

way to the lake, carrying with them provisions for an open-air dinner in some romantic spot. It was late in the evening ere they returned home—every one completely worn out—and Cassandra was obliged reluctantly to retire immediately to bed. At last, Friday ushered in with its doleful tidings, and still the exercise was unprepared. Convinced now that her mother was right, Cassandra wasted the morning in useless regrets and self reproaches—till, just as she was about again to unlock her desk the teacher arrived and found his pupil in tears, without exercise and without excuse.

All day long the expected interrogation of her mother haunted her thoughts, and even amidst the amusements in which she was engaged, she was far from being happy. No apology could be given, because a very short space of each day could easily have been spared, and when at last called upon by her mother to give her opinion of the advice which she had received she could only blush that it was correct. "Well, Cassandra," said her mother, "I am sorry that it is so, but since you have been pleased to take your own way here, I must now compel you to take mine. To-morrow your father, cousins, and myself, set off to pay a visit to Mr. Dorset, where we are to be met by the two Lorrains and their brothers. But I have resolved that you remain at home to take charge of the house, and that the time which you would have spent there shall be employed in writing the exercise already prescribed and this additional one, which is as long as the first." Cassandra intreated but in vain. In the morning she saw her friends on their way, and before the carriage had driven entirely out of sight she sunk down upon a sofa, and gave vent to her grief and her mortification in a flood of tears. She had now time for reflection, and summoning up all her courage she again returned to her desk, and before the party returned home had completed both exercises. She met them with a smile, welcomed them home, received the news of their happy enjoyments with pleasure, and turning to her mother thanked her for the instruction given her, and hoped she never would be urged to act upon the maxim, "Tis time enough."

The following stanzas were composed by her during their absence, and were laid upon her mother's table, enveloped in a letter of thanks.

"Tis time enough," a phantom cried,
It can be done again;
"Tis time enough," my soul replied,
And hugg'd the willing chain.

But now I know the galling truth,
Time's messengers to day;
And I must seize it ere my youth
Sweeps like the wind away.

"Procrastination is the thief
Of time," the poet said;
Men gleams on earth a twinkling brief,
And mingles with the dead.

Then, O my soul, the moments watch,
And guard the passing hour:
The future is not time, O catch
What is within thy power.

ANECDOTES.

THE MAN OF FASHION.—"The external graces, the frivolous accomplishments of that impertinent and foolish thing called a man of fashion, are commonly more admired than the solid and masculine virtues of a warrior a statesman, or a legislator. All the great and awful virtues, all the virtues which can fit either for the council, the senate, or the field, are, by the insolent and insignificant flatterers who commonly figure the most in such corrupted societies, held in the utmost contempt and derision. When the Duke of Sully was called upon by Lewis the Thirteenth to give his advice in some great emergency, he observed the favourites and courtiers whispering to one another, and smiling at his unfashionable appearance. 'Whenever your majesty's father,' said the old warrior and states-

men, 'did me the honour to consult me he ordered the buffoons of the court to retire into the anti-chamber,'"

A lady once asked a minister, whether a person might not pay some attention to dress and the fashions without being proud. "Madam," replied the minister, "whenever you see the tail of the fox out of the hole, you may be sure the fox is there."

It is said of Queen Mary II. that she ordered good books to be laid in the places of attendance, that persons might not be idle while they were in their turns of service. She gave her minutes of leisure to architecture and gardening, and since it employed many hands, she said, she hoped it would be forgiven her.

Too much attention to fashionable dress certainly displays an imbecility of mind. Alphonso, King of Arragon, used to wear no better apparel than the ordinary sort of his subjects did; and, being advised by one to put on kingly apparel, he answered, "I had rather exert my subjects in my behaviour and authority, than in a diadem and purple garments."

Augustus Caesar used to say, "that rich and gay clothing was either the ensign of pride, or the nurse of luxury." A very just sentiment.

Alexander Severus, when he came to be Emperor of Rome, sold all the precious stones which were in the palace, saying, "they were not of any use to men." He wore very plain and ordinary apparel, saying, "that the empire consisted in virtue, not in bravery."

AXIOMS.

