

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

## THE LOVE OF GOD ILLUSTRATED.

(From the Cincinnati Ladies' Repository)

Of all the reminiscences of by-gone days, none thrill so sweetly and so touchingly upon the soul as those which are associated with a mother's love. An incident which occurred to a young friend of mine, while yet in the merry morn of life, recently came before my mind with all the vividness of reality; and I bring it now before your readers, not only as evincing a mother's tender affection, but as forming a basis for an illustration of a higher and more enduring love—that of our heavenly Father toward his erring children.

The home of Susan G. was in a retired but pleasing part of the land of steady habits. At a distance from the crowded city, the good people of L. knew but little of its vanities, nor envied the luxuries of which they did not feel the need. Their duties often became a source of pleasure as well as profit. Their rest was sweet, and their recreations few and simple. Susan's mother being early left a widow, found it necessary to teach her children the benefits arising from industry and self-reliance. Having no brothers, she was often intrusted with the commission of duties which would seem to have required an older or a more masculine hand. Sometimes she was sent at a distance from home with a horse and carriage, either alone or accompanied by a younger sister, and was well acquainted with the country for ten or twelve miles in every direction. One summer day, when about fourteen years of age, Susan left home soon after dinner for a long ride of several miles. After passing over a short distance, she came to a point where two ways met. Either of these would lead her to the house which she sought; and she concluded it was no difference which she took. And yet there was a difference—a right and wrong road—as she well knew. The road which ought to have been taken, although rough and uninviting, was direct—the other much longer, yet possessing, to Susan, many charms. To make the subject more clear to our youthful readers, it was like going to New-York from Cincinnati by the way of New Orleans, instead of following the common route. I do not know what was the sage reasoning by which she prevailed upon herself to take the wrong road, but suppose it was something like this: "If I follow the usual route, I shall have a very dull time of it—it is rough, and abounds with deep ruts, long hills and dreary woods. The other road, although longer, will not seem so, as I can stop and rest when about half-way. I shall see my cousin Mary, who I am sure will be glad to meet me. I shall pass through the centre of the town, and my mother will never know anything about it. Indeed, I hardly think she would care if she did know.—So, come up pony, you may rest by and by." On went pony, and on went Susan. An hour's ride brought her safely to her cousin's house; and here she took another wrong step. It being not very pleasant to proceed alone, especially with a burdened conscience, she offered her cousin a pleasant ride, assuring her that she would bring her home in good season. The delighted girl accepted the offer, and they jogged merrily on until they reached L., where they prevailed upon a young companion to join them; she, however, proceeding on horseback, which was her favourite manner of riding. The little party now moved on in high glee, Susan having succeeded in hushing the upbraiding of her conscience, by concluding that no harm was done to any one by the course she had pursued. In the course of an hour they arrived at the residence of Mr. B., and were met at the gate by another young companion, about as thoughtless as any of the trio. The errand upon which they came being successfully performed, they were preparing to return, when Miss B. proposed that the party should extend their ride, and visit the Housatonic river, which was only about three miles distant. "But," interposed Susan, "I am six or seven miles from home—it is full three o'clock—I shall have to return by the way of L. with the girls, and my little pony looks already somewhat fatigued." To all this her eager companions replied that there was time enough, that the day was oppressively warm, and that the best thing that could be done would be to let the pony rest an hour or so, while they were amusing themselves in a manner which

was certainly innocent, as well as improving. "Riding is fine exercise," said cousin Mary.—"The scenery of the Housatonic is so beautiful," said Miss B., "and my horse is ready saddle. Come, Susan, we will ride double—no more objection." Susan, thus silenced, overcame a second time the scruples of her conscience, and the giddy company were soon riding rapidly forward. Meeting with no hindrances, they arrived at the river in a short time. Susan had always been passionately fond of romantic scenery. But beautiful as was the winding river, basking in its pellucid waves, the bending flowers upon its banks, and merrily as sung the feathered minstrels in the grove beside, she felt that it was not for her to look or listen with delight. An uncontrollable dejection came over her mind, and she begged her young friends to hasten their return. As they were remounting their horses, Miss B., who rode with Susan, in endeavouring to gain her seat, sprang too far over, and they were both thrown off backwards. They were somewhat hurt, though not dangerously. Susan fell on her head, and in doing so broke a pretty comb which her mother had given her not long before, and which she prized highly. She now began to feel the bitterness of disobedience. Perhaps some young readers will say, "In what had she transgressed? She had performed her errand." She had not fulfilled what she knew was her mother's wish, by performing her duty in the right manner. It was now getting late in the afternoon, and they hurried on. They were all merry excepting our heroine, who was ill at ease. Nature seemed less pleasant than a few hours before. The hills appeared to have increased in length, and the way in roughness. She gladly resumed her carriage, and by sundown, having, according to engagement, seen all parties safely home, the poor child proceeded, with an aching head and a trembling heart, on her lonely route. She had still three miles to go. What would become of her? There were lonely woods to pass through, and steep hills to ascend. A thousand strange thoughts filled her soul with terror. Her carriage might upset, or she might be attacked by prowling robbers. Besure, there were many dwellings scattered here and there: but they were useless to her—they were not her home.—She knew that her mother was anxiously awaiting her return, and would soon be much alarmed. There was but one thing to do, viz., to make all haste. So giving Charley the reins, he dashed gaily on, thinking, no doubt, of his supper and stable. It was nearly dark when he reined up at the door. Having confined him to a post, his young mistress, with a shrinking heart, went into the house. Her mother not happening to be in, she passed into her own room, and hastily undressing, threw herself upon the bed, and gave vent to her distress in an agony of weeping. She was possessed of an active imagination, which was liable to extremes of excitement, and now she thought there was no forgiveness for her.—Her mother soon entered the room, and hurried to the bed-side, exclaiming, "Susan, my child, what is the matter?" Susan answered only by her tears. The mother feared, she knew not what; and anxiously did she labour to ascertain the cause of her daughter's distress. At length, yielding to her affectionate entreaties, Susan summoned resolution to confess the whole. Relieved of her fears, Mrs G. felt that she had much cause for gratitude. Her child had been preserved amidst dangers seen and unseen. She uttered not one word of reproof, not one upbraiding syllable, but silently leaving the room, hastened to her chamber, and selecting the best that it afforded, she returned, and, with many soothing and endearing words, besought her child to partake of some refreshment. If any thing was wanting, this expression of maternal love would surely have been sufficient to have melted the most obdurate heart. Susan was completely humbled; but, relieved from the burden of her sin, her mind was at peace, and she was soon soundly asleep. In reference to her, the events of that day were important.—She never forgot them; and probably her feet were often saved from falling, by the remembrance of the consequences of one false step.

