

"He had retired into a small grove not far from his house, where he was pensively walking, wetting his steps with his tears, when he was sent for by his dying daughter. He immediately obeyed the summons, and with a heavy heart, entered the door of her chamber; soon, alas! he feared, to be the chamber of death. The parting hour was at hand, when he was to take a last farewell of his endeared child; and his religious views gave him but a feeble hope of meeting her hereafter. She clasped the hand of her parent in her own, now cold with the approach of death, and summoning all the energy which her expiring strength would admit of, she thus addressed him:—"My father do you love me?" "My child, you know that I love you—that you are now more dear to me than all the world beside?" "But, father, do you love me?" "Oh, why, my child, will you give me pain so exquisite?" "Have I then never given you any proofs of my love?" "But, my dearest father, do you love me?" The afflicted father was unable to make any reply, and the daughter continued, "I know, my dear father, you have ever loved me—you have been the kindest of parents, and I tenderly love you—will you grant me one request? Oh, my father, it is the dying request of your daughter! will you grant it?" My dearest child, ask what you will, though it take every cent of my property; I will grant it." "My dear father, I beg you never again to speak against Jesus of Nazareth!" The father was dumb with astonishment. "I know," continued the dying girl, "I know but little about this Jesus, for I was never taught; but I know that he is a Saviour, for he has manifested himself to me since I have been sick, even for the salvation of my soul. I believe that he will save me, although I never before loved him. And now, my father, do not deny me; I beg that you never again speak against this Jesus of Nazareth! I entreat you to obtain a testament which tells of him; and I pray that you may know him: and when I am no more, that you may bestow on him the love that was formerly mine."

The exertion overcame the weakness of her enfeebled frame. She stopped, and her father's heart was too full even for tears. He left the room in great horror of mind, and before he could compose himself, the spirit of his accomplished daughter had taken its flight; I trust into the bosom of that blessed Saviour, whom, though he scarcely knew, yet she loved and honoured.

The first thing the parent did, after committing to the earth his last earthly joy, was to procure a new testament. This he read diligently and devoutly; and taught by the Holy Spirit from above, is now numbered among the meek and humble followers of the once despised Jesus.

YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal.

THE MOTHER'S DYING ADDRESS TO HER ONLY CHILD.

MY BELOVED DAUGHTER.—The hour of my departure is at hand. All the tender ties which bind you to my heart will soon be dissolved, and painful as the idea may be to me, at the early age of fourteen, my dear Amelia must be left an orphan in this vale of tears. Oh my child, you are in the slippery paths of youth, and many are the snares which surround you; your morning sun is promising, and I entreat you, by all the tender feelings of a mother, not to suffer it to set in eternal darkness, by the misimprovement of your precious time. You will no longer have a mother's tender care, nor watchful eye, to protect you; but I leave you in the care of that Parent, who has promised to be the orphan's God, and a Father to the fatherless. To him in your tender infancy, on my bended knees have I often devoted you, and with streaming eyes supplicated his heavenly benediction, that his blessing might distil upon you like the small rain upon the tender herb. Into his faithful hands do I now commend you.

If, on reading this last message of mine, the involuntary tear should wet your cheek, consider that it is the voice of God speaking through this medium, to remember your Creator in the days of your youth; and that, young as you are, you are exempt from death. And although I have arrived to the age of forty years, you have no certainty of ever seeing that age; and even, should you, six and twenty years would glide almost imperceptibly away. Oh my dear daughter, let me tell you, and let the solemn

truth be rivetted on the tablet of your heart, that nothing can secure to you permanent happiness, but the favor of God. Twenty years have I made religion my theme. Oh sweet religion! There is a heavenly charm in the sound! It has borne me above the boisterous ocean of life, and its divine consolations have supported me in the midst of affliction and difficulty. Oh my daughter, in these my last, my dying moments, my ardent soul breathes to heaven its most fervent aspirations, that the voice of God may allure you into the paths of piety and virtue in early life. Outward accomplishments will avail you little when called to a bed of death, like this.—May you be restrained from entering into the circles of the gay and the giddy. Choose not the thoughtless for your companions, for their way leads down to death. There is my Bible; oh sacred treasure! in which I have found an unfailing source of the richest consolation for twenty years past. I will it you as the last pledge of my affection. Oh my dear child, peruse these sacred oracles daily, and pray God to open the eyes of your understanding, to discern spiritual things.

And now my pen is about to drop from my hand—never more to be resumed. What more shall I say? My hopes are blooming with immortality, which the cold blasts of death cannot destroy. Adieu! my child! a long adieu! A\*\*\*\*\*.

LITERATURE.

ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

An Introductory Lecture delivered in the University of London, by the Rev. THOMAS DALE, M. A. (of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge,) Professor of the English Language and English Literature.

