

osophy of the schools as the expanse of heaven is beyond the surface of this little earth, and the interests of eternity beyond the trifles of an hour. If ever the cause of truth is to be maintained on earth, it is against a system which dares to invade the liberties of man as an immortal being, and which robs him and his children of their best and noblest privilege, the full, pure, and perfect word of God.—*R. R. Daly.*

RELIGIOUS MEDITATIONS.

“*I would not live alway.*” *Job.*

Who is there in the wide world, that has not, at some time or another of his life, uttered the above sentiment? Whose course has been so unruffled—whose earthly path so flowery as never to have given rise to this declaration? There may be voices, that have never spoken it, but throbs there that heart, that has not felt it? If universal experience has a language, that language is—“*I would not live alway.*” If the sorrows and anxieties of this state tend to draw from us any confession, that confession is—“*I would not live alway.*”

“*I would not live alway.*” So have I said when commerce with this world has chilled my heart and congealed the first pure flowings of affection. Love was once my joy. No situation was so unpleasant that it could not better—no burden so heavy, that it could not remove—no cloud so dark that it could not disperse. Friendship too was my idol. Its look, 'twas complacency's perfect smile—its voice, 'twas earthly melody. But alas, I found that this world was a world of semblance not reality—that characters were often assumed for unworthy purposes. I made that saddest of all discoveries, that there is but little true regard here—that love and friendship seldom find in that citadel of corruption—the human bosom, a fit temple for their abode. And hence, I turned away from them and exclaimed—“*I would not live alway.*”

“*I would not live alway.*” So have I said, when I have met with severe disappointments. I began life with fine prospects and calculated fully upon amassing a fortune, but through the loses of others, I was broken and compelled to surrender all, that I had collected. Again, I laid my plans and again failed. Fortune had no smile for me. Poverty seemed to be my inevitable destiny. Whatever I touched, instead of being changed into gold, withered away. Trials resulted in losses, until I felt anxious to die. Then, I exclaimed—“*I would not live alway.*”

“*I would not live alway.*” So said I, when my friends were torn from me by death. Surrounded by a circle of dear and interesting acquaintances, one might almost wish to have this earth for a perpetual abode. But let death invade it—let the objects of affection be taken from us, and what can keep us from wishing to die? If eternity before had no attractions the removal of our friends to it, makes it so. We long to follow them. We ardently desire to tread in their footsteps and embrace them in their high sphere.

“*I would not live alway.*” So I said as I closed my Bible, after reading a description of the “*New Jerusalem.*” It was in twilight's pensive hour that I sat at my window with this book before me. My fancy wandered far away. I thought that I could hear the music of Paradise. The canopy above seemed to be transparent, and I thought I could see the ranks of the redeemed. Who can dwell upon Heaven, and not be desirous to die? Who can stand upon Pisgah and look out upon Canaan and not say—“*I would not live alway?*”

Who would live alway? Who is so wedded to this world as not to desire another? Where is the warrior who does not sometimes wish for peace? Where is the mariner that does not desire the harbor? And can it be, that mortals, who are in a state of continued warfare—who are ever tossed upon the ocean of life, can it be that they would not wish the seal of immortality to be impressed upon their brows? Who would not exult, that there was a time, when the weeping eye shall dry its tears—when the heart shall cease its throbbings?
FLOARDO.

For the Pearl.

SUMMER EVENING.

