M. S. Parkinson

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THE GARLAND.

THE POET'S BRIDAL-DAY SONG.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

O! my love's like the steadfast sun,
Or streams that deepen as they run;
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
Nor moments between sighs and tears,—
Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,
Nor dreams of glory dreamed in vain,—
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song which flows
To nober joys and soften woes,
Can make my heart or fancy flee
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit
In maiden bloom and matron wit—
Fair, gentle as when first I sued,
Ye seem, but of sedater mood;
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee
As when, beneath Arbigland tree,
We stayed and wooed, and thought the moon
Set on the sea an hour too soon;
Or lingered 'mid the falling dew,
When looks were fond and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet
Five sons and as fair daughter sweet;
And time, and care, and birth-time woes
Have dimmed thine eye, and touched thy rose;
To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong
All that charms me of tale or song;
When words come down, like dews unsought,
With gleams of deep enthusiast thought,
And fancy in her heaven flies free—
They come, my love, they come from thee.

O, when more thought we gave of old
To silver than some give to gold;
'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er
What things should deck our humble bower!
'Twas sweet to pull, in hope, with thee
The golden fruit from Fortune's tree;
And sweeter still to choose and twine
A garland for these locks of thine—
A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,
While rivers flow, and woods are green.

At times there come, as come there ought,
Grave moments of sedater thought,—
When Fortune frowns, nor lends our night
One gleam of her inconstant light;
And Hope, that decks the peasant's bower,
Shines like the rainbow through the shower,
O, then I see, while seated nigh,
A mother's heart shine in thine eye;
And proud resolve and purpose meek,
Speak of thee more than words can speak:
I think the wedded wife of mine
The best of all that's not divine!

STANZAS.

FROM THE FIFE HERALD.

On yes! I often think of her,
And of our bridal day;
The village maids were all a-stir
With hearts, like Nature, gay.
'Twas then the merry month of June,
And balmy blew the breeze;
The little birds were all in tune,
And leafy were the trees.

Oh yes! I often think of her
That met an early doom;
And while this stated day returns,
Weep, joyless, o'er her tomb!
For summer comes—and trees and flowers
Are beauteous as before—
The birds sing sweet in leafy bowers—
But she returns no more!

Oh no! I never can forget
The tones of that sweet voice;
Her words I well remember yet—
They made my heart rejoice:
And "mem'ry" still, with "miser care"
"Broods" o'er them with regret;—
Another in this heart may share—
But her I'll ne'er forget!

THE MISCELLANIST.

AHMED THE COBBLER.

In the great city of Isfahan, lived Ahmed the cobbler, an honest and industrious man, whose wish was to pass through life quietly; and he might have done so, had he not married a handsome wife, who, although she had condescended to accept of him as a husband, was far from being contented with his humble sphere of life.

Sittara, such was the name of Ahmed's wife, was ever forming foolish schemes of riches and grandeur; and though Ahmed never encouraged them, he was too fond a husband to quarrel with what gave her pleasure: an incredulous smile, or a shake of the head, was his only answer to her often-told day-dreams; and she continued to persuade herself that she was certainly destined to great fortune.

It happened one evening, while in this temper of mind, that she went to the Hemmam, where she saw a lady retiring, dressed in a magnificent robe, covered with jewels, and surrounded by slaves. This was the very condition Sittara had always longed for, and she eagerly inquired the name of the happy person, who had so many attendants, and such fine jewels. She learned it was the wife of the chief astrologer to the king. With this information, she returned home. Her husband met her at the door, but was received with a frown; nor could all his caresses obtain a smile or a word; for several hours she continued silent, and in apparent misery; at length she said;

"Cease your caresses; unless you are ready to give me a proof that you do really and sincerely love me."

"What proof of love," exclaimed poor Ahmed, "can you desire, which I will not give?"

"Give over cobbling: it is a vile, low trade, and never yields more than ten or twelve dinars a-day. Turn astrologer; your fortune will be made, and I shall have all I wish, and be happy."

"Astrologer!" cried Ahmed, "astrologer! Have you forgotten who I am—a cobbler, without any learning—that you want me to engage in a profession which requires so much skill and knowledge?"