Were matters so managed, that men turned their speculation into practice, and took care to apply their reading to the purposes of human life, the advantage of learning would be unspeakable; and we see how illustriously such persons shine in the world: And therefore nothing can be said to the prejudice of learning in general, but only to such a false opinion of it as depends upon this alone for the most eligible, and only dualification of the mind of man; and so rests upon it, and buries it in inactivity.

The richest endowments of the mind, are Temperance, Prudence, and Fortitude. Prudence is an universal virtue, which enters into the composition of all the rest; and, where she is not, Fortitude loses its name and nature.

Self-denial is the most exalted pleasure, and the conquest of evil habits is the most glorious triumph.

A wise man stands firm in all extremities, and bears the lot of his humanity with a divine temper.

Virtue is made for difficulties, and grows stronger and brighter for such trials.

When the idea of any pleasure strikes your imagination, make just computation between the duration of the pleasure, and that of the repentance sure to follow it.

Be always at leisure to do good; never make business an excuse to decline the offices of humanity.

Do good with what thou hast, or it will do you no good. Forget others' faults, and remember thine own.

Hear not ill of a friend, nor speak any of an enemy. Believe not all you hear, nor report all you believe.

Approve yourself to wise men by your virtue, and take all the rest by your civilities.

Avoid popularity; it has many snares, and no real benefit.

POETRY.

WRITTEN ON TAKING UP A LITTLE LEAF.
ISA. LXIV. 6.

I pick'd the leaf,—the leaf that fell,
And seems in language strong to tell
That Summer days are past;
The foliage that so late look'd gay,
That so much graced the Summer's day,
Is now decaying fast.

This leaf which late in vigour grew
How lost its strength—how chang'd its hue!
Behold its beauty gone!
It once a lute bud appear'd,
By nature form'd—by nature rear'd,
And nourish'd by the sun.

Now fallen to the earth I see
What lately tower'd on yonder tree,
What lately flourish'd there;
By this a lesson is convey'd,—
That "as a leaf we all do fade,"
The sacred words declare.

Emblem of life this leaf appears,
Which, though it has not reach'd to years,
Has pass'd through ev'ry stage:
It sprang to life, it youth has known,
In full maturity has shone,
And now it droops through age.

Oh! that I had wings as a dove.

PS. IV. 6.

Oh, give me the wings of a dove!
Let me fly from the region of strife,
Where the dogs of society rove,
Where hiss the dire serpents of life.

Oh, give me the wings of a dove!
Let me fly to some sea-bosom's isle,
Where the air breathes the music of love,
And young Spring doth eternally smile.

Where Envy, the asp, cannot sting,
Nor the tiger of cruelty roar;
Where the birds in the branches ay sing,
Aye murmur the waves on the shore.

That fair isle—the isle of the blest,
By War's giant foot never trod,
Where smiles many a sweet bowery rest,
Like the beautiful garden of God.

Oh, give me the wings of a dove!
Let me fly from this region of woe,
To the isle of bright verdure above,
And Amaranth verdure below.

MR. POPE, the celebrated Poet, is said to have regarded the following six lines as superior to any that he ever met with in the English language.

When Egypt's king, Gods chosen tribes pursued,
In crystal walls th' admiring waters stood,
When through the desert wild they tock their way,
The rocks relented and pour'd forth a sea,
What limits can Almighty goodness know,
When seas can harden, and when rocks can flow!

From the Friend of Youth.

ANSWERS TO THE ENIGMA IN NO. 4.

Tho' neither embodied in earth, sea, nor sky,
Yet the Scriptures divine give a place to an "I,"
Tho' absent from works, of which we can boast,
Yet 'tis present in Christ, the sinner's sure trust.

When lightnings flash and rain descends,
And, born on wind, fire high in air ascends,
When hidden grief deep heaves the sigh,
What causes all these dreadful scenes? 'tis "I."
Throughout all time,
In every clime,
I join the true sublime;
I to our language live, wit, vigour give;
And, were I disannul'd, Ego would cease to live.

I glance'd with my eye o'er each word with an "I,"
And I found it in lightning, fire, wind, air, grief, &c.
In thunder, flame, smoke, breeze zephyr, tear sob
You may search for it in vain! with the patience of I!

I read your Enigma—then heaved a sigh:
Conn'd line after line—and found it was "I."

To your Enigma I reply,
You'll find it in the letter "I."