

Yet these are those; find not the bliss,  
The ghostly phantom—Happiness!

What seekest thou? I ask again;  
Is it on earth long to remain?  
Hoping you'll find it yet again,  
Some unseen day, some happier home;  
Some unknown friend, yet to arise,  
Fully able, willing, wise.

Vain man! give up thy chase, forbear;  
On earth it never will appear:  
In vain's your search through earthly scenes,  
Or hope to realize your dreams;  
'This world's no soil for it to grow,  
Its buds are nipt ere it can blow,

For Death, if nought beside will rise,  
The aspirant seize who seeks the prize:  
And speaks to men,—'tis not below  
You'll gain what you have sought to know;  
So mutable are all things here  
No state or age can it secure.

'Tis found alone in wisdom's ways;  
Virtue leads on to happier days—  
Wisdom and virtue from above,  
Secures the bliss that man would love.  
Then seek it in the appointed way;  
Life is the time—Heaven's favour'd day.

Seek to fulfil your Maker's laws,  
And honour his religious cause:  
In search of Heaven, your search be this,  
You'll find your wish, and meet true bliss:  
Commend'd below, complete in Heaven,  
Success unto your search is given.

#### CHILD PRESERVED BY A DOG.

The convent of the Great St. Bernard is situated near the top of the mountain known by that name, near one of the most dangerous passages of the Alps, between Switzerland and Savoy. In these regions the traveller is often overtaken by the most severe weather, even after days of cloudless beauty, when the glaciers glitter in the sunshine, and the pink flowers of the rhododendron appear as if they were never to be sullied by the tempest. But a storm suddenly comes on; the roads are rendered impassable by drifts of snow; the avalanches, which are huge loosened masses of snow or ice, are swept into the valleys, carrying trees and crags of rock before them. The hospitable monks, though their revenue is scanty, open their doors to every stranger that presents himself. To be cold, to be weary, to be benighted, constitute the title to their comfortable shelter, their cheering meal, and their agreeable converse. They devote themselves to the dangerous task of searching for those unhappy persons who may have been overtaken by the sudden storm, and would perish but for their charitable succour. Most remarkably are they assisted in these truly Christian offices. They have a breed of noble dogs in their establishment, whose extraordinary sagacity often enables them to rescue the traveller from destruction. Benumbed with cold, weary in the search for a lost track, his senses, yielding to the stupefying influence of frost, which betrays the exhausted sufferer into a deep sleep, the unhappy man sinks upon the ground, and the snow-drift covers him from human sight. It is then that the keen scent and exquisite docility of these admirable dogs are called into action. Though the perishing man be ten or even twenty feet beneath the snow, the delicacy of smell with which they can trace him offers a chance of escape. They scratch away the snow with their feet;

they set up a continued hoarse and solemn bark, which brings the monks and labourers of the convent to their assistance. To provide for the chance that the dogs, without human help, may succeed in discovering the unfortunate traveller, one of them has a flask of spirits round his neck, to which the fainting man may apply for support; and another has a cloak to cover him. These wonderful exertions are often successful; and even where they fail of restoring him who has perished, the dogs discover the body, so that it may be secured for the recognition of friends; and such is the effect of the temperature, that the dead features generally preserve their firmness for the space of two years. One of these noble creatures was decorated with a medal, in commemoration of his having saved the lives of twenty-two persons, who, but for his sagacity, must have perished. Many travellers who have crossed the passage of St. Bernard, since the peace, have seen this dog, and have heard, around the blazing fire of the monks, the story of his extraordinary career. He died about the year 1816, in an attempt to convey a poor traveller to his anxious family. The Piedmontese courier arrived at St. Bernard in a very stormy season, labouring to make his way to the little village of St. Pierre, in the valley beneath the mountain, where his wife and children dwelt. It was in vain that the monks attempted to check his resolution to reach his family. They at last gave him two guides, each of whom was accompanied by a dog, of which one was the remarkable creature whose services had been so valuable to mankind. Descending from the convent, they were in an instant overwhelmed by two avalanches; and the same common destruction awaited the family of the poor courier, who were toiling up the mountain in the hope to obtain some news of their expected friend. They all perished.

A story is told of one of these dogs, who, having found a child unhurt, whose mother had been destroyed by an avalanche, induced the poor boy to mount upon his back, and thus carried him to the gate of the convent. The subject is represented in a French print, which we have copied.

#### EFFECTS OF SORROW.

Life has long years; many pleasures it has to give in return for many which are taken away; and while our ears can receive the sounds of revelry, and our eyes are sensible of pleasant sights, and our bodies are conscious of strength, we deem we live; but there is an hour in the lives of all when the heart dies; an hour unheeded, but after which we have no real life, whether it perish in the agony of some conquering passion, or die wearily of sorrow; an hour which they may strive to trace, who say, 'ay, I remember I thought and felt differently then—I was a mere boy—I shall never feel the same again;'—an hour when the cord is snapped and the chain broken on which depended the harmony of existence.

Shout, little children! shout and clap your hands with sudden joy! send out the sound of ringing laughter over the face of the green bosomed earth! From you the angel nature hath not yet departed; in your hearts linger still the emanations from the Creator: perfect love and perfect joy. Shout, I say and rejoice! for the dark days are coming upon ye, when ye shall see no light, and the hours when mirth shall be strange to you, and the time when your voices shall grow so sad that they shall mingle with the wailing of the winds, and not be distinguishable from them, because of the exceeding sorrow of their tones!

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