

## POETRY.

## MORTALITY.

O WHY should the spirit of mortal be proud?  
Like a fast flitting meteor, a fast flying cloud,  
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave—  
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willows shall fade,  
Be scattered around, and together be laid;  
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,  
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The child that a mother attended and loved,  
The mother that infant's affection that proved,  
The husband that mother and infant that blest,  
Each—all are away to their dwelling of rest.

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose  
eye,  
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are by:  
And the memory of those that beloved her and praised,  
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,  
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,  
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,  
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,  
The herdsman who climbed with his goats to the steep,  
The beggar that wandered in search of his bread,  
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint that enjoyed the communion of heaven,  
The sinner that dared to remain unforgiven,  
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,  
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes—like the flower and the weed  
That wither away to let others succeed:  
So the multitude comes—even those we behold,  
To repeat every tale that truth often been told.

For we are the same things that our fathers have been,  
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen,  
We drink the same stream, and we feel the same sun,  
And run the same course that our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think,  
From the death we are shrinking from, they too would  
shrink,

To the life we are eluding to, they too would cling—  
But it speeds from the earth like a bird on the wing.

They loved—but their story we cannot unfold;  
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold,  
They grieved—but no wail from their slumbers may  
come,

They joyed—but the voice of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay, they died! and wothings that are now  
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,  
Who make in the'r dir. Flings a transient abode,  
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yes, hope and despondence, and pleasure and pain,  
Are mingled together like sunshine and rain;  
And the smile and the tear and the song and the dirge,  
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the twink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,  
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,  
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud—  
O why should the spirit of mortal be proud!

Time is what we want most, but what we  
use worst: for which we must all account,  
when time shall be no more.

## VARIETIES.

*A wonderful Pen.*—Dr. Warner, some years ago, happened to be in the shop of an eminent stationer in the Strand, when a member of the House of Commons purchased a hundred quills for six shillings. When he was gone, the doctor exclaimed, "Oh the luxury of the age! six shillings for a hundred quills; why it never cost me sixpence for quills in my life." "That is very surprising, doctor" observed the stationer, "for your works are very voluminous." "I declare" replied the doctor, "I wrote my Ecclesiastical History, two volumes, in folio, and my Dissertation on the Book of Common Prayer, a large folio, both the first and corrected copies, with one single pen. It was an old one when I began, and it is not worn out, now that I have finished." This relation was spread about, and the merit of his pen was esteemed so highly, that a celebrated countess begged the doctor to make her a present of it: he did so; and her ladyship had a gold case made, with a short history of the pen wrote on it, and placed it in her cabinet of curiosities.

*Effects of Perseverance.*—All the performances of human art, at which we look with praise or wonder, are instances of the resistless force of perseverance. It is by this the quarry becomes a pyramid, and that distant countries are united by canals. If a man were to compare the effect of a single stroke of the pickaxe, or of one impression of the spade, with the general design and last result, he would be overwhelmed by the sense of their disproportion; yet those petty operations, incessantly continued, in time surmount the greatest difficulties; and mountains are levelled and oceans bounded, by the slender force of human beings.

*A Sister's Love.*—There is no purer feeling kindled upon the altar of human affections, than a sister's pure, uncontaminated love for her brother. It is unlike all other affections; so disconnected with selfish sensuality; so feminine in its development; so dignified, and yet, withal so fond, so devoted.—Nothing can alter it, nothing can suppress it.—The world may revolve, and its revolutions may effect changes in the fortunes, in the character and in the disposition of her brother; yet if he wants, whose hand will so readily stretch out as that of his sister; and if his character is maligned, whose voice will so readily swell in his advocacy. Next to a mother's unquenchable love, a sister's is pre-eminent. It rests so exclusively on the tie of consanguinity for its sustenance; it is so wholly divested of passion, and springs from such a deep recess in the human bosom, that when a sister once fondly and deeply regards her brother, that affection is blended with her existence, and the lamp that nourishes it expires only with that existence.

*Education.*—Many wonders are told of the art of education, and the very early ages at which boys are conversant in the Greek and Latin tongues, under some preceptors. But those who tell, or receive, those stories, should consider, that nobody can be taught faster than he can learn. The speed of the best horseman must be limited by the power of his horse. Every man that has undertaken to instruct others, can tell what slow advances he has been able to make, and how much patience it requires to recall vagrant inattention, to stimulate sluggish indifference, and to rectify absurd misapprehension.

*To Form a Vigorous Mind.*—Let every youth early settle it in his mind, that if he would ever be any thing, he has got to *make himself*; or in other words, to rise by personal application. Let him always try his own strength, and try it effectually, before he is allowed to call upon Hercules. Put him first upon his own invention; send him back again and again to the resources of his own mind, and make him feel that there is nothing too hard for industry and perseverance to accomplish. In his early and timid flights, let him know that stronger pinions are near and ready to sustain him, but only in case of absolute necessity. When in the rugged paths of science, and difficulties which he cannot surmount impede his progress, let him be helped over them; but never let him think of being led when he has power to walk without help; nor of carrying hisore to another's furnace, when he can melt it down in his own.

*Constantinus.*—It is said that Constantius, the father of Constantine, finding, when he came to the throne, a considerable number of Christians in office, and at court, issued an edict, requiring them to renounce Christianity, or quit their places. The far greater part of them readily and resolutely gave up their employment and prospects in order to preserve a good conscience; but a few cringed, and renounced christianity. When the Emperor had thus made full proof of their disposition, he turned out every one who had complied, and took all the others in again, giving this as his reason for his conduct, that "those who would not be true to Christ, would not be true to him."

*The Scoffer Reproved.*—Lady Huntingdon's heart was truly engaged to God. She laid herself out to do good.—The poor around her were the objects of her attention. She visited them in sickness, as well as relieved their necessities, prayed with and for them.—The late Prince of Wales one day, at Court, asked a lady of fashion, where my Lady Huntingdon was, that she seldom visited the circle. The lady replied, with a sneer, "I suppose praying with her beggars." The Prince shook his head, and said, "When I am dying I think I shall be happy to seize the skirt of Lady Huntingdon's mantle to lift me up with her to heaven."