"I neither think nor care about your qualifications," said the enraged wife; "all I know is, that if you do not turn astrologer immediately, I will be divorced from you to-morrow."

The cobbler remonstrated, but in vain. He promised to obey; and, having sold his little stock, bought an astrolabe, an astronomical almanac, and a table of the twelve signs of the zodiac. Furnished with these, he went to the market place, crying, "I am an astrologer! I know the sun, and the moon, and the stars, and the twelve signs of the zodiac; I can calculate nativities; I can foretell every thing that is to happen!"

No man was better known than Ahmed the cobbler. A crowd soon gathered round him. "What, friend Ahmed," said one, "have you worked till your head is turned?"—"are you tired of looking down at your last," cried another, "that you are now looking up at the planets?"

It so happened that the king's jeweller was passing by. He was in great distress, having lost the richest ruby belonging to the crown. Every search had been made to recover this inestimable jewel, but to no purpose; and as the jeweller knew he could no longer conceal its loss from the king, he looked forward to death as inevitable. In this hopeless state, while wandering about the town, he reached the crowd around Ahmed, and asked what was the matter. "Don't you know Ahmed the cobbler?" said one of the bystanders, laughing; "he has been inspired, and is become an astrologer."

A drowning man will catch at a broken reed: the jeweller no sooner heard the sound of the word astrologer, than he went up to Ahmed, told him what had happened, and said, "If you understand your art, you must be able to discover the king's ruby. Do so, and I will give you two hundred pieces of gold. But if you do not succeed within six hours, I will use all my influence at court to have you put to death as an impostor."

Poor Ahmed was thunderstruck. He stood long without being able to move or speak, reflecting on his misfortunes, and grieving, above all, that his wife whom he so loved, had, by her envy and selfishness, brought him to such a fearful alternative. Full of these sad thoughts, he exclaimed aloud, "Oh, woman, woman! thou art more baneful to the happiness of man than the poisonous dragon of the desert!"

The lost ruby had been secreted by the jeweller's wife, who, disquieted by those alarms which ever attend guilt, sent one of her female slaves to watch her husband. This slave, on seeing her master speak to the astrologer, drew near; and when she heard Ahmed, after some moments of apparent abstraction, compare a woman to a poisonous dragon, she was satisfied that he most know every thing. She ran to her mistress, and, breathless with fear, cried, "You are discovered, my dear mistress, you are discovered by a vile astrologer. Before six hours are past, the whole story will be known, and you will become infamous, if you are even so fortunate as to escape with life, unless you can find some way of prevailing on him to be merciful." She then related what she had seen and heard; and Ahmed's exclamation carried as complete conviction to the mind of the terrified mistress as it had done to that of her slave.

The jeweller's wife, hastily throwing on her veil, went in search of the dreaded astrologer. When she found him, she threw herself at his feet, crying, "Spare my honour and my life, and I will confess every thing!"

"What can you have to confess to me?" exclaimed Ahmed in amazement.

"Oh, nothing! nothing with which you are not already acquainted. You know too well that I stole the ruby from the king's crown. I did so to punish my husband, who uses me most cruelly; and I thought, by this means, to obtain riches for myself and have him put to death. But you, most wonderful man, from whom nothing is hidden, have discovered and defeated my wicked plan. I beg only for mercy, and will do whatever you command me."

An angel from heaven could not have brought more consolation to Ahmed than did the jeweller's wife. He assumed all the dignified solemnity that became his new character, and said, "Woman! I know all thou hast done, and it is fortunate for thee that thou hast come to confess thy sin, and beg for mercy before it is too late. Return to thy house, put the ruby under the pillow of the couch on which thy husband sleeps; let it be laid on the side farthest from the door, and be satisfied, thy guilt shall never be even suspected."

The jeweller's wife returned home, and did as she was desired. In an hour Ahmed followed her, and told the jeweller he had made his calculations, and found by the aspect of the sun and moon, and by the configuration of the stars, that the ruby was at that moment lying under the pillow of his couch on the side farthest from the door. The jeweller thought Ahmed must be crazy: but as a ray of hope is like a ray from heaven to the wretched, he ran to his couch, and there, to his joy and wonder, found the ruby in the very place described. He came back to Ahmed, embraced him, called him his dearest friend and the preserver of his life, gave him the two hundred pieces of gold, declaring that he was the first astrologer of the age.