## PERSEVERANCE.

A FRAGMENT.

(From the Ladies' Temperance Mirror.)

Perseverance, viewed as a trait of character may be defined to be a strong and remarkable

tenacity of purpose, a purpose that seizes its object, but, never lets go of it, a grasp of the mind, not to be changed.

The opposite character is that of *fickleness*, consisting in a purpose so feeble, that it expires at the moment of its birth. It may here be remarked that perseverance is either good or bad, according to its qualification. Its object ought always to be good; when this is not the case, perseverance becomes a most *deadly* and destructive attribute of character. The course to be pursued ought to be well defined and thoroughly understood. A man needs to know others, to know precisely what he proposes to do, or he can have no steadiness of purpose. He must also understand the science of adapting means to ends, and of selecting such ends as are possible in view of the means. Many persons have frittered away their talents and their power to no purpose for the want of this knowledge. They are visionary, attempting to do what cannot be done, or applying improper means to what can be done. In either case, perseverance accomplishes no more than to demonstrate the folly of its subject. The canvass which a vessel carries must be in proportion to the hull and the cargo. So a man's purposes and means of execution must be proportionate. A celebrated man made the following a motto of his life. "If that cannot be done which thou wilt, will that which can be." Singleness or oneness of object is essential to perseverance. He who divides his mind amid a thousand objects will not accomplish much in respect to any. He will be an unstable man, unstable in all his ways.

Ample illustration of the power of perseverance might be gathered from the page of *secular* and profane history. It might be shown that every noble achievement, every triumph over difficulty, every discovery in the arts has been the result of intelligent perseverance.—This trait of character gives effectiveness to comparatively small means. By continual gnawing a mouse can bring to the ground the sturdiest oak. By constant dropping, water may dig a deep cavern in a solid rock.

"Gutta cavat lapidem non vi, sed sarpe cadendo," was a Roman adage.

The celebrated Timour the Tartar, relates the following incident in his own life. "I was once forced to take shelter from my enemies in a ruined building where I sat alone for many hours. To divert my mind from my hopeless condition, I fixed my observation upon an ant that was carrying a grain of corn, larger than itself up a high wall. I numbered the flights it made to accomplish this object: the grain fell 69 times to the ground, but the insect persevered and the seventieth time, it reached the top of the wall. The sight gave me courage, at the moment, and I never forgot the lesson it conveyed."

What a rebuke this incident contains to the tardy, irresolute and *unstable* course of men. By perseverance the little ant can build a mountain on the land and the coral insect another in the ocean. What may not man do in possession of this quality.

It is a curious fact in the history of this world that great results very often spring from the operation of small causes. The falling of an apple led Newton to his sublime discoveries. The neighing of a horse placed Darius upon the Persian throne. It was a rusty key, and flying kite, with which Franklin caught the electric fluid from the clouds. It is said of Daniel Webster whose intellect is the pride and wonder of this nation, that defeat at a petty election waked up his slumbering energies and started him off upon a most brilliant successful career. Others have commenced under the depressing influence of poverty, and by the power of perseverance have thrown mountains of obstacles from their path and have worked their way to fortune and to fame.

## GAMBLING AND LATE HOURS.—AN INCIDENT IN REAL LIFE.

We fear that in all our large cities gambling is carried on to a ruinous extent, and to the destruction, annually, of many promising young men. The case of young Davis, who is now in prison in New York, charged with having robbed his employers of \$6000, is one in point. It affords a solemn warning to all who are in the habit of visiting the tempting places of iniquity with which our cities abound.—We are assured that some of