



PRAISE GOD.

As his nature opened her bosom for man. The verdant  
 the fresh blooming flowers—the rich deep forests—the  
 of the valleys—the whispers of the soft woods—the  
 the songs of the little birds—their tender voices—the waver-  
 the rattling rills—the blue arch of heaven.  
 the sunny clouds of summer with the gentle moon at night.  
 Praise God—Praise Him, oh Nature.

The moonbeams on the hillowy deep,  
 The blue waves rippling on the strand,  
 The ocean in its peaceful sleep,  
 The shells that murmur on the sand,  
 The cloud that dims the bending sky,  
 The bow that on its bosom glows,  
 The sun that lights the vault on high,  
 The stars at midnight's calm repose:  
 These praise the power that arch'd the sky,  
 And robed the earth in beauty's dye.

The melody of Nature's choir,  
 The deep-toned anthem of the sea,  
 The wind that tunes a viewless lyre,  
 The zephyr on its pinions free,  
 The thrush with its thrilling notes,  
 The peal upon the mountain air,  
 The lay that through the foliage floats,  
 Or sinks in dying cadence there:  
 These all to Thee their voices raise,  
 A fervent song of gushing praise.

The day-star, herald of the dawn,  
 As the dark shadows fit away,  
 The star upon the cheek of morn,  
 The dew drop gleaming on the spray,  
 From wild birds in their wanderings,  
 From streamlets leaping to the sea,  
 From all earth's fair and lovely things,  
 Doth rising praise ascend to Thee—  
 These, with their silent tongues proclaim  
 The varied wonders of Thy name.

Father! Thy hand hath formed the dower,  
 And cast it on the verdant sea;  
 Thou hast it on at Summer hours,  
 In hues of beauty speak of Thee:  
 Thy works all praise Thee: shall not man  
 Alas! arise thy grateful hymn?  
 Shall he not join the lofty strain,  
 Educ'd from heart of seraphim?  
 We move to Thee our humble lays,  
 Thy mercy, goodness, love we praise.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

If a mountain of books has been written upon woman's duties and responsibilities, it matters not to us; there is yet room to write a mountain more; if everything has been said that can be touched upon, it will do no harm to say it all over again; good stories bear repetition; good advice does not lose by being often inculcated, and because all we say cannot be original, we need not lay down the pen in despair and murmur, "I can do nothing."

A woman who has a family of children, and who is anxious to do her best by them, to train them up so that they may become valuable additions to the world, is willing to read something every day touching the parental relation; she will pause in the midst of her busiest moments, to hear or peruse a simple paragraph that may lead her mind to take new and better views of her responsibilities; she will catch eagerly at any new method that may seem better adapted to the purpose she holds in view.

We have heard the exclamation made more than once, "Oh! it is so difficult to know just how to do." The mother sat with her blue-eyed babe upon her knee, while clinging to her arms was another, almost a babe, with the rich locks of sunny brown falling over its fair cheeks, yet restless, weary, and fidgety. Near by, a young and beautiful creature, a little fairy of some seven years, was already perched up at the mirror, pulling at her long curls, and practising little graces that told how vanity had begun to assert its supremacy in her young heart. A noisy boy had just come in with a ready excuse for delaying his return beyond the appointed time, and another, still younger, through a great excess of animal spirits, was constantly trespassing on some often reiterated injunction, and as often sorry, yet repeatedly sinning. Well might the mother exclaim, "it is so difficult to know just how to do."

The influence of woman has never been over estimated; it is impossible that it should be; it has been compared to many precious things, yet there is nothing but would lose by comparison. In saying this much we do not eulogise our sex; it is but the oft-repeated declaration of the wise and good of all ages; for it cannot be denied that the world has owed many of the greatest men, its patriots, its rulers, its philosophers and Christian sages, to the mothers of enlightened lands. John Adams once and often said, "to my mother I

owe all I am;" could a higher tribute be paid by a better man to the memory of a beloved parent?

Thus in her truest and holiest state the province of woman is home; her privileges far outweigh her cares and trials, and if she safely guides the young immortals within her household, to the age of maturity, she is indeed blessed among women; she is like one that addeth diamonds to fine gold, each being enriched and beautified by the costliness of the other.

But it is sad to think that through the remissness of one single duty, all may be lost; she may indeed seem seeming perfection in form and mind from her side, to cope with the wrong doings of the harsh world. Her children, lovely and loving, may make homes in many hearts, until the ever poisoned shaft of sin shall pierce that part of the soul, unshielded by a mother's warning or advice, and the poor fallen victim, still tender in youth and beauty, feels that henceforth there is no resting place for her but in the grave, where sometimes oblivion covers shame.

We write now especially of woman as mother and daughter; fairest part of God's creation, but alas! the foulest stain upon society, when crime has laid his blackening hand upon her, and what would be virtue has cast her forth from every gentle influence, as the unclean of old were banished without the walled cities.

It is not so much that contagion is feared; unlike the leprosy, the sight of such a desolate soul does not infect the moral sense; a wretched ruined creature can seldom gain the ear of an innocent woman—she is rather a warning—a living reproach—an awful monument of degraded passions, that, if it have any effect, will lead the virtuous to shun so dreadful an example of impurity.

In reading the case of Margaret Garrity, the young woman who was recently tried in New York State on a charge of murder, and acquitted, we were led to enquire what can be the real cause why so many females in city and country annually go astray from the paths of rectitude? and we can but conclude that it is by a sad neglect on the part of parents, who from motives of a false delicacy that seems to us unnatural to the pure in life, withhold advice, whose importance is only second to, and indeed, should be inculcated with the religion of Jesus Christ. A mother should not be contented with an outward display of goodness; she should not be satisfied if her daughter, unfolding from day to day