



SMILE UPON THE FALLEN.

Oh, smile upon the fallen '—
 It perhaps may heal a smart;
 It may cause a flow of gladness
 To warm the frozen heart;
 And cause a gloom to change into
 A smile of other years,
 When every thing was happiness,
 And all unknown were tears.

Oh, smile upon the fallen '—
 Think not because 'tis so
 That in their hearts no feelings live,
 No sweet affections glow
 Think not because their deeds were dark,
 Grim feelings haunt them still,
 Remember thou, repentance true
 The darkest heart may fill.

Oh, smile upon the fallen '—
 The heart that's suffered scorn,
 Though crush'd, has tender impulses—
 Though trampled on, may own
 Rare gems as bright as ever lived
 In hearts that ne'er have known
 The pang, the pain, the hopeless hour,
 The fallen one may own.

Oh, smile upon the fallen '—
 Who knows but from above
 The angels may be looking on
 With smiles of happy love '—
 And then, perchance, the fallen one
 May offer up a prayer
 That Heaven may bless thee in thy plans,
 And make thy life be fair.

Oh, smile upon the fallen '—
 Remember drooping flowers
 Do raise their heads when suns do smile—
 Are nourish'd by kind showers
 Then, smile upon the fallen one '—
 It perhaps may heal a smart,
 It may cause a flow of gladness
 To warm the frozen heart.

LIVING LIFE OVER AGAIN.

There are a thousand charms in life to the young
 Holding existence before them appears to be joy-

ous, and fair, and they look forward to the coming time of their manhood with bright anticipations, and elastic hopes. The school-boy throws his shoulder, and the tripping and beautiful girl springs along in the flowery pathway, conscious only of a happy future. We are often saddened when we think that all these delightful moments and years of innocent faith and hope are to be only the threshold of after years of doubt, and disappointment and despair.

"If I could only live my life again, how different would I live!" says the young man of twenty as he looks back upon his youth, and begins to feel that his spring-time has not been improved. The golden years of his life, the season of preparation for honor and usefulness have passed by, and he has but poorly learned that life is earnest, and that there is large work to do, and short years in which it is to be done. His school-days are almost over—his college years are drawing to a close, and he is but imperfectly prepared for the responsibilities which should fall upon him, and which he should welcome, as his share of the world's work of "leaving it better than he found it." Perhaps he has not had the blessing of wealth and the opportunities of education. He has spent his minority in years of labor, of apparent ease and of struggle. In the effort to acquire some practical knowledge of his craft, he has occupied his days—but his evenings have been a blank. Company, idleness, indolence or at least indifference, have filled up the record, and the time in which he might have educated himself has been irrecoverably lost. As he finds himself upon the last stepping place between his teens and his majority, when reason occasionally points out to him "a more excellent way," and reflection admonishes him of his hasting years, he excuses himself and pacifies his conscience by the oft-repeated lamentation we have quoted above.

"If I could only live my life over again, how different I would live!" says the man of thirty, who has had experience of the world's hardships, its vicissitudes, its failures, and its trials, and as he looks at the prosperity of some of his neighbors, and hears the name of one repeated by admiring thousands who honor him for his attainments, or sees another reaping the reward of well directed industry and perseverance, or welcomes another to his home from some distinguished position in the councils of the nation, he feels, by the contrast, how far short he has fallen of his duty and his self-interest. He knows where he has made a failure of his

life so far, and he wishes to repair it, if possible, but instead of doing it in the only way in which it can be done, he in vain regrets, and wishes he could be young again. "If I only knew as much when I was young, as I do now, I would have taken a very different course!" No doubt he would—in his own estimation. But he knew, or had all the means of knowing, yet refused to learn, or, if taught, refused to believe, when he was young, and, therefore, must serve in his turn to be pointed at as one of those "fools who will learn only in the school of experience."

"If I could only live my life over again, how different I should live!" says the care-worn and burdened man of forty, who finds that life to him is only a struggle against adversity, and who suffers under all the consequences of early dissipation and excess, and is now, when he should be in his prime only enduring the penalty of his follies and his sins. Day after day, and year after year, he finds that he pursues the same path. There is but little progress or change for the better. If any thing, it is for the worse. The habits of irregularity, inattention in business, tipping and drunkenness, profanity and disregard of the Sabbath, are now firmly established. He has acquired a second nature. He finds it extremely difficult to reform. "It is no use to try any longer! I have tried and can't change. I am too old to learn new ways! If I could only live my life over again!" And then the middle aged man of forty glides down the shady slope of life into the gray-haired and sobered and confirmed man of fifty who on the day when he chronicles the completion of his half century, looks back with sadness and says as before—

"If I could but live my life over again, how different I would live!"

So it is with the young woman as she enters upon her duties in life, and passes away the delightful season of youth, and prime, and middle age, regardless of the flight of years, except that she notices from time to time that her bloom is departing, and she is less attentive than before, and she finds that life has not that which can satisfy all her soul. It is sad to see a woman pass into the sober years of life, so intellectually disqualified as she is morally unfitted, to lend a dignified and matronly charm to her graver womanhood. The petty, trashy, superficial charms of the milliner, the perfumer, and the jeweller, substituted for the noble, and homage-inspiring attractions of wisdom and judgment, are a contemptible account for that woman.