

say, after the experience of years and the trial of custom, that they have possessed.—Milton, whose fate through life was disappointment—disappointment in his private ties and his public attachments—Milton, who has descended to an unthinking posterity as possessing a mind, however elevated, at least austere and harsh, has in one of his early Latin poems expressed this sentiment with a melancholy and soft pathos, not often found in the golden and Platonic richness of his youthful effusions in his own language:—

*‘Fix sibi quisque parem de millibus invenit unum;
Aut si fors dederit tandem non aspero votis
Illic inopina des—qua non speraveris hora
Surripit—eternum linquens in secula damnum.’**

“And who is there that hath not said to himself, if possessed for a short time of one heart entirely resembling and responding to his own—who has not said to himself daily and hourly, ‘*This cannot last?*’ Has he not felt a dim, unacknowledged dread of death? has he not, for the first time, shrunk from penetrating into the future? has he not become timorous and uneasy? is he not like the miser who journeys on a road begirt with a thousand perils, and who yet carries with him his all? Alas! there was a world of deep and true feeling in that expression, which, *critically* examined, is but a conceit. Love ‘hath, indeed, made his best interpreter a sigh.’”

* Which may be thus prosaically translated:
“Scarcely one in thousands meets a kindred heart;
Or if no harsh fate grant, at last, his dreams
Comes Death; and in the least foreboded hour
Bequeaths the breast an everlasting blank.”

Loss of the First Born.

We have read of a young mother who had newly buried her first born. Her pastor went to see her, and on finding her sweetly resigned, he asked her how she had attained such resignation. She replied, “I used to think of my boy continually, whether sleeping or waking; to me he seemed more beautiful than other children. I was disappointed if visitors omitted to praise his eyes, or curls, or the robes that I wrought for him with my needle. At first I believed it the natural current of a mother’s love. Then I feared it was pride, and sought to humble myself before him who resisteth the proud. One night, in my dreams, I thought

an angel stood beside me and said, “Where is the little bud thou nursest in thy bosom? I am sent to take him away. Where is thy little harp? Give it to me; it is like those which sound the praise of God in heaven.” I awoke in tears; my beautiful boy drooped like a bud which the worm pierces; his last wailing was like the music from shattered harp-strings; all my world seemed gone, till, in my agony, I listened, for there was a voice in my soul, like the voice of the angel who had warned me, saying, “God loveth a cheerful giver.” I laid my mouth in the dust,—and said, “Let thy will be mine;”—and as I rose, though the tear lay on my cheek, there was a smile also. Since then this voice has been heard amid the duties of every day. Methinks it says continually, “The cheerful giver.”

Music on the Waves.

From the Morning Chronicle.

This elegant volume is an example of a happy idea successfully wrought out. The music is made by a company of emigrants on board the good ship Venture, which is ploughing the moonlit waves of the Indian Ocean. The scene and the group are well sketched for us by Mrs. Norton, who enters into the spirit and poetry of nautical life with the enthusiasm of a true “child of the islands.”

The first song is volunteered by a daughter of that order of the Anglican priesthood which is proverbially remarkable for small salaries and large families:—

A curate’s daughter—whose kind sire
Lies buried ‘neath the grass-grown sod;
Too poor to keep her station where
Her father taught the word of God;
From England and from English friends
She turns—and dries the blinding tears,
Through which she saw the outward world,
And visionary waste of years.
No dread is in her calm sweet face,
No murmur for a lot not given—
Those who have slenderest hope on earth,
Have sometimes strongest trust in heaven.
Her countenance reveals her soul,
The fear of God, but not of man,
Ne’er shone more nobly, since the world
Its wrecked and altered course began;
And her large reverential eyes
Her inward pious thoughts declare,
Like lights through Sabbath hours that burn
In temples dedicate to prayer.

Ah! many a labourer’s home will miss
The kind light of those helpful eyes;
By many a cottage hearth, her name
They’ll utter with regretful sighs;