

his family and subjects with sore judgments; that his own bowels should burst and fall out, by means of his terrible distemper. But whether this missive was dropped from heaven, or rather was written before Elijah's translation, and lodged with Elisha, or some other prophet, to be given Jehoram at a proper season, is not clearly determined, 2 Chron xxi 12—15 About 630 years after his translation Elias descended from heaven and conversed with our Saviour on the mount, Math. xvii. —5.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

"Full many a flow'ret blows to blush unseen,  
And waxes its fragrance on the desert air."

The gentleman, in whose family the orphan now went to reside, was wealthy, affectionate, and humane.—And what was of more avail, and was felt to be more than all by her father, when he gave her, with his dying benediction, into his hands, was, that he knew him to be a tried and sincere Christian. He had evinced the reality of his faith and hope, by his works of righteousness, and his mercy to the poor. Many an aching heart had felt his pious hand smoothing down the pillow of anguish. And the distress of many a sick bed, had experienced his relief. The poor blessed him every where, and rose up to honour him in the streets.

Here, under such a fostering hand, protected from the storms of life, and basking in the light and dews of the purest affection, the orphan soon grew to be all that her fondest admirers could desire. And although the remembrance of her parents, in their graves, was never obliterated from her mind, yet her passionate grief gradually subsided, into a calm resignation to God; and she was once more happy. A few years passed away, and Jane E—— was acknowledged to be one of the most beautiful, intelligent, graceful and pious young ladies in the village, and she was admired and cherished by every one. Have you not seen that God always makes the orphan happy,—and by the very beauty which he gives them, often more than overbalances, in the world, the loss of their parent's influence? He is more especially the father of them on earth, whose parents he has taken up to heaven. Hence they possess an interest in all the kind hearts around them. Although every one fears for them, yet have they few, or no fears for themselves; but like the happiest of beings, they go laughing and singing through the world, even as if both their parents lived to bless them. They grow up like those early flowers, which display their beauty and fragrance in the bright and balmy days of May,—when the dews of heaven are yet copious, and the fresh green earth has not felt the withering influence of a parching sun. As for Jane, the very loneliness of the sweet child, without a parental home in the world, could not but interest every good heart; while her superior beauty and innocence, made an impression almost like love, even upon the heartless. So true is it, that those children, who have fewest to love them on earth frequently grow up the most worthy of the love of all. Just like these wild flowers are they,—blooming in the untrodden field, or the secluded hedgerow,—which possesses always the richest tints, the

softest shades, and the sweetest fragrance. All who knew the orphan, were ready to acknowledge, that they had seldom seen so much intelligence of mind, and sweetness of disposition, united to such unassuming loveliness of manner and person. Her charms were those of blended dignity, intelligence, and the most winning affability. Indeed she was one of those beautiful, frail spirits, which an ardent fancy, might easily suppose to have descended to the earth, like some blessed vision of angelic beauty, merely to show, how bright in their surpassing loveliness, the inhabitants of heaven will appear. But, as the sweetest flowers are the most frail;—and as the most fragrant are the most liable to fade and die in early bloom;—so the most beautiful forms who walk the earth, often sink into the earliest graves. Surpassing excellence in youth, too often presages an early translation to heaven; as if death delighted, by his chilly touch, to wither and destroy the rarest and most fragrant beauty.

In the character of Jane E——, notwithstanding her natural buoyancy of spirits, there had always been a large portion of sobriety and pensiveness. Indeed, in her situation, it would have appeared unnatural, had it been otherwise. She had wept at the graves of both her parents; and long after they had slept in the grave had she often stolen away on a bright evening, to sit in sadness and sorrow, on their tombs,—as if communing with their departed spirits. These impressions, cherished by her own good sense, and fostered by an abhorrence of wickedness, soon grew up into a settled principle of piety—a piety which pervaded every emotion of her soul, and blended itself with all her actions.

She had no sooner found her heart possessed of a new disposition, and new affections moving in her soul, than she felt herself called upon by God, to do something for his cause. And although but a lamb of his flock, she cast her eyes around for a field of labour, in which to enter. There were many which presented themselves to her mind, but she wanted opportunities to engage in them. She would willingly have gone to some far distant Island, and devoted her life to the instruction of its ignorant inhabitants,—resigning all her earthly enjoyments to the pleasure of serving God. But this she was not permitted to do. There was, however, one, immediately at hand, quite suited to her unostentatious piety, and upon its labours she willingly entered.

*Remainder in our next Number.*

#### APHORISMS.

The man who laughs at Religion is always destitute of Morals.