These praises conveyed no joy to the poor cobbler, who returned home more thankful to God for his preservation, than elated by his good fortune. The moment he entered the door, his wife ran up to him, and exclaimed, "Well my dear astrologer! what success?"

"There," said Ahmed very gravely, "there are two hundred pieces of gold: I hope you will be satisfied now, and not ask me again to hazard my life, as I have done this morning." He then related all that had passed. But the recital made a very different impression on the lady from what these occurrences had made on Ahmed. Sittara saw nothing but the gold, which would enable her to vie with the chief astrologer's wife at the Hemmam. "Courage," she said, "courage, my dearest husband. This is only your first labour in your new and noble profession. Go on, and prosper; and we shall become rich and happy."

About this time it happened that the king's treasury was robbed of forty chests of gold and jewels, forming the greater part of the wealth of the kingdom. The high treasurer, and other officers of state, used all diligence to find the thieves, but in vain. The king sent for his astrologer, and declared, that if the robbers were not detected by a stated time, he, as well as the principal ministers, should be put to death. Only one day of the short period given them remained. All their search had proved fruitless, and the chief astrologer, who had made his calculations and exhausted his art to no purpose, had quite resigned himself to his fate, when one of his friends advised him to send for the wonderful cobbler, who had become so famous for his extraordinary discovery. Two slaves were immediately despatched for Ahmed, whom they commanded to go with them to their master. "You see the effects of your ambition," said the poor cobbler to his wife: "I am going to my death. The king's astrologer has heard of my presumption, and is determined to have me executed as an impostor."

On entering the palace of the chief astrologer, he was surprised to see that dignified person come forward to receive him, and lead him to the seat of honour, and not less so to hear himself thus addressed: "The ways of heaven, most learned and excellent Ahmed, are unsearchable. The high are often cast down, and the low are lifted up. The whole world depends upon fate and fortune. It is my turn now to be depressed by fate; it is thine to be exalted by fortune."

His speech was here interrupted by a messenger from the king, who, having heard of the cobbler's fame, desired his attendance. Poor Ahmed now concluded that it was all over with him, and followed the king's messenger, praying to God that he would deliver him from this peril. When he came into the king's presence, he bent his body to the ground, and wished his majesty long life and prosperity. "Tell me Ahmed," said the king, "who has stolen my treasure?"

"It was not one man," answered Ahmed, after some consideration, "there were forty thieves concerned in the robery."

"Very well," said the king; "but who were they? and what have they done with my gold and jewels?"

"These questions," said Ahmed, "I cannot now answer; but I hope to satisfy your majesty, if you will grant me forty days to make my calculations."

"I grant you forty days," said the king; "but when they are past, if my treasure is not found, your life shall pay the forfeit."

Ahmed returned to his house well pleased; for he resolved to take advantage of the time allowed him to fly from a city where his fame was likely to be his ruin. "Well, Ahmed," said his wife, as he entered, "what news at court?"

"No news at all," said he, "except that I am to be put to death at the end of forty days, unless I find forty chests of gold and jewels, which have been stolen from the royal treasury."

"But you will discover the thieves."

"How? by what means am I to find them?"

"By the same art which discovered the ruby."

"The same art!" replied Ahmed. "Foolish woman! thou knowest that I have no art, and that I have only pretended to it for the sake of pleasing thee. But I have had sufficient skill to gain forty days, during which time we may easily escape to some other city, and, with the money I now possess, and the aid of my former occupation, we may still obtain an honest livelihood."

"An honest livelihood!" repeated his lady, with scorn. "Will thy cobbling, thou mean, spiritless wretch! ever enable me to go to the Hemmam like the wife of the chief astrologer? Hear me, Ahmed! Think only of discovering the king's treasure. Thou hast just as good a chance of doing so, as thou hadst of finding the ruby. At all events, I am determined thou shalt not escape; and shouldst thou attempt to run away, I will inform the king's officers, and have thee taken up and put to death, even before the forty days are expired."

