

and well-read, would train a family to intelligence and saving habits; and when the parents have fulfilled their days they would be a valuable legacy to their children. To a person who has occasion to consult these ephemeral publications, nothing is more sad, than to find how woefully they are destroyed, and how much ignorant vandalism we have among us.

Mr. J. L. Libbey, librarian in Harvard College, says: "That junk-dealers in the city, and tanners in the country, collect wagon-loads of dead stock, old books, pamphlets, and papers; among which are many of great rarity and value, and sell them for a cent or two a pound to paper-makers, to be ground over and converted into paper-hangings.

"About a year ago, I saw in Boston, three large wagons, nearly filled with huge bags, just leaving a very humble auction-room, and from a few pamphlets, which a man was stuffing into the last bag, I rescued one which for nearly eleven years I had been trying to find, to assist me in completing the volume of a valuable periodical.

"I have known a journey to be made from New York to Cambridge, in a storm in January, mainly for the purpose of consulting an old funeral sermon, of which another copy could not be found in the country. It had probably never been asked for during the generations since it came to the library; but it was now wanted in a law case involving near half a million of dollars. How many would think a funeral sermon worth sending to the library of Harvard College?

"From a remote part of Maine, journeys were repeatedly made to this vicinity, for information respecting land claims and mill privileges, and the parties found at last, by means of an old Boston directory, to which I called their attention, that for years they had probably been pursuing their inquiries on one of the most important points in the wrong direction. And yet the question is often asked, 'Of what use is an old directory?'

"A family in a neighboring city, on vacating a house, sent a valuable donation; but, from an apprehension that a thorough gleaning had not been made, a messenger was dispatched to the place, and he found in the barn, among papers which had been thrown there as worthless, several of the old, scarce Acts and Resolves of the State, other valuable documents, and a small unbound volume, of which fruitless efforts had been made to obtain a copy for the library.

"From a closet, where they had probably remained nearly a century, we recently received tolerably complete files of the *Boston News Letter*, and of the *Evening Post*, for the years 1742, 1743, 1744, which contain a large amount of important information, nowhere else to be had, respecting Whitefield and the great revival, and the circumstances connected with the publication and statements of Prince's 'Christian History.'

"In a neat butter-firkin of literary remains, sent to the library, at my special request, I found pamphlets, old numbers of periodicals, enabling me to complete imperfect volumes, and a file of newspapers, which make a perfect copy of the first volume of the *Boston Gazette*, beginning in the year 1765, an important period in the history of the American colonies."

Col. Force also tells of some remarkable success in completing imperfect volumes and sets of works, by looking over barrels and boxes of old papers. And every man who has had any experience in antiquarian research, can tell of similar success.

If the old almanacs, sermons, newspapers, directories, reports, old books, manuscript letters, diaries, and pamphlets of every kind, could be gathered from the garrets, closets, old chests, trunks, and barrels, there would be many things brought to light, of which there is not now known to be a copy in existence. After several years' search, I have obtained a complete set of the Annual Reports of the American Bible Society. Perhaps there are not a half dozen more complete sets in existence.

One word with regard to the manner of putting up pamphlets. It may be interesting to know, that some bind them in volumes, and have a general catalogue, as is done in the Library Company of Philadelphia. Others put them up entire in packages, according to the authors, putting on the back of the package the first three letters of their names. For example, those written by Smith, would have SM. on the back of the package. This is the method in Harvard Library, and in the Athenaeum, in Boston. A third method is, to put them up by subjects, as is done by the British Museum. Each of these methods has its advantages, and by either, any thing desired, may be readily obtained. Either of these methods can be pursued in every private collection, and thus any pamphlet or paper may be readily found. Whichever method is adopted in putting up pamphlets, they should be preserved

entire with the covers on, as originally issued.—*New York Historical Magazine.*

LITERATURE.

POETRY.

Easter Hymns.

HYMN I.

THE TWO MARYS.

Oh dark day of sorrow,
Amazement and pain;
When the promise was blighted
The given was ta'en!

When the master no longer
A refuge should prove;
And evil was stronger
Than mercy and love!

Oh dark day of sorrow,
Abasement and dread,
When the Master beloved
Was one with the dead!

We sat in our anguish
Afar off to see,
For we surely believed not
This sorrow could be!

But the trust of our spirits
Was all overthrown;
And we wept, in our anguish,
Astonished, alone!

At even they laid him
With aloes and myrrh,
In fine linen wound, in
A new sepulchre.

There, there will we seek him:
Will wash him with care;
Anoint him with spices:
And mourn for him there.

Oh strangest of sorrow!
Oh vision of fear!
New grief is around us—
The Lord is not here!

HYMN II.

THE ANGEL.

Women, why shrink ye
With wonder and dread?
Seek not the living
Where slumbers the dead!

Weep not, nor tremble,
And be not dismayed;
The Lord hath arisen!
See where he was laid!

The grave-clothes, behold them,
The spices, the bier;
The napkin that bound him,
But he is not here!

Death could not hold him,
The grave is a prison
That keeps not the living,
The Christ has arisen!

HYMN III.

THE LORD JESUS.

Why are ye troubled?
Why weep ye and grieve?
What the prophets have written
Why slowly believe?

'Tis I, be not doubtful
Why ponder ye so?

Behold in my body
The marks of my woe!

The willing hath suffered;
The chosen been slain;
The end is accomplished!
Behold me again!

Death has been conquered—
The grave has been riven—
For sin a remission
Hath freely been given!

Fearless in spirit,
Yet meek as the dove,
Go preach to the nations
This gospel of love.

For the night of the mighty
Shall o'er you be cast;
And I will be with you,
My friends, to the last.

I go to the Father,
But I will prepare
Your mansions of glory,
And welcome you there.

There life never-ending;
There bliss that endures,
There love never changing,
My friends, shall be yours!

But the hour is accomplished.
My children, we sever—
But be ye not troubled,
I am with you forever!

HYMN IV.

THE ELEVEN.

The Lord is ascending!—
Rich welcomes to give him:
See, angels descending!—
The heavens receive him!

See, angels, archangels
Bend down to adore!—
The Lord hath ascended,
We see him no more!

The Master is taken;
The friend hath departed;
Yet we are not forsaken,
Nor desolate-hearted!

The Master is taken,
The holy, the kind,
But the joy of his presence,
Remaineth behind!

Our hearts burned within us
To hear but the word
Which he spake, ere our spirits
Acknowledged the Lord!

The Lord hath ascended!
Our hope is secure,
We trusted not lightly;—
The promise is sure;

The Lord hath ascended;
And we his true-hearted,
Go forth with rejoicing,
Though he hath departed!

MARY HOWITT.