In Religion we are accountable only to our God; "God judgeth the heart." In Morals, to man; "by their works ye shall know them."

#### POETRY.

*From the Jour. of Humanity.*

#### TO MY MOTHER.

The following lines were written under the pressure of disease, and sent to the person to whom they are addressed. The author graduated at Dartmouth College in 1824, and has since died at the South.

My mother, fare thee well! alas for thee!  
Who now shall soothe thy widowed waning age,  
And cheer with love's bright beams life's evening hour?  
Thy days, alas, are sorrowful; and here  
Thy joys have been but few. Life's early bloom

Saw thee elate with hope, and "counting on  
Long years of pleasure here;" but even then  
Hard-handed poverty and pale misfortune  
Had mark'd thee out their prey. The blast of death  
Ere I had learned to speak the name of Father,  
Blew on thy husband, took away his breath,  
Before he once could say "God's blessing on thee;  
Or bid farewell to his three orphan children.  
How long and faithfully thy load of woes  
Did thou un murmuring bear, still looking forward  
Until thy sons should gain the prime of manhood,  
And take upon their strong and willing shoulders  
The burden of thy care! But O, how dark,  
And how unsearchable the Great Unseen!  
My brother's strength that should have born thee  
Provd but a broken reed. In youthful glory,  
Struck by disease, and withered to the root,  
All miserably he fell, and none could save him.  
So, vigorous and strong, the sapling oak;  
Crowned with green foliage, shoots into the sky,  
Till, from the overcharging cloud, a fiery stream  
Rives from the blasted trunk its branching honors,  
And fearful throws around a massy ruin.

How my sad heart swells full at the remembrance  
Of all thy griefs when at the evening fire,  
Whose flame burnt pale and flickering, like the war  
Of my poor brother's life, I'd sit and eye thee,  
In silent pity, as the rolling tears,  
Bright glancing by the fire light, fast fell down  
Upon thy wear-worn visage. Toil, and sorrow,  
And care for thy poor orphans, has consumed thee;  
And though, thanks be to that "God over all"  
Who feeds the ravens, and thus far has made  
Thy "bread and water sure," thou still art living;  
But yet thy strength is gone, and age is stealing  
With widsing step upon thee, O my mother!  
Sorrow awaits the twilight of thy years;  
Thine eyes have failed with fruitless expectation;  
And friendless grief and penury stand ready  
To push thee to the grave. There thou wilt lie—  
Nor calumny, nor purse-proud insolence,  
Nor persecution's hard unfeeling lash,  
Nor voice of unrelenting creditor,  
Calling for that which scarce could buy thee bread,  
Nor "hope deferred," with life-consuming heart-ache  
Nor aught in this dark, unforgiving world,  
Shall e'er disturb thy resting. All without  
Will then have lost its terror; all within  
Will be forever still! O fare thee well!  
Thy warning voice, thy mild reproofs maternal,  
Enforc'd with prayers and tears, thy parting blessing  
Thy poor unhappy son no more must hear.  
Far from thee he must die; the hand of strangers  
Must give him to the dust. God bless thee then,  
When I shall be no more. An hour will come,  
I feel 'twill shortly come, a fearful hour,  
When I must close these eyes, forever close them  
On all I valued here. One sigh of sorrow,  
One silent farewell the "friend that loved me,"  
One tender thought on what e'er'll feel, who bore  
One solitary struggle for that breath,  
Which is forever gone, and all is over.  
But still that hour to me is full of horror,  
And hopes and fears, with everchanging forms,  
Like the uncertain meteoric gleams,  
That palely streaming, light the Runic heavens,  
Dance half unseen in dim futurity.  
What if the unearthly cry of fierce despair  
Pursue me thither? No concealment there;  
There, none but unstained hands may hold hope's  
chor;  
No lips polluted there may taste of joy.  
And must I shortly meet this dread tribunal,  
Whence there is no appeal? and rising millions  
Will travel onward to their final home,  
Unconscious of their fate. My noble mother,  
And all my little catalogue of friends,  
Soon, soon will lay them down; we all shall sleep;  
The unthinking multitude will fill our places,  
And they will follow, each his several calling,  
As though we ne'er had been. The tide of ages,  
Waves upon waves, will ever still roll onward,  
While countless strangers, yet unborn, will tread  
Over our ashes, never making mention  
Who lies below; till in their turn they perish.  
But yet there's an eternity hereafter,  
Where friends each other once again will greet—  
In hope to meet thee there; farewell, my Mother.