

quired, but I have cautioned Simplicity against the peculiarities of Wit; she has so playfully and so kindly admonished the little girl, that her natural vivacity serves only to give more animation to her discourse, and she never, even in jest, exercises her native talent to excite a painful feeling in the breast of another. Sensibility is a child whose acute feelings require great delicacy of management; she weeps at a tale of real or imagined distress, and her affection for her family is carried to an almost romantic height. On this we build our hopes, for if she loves us she will endeavor to please us by correcting her defects. Her mother was apprehensive that her extreme susceptibility might degenerate into affectation, that resource of a mind dissatisfied with its natural endowments, and which frequently, under the name of Sensibility, refuses consolation to the mourner, lest the shock of beholding misery, should be too much for her delicate feelings to endure,—this is, correctly speaking, affectation; for no really sensible mind ever withholds the assistance it is able to afford, though, by affording it, it should itself receive a wound. Our Sensibility is ready now

—“Ere want can speak,
“To wipe the tear from pale affliction's cheek.”

We are happy to observe that the sprightliness of Wit has done much towards correcting the failings of Sensibility, who begins herself to imagine that she grieves too much for trifles; and the amiability of good-humour prevents disputes between all parties. Our drawing-room is frequented by persons of celebrity and virtue:—first,

—“Truth of simple mien
“In all her native charms is seen.”

Truth, our revered parent! Sincerity and her husband, Good Sense, are our associates; my own dear relatives join our circle, Piety is never absent from our assemblies; and the lessons she imparts are impressed upon our memories, and, I trust, we seldom deviate from her maxims. Though serious and contemplative, yet she is always cheerful; and we consider her a delightful companion. Resignation is a private guest, and seldom visits but to console the afflicted. We are intimately acquainted with the “placid nymph,”—Content, and Patience, her meek sister, accompanies her, on certain occasions, to our house. Health, Temperance, and Love, give their united influence. Sweet hope affords us a bright prospect of futurity, while faith confirms to us the promise of Immortality.

Thus with our friends and our children we pass our time; and if it be the will of Heaven to extend our existence to old age, we may look forward to as much happiness as it is the lot of mortals to enjoy; our fire-side, is enlivened by Good-humour, Wit and Sensibility; Domestic comfort is the comfort we aspire to; Domestic virtues are the virtues which we cultivate. We commiserate abroad the sorrows of our fellow creatures and relieve them according to their necessity and our own ability; but home is the centre of our joys and we seek not Happiness elsewhere, and if we do

—“Plain sense at last will find.
“Tis only seeking what we leave behind;
“If individual good engage our hope,
“Domestic virtues give the largest scope,
“If plans of public emulence we trace,
“Domestic virtues are its surest base.”

J. B.

Beachville, March 1818.

“God Geometrizes.”

The following eloquent extract is from the *Democratic Review*, by Mr. Arrington of Texas. To a mathematician the reasoning in favor of an intelligent First Cause is simple and conclusive; and similar evidence may be drawn from almost every object in nature:

“The construction of the following argument, in my mind originated in the necessity of my nature. Some years ago I had the misfortune to meet with the fallacies of Hume on the subject of causation. His specious sophistries shook the faith of my reason as to the being of a God, but could not overcome the repugnance of my heart to a negation so monstrous; and consequently left that infinite restlessness craving for some point of fixed repose, which atheism not only cannot give, but absolutely and madly disaffirms.

One beautiful evening in May; I was reading by the light of the setting sun in my favorite Plato. I was seated on the grass, interwoven with golden blooms, immediately on the crystal Colorado of Texas. Dim in the distance west arose with smoky outlines, massy and irregular, the blue cones of an off-shoot of the Rocky Mountains.

I was perusing one of the Academician's most starry dreams. It laid fast hold of my fancy without exciting my faith. I went to think it could not be true. At length I came to that startling sentence, “God geometrizes.” “Vain revery!” I exclaimed as I cast the volume on the ground at my feet. It fell close by a beautiful little flower that looked fresh and bright, as if it had just fallen from the bosom of a rainbow. I broke it from its silvery stem, and began to examine its structure. Its stamens were five in number, its great calyx had five parts, its delicate coral base five, parting with rays expanding like rays of the Texas star. This combination of five in the same blossom, appeared to me very singular. I had never thought on such a subject before. The last sentence I had just read in the page of the pupil of Socrates, was ringing in my ears—“God geometrizes.” There was the text written long centuries ago; and here this little flower, in the remote wilderness of the west furnished the commentary. There suddenly passed, as it were, before my eyes a faint flash of light—I felt my heart leap in my bosom. The enigma of the universe was open. Swift as thought I calculated the chances against the production of those three equations of five in only one flower, by any principle devoid of reason, to perceive number. I found that there was one hundred and twenty-five chances against such a supposition. I extended the calculation to two flowers, by squaring the sum last mentioned. The chances amounted to the large sum of fifteen thousand six hundred and twenty five. I cast my eyes around the forest: the old woods were literally alive with those golden blooms, where countless bees were humming, and butterflies sipping honey-dews.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings. My soul became a tumult of radiant thoughts. I took up my beloved Plato from the grass, where I had tossed him in a fit of despair. Again and again I pressed him to my bosom, with a clasp tender as a mother's around the neck of her sleeping child. I kissed alternately the book and the blossoms, bedewing them both with tears of joy. In my wild enthusiasm, I called to the little birds on the green boughs, thrilling their cheery farewells to departing day—“Sing on, sunny birds; sing on, sweet minstrels; Lo! ye and I have a God.”

Charity like the Breeze

NIGHT kissed the young rose, and it bent softly to sleep. And stars shone and pure drops hung upon its blushing bosom, and watched its pure slumbers. Morning came with her dancing breezes, and they whispered to the young rose, and it awoke joyous and smiling. Lightly it danced to and fro in all the loveliness of health and youthful innocence.

Then came the ardent sun-god sweeping from the east, and he smote the young rose with his golden shaft, and it fainted. Deserted and almost broken-hearted, it dropped to the dust in its loveliness and despair.

Now, the gentle breeze, who had been gamboling over the sea, pushing on the light bark, sweeping over hill and dale—by the neat cottage and the still brook—fanning the fevered brow of disease, and tossing the curl of innocent childhood—came tripping along on the errands of mercy and love; and finally bathed its forehead in cool, refreshing showers, the young rose revived, looked up and smiled, flung its ruddy arms as if in gratitude to embrace the kind breeze; but she hurried quickly away when her generous deed was performed; yet not without regard, for she soon perceived that a delicious fragrance had been poured on her wings by the grateful rose, and the kind breeze was glad in her heart and went away singing through the trees.

Thus true charity, like the breeze, which gathers a fragrance from the humble flowers it refreshes, unconsciously reaps a reward in the performance of its offices of kindness and love, which steals through the heart like a rich perfume to bless and to cheer.