



MY BOYISH DAYS.

My boyish days ! my boyish days !
To you my tearful eyes I raise !
Ye hang above my straining sight,
Like pale clouds glimmering through the night ;
Or like a sky all rich with stars
Shining in vain through dungeon bars.

My boyish days ! my boyish days !
Too soon you veiled your sunny rays.
The old would hardly deem ye fled
Even while I morn'd ye now as dead,—
And you indeed, may still be here,
But not the charm that made you dear.

My boyish days ! my boyish days !
How can I bear on you to gaze ?
I loved a flower, a modest flower,
And would have won it from its bower ;
But ruder hands forestalled the theft,
And even of hope my heart bereft

My boyish days ! my boyish days !
Still eadly o'er ye memory strays,
As though to cull some relic blossom,
Lingering there yet for my lorn bosom.
But what are blossoms without rays ?
Adieu ! adieu, my boyish days !

PRIDE AND DESTRUCTION.

"Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."—Prov. 16 ; 18.

Pride is offensive to God. The Bible declares that he "resisteth the proud"—and that he "hateth a proud look." The ancient heathen used to say, that the gods were envious of every thing which is lofty, and were quick to cast it down—that the winds rent the tallest oaks, and lightnings oftentimes strike the highest turrets.

Pride is always very offensive to men. However they may cherish it in their own hearts, they dislike nothing so much in others.

And pride is not only offensive but dangerous. Our old English proverb says, "Pride must have a fall." King Louis XI., of France, used to say, "When pride rides in the saddle, mischief and shame sit upon the crupper." The course of the proud man naturally leads to ruin. He over estimates his own powers. He often has, at the same time, a love of display, and a wish to outdo others in splendor, and in the extent of his business. He enters upon grand schemes—he must do every thing upon a large scale. The narrow views and scanty enterprises of others, will not answer for him. His house must be larger, his furniture more elegant, his entertainments more costly, his ships more numerous and his speculations more venturesome. Others think him rash, but he pities or despises them for their timid spirit, and regards himself as able to accomplish any thing he chooses to undertake. But when the trial comes, he finds his capacity unequal to the crisis—the means at his command, inadequate to the end to be effected. His plans all fail, and he is totally ruined. His pride

has alienated his friends, and made many enemies who rejoice in his overthrow. Without sympathy and without compassion, he drags out an unhappy life, an illustration of the Proverb, that "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

If a proud man is the commander of an army, he overrates his own ability and skill, and undervalues those of his enemy. Relying too much on his own resources, he neglects to make those preparations which are essential to success, and marches forward heedless and confident of victory. Secure of conquest, he ventures upon rich measures, which give the enemy a fatal advantage—or he makes less effort than the occasion demands. He is overcome ; and amid the mortification of defeat, learns from bitter experience, that "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

If a proud man is in search of truth, he is always sure to miss it. "The meek," God "will guide in judgement—the meek will he teach his way." But the proud man has so high an opinion of his own talents and discrimination, that he deigns not to seek for direction from above. The opinions of others he despises. He trusts in his own ability to discover truth ; and disdaining to walk in the same track with common minds, strikes out some untrodden path for his feet.—When he gets into difficulty, he will not brook advice from those whom he accounts inferior to himself :—but goes on from error to error until he sinks into the lowest infidelity, and becomes another proof that "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

THE POETRY OF FLOWERS.—There is one circumstance connected with the rose, which renders it a more true and striking emblem of earthly pleasure than any other flower—it bears a thorn. While its odorous breath is floating on the summer gale, and its blushing cheek, half hid among the sheltering leaves, seems to woo and yet shrink from the beholder's gaze, touch with but adventurous hand the garden queen, and you are pierced by her protecting thorns : would you pluck the rose and wave it into a garland for the brow you love the best, that brow will be wounded : or place the sweet blossom in your bosom, the thorn will be there. This real or ideal mingling of pain and sorrow, with the exquisite beauty of the rose, affords a never-ending theme to those who are best acquainted with the inevitable blending of clouds and sunshine, hope and fear, weal and woe, in this our earthly inheritance.

With every thing fair, or sweet, or exquisite, in this world, it has seemed meet to that wisdom which appoints our sorrows, and sets a bound to our enjoyments, to affix some stain, some bitterness, or some alloy which may not inaptly be called, in figurative language, a thorn. St. Paul emphatically speaks of a "thorn in the flesh," and from

this expression, as well as from his earnestness in having prayed thrice that it might be removed, we conclude it must have been something particularly galling to the natural man. We hear of the thorn of ingratitude, the thorn of envy, the thorn of unrequited love—indeed of thorns as numerous as our pleasures ; and few there are who can look back upon the experience of life, without acknowledging that every earthly good they have desired, pursued, or attained, has had its peculiar thorn. Who has ever cast himself into the lap of luxury, without finding that his couch was strewed with thorns ? Who has reached the summit of his ambition without feeling on that pinnacle that he stood on thorns ? Who has placed the diadem upon his brow, without perceiving that thorns were thickly set within the royal circlet ? Who has folded to his bosom all that he desired of earth's treasure's, without feeling that bosom pierced with thorns ? All that we enjoy in this world, or yearn to possess, has this accompaniment. The more intense the enjoyment the sharper the thorn ; and those who have described most feelingly the inner workings of the human heart, have unflinchingly touched upon this fact with the melancholy sadness of truth.

Far be it from one who would not willingly fall under the stigma of ingratitude, to disparage the nature or the number of earthly pleasures—pleasures which are spread before us without price or limitation, in our daily walk, and in our nightly rest—pleasures which lie scattered around our path when we go forth upon the hills, or wander in the valley ; when we look up to the starry sky, or down to the fruitful earth—pleasures which unite the human family in one bond of fellowship, surround us at our board, cheer our fire-side, smooth the couch on which we slumber, and even follow our wandering steps long—long after we have ceased to regard them with gratitude or joy. I speak of the thorn which accompanies these pleasures not with murmuring or complaint. I speak of the wounds inflicted by this thorn with a living consciousness of their poignancy and anguish ; because exquisite and dear as mere earthly pleasures may be, I would still contrast them with such as are not earthly. I would contrast the thorn and the wound, the disappointment and pain, which accompany all such pleasures as are merely temporal, with the fullness, the peace and the crown, accompanying those which are eternal.

BLANKS.

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