

the object of envy and ill-will, as soon as his fortitude and greatness of mind had begun to attract admiration, and to make the envious person feel the superiority of virtue above good fortune.

To take sincere pleasure in the blessings and excellences of others, is a much surer mark of benevolence, than to pity their calamities: and you must always acknowledge yourself ungenerous and selfish, whenever you are less ready to "rejoice with them that do rejoice," than to "weep with them that weep." If ever your commendations of others are forced from you, by the fear of betraying your envy,—or if ever you feel a secret desire to mention something that may abate the admiration given them, do not try to conceal the base disposition from yourself, since that is not the way to cure it.

Human nature is ever liable to corruption, and has in it the seeds of every vice, as well as of every virtue; and, the first will be continually shooting forth and growing up, if not carefully watched and rooted out as fast as they appear. It is the business of religion to purify and exalt us, from a state of imperfection and infirmity, to that which is necessary and essential to happiness. Envy would make us miserable in Heaven itself, could it be admitted there; for we must there see beings far more excellent, and consequently more happy than ourselves: and till we can rejoice in seeing virtue rewarded in proportion to its degree, we can never hope to be among the number of the blessed.—*Chapone's Letters.*

For the Mayflower.

Song.

To the tune of "Burial of Sir John Moore."

COMES THERE STEALING REMEMBRANCE OF ME?

When the gay and the thoughtless are thronging around,
And Beauty's enchantment is near;
When eyes, brightly beaming, respond unto thine,
And voices fall soft on thy ear,
In those seasons of mirth, when each rainbow-lured hour
Sheds light on the heart, ere it flee;
Oh, tell me, if ever, amid the gay throng,
There comes stealing remembrance of me.

On some bright summer's day, when all nature seems glad;
While pacing the sand-beaten shore,
Thine eye marks the heave of the billows that, late,
Thy form from my tearful sight bore;
When, far in the distance, gleam faintly the hills,
Where together we sported in glee—
Ah, with the bright visions of days that are past,
Comes their stealing remembrance of me?

When sober-eyed twilight her mantle of dews,
On the weary earth softly bestows;
When leaden care dies, and the angel of peace
Sings the tumults of life to repose.
Then if, through thy casement, the evening-star beam,
Perchance if may whisper to thee,
Of one who, afar, is beholding its light,
Then will steal the remembrance of me.

And oh, should thy path be enshrouded with gloom,—
And the joys that have cheered thee depart,
Forget not that I in thy sorrows partake,
That still dearer art thou to this heart;
Though vainly I pine for the well-known voice,
Though banished thy footstep may be,
What a balm does the hope to my spirit afford,
That thy thoughts sometimes wander to me.

Poor Rosalie.

BY MRS. OPIE.

Though he slay me yet will I trust in him.

In a small village in, as I believe, the south of France, lived an elderly lady, who was supposed to be rich, though her style of living was rather penurious. But as her charities were many, and she denied no one, but herself, she was regarded with affectionate respect,—and was particularly commended, when she took into her house a young girl, whom I shall call Rosalie, the daughter of humble but of very estimable parents.

Rosalie's childhood was happy,—and so might her youth have been, had she not lost one of the best of mothers, when she was only twelve years old; a mother who, having had rather a superior education, sedulously endeavoured to impart her knowledge to her daughter. Rosalie's father, for some years after the death of his wife, seemed to think his child sufficient for his happiness,—but at length he married again,—and in his second marriage, he gave to himself and daughter a domestic tyrant. Poor Rosalie toiled all the day, and sometimes half the night to please her task-mistress, who, as soon as she had a child, insisted that her husband's daughter should be its nurse, and do the chief part of the household work besides.

As child succeeded to child, Rosalie's fatigues increased every year,—and if her father ventured to repay her patient industry by an affectionate caress, his wife desired him not to spoil, still more, by his foolish fondness, a girl whom he had sufficiently spoiled already. Happily, Rosalie's mother had been enabled to instil into her mind the duty of entire submission to the divine will,