and fortune, are his visitors.

And so might I go on enumerating many others who gather toll of the unwary.—Accidents some times happen, it is true, along the road, but those who do not get through at least tolerably well, you may be sure have been stopping by the way at some of these places. The plain common sense men, who travel straight forward, get through their journey without much difficulty.

This being the state of things, it becomes every one, in the onset, if he intends to make a comfortable journey, to take care what kind of company he gets in with.—We are all apt to do a great deal as our companions do; stop where they stop; and pay where they pay. Ten chances to one then, but our choice in this particular decides our fate.

Having paid a due regard to a prudent choice of companions, the next important thing is, closely to observe how others manage, to mark the good or ill that is produced by every course of life; see how those who do well, manage, and trace the cause of all evil to its origin in conduct. Thus

you will make yourself master of the information most necessary to regulate your conduct. There is no difficulty in working things right if you know how; by these means you learn.

Be careful of your habits. These make the man. And they require long and careful culture, ere they grow to be a second nature—good habits, I speak of: bad ones are more easily acquired; they are the spontaneous weeds, that flourish rapidly and rankly without care or culture.

CHARITY.—Charity begins at home. And there it should begin. Its holy fervour should first warm our own bosoms, expel selfishness from the throne of the heart, and kindle the generous flame of philanthropy towards all mankind. Have we wants of our own? Then relieve those also who have them. Have we tender and beloved children? Then relieve the children of those whose hands death or want has bound in helplessness. Does the object differ from us in religion or political opinion? Relieve him and wonder at the magnificence of the human mind, whether it brighten under the sunbeams of truth, or wander far distant in chase of the ignis fatuus of error—wonder at the sublime power of thought, that mind, wherever found, develops—wonder at the fullness of devotion which you may raise in a grateful bosom. The affectionate table of the heart is a fitting place to record immortal deeds. Let charity then begin at home—and let it end only where humanity ceases where not a human form breathes to bless its impulses.

SADNESS.—There is a mysterious feeling that frequently passes like a cloud over the spirits. It comes upon the soul in the busy bustle of life, in the social circle, in the calm and silent retreat of solitude. Its powers are alike supreme over the iron-hearted. At one time it is caused by the flitting of a single thought through the mind. Again a second will come across the ocean of memory, gloomy and as solemn as a knell, overshadowing all the bright hopes, and sunny feeling of the heart. Who can describe it, and yet who has not felt its bewildering influence. Still it is a delicious sort of sorrow, and like a cloud dimming the sunshine of the river, although causing the momentary abode of gloom, it enhances the beauty of returning brightness.

Proverbs not only present but sometimes are expressed in elegant metaphor. I was struck with a oriental one of this sort, which I met with in some book of travels: "With time and patience the leaf of the mulberry-tree becomes sault."