The gorgeous Sun sinks in the western main,
And casts o'er nature's face his parting ray;
Gilds with his farewell smiles the rural vane,
And yields his beauties to the evening—grey
Receding fast—his glories far excel
The painters art, in color's vivid show,
Nor can the poets art the beauties tell
Which in the fair expanse of evening glow.
The glad horizon flames before the eye
The clouds appear in richest robes arrayed
Celestial tints light up the ambient sky,
In grand irregularity displayed.
Now, fan the gentle zephyrs; soft they flow.
Natures exhausted strength to recreate
Inhale their freshness as they kindly blow
Ye plants, and trees, that for their influence wait
Ye that have borne the suns directer heat
Inspire the breeze; the cooling draught receive
Revive,—and let your fragrance now complete,
Exhale, our wearied spirits to relieve.
The bird's fly twittering to the shady groves
And chirp their cordial fondness to their mates
There they retire, and now renew their loves,
As mutual amity each heart elates.
The giddy quats dance gaily in the air—
The harmless cattle bleat or low their praise
To that kind hand which doth their rest prepare
And all around the streams of love conveys.
Now hath the glorious orb of day with all
His gorgeous pomp from this our hemisphere
Retired;—and now the dews begin to fall,
Blessing the earth with many a kindred tear;
Like some kind friends who when we need her aid
Opening a heart compassionate and kind,
With sympathies from soul to soul conveyed
Replacing grief;—reviving each frail mind.
Ungrateful man plods homeward from his toil,
His sullen eyes retrace the accustomed ground
Reluctant, like the uncultivated soil
Where many weeds, but little fruit is found.
O sinful creature! ever to forget
The source of blessings every evening new;
Whose truth and mercy for thee friendly met
Whose love and goodness bounds thy every view.
Not thus unwilling is that Father's hand,
Unless when chastisement his hand employs;
His gifts are numerous as the ocean's sand:
At once the fount and substance of thy joys.
While speechless nature strives, to mean his praise,
Shall man, refuse to add a thankful note?
Man the base object of God's richest grace,
Be last, to God his talents to devote!
Oh tell it not in Gath! Let not the sound,
For shame, be heard in Askelon's proud streets!
But let his love be felt by all around;
Till every heart and lip his praise repeats!
Above the horizon,—far in prospect placed,
Last in the train of Day, the Evening Star,
Sweet Hespera!—with beaming beauty graced
Appears resplendent in her glittering car!
More brilliant than the purest gem that flames
In the bright circlet of a monarch's crown;
Flushing at intervals prismatic beams,
Shines lovely, Venus in her going down.
Adieu,—thou fairy-green of even-tide
Whether thou art,—as ancient poets tell
Supreme, the lovers art to rule and guide;
To enchant them by thy soul confining spell
Or not?—yet sure in this thy placid hour
Devoted souls in love, are wont to stray
Associated by that pleasing power
By which half man, binds t'other to his sway.
'Mid twilight view the rippling stream below
The hawthorne hedge, with honeysuckle twined,
The sylvan rose—the plants that clustering grow—
The lonely tower, with arches ivy-climbed,
Mouldering beneath the wasting hand of time,
Whose turrets still have braved the battering wind,
Where dwelt the Hero of romantic rhyme,
Where ghastly shades their sleeping bones can find.
Now the lone bat flaps his dull cumb'rous wings,—
The bird of night screams out her hideous note,

The auguring raven bids portentous things,
The toad keeps watch before the laboured moat,—
Envenomed reptiles, roam unseen wild;
Yon antiquated mansion of the gay;
Which tells of fallen greatness, which has been
And nods its gloom across the travellers way.
TEULON.

A HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE.

“The summit of the ridge is quitted by a narrow passage, the entrance to which has, in other times, been guarded by a fort built upon the rocks beside it; and, from this spot, the traveller can look down upon the plains of Rossillon, and distinguish the road corkscrewing down the mountain into the valley many thousand feet below. Few roads, even in the higher Pyrenees, are more rapid in their descent than this, and none of them narrower, and worse defended, without any parapet and hanging like a shelf on the mountain side. Having passed the old fort, and put the drag chains upon the wheels, the conductor set off full gallop down the descent. The lady screamed; but, with the noise of the diligence, and the rain which fell in torrents, no one could hear her but myself. She shut her eyes, seized hold of me, and fortunately for herself, fainted. The rocks were almost over our heads; and, when we were going down at this rate, an immense block, of perhaps 20 or 30 tons weight, detached from its resting-place by the rains of the preceding night, came over the mountain side, and, dashing upon the narrow road a few hundred yards in advance of us, carried one half of it into the valley. Here was a pretty situation to be placed in—a fainting lady in my arms, with the knowledge that a few seconds would decide whether we were to pass the breach which had been made, or accompany the rock in its descent. To pull up was impossible; the rate at which we were going, and the impetus given to the carriage, totally precluded it, even had there been harness for the horses to hold back with, which there was not. As we approached, a cry of horror came from those in the *blanquette*,* who could see the danger, and I thanked God that the lady was insensible to it. What, if any of the leaders swerved from the path; what, if the conductor had not a steady head, and still steadier hand—were thoughts of the moment. I threw the lady upon the seat; and, climbing through the window of the coupe to the side of the driver, urged him to keep the heads of the leaders well to the rock; so that they (if it was yet possible to pass) might not see the danger, and start from it. Most fortunately, he was a steady fellow; he did as he was desired; and we galloped over the remaining shelf, barely broad enough for the wheels to run upon: and, turning round, I could see an additional portion of the road roll down the precipice, from the shock which the diligence had given it. The danger was seen and passed in the tenth part of the time which I have taken to narrate it; and we arrived in safety at the bottom.

“I have seldom found myself in a situation of greater danger; no exertion of my own could here avail in extricating me, which, when I could employ, I have always found effectual in stunning the unpleasant feelings upon such occasions. At the bottom of the descent is the village of Caudies, where the lady was soon revived, and the driver had the assembled villagers round him, listening to his story, which lost nothing by being told by a Frenchman; but, in this case, there could be no embroidery—it was not possible to make the danger greater, short of our having actually rolled into the abyss. I suggested the propriety of sending over the ridge, to give warning on the other side of the accident, and of the impossibility of crossing; and a party set off for the purpose.”—*A Summer in the Pyrenees.*

PEDANTRY.—Ignorance I can bear without emotion; but the affectation of learning gives me a fit of the spleen

AFFECTION.—The tie that binds the happy may be dear; but that which links the unfortunate is tenderness unutterable.

* The upper part of a diligence.