

THE FOREST RILL.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Young Naiad of the sparry grot,
 Whose azure eyes before me burn,
 In what sequestered lonely spot
 Lies hid thy flower-enwreathed urn ?
 Beneath what mossy bank enshrined,
 Within what ivy-mantled nook,
 Sheltered alike from sun and wind,
 Lies hid thy source, sweet murmuring brook ?

Deep buried lies thy airy shell
 Beneath thy waters clear ;
 Far echoing up the woodland dell
 Thy wind-swept harp I hear.
 I catch its soft and mellow tones
 Amid the long grass gliding,
 Now broken 'gainst the rugged stones,
 In hoarse, deep accents chiding.

The wandering breeze that stirs the grove,
 In plaintive moans replying,
 To every leafy bough above
 His tender tale is sighing ;
 Ruffled beneath his viewless wing
 Thy wavelets fret and wimple,
 Now forth rejoicingly they spring
 In many a laughing dimple.

To nature's timid lovely queen
 Thy sylvan haunts are known ;
 She seeks thy rashy margin green
 To weave her flowery zone ;
 Light waving o'er thy fairy flood
 In all their vernal pride,
 She sees her crown of opening buds
 Reflected in the tide.

On—on !—for ever brightly on !
 Thy lucid waves are flowing,
 Thy waters sparkle as they run,
 Their long, long journey going ;
 Bright flashing in the noon-tide beam
 O'er stone and pebble breaking,
 And onward to some mightier stream
 Their slender tribute taking.

O such is life ! a slender rill,
 A stream impelled by Time ;
 To death's dark caverns flowing still,
 To seek a brighter clime.
 Though blackened by the stains of earth,
 And broken be its course,
 From life's pure fount we trace its birth,
 Eternity its source !

While floating down the tide of years,
 The Christian will not mourn her lot ;
 There is a hand will dry her tears,
 A land where sorrows are forgot.

Though in the crowded page of time
 The record of her name may die,
 'Tis traced in annals more sublime,
 The volume of Eternity !

PRIDE.

WITH regard to the provocations and offences, which are unavoidably happening to a man in his commerce with the world, take it as a rule—as a man's pride is, so is always his displeasure ; as the opinion of himself rises, so does the injury, so does his resentment : 'tis this which gives edge and force to the instrument which has struck him, and excites that heat in the wound which renders it incurable.

The proud man,—see ! he is sore all over : touch him, you put him to pain : and though, of all others, he acts as if every mortal was void of sense and feeling, yet is possessed with so nice and exquisite a one himself, that the slights, the little neglects, and instances of disesteem, which would scarce be felt by another man, are perpetually wounding him, and oft times piercing him to his very heart.

Pride is a vice which grows up in society so insensibly ; steals in unobserved upon the heart upon so many occasions ; forms itself upon such strange pretensions ; and, when it has done, veils itself under such a variety of unsuspected appearances, sometimes even under that of humility itself ; in all which cases self-love, like a false friend, instead of checking, most treacherously feeds this humour, points out some excellence in every soul to make him vain, and thinks more highly of himself than he ought to think ;—that, upon the whole, there is no one weakness into which the heart of man is more easily betrayed, or which requires greater helps of good sense and good principles to guard against.—*Sterne's Sermons.*

EXCELLENCES OF KNOWLEDGE.

THERE are in knowledge these two excellences ; first, that it offers to every man the most selfish and the most exalted, his peculiar inducement to good. It says to the former, "Serve mankind, and you will serve yourself ;" to the latter, "In choosing the best means to secure your own happiness, you will have the sublime inducement of promoting the happiness of mankind." The second excellence of knowledge is that even the selfish man, when he has once begun to love virtue from little motives, loses the motives as he increases the love, and at last worships the deity, where before he only coveted the gold upon its altar.—*E. L. Bulwer.*

EVERY VICE HAS ITS APPROPRIATE PAIN.

HE who lies under the dominion of any one vice, must expect the common effects of it ; if lazy, to be poor ; if intemperate, to be diseased ; if luxurious, to die betimes.