

POETRY.

The following verses were written on an incident which happened during the last campaign in Egypt.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

The tumult of battle had ceas'd—high in air
The standard of Britain triumphantly wav'd ;
And the remnant of foes had all fled in despair,
Whom night, intervening, from slaughter had sav'd ;

When a veteran was seen, by the light of his lamp,
Slow-pacing the bounds of the carcass-strewn plain ;
Not base his intent,—for he quitted his camp ;
To comfort the dying—not plunder the slain.

Though dauntless in war, at a story of woe
Down his age-furrow'd cheeks the warm tears often
ran ;
Alike proud to conquer, or spare a brave foe,
He fought like a hero—" but felt like a man !"

As he counted the slain, "Oh, Conquest !" he cried,
"Thou art glorious indeed, but how dearly thou'rt
won !"

"Too dearly, alas !" a voice faintly replied—
It thrill'd through his heart, 'twas the voice of his Son !

He listen'd aghast ;—all was silent again ;
He search'd by the beams which his lamp feebly
shed,
And found his brave Son, amid hundreds of slain,
The corpse of a comrade supporting his head !

"My Henry !" the sorrowful parent exclaim'd,
"Has fate rudely wither'd thy laurels so soon ?"
The youth open'd his eyes, as he heard himself nam'd,
And awoke for a while from his death-bedding swoon.

He gaz'd on his Father, who knelt by his side,
And seizing his hand, press'd it close to his heart ;
"Thank Heaven, thou art here, my dear Father !"
he cried ;
"For soon ! ah, too soon we forever must part !

"Though death early calls me from all that I love,
From glory, from thee, yet perhaps 'twill be given
To meet thee again in your regions above"
His eyes beam'd with hope, he fix'd them on
heaven.

"Then—let not thy bosom with vain sorrow swell ;
Ah ! check, ere it rises, the heart-rending sigh !
I fought for my King, for my country ! I fell
In defence of their rights ; and I glory to die !"

VARIETIES.

A good character.—A good character is to the young man what a firm foundation is to the artist, who proposes to erect a building on it ; he can build with safety, and all who behold it will have confidence in its solidity, a helping hand will never be wanted—but let a single part of this bedefective and you go a hazard, amid doubting and distrust, and ten to one it will tumble down at last, and mingle all that was built on it in ruin. Without a good character, poverty is a curse—with it, it is scarcely an evil. Happiness cannot exist where a good character is not. All that is bright in the hope of youth, all that is calm and blissful in the sober scenes of life, all that is soothing in the vale

of years, centres in, and is derived from a good character.—Therefore acquire this as the first and most valuable good.

The great art of acquiring wealth consists in saving, and in sacrificing some present enjoyment for the sake of future ease.—Wasteful and extravagant people sometimes get rich, but the examples of success of such are the mere exceptions to a general rule.—We are not the advocates of a mean and parsimonious system of expenditure. There is one species of economy which no one should ever lose sight of, whether he be rich or poor, or in moderate circumstances. It is that *nothing shall be wanted that can be applied to use*. The late Stephen Girard was eminently remarkable for his attention to small matters. At his farm below the city which he used to visit every day in summer, not in a coach and four, but in an old shabby chaise with a rustic looking horse, all his arrangements were conducted with the strictest regard to economy. We are told that in the fall season, when he used to kill his cattle for making the beef with which he provisioned his ships, not a particle of the animal was lost. After salting the meat, and selling the hides to the tanners, the horns to the combmakers, the hoofs and the paunch to the venders of cow-hoofs and tripe, he sold the blood to the sugar refiners. Many a gentleman farmer would have thought attention to such small matters beneath his notice, just as many a female housekeeper thinks it beneath her notice to see that her servants do not put more wood on the fire than is necessary to produce the degree of heat, that is required, or throw into the street meat, vegetables and bread, as is done in some families almost every day, enough to feed a small family.—*Philad. Gazette.*

OLD HUMPHREY ON FITS.

Though no doctor, I have by me some excellent prescriptions, and as I shall charge you nothing for them, you cannot grumble at the price.—We are most of us subject to fits ; I am visited with them myself ; and I dare say that you are also : now then for my prescriptions.

For a fit of passion, walk out in the open air ; you may speak your mind to the winds, without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton.

For a fit of idleness, count the tickings of a clock. Do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next, and work like a negro.

For a fit of extravagance and folly, go to the work-house, or speak with the ragged and wretched inmates of the jail, and you will be convinced :

Who makes his bed of briar and thorn,
Must be content to lie forlorn.

For a fit of ambition, go into the church-yard, and read the grave-stones. They will

tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bedchamber, the earth your pillow, corruption your father, and the worm your mother and your sister.

For a fit of repining, look about for the halt and blind, and visit the bed-ridden and afflicted, and deranged, and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions.

For fits of Despondency, look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and those which he has promised to his followers in the next. He who goes in his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them ; while he who looks for a flower, may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom.

For all fits of doubt, perplexity and fear, whether they respect the body or the mind ; whether they are a load to the shoulders, the head or the heart, the following is a radical cure which may be relied on, for I had it from the great Physician : "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he will sustain thee."

OLD HUMPHREY'S SHORT WAY WITH INFIDELS.

"In moving among mankind, I have now and then fallen in with infidels, who have not only declared their disbelief of the Bible, but endeavoured, also, to destroy the faith of others in that blessed book. The way in which they have always begun their attack, is to higggle and wriggle about some disputed point of little importance, with as much confidence as if they were on the very point of overturning the whole truth of scripture by their silly prattle. Just as soon would a poor blind mole tear up from the ground an oak of a hundred years growth, by burrowing under one of the least of its roots.

If ever you fall in with any of these unhappy beings, don't be drawn in to cavil with them about trifles, but boldly declare your opinion, leaving them to wrangle, if they like, by themselves.

Tell them that if there be any thing good and pure, and holy, and heavenly in the world, the Bible exhorts us to practice it ; and if there be any thing that is evil, and base, and vile in the world, the Bible commands us to avoid it. That will be a poser.

Tell them that the Bible contains more knowledge and wisdom than all the other books that were ever printed put together ; and that those who believe its promises, and obey its commandments, have peace, and hope, and joy in the cares of life, and the trying hour of death. That will be a poser too.

Tell them that the Bible has been believed in by the wisest and best of men from generation to generation, as the word of the living God, and that it makes known to a sinner the only way of salvation through the merits and death of a crucified Redeemer. That will be another poser.

And, then, ask them before they pull the book to pieces any more, to produce one