

age, or red complexion, it would have been much for the strength of our nerves, and instead of being refreshed and delighted, would have been blinded and overpowered with dazzling splendour.

Had she put on a more sombre aspect, and clothed with a violet, purple, or blue mantle, the prospect must have been sad, dismal, and gloomy, and instead of imparting to the animal spirits the exhilarating draught to keep them in play, would have suffered them to subside into dejection and despondency. To prevent these two extremes, an all-wise and gracious God has clothed nature with a verdant mantle, giving that proper combination of light and shade, that neither dazzles nor darkens the prospect, which rather refreshes than fatigues the eye, strengthens and invigorates instead of weakens the vision, and creates in the soul that increasing delight and lengthened rapture, which poet had in view when he penned the following lines.

—“Gay green!
Thou smiling Nature's universal robe;
United light and shade! where the sight dwells
With growing strength, and ever new delight!”

POETRY.

HOME.—Rev. J. Leavitt, in a letter to the editor of Vermont Chronicle, gives the following account of the origin of the piece bearing the above title, published under our poetic head thus week.—*Journal of Humanity.*

“Home” was written by a young lady in England under the following circumstances. She was addressed by a gentleman who was partial to the song of “Sweet Home,” and often asked her to sing it, with her piano forte. Business called him to India for a number of years; and during his absence the lady became pious. She did not know how to meet her lover, and disclose the change in her feelings, as they had heretofore been engrossed together in all the gayeties of fashionable life. At length she composed this song, to be sung in his favourite music. On his return, as was expected, he soon called for “Sweet Home;” but the sentiment was so different, that he took it as an insult and went away. On reflecting, however, upon the cause of his offence, he saw his own wrong and ruin, and after embracing religion, returned to his love, and they were married. This statement I had with a manuscript copy of the hymn, from a gentleman in Bristol, England through a friend in this city. I notice that Dr. Alexander has a hymn written for the tune in his valuable hymn book just published. He therefore, does not think it wrong to use such a tune.

SWEET HOME.

As alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wandered through earth, its gay pleasures to trace.
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
O' God, alack! it led me from home.
Home, home, sweet home,
O Saviour! direct me to heaven, my home.

The pleasures of earth, I have seen fade away,
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay:
But pleasures more lasting, in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heaven.
Home, home, sweet home,
The saints in those mansions are ever at home.

Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms!
The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his arms;
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room,
O the way I feast with his children at home!
Home, home, sweet home,
O Jesus conduct me to heaven, my home.

Farewell, vain amusements, my follies, adieu,
While Jesus, and Heaven, and glory I view;
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.
Home, home, sweet home,
O when shall I share the fruition of home!

The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching, when Jesus will say,
“Well done, faithful servant, sit down on my throne,
And dwell in my presence, forever at home!”
Home, home, sweet home,
O there I shall rest with the Saviour at home!

Affliction, and sorrow, and death shall be o'er,
The saints shall unite to be parted no more:
Their loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome,
They dwell with the Saviour, forever at home.
Home, home, sweet home,
They dwell with the Saviour, forever at home.

DAWN OF GENIUS.

CATHERINE COCKBURN, whose poetical productions procured her the name of the Scotch Sappho, but who is better known to posterity by her able ‘Defence of Locke’s Essay on the Human Understanding,’ and other metaphysical lucubrations, was the youngest daughter of Capt. D. Trotter, a native of Scotland, and a naval officer in the reign of Charles II. On the death of her father, who fell a victim to the plague at Scanderoon, she was still a child. She had given an early indication of genius by some extemporary verses on an accident which, passing in the street, excited her attention. Catherine by application and industry, made herself mistress of the French language without any instructor, she also taught herself to write. In the study of the Latin grammar, and logic, she had some assistance; of the latter she drew up an abstract for her own use. In 1693, being then only fourteen years of age, she addressed some lines to Mr Bevil Higgons, on his recovery from sickness. In her seventeenth year she produced a tragedy, entitled, ‘Agnes de Castro,’ which was acted with applause in 1796, and published (but without her name) the following year, with a dedication to the Earl of Dorset. When she wrote her ‘Defence of the Essay on the Human Understanding,’ she was only 22 years of age.

