

Linos to my sister, on hearing her wish she were a child again.

BREATH not the wish, dear sister! breathe it not,
Or pause one moment to review
The mingled joys and sorrows of thy lot,
Ere thou would'st tread Life's toilsome path anew.

Think of the snares that round Youth's pathway lie—
Think of the thorns to pierce th' unwary soul—
Think of the hopes that in despair must die,
Before the wearied heart may reach its goal.

Think how the buds of innocence may fall
Beneath temptation's power—the wor d's deceit;
How oft the soul must bow beneath the thrall
Of grief and care, and pain and sorrow meet.

But one more thought, dear sister, I recall—
Pardon the grief that thought must bring to thee:
Rememberest thou when by a father's pall
We bent in silent, hopeless agony?

And say, would all the joys, unmixed and pure,
That o'er thy life's lone pathway have been shed,
Oh, tell me, would they tempt you to endure
Again those hours beside th' unburied dead?

Ay, think of these, dear sister! and repress
The unavailing wish, the bootless prayer;
Look to thy home in heaven, and onward press,
To find unfading youth and beauty there.

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Leaves of Antiquity:

OR THE POETRY OF HEBREW TRADITION.

(Translated from the German of Herder.)

The Reward of the Future World.

JUDGE not the way of thy life, for all the steps of the Lord are good, although the aim of each thou mayst not understand. And weigh not the precepts of the law, in order that thou mayst say: "This law is greatest, therefore will I keep it; for its reward will be great." God has not revealed to men what shall be the reward of each individual work.

A king was about to plant a garden, and summoned laborers to the work without stipulation; he left each one free in his toil, and at evening only inquired on what he had labored. Each one showed him what he had performed; this one had planted a fig-tree, that one an olive, the third a cypress, and the fourth a palm-tree. The householder gave to every one a reward according to his labor, and thus was his garden planted with various trees. Had the laborers known what tree among them all would have received the highest reward, the design of the householder would not have been attained; a variety of trees would not have been planted in his garden.

A sage was once asked why God had so highly blessed him in this life? "Because I have performed the small duties as carefully as the greatest;" answered he: "therefore has God thus blessed me."

The Rose among Thorns.

A PIOUS man, deeply wounded and sick at heart, under the persecution of his enemies, walked sorrowfully up and down in his garden, almost doubting the ways of Providence. As he paused and remained standing before a rose-bush, the spirit of the rose thus addressed him, "Do I not animate a beautiful plant? Which is, in the name of every flower, a cup of thanksgiving, full of sweet odors—an incense offering to the Lord! And where dost thou find me? Among thorns! But they pierce not; they protect me and give me nourishment. Even so do thine enemies to thee, and should not thy spirit be more than a transitory flower?" Strengthened, the man turned away, and his soul became a cup of thanksgiving for his enemies.

Fearful, to the departing, appears the Angel of Death. From his flaming sword fall bitter drops, and his countenance is terrible.

Is there nothing that can save us from his terror? Can we behold Paradise, who looks not first upon the Angel of Death?

Not thus. He who has performed works of love and goodness, who has gladdened the hearts of men, and received their blessing sees not Death. As if from the plains of Paradise, the good deeds of his life arise, and, hovering over him, comfort his heart, and softly bear away his soul.

Thus was Eleazer, the faithful servant of Abraham, blessed of his Lord, that he should not see death for the joy that he had prepared for him in life. Sarah also, the daughter of Asher, when she brought to the grandfather of Jacob the tidings "Thy son liveth," he said: "The mouth which has spoken this to me, shall for this be comforted in the hour of death." And when Vitia, the daughter of Pharaoh, was about to die, that no one might say "What reward had she for her good deed in nurturing Moses?" in her last hour the fame of Moses, with all his deeds, stood before her royal eyes, and the image of death vanished before his presence.

As a thread is drawn from milk, so passes away the soul of the righteous from his body, in sweet remembrance of the good which it has accomplished: but the soul of the wicked departs, as the pointed thorns are torn from the fleety wool.—*Christian Messenger.*

THE SPIDER.

"THAT man," says the accomplished Cooper, "who can derive no gratification from a view of nature, even under the disadvantages of her most ordinary dress, will have no eyes to admire her in any."

This thought arose within me during a late walk in the neighborhood of my village. The morning was cold and clear, but the sun shone bright, and not a cloud flitted across the heavens. The little river flowed over its rocky bed, and on either side the spreading branches of the oak, the elm, and birch, had intercepted the flakes of snow, and formed a sparkling arcade. Every twig glittered with hoar-frost; even the coarser herbage, ferns, reeds, and mosses, seemed as if sledged with icy feathers; while here and there the Daphne laurel and the holly firmly grasped the rugged banks. Their dark shining leaves were gemmed with frozen particles, that reflected the colors of the rainbow; and across them innumerable spiders, as if proud to display their skill, had spun and interlaced their glittering webs.

It is very amusing to watch the spider when thus employed. He first throws out a thread, which becomes attached by its adhesive quality, to some near bough, or leaf, tuft of moss or stone. He then turns round; recedes to a distance; attaches another floating thread to some other part, and darts away, doubling and redoubling, so as to form figures the more pleasing and fantastic, spinning a thread at every movement, through the holes of his bag, by an operation similar to the drawing of wire.

And thus he works, as if to mock at art,
And in defiance of her rival powers:
By these fortuitous and random strokes
Performing such inimitable feats,
As she, with all her rules can never reach.—*Cooper's Task.*

Yet, the simple machinery, by which such a process is effected, consists merely of two bags, or reservoirs, filled with gum, or glue, and perforated with small holes. The secretion of the threads is an act too subtle for our discernment, except as we perceive it by the product. It may, however, be observed, that one thing answers to another—the secretory glands to the quality and consistency required in the secreted substances—the bags to its reception; that the outlets and orifices are constructed, not merely for relieving the reservoirs of their burden, but for manufacturing the contents into a form and texture of great external use to the life and functions of the insect. Two purposes are thus accomplished in the economy of nature. A feeble creature, which it has pleased Omnipotence to call into being; for reasons, though inscrutable to us, yet undoubtedly both wise and good, is put into a condition to provide for its own safety. An exquisite effect is also produced in the winter landscape—an effect of a character so new and beautiful, though annually recurring, that few regard it without admiration and delight.—*Annals of my Village.*