The poor cobbler was dismayed at this speech; but knowing there was no hope of changing his wife's resolution, he resigned himself to his fate. "Well," said he, "your will shall be obeyed. All I desire is, to pass the few remaining days of my life as comfortably as I can. You know I am no scholar, and have little skill in reckoning: so, there are forty dates; give me one every night after I have said my prayers, that I may put them in a jar, and, by counting them, may always see how many of the few days I have to live are gone."

The lady, pleased at carrying her point, took the dates, and promised to be punctual in doing what her husband desired.

Meanwhile the thieves who had stolen the king's treasure, having been kept from leaving the city by fear of detection and pursuit, had received accurate information of every measure taken to discover them. One of them was among the crowd before the palace on the day the king sent for Ahmed; and, hearing that the cobbler had immediately declared their exact number, he ran in a fright to his comrades and exclaimed, "We are all found out! Ahmed, the new astrologer, has told the king that there are forty of us."

"There needed no astrologer to tell that," said the captain of the gang. "This Ahmed, with all his simple good-nature, is a shrewd fellow. Forty chests having been stolen, he naturally guessed that there must be forty thieves; and he has made a good hit, that is all: still, it is prudent to watch him; for he certainly has made some strange discoveries. One of us must go to-night, after dark, to the terrace of this cobbler's house, and listen to his conversation with his handsome wife: for he is said to be very fond of her, and will, no doubt, tell her what success he has had in his endeavours to detect us."

Every body approved of this scheme; and, soon after nightfall, one of the thieves repaired to the terrace. He arrived there just as the cobbler had finished his evening prayers, and his wife was giving him the first date. "Ah!" said Ahmed, as he took it, "there is one of the forty."

The thief, hearing these words, hastened in consternation to the gang, and told them that the moment he took his post, he had been perceived by the supernatural knowledge of Ahmed, who immediately told his wife that one of them was there. The spy's tale was not believed by his hardened companions; something was imputed to his fears; he might have been mistaken; in short, it was determined to send two men the next night at the same hour. They reached the house just as Ahmed, having finished his prayers, had received the second date, and heard him exclaim, "My dear wife, to-night there are two of them."

The astonished thieves fled, and told their still incredulous comrades what they had heard. Three men were consequently sent the third night, four the fourth, and so on. Being afraid of venturing during the day, they always came as evening closed in, and just as Ahmed was receiving his date: hence they all in turn heard him say that which convinced them he was aware of their presence. On the last night they all went, and Ahmed exclaimed aloud, "The number is complete! to-night the whole forty are here!"

All doubts were now removed. It was impossible that Ahmed should have discovered them by any natural means. How could he ascertain their exact number, and, night after night, without ever once being mistaken? He must have learned it by his skill in astrology. Even the captain now yielded, in spite of his incredulity, and declared his opinion that it was hopeless to elude a man thus gifted; he therefore advised that they should make a friend of the cobbler, by confessing every thing to him, and bringing him to secrecy by a share of the booty.

His advice was approved of; and an hour before dawn they knocked at Ahmed's door. The poor man jumped out of bed, and supposing the soldiers were come to lead him to execution, cried out, "Have patience! I know what you are come for. It is a very unjust and wicked deed."

"Most wonderful man!" said the captain, as the door was opened, "we are fully convinced that thou knowest why we are come, nor do we mean to justify the action of which thou speakest. Here are two thousand pieces of gold, which we will give thee, provided thou will swear to say nothing more about the matter."

"Say nothing about it!" said Ahmed. "Do you think it possible I can suffer such gross wrong and injustice without complaining, and making it known to all the world?"

"Have mercy upon us!" exclaimed the thieves, falling on their knees, "only spare our lives, and we will restore the royal treasure."