This is another of the valuable Discourses which have been delivered in the London University, and which we hail as a promising specimen of one of the most useful series of Lectures to be given in that seat of learning. The critical study of his own language is too often neglected by the classical scholar, especially in the Universities and great schools, where the student is encouraged to attain proficiency in ancient languages and Literature, whilst he remains comparatively ignorant of English Literature and of his mother tongue. Mr. Dale has ably vindicated the claims of our own writers to rank with those of any nation, ancient or modern, in depth, vigour, and utility; and he shows that it is the first and indispensable requisite of the scholar and the gentleman to be able to speak and write correctly in his own language. The style of Mr. Dale's lecture is distinguished by purity and elegance. We shall best illustrate the talents and opinions of the Professor, by making a few quotations. He speaks in these terms of our immortal bard:—

"It would be idle to introduce the name of Shakespeare in comparison with any dramatic writer, ancient or modern. Encircled by all other votaries of the Comic or the Tragic Muse, he reminds us of a tall and stately ship, gliding proudly over the immeasurable ocean, and accompanied by many smaller vessels, several of which are more complete in their rigging, and more perfect in their whole equipment, but all greatly inferior both in weight of metal and costliness of freight. They seem prepared to encounter, and able to outlive the storm; but to their majestic consort alone can we apply the glowing language of the poet,—

"She walks the waters like a thing of life,  
And seems to care the elements to strife."

Mr. Dale makes the following just comparison between the writers of Rome and Greece and those of England, paying a fine tribute to our unsurpassed epic poet:—

"I have thought it advisable to defer the consideration of the comparative merits of classical and English literature, until the time arrive for its introduction into the order of the course; pledging myself then to prove, that if the Greek and Latin variety, flexibility, and softness, have surpassed us in ease, grace, and elegance of diction; that advantage is fully counter-balanced by the animation, vigour, and energy of expression conspicuous in our own authors, and still more by a magnificence of conception in them altogether unequalled by the most valued relics of antiquity. The familiar image of the eagle soaring upward to the sun, and gazing

with undimmed and unaverted eye upon its meridian brightness, has been applied to the Roman poet, and with still greater justice to the Grecian bard. But England too can boast of one,

Who rode sublime  
Upon the seraph wings of ecstasy—  
The secrets of th' abyss to see,  
He past the flaming bounds of space and time;  
The living throne, the sapphire blaze  
Where Angels tremble while they gaze,  
He saw—but blasted with excess of light,  
Closed his eyes in endless night."

We extract also an interesting and beautiful passage on the history of the English language:—

"An enquiry into the origin, formation, and progress of the English language, may be compared to a voyage up the channel of a magnificent and hitherto unexplored river. In ascending the stream, as you pass the confluence of one tributary after another with the parent flood, the width may be observed continually to diminish, and the depth gradually to decrease;—at length all further progress is impeded by some natural barrier; and though the river has now dwindled to a rill, the fountain whence it issues cannot be precisely ascertained; for it divides itself into innumerable branches, or escapes among impassable rocks. Thus in tracing the stream of our language backward to its remoter sources, when we have ascended beyond the derivatives which successively flowed into it from the Latin, French, and Greek, and arrived at the scanty dialect of our Saxon forefathers,—henceforth all is obscurity and conjecture. The Anglo-Saxon may indeed be identified with the Gothic or Teutonic, of which either it is a dialect, or both have originated in one common source. But where is that source to be found? Many plausible and ingenious hypotheses have been framed on this interesting subject, of which the most recent, and to my mind the most satisfactory, is that of Colonel Vans Kennedy, a gentleman whose learning and ability are not only honorable to himself, but throw a lustre on his profession; who in his able and elaborate researches into the origin of languages refers the Gothic to the Thracian or Pelasgic, and that again to the Sanscrit, which he considers to have been the language of Babylonia, or Assyria, whence the Pelasgi originally migrated. The arguments urged in support of this hypothesis will be reserved for the course of lectures on English Literature, in which the question of the probable origin of our language will be more fully discussed. The earliest date which we shall assume in our present enquiries, as verified by competent authority, is the year after Christ 300, about which time the Gothic language is said to have received an alphabet from Uphilas, bishop of Mesia. His claim to this honour has indeed been contested; but not to an honour infinitely more exalted and enduring;—that he employed the recent invention for the noblest and most beneficial of all purposes—for enlightening his ignorant countrymen by the carmination of the scriptures. His translation of the New-Testament is now the sole remaining relic of the Gothic language;—

The spirit in which Mr. Dale enters upon his course of instruction, bearing in mind the highest duty of the teacher of youth, is worthy of praise and imitation:—

"Mere intellectual improvement," he says, "is not, or should not be, the exclusive or even the primary object of education. Moral and religious principles are infinitely more momentous to the character and interests of the future man, than the cultivation of the mind alone, whether we look to the individual himself, or to the influence which he will hereafter exercise upon society. The talented and accomplished scholar may shine in public and social life; may astonish by the depth of his erudition, or charm by the graces of his eloquence, or dazzle by the exertions of his wit;—but the man of principle only is the centre round which domestic felicity revolves; he only contributes to the real and enduring benefit of his near and dear connexions. Contemplated in this aspect—and few I think will refuse thus to contemplate it—the morality which may be learned from any system of religious opinions that professes to take the Bible for its basis, deserves to be estimated far more highly than the most extensive acquirements and even the most splendid abilities, if uncontrolled by those motives and principles of action, which alone can direct them to the