

the chances of war may bring all its horrors to their gates.

Peace brings with it a momentary gleam of gladness, which quickly subsides in the sense of exhaustion that pervades all nations. The demand for the industry artificially created by war ceases with war. Other branches of industry revive slowly. The cost of the war is less than half defrayed; the debts incurred to carry it on press heavily on impoverished nations. The war interest is beggared and discontented. Men's habits have been unsettled—they cannot at once settle down into the new order of things. The first years of a general peace succeeding a general war are years of bankruptcy and privations—of starving and rioting among the poorer classes—of fraud and political profligacy among the higher.

Such is war, with its sufferings and consequential sorrows. Such is war in Christian and civilized Europe—war in an age and countries in which most has been done to subject it to regular laws, and to alleviate its horrors by the moral self-control and refinement of its agents. White-wash it as we will, it still remains full of dead men's bones and rotteness within. And they who trust most to it will be sure to feel most severely that it is an engine the direction and efficacy of which defy calculation—which is as apt to recoil upon those who explode it as to carry destruction into the ranks of their adversaries.

[The above article, which we extract from the *London Spectator*, is so excellent a description of the miseries of War, that we do not hesitate to lay it before our readers. To many of them it will doubtless not be entirely new, but it is worthy of universal perusal, and those who have already seen it will generally be pleased with the means of conveniently preserving it.]

## CONSOLATION:

BY DR. HASKINS.

Grave! give me back thy dead! Still fondly clings  
Remembrance to the form whence life hath flown,  
While the deep heart vibrates a mournful tone.  
Beyond this wilderness of mortal things,  
Where mutability still waves her wings,  
Oh! let my soul in solemn thought arrive  
Where vast eternity allures on high;  
Is there not that within me which shall live  
When yonder starry worlds forsake the sky?  
Sun of the universe! thy guidance give;  
Blume my darkness, oh! thou peerless sun  
Of light ineffable! as on I strive,  
Point me the path that I false ways may shun;  
Then gild with glory, when my toil, my travel's done.

## TO MISS —

### FONDLING HER INFANT BROTHER.

O! press again that sweet young lip,  
Thou happy girl, to thine,  
While in the locks that shade thy brow  
His little fingers twine.

His merry laugh is ringing loud  
In thy delighted ear,  
And thou art pouring winning words—  
"O beautiful!" and "dear!"

And fondly yet, but thoughtfully  
Thou'rt gazing on him now:  
Were thy hopes or fears of future years  
That shadowed thus thy brow?

Th' untrodden world before thee lies;  
But thy heart, untaught to roam,  
Holds all its dearest treasures still  
In one delightful home.

Then press again that sweet young lip,  
Thou happy girl, to thine,  
While fondly now, thy bending neck  
His clasping arms entwine.

Should woman's fairest lot be thine,  
'Mid its mingled bliss and pain,  
Thou'lt think upon those merry hours  
And wish them back again.

### NECESSITY OF PROPERLY EXERCISING THE MIND.

As the body from disuse may come in time to be deprived of all its powers, so the mental faculties may lose all their energy, through a neglect of their being exerted duly, and the man be no longer able to act, or not act in the manner that best becomes him. Therefore fathers, although otherwise well assured of the good dispositions of their children, forget not to warn them against the company of ill men; knowing, that as to converse with the good must exercise every virtue; so to associate with the bad must prove no less pernicious and baneful.—*Xenophon*.

### REASON.

THERE is perhaps something weak and servile in our wishing to rely on, or draw assistance from ancient opinions. Reason ought not, like vanity, to adorn herself with old parchments, and the display of a genealogical tree; more dignified in her proceedings, and proud of her immortal nature, she ought to derive everything from herself; she should disregard past times, and be, if I may use the phrase, the contemporary of all ages.—*Necker*.

### PUNISHMENTS.

THE punishment of criminals should be of use: when a man is hanged he is good for nothing.—*Voltaire*.