The cobbler started, rubbed his eyes to see if he were asleep or awake; and being satisfied that he was awake, and that the men before him were really the thieves, he assumed a solemn tone, and said—"Guilty men! ye are persuaded that ye cannot escape from my penetration, which reaches unto the sun and moon, and knows the position and aspect of every star in the heavens. Your timely repentance has saved you. But ye must immediately restore all that ye have stolen. Go straightway, and carry the forty chests, exactly as ye found them, and bury them a foot deep under the southern wall of the old ruined Hemmam, beyond the king's palace. If ye do this punctually, your lives are spared; but if ye fail in the slightest degree, destruction will fall upon you and your families."

The thieves promised obedience to his commands, and departed. Ahmed then fell on his knees, and returned thanks to God for this signal mark of his favour. About two hours after, the royal guards came, and desired Ahmed to follow them. He said he would attend them as soon as he had taken leave of his wife, to whom he determined not to impart what had occurred until he saw the result. He bade her farewell very affectionately; she supported herself with great fortitude on this trying occasion, exhorting her husband to be of good cheer, and said a few words about the goodness of Providence.

The decrees of heaven are just: a reward suited to their merits awaited Ahmed and his wife. The good man stood with a cheerful countenance before the king, who was impatient for his arrival, and immediately said, "Ahmed, thy looks are promising; hast thou discovered my treasure?"

"Does your majesty require the thieves or the treasure? The stars will only grant one or the other," said Ahmed, looking at his table of astrological calculations. "Your majesty must make your choice. I can deliver up either, but not both."

"I should be sorry not to punish the thieves," answered the king; "but as I must be so, I choose the treasure."

"And you give the thieves a full and free pardon?"

"I do, provided I find my treasure untouched."

"Then," said Ahmed, "if your majesty will follow me, the treasure shall be restored to you."

The king and all his nobles followed the cobler to the ruins of the old Hemmam. There, casting his eyes toward heaven, Ahmed muttered some sounds, which were supposed by the spectators to be magical conjurations, but which were, in reality, the prayers and thanksgivings of a sincere and pious heart to God, for his wonderful deliverance. When his prayer was finished, he pointed to the southern wall, and requested that his majesty would order his attendants to dig there. The work was hardly begun, when the whole forty chests were found in the same state as when stolen, with the treasurer's seal upon them still unbroken.

The king's joy knew no bounds: he embraced Ahmed, and immediately appointed him his chief astrologer, assigned to him an apartment in the palace, and declared that he should marry his only daughter,* as it was his duty to promote the man whom God had so singularly favoured, and had made instrumental in restoring the treasures of his kingdom. The young princess, who was more beautiful than the moon, was not dissatisfied with her father's choice; for her mind was stored with religion and virtue, and she had learned to value, beyond all earthly qualities, that piety and learning which she believed Ahmed to possess. The royal will was carried into execution as soon as formed. The wheel of fortune had taken a complete turn. The morning had found Ahmed in a wretched hovel, rising from a sorry bed, in the expectation of losing his life; in the evening, he was lord of a rich palace, and married to the only daughter of a powerful king. But this change did not alter his character. As he had been meek and humble in adversity, he was modest and gentle in prosperity. Conscious of his own ignorance, he continued to ascribe his good fortune solely to the favour of Providence. He became daily more attached to the beautiful princess whom he had married; and he could not help contrasting her character with that of his former wife, whom he had divorced, and of whose unreasonable and unfeeling vanity he was now fully sensible.

*It is very common in the East for the daughters of monarchs to be married to men eminent for piety and learning, however low their origin.

A curious exhibition was witnessed in Paris one day last week. About 100 Auvergnats, chiefly charcoal and corn porters, having at their head two musicians, went in procession to the quarter of the city. One of them mounted on an ass, bore upon his back and bosom large placards, upon which were written the christian and surname of one of their comrades, who had been condemned by the body at large to his exposure for having suffered himself to be beaten by his wife. The placard-bearer sat with his face turned towards the tale of the ass, which he held as a bridle. The procession stopped in the Rue St. Landry, before the house of the unlucky husband, where the music struck up, and they executed several dances; after which they dispersed to crown their work with copious libations at the font of Bacchus.