A MOTHER’S KISS.

Boyhood of Benjamin West.—The first display of talent in the infant mind of Mr. West was curious, and still more so from its occurring where there was nothing to excite it. America contained scarcely a specimen of fine arts; and being the son of a Quaker, he had never seen a picture or a print. His pencil was of his own invention, his colours were given to him by an Indian; his whole progress was a series of invention, and painting to him was not the result of a lesson but an intuitive passion.

When only seven years of age, he was one day left with the charge of an infant niece in the cradle, and had a fan to flap away the flies from the child. The motion of the fan made the child smile and its beauty attracted his attention. He looked at it with a pleasure he had never before experienced; & observing some paper on the table, together with pens and red and black ink, he seized them with agitation, and endeavoured to delineate a portrait; although at that period

he had never seen an engraving, or a picture.—Hearing the approach of his mother and sister, he endeavoured to conceal what he had been doing, but the old lady observing his confusion, asked what he had been about, and insisted on seeing the paper. He obeyed, and treated her not to be angry. Mrs. West, after looking some time at the drawing with evident pleasure, said to her daughter, “I declare he has made a likeness of little Sally;” and kissed him with much fondness and satisfaction. This encouraged him to say, that if it would give her any pleasure, he would make drawings of the flowers which she held in her hand; for his genius was awakened and he felt that he could imitate any thing that pleased his sight. In after life he used to say, “My mother’s kiss made me a painter.”

Young West used pen and ink for his drawings, until hair pencils were described to him, when he found a substitute in the tapering fur of a cat’s tail. In the following year a cousin sent him a box of colors and pencils, with several pieces of canvass prepared for the easel, and six engravings. The box was received with delight, and West now found all his wants supplied. He rose at the dawn of the following day, and carried the box to the garret, where he spread the canvass, prepared his pallet, and began to imitate the figure in the engraving.—Enchanted with his art, he forgot his school-hours, and joined the family at dinner without mentioning the employment in which he had been engaged. In the afternoon he again retired to the garret; and for several days successively he withdrew in the same manner, and devoted himself to painting. Mrs. West, suspecting that the box occasioned his neglect of school, went into the garret and found him employed on a picture.—Her anger was soon opposed by a sight of his performance. She kissed him with transports of affection, and promised that she would intercede with his father to pardon his absence from school. The piece finished in his eighth year was exhibited sixty-seven years afterwards, in the same room with his sublime picture of “Christ rejected;” and the artists declared that there were inventive touches in his first juvenile essay, which all his subsequent experience had never enabled him to surpass.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS, NOT BY AMBITION.—*Anecdote of Father Clark.*—The day light of the soul can be obscured only by guilt and ill humour while cheerfulness and joy are the constant attendants of innocence and contentment. These remarks are illustrated and confirmed by the following anecdote.

A few friends had met one evening to enjoy themselves in the freedom of Christian conversation; among these was Father Clark, with his snow-white locks, his primitive simplicity, and his long proven Christian integrity & worth. Some observations were made in the further corner of the room, on the ridiculous figure which some people make, and the inconveniences to which they expose themselves and their families, by living above their circumstances, and aspiring at a rank in society to which they are not entitled. “I wonder what Father Clark would say about them,” said one. “I do not know,” said another, “but we shall soon know, for I will ask him.” Thus saying, he addressed him as follows. “Father Clark, some friends here are speaking of those who render themselves ridiculous by living above their circumstances, and they wish to know your mind of such persons; you must often have observed such, and made your remarks upon them.” “Hout ay,” said Father Clark, “and they always put me in mind of the man and the dry fish.” The company looked at each other, for they knew nothing of “the man and the dry fish,” till Father Clark was requested to explain, when