SCHOLARS NOT ALLOWED TO BEG WITHOUT A LICENSE!—By the act 1449, c. 22, in the reign of the Second James of Scotland, it was ordained, "That all sorners, overlayers, and masterful beggars, should be imprisoned, have their ears nailed to the trone, or till ane other tree, have their ears cutted off, be banished the country, and if they returned that they should be hanged." The latter statue, 1579, c. 21, declares who should be reckoned vagrants; and it is not a little curious to find among them, "all vagabond scholars of the universities of St. Andrew's, Glasgow, and Aberdeen, not licensed by the rector and dean of faculty of the university to ask alms."

REMARKABLE SAGACITY OF DOGS.—A short time back a gentleman residing in the upper part of Carnarvonshire received an invitation from a gentleman residing in Middlewich, to spend a month with him. The gentleman accepted the invitation, and took with him a favourite greyhound. The next day after their arrival, a mastiff belonging to the inviter attacked the greyhound, and gave him a good drubbing. The greyhound immediately took to his heels and fled home to Carnarvonshire, a distance of about ninety miles, and the family there were surprised to see the dog return without his master. Next morning the greyhound and a remarkably strong bull and mastiff dog, belonging to the same gentleman, disappeared, and no trace could be found of either of them until a few days afterwards, when a letter was received from the Welsh gentleman, saying, his bull-dog and greyhound had arrived in Cheshire, and both had attacked the mastiff belonging to his friend, and had destroyed him before they could be separated.

BIG BONNETS.—The present enormously large bonnets are very troublesome things in various ways—indeed they are always in the way but still they are productive of good—of good things: a butcher's boy, the other day, trudging along with his tray, accidentally struck it against a lady's bonnet—"The deuce take the tray," cried she in a rage. "Ma'am," said the youngster, with very great gravity, "the deuce can't take the tray!"

FRENCH GALLANTRY.—A nobleman could never persuade the lady of his love to accept of any thing in the form of a present. At length the season of the *etrennes*, or annual gifts, arrived; and the fair one, after much solicitation, consented to receive from him a plain ring, containing the portrait of a favourite bird. The ring was presented, and accepted; but on discovering that the portrait was covered, not with a bit of crystal in the usual fashion, but with a valuable brilliant, the splended cheat was instantly and indignantly returned. The lover wrote to implore pardon for his temerity—drying the ink of his billet with the diamond, which he ground into dust for that purpose.

Bock again.—The sudden determination of Mr. Clay not to visit New-York, according to his first intention, reminds us of the mischievous Scotchman who was climbing into a farmer's garden to steal fruit. "Whither are you going?" said the farmer, coming upon him as he mounted the wall. "Bock again," cried Sawney, retreating with all possible expedition.—*Ulster Sentinel.*

THE GRAVE OF WASHINGTON'S MOTHER.—A writer in the *Richmond Visitor and Telegraph*, in speaking of the grave of the mother of Washington, near Fredericksburgh, says it is in a dreary, deserted, solitary field; that the mound of earth that was originally raised over her sacred remains, is now washed away, and not a stone—not the least fragment of human art "tells where she lies."

CONSCIENCE.—From the *Broken Vow*, one of a series of tales just published by Mrs. Caddick, we copy the following forcible description of that internal monitor, which is justly designated as the umpire of the Deity: "Conscience is the divinest gift of God to man—it is that which ever speaks, if man would listen, of an omnipresent Deity. It is not the thunder peal, nor the flashing lightning; it is not the raging of the ocean storm, nor the terrific fury of a tornado, nor the fiery boiling of the lava from its mountain furnace; it is none of these that speak terror to the heart of man, but the spirit within him that says, these are the avenging forms of an offended God.—Conscience! It is the consciousness, deeply implanted in the soul, of the existence, of the unescapable presence of a Superior Being; and its upbraidings are the torments, the self-abasement, and the confusion of one who knows himself to be standing before a justly offended Judge.—Let a man have sickness, and sorrow, and scorn, and shame of face, and poverty and exile, every evil that can be poured out of the vials of wrath upon suffering humanity, and he may bear all with patience, save the horrors, the undying horrors of a reproving conscience."

THE FEMALE HEART.—The female heart may be compared to a garden, which, when cultivated presents a continued succession of fruits and flowers, to regale the soul and delight the eye; but when neglected, producing a crop of the most noxious weeds, large and flouri-hing, because their growth is in proportion to the warmth and richness of the soil from which they spring. Then let this ground be faithfully cultivated; let the mind of the young female be stored with useful knowledge, and the influence of woman, though undiminished in power, will be like "the diamond of the desert," sparkling and pure, whether surrounded by the sands of desolation, forgotten and unknown, or pouring its refreshing streams through every avenue of the social and moral fabric.

"Whoever shall review his life, will find that the whole tenor of his conduct has been determined by some accident of no apparent moment."—*Johnson.*

"Fight against your spleen, I know how fast that sly enemy will creep into the mind and body of man, and what cursed work he will make when he is there?"—*Bolingbroke.*

"To make a man happy, virtue must be accomplished with at least a moderate provision of all the receptions of life, and not disturbed by hostile pain."—*Hodgen.*

THE REFLECTOR.

RETROSPECTION.—Come and let us muse on days that have past; days, whose remembrance may awaken thoughts, melancholy and sad; yet, days which we love to view through the vista of memory.

Transported by fancy to the scenes of our childhood, how delightful is retrospection—There we again act each playful humour of our youth—each innocent pastime of our boyhood. We think of the friends who joined in our mirth—of the parents who promoted our enjoyment. We wander through the same woods consecrated to friendship—through the same avenues sacred to youthful romance.—We listen to the rustling murmurings of the foliage of the forest—to the purling of the shady stream, upon whose banks we formerly rioted in unalloyed pleasure, till we almost fancy those days to have returned with all their joyous gladsome hours.

But memory also brings with it a feeling of pensive sadness, when she reminds us that these have passed away, and with them the companions of our social glee. Then all was bright with hope; the heart was joyous and gay; the little troubles which a moment clouded our happiness, were soon forgotten; and the cares of the world were unknown and unregarded; but now we see hope blighted—former intimacies destroyed—and thorns, where we imagined nothing but roses and flowers grew. But still we delight to think on the moments of bliss that have past, the friends that have become estranged, and the hearts that once "were near and dear." We cherish their remembrance; and while we admire their virtues, almost forget that we are alienated and become as strangers.—*Phil. Ariel.*

HOME.—Oh, what so refreshing, so soothing, so satisfying, as the placid joys of home! See the traveller. Does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved family? The image of his earthly happiness continues vividly in his remembrance; it quickens him to diligence; it cheers him under his difficulties: it makes him hail the hour which sees his purposes accomplished, and his face towards home; it communes as he journeys and hears the promise which causes him to hope,—"Thou shalt know also thy tabernacle shall be in peace, and thou shalt visit thy habitation and not sin." Oh, the joyful re-union of a divided family; their pleasures of renewed interview and conversation after days of absence! Behold the man of science. He drops the labour and painfulness of researches, closes his volume, smooths his wrinkled brow, leaves his study, and unbending himself, stoops to the capacities, yields to the wishes and mingles with the diversions of his children.

"He will not blush that has a father's heart
To take in childish play, a childish part;
But bends his sturdy back to any toy
That youth takes pleasure in, to please his boy."

Take the man of trade. What reconciles him to the toil of business? What enables him to endure the fastidiousness and impertinence of customers? By and by, the season of intercourse will arrive; he will be embosomed in the caresses of his family; he will behold the desire of his eyes, and the children of his love, for whom he resigns his ease; and in their welfare and smiles he will find his recompense. Yonder comes the labourer. He has borne the burden and the heat of the day; the descending sun has released him from his toil, and he is hastening home to enjoy repose. Half way down the lane, on the side of which stands the cottage, his children run to meet him; one he carries and one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his plain repast. See, his toil worn countenance assumes an air of cheerfulness; his hardships are forgotten; fatigue vanishes; he eats and is satisfied; the evening fair, he walks with uncovered head around his garden; enters again and retires to rest, "the rest of the laboring man is sweet, whether he eats little or much." Inhabitants of this lonely, lowly dwelling, who can be indifferent to thy comfort! "Peace be to this house."

"Let not ambition mock thy useful toil,
Thy homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor."