

Manvers, he started back involuntarily, and exclaimed, "What! these elegantly expressed sentiments, the production of Caroline Manvers' pen! Impossible! Why, a year ago, I never saw a more miserable composer." "Indeed! Well, now I do remember hearing it rumored, that, after her uncle returned home, he found her education had been very much neglected, and gave her a severe reprimand; but that subsequently, like a good girl, she set about making amends for her lost opportunity; and with the assistance of her uncle, improved very fast. However, as I have been acquainted with her but a few months, I could not judge of its truth. As she was leaving the village for a short time, I requested her to write—she has complied, and this, you see, is the letter." On her return home, William Jamieson solicited a renewal of their acquaintance, which soon resulted in a happy forgetfulness of the painful circumstances which caused their former separation."

"Leonora, you have related a sad example, sure enough, of the evil of negligence and procrastination; and all the lectures I ever heard, never so fully showed me the necessity of being able to compose. There's no time now, but you'll see next week I'll have a composition of my own, though it should be the most horrible scrawl ever written. Do you think I shall ever be able to compose even tolerably, Leonora? I fear it's a hopeless case." "Not at all, Maria—why, what's to prevent? You have as good abilities as the rest of us. I think the reason why you don't succeed is, that you try so many subjects, and read so many books, you become bewildered and fatigued. Now, if you would fix upon a subject, and not allow yourself to think on any other, I'm sure you'd soon succeed.—But there goes the bell, so now you must tell the teacher your good resolutions, and I am sure she will be satisfied. EDITH."

A Good Daughter.

A good daughter!—there are other ministries of love, more conspicuous than hers, but none, in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none, to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond.—There is no such thing, as a comparative estimate of a parent's affection, for one or another child. There is little which he needs to covet, to whom the treasure of a good child has been given. But a son's occupations and pleasures carry him more abroad; and he lives more among temptations, which hardly permit the affection that is following him perhaps over half the globe, to be wholly unmingled with anxiety, till the time when he comes to relinquish the shelter of his father's roof, for one of his own; while a good daughter is the steady light of her parent's house.

Her idea is indissolubly connected with that of his happy fire-side. She is his morning sun-light, and his evening star. The grace, and vivacity, and tenderness of her sex, have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom which he reads with her eyes, comes to his mind with a new charm, as they blend with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows weariness which her song does not make him forget, or gloom which is proof against the young brightness of her smile. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, and the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent in those nameless, numberless acts of kindness, which one chiefly cares to have rendered, because they are unpretending but all-expressive proofs of love.

And then, what a cheerful sharer is she, and what an able lightener of a mother's cares! what an ever present delight and triumph to a mother's affection! Oh! how little do those daughters know of the power which God has committed to them, and the happiness God would have them enjoy, who do not, every time that a parent's eye rests on them, bring rapture to a parent's heart. A true love will, almost certainly, always greet their approaching steps: that they will hardly alienate. But their ambition should be, not to have it a love merely which feelings implanted by nature excite, but one made intense, and overflowing by approbation of worthy conduct; and she is strangely blind to her own happiness, as well as undutiful to them to whom she owes the most, in whom the perpetual appeals of parental disinterestedness, do not call forth the prompt and full echo of filial devotion.—J. G. Palfret.

Study of Nature.

For the Calliopean.

WHAT a noble Architect is He, who planned and framed this universe! Cold and contracted must be the mind that can look abroad and survey the works and wonders of creation—beholding the order and beauty of the earth and heavens, and say, "There is no God." "Alike in the painted pebble and the painted flower; in the volcano and in the corn field; in the wild winter storm and in the soft summer moonlight," we trace the existence of a great First Cause, and discover everywhere the marks of a Supreme intelligence.

With what order all the heavenly bodies revolve, always completing their orbital course at the very second prescribed: the two great forces under whose influence they move exactly balancing each other; and notwithstanding their number, and the variety of their movements, they have never been known to interrupt or obstruct one another.

What perfect order characterises the succession of day and night, and the return of the seasons. All the heavenly bodies have observed, until the present, the order and motions assigned them at the beginning.

In the form of our Earth we read benevolent design. What other shape would so well have subserved the happiness and wants of its inhabitants?

Light and heat, the most important elements of life and comfort, are, in consequence of the Earth's rotundity, distributed with uniformity. It also ensures the alternation of the seasons, the succession of day and night, and the regular return of seed time and harvest.

The degrees of heat and cold, moisture and dryness, are, by the spherical form of the Earth, rendered constant and regular. In the most minute works of creation, as well as in the most majestic, we discover marks of divine intelligence and love.—Myriads of living beings, too small to be seen with the naked eye, exist in the earth and water, which exhibit to microscopic view the most perfect organization, all their functions and movements being regulated by fixed and unvariable laws. "The structure of a fly is as curious as that of an elephant—that of a single blade of grass, as that of the largest oak—the formation of a grain of sand is as wonderful as that of a mountain."

If we direct our attention to the laws of the inorganic world, we see the same wisdom and benevolent design. The same power that retains the earth and planets in their orbits, keeps bodies on the surface of the earth. What endlessly diversified plants and flowers exist, in all the variety of odor, color, taste, and medicinal properties—owing to the different proportions in which a few simple elements are combined. Thus, at every step, we see multiplied evidences of a Great Author—reason contests the palm with fancy, and science follows to unravel the mysteries of creation. Mind must be united with sense—for it is not the eye alone that takes in the beauties of nature—not the ear that drinks her sweet harmonies—but the soul's conception which inspires the enthusiastic admiration; and the more elevated and enlarged the faculties of the soul, the more refined will be its enjoyments. That vagueness of interest—that undefined satisfaction with which the admirer of the merely material beauties, looks on the sublime and picturesque, is to him who regards their spiritual emanation, increased to an inexpressible felicity—he revels in a rapture of delight. The dewy morn, the silent eve, the glowing mid-day—

"The warbling woodlands, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, the garniture of fields;
And all that echoes to the song of even—
All that the mountain's shel'ring bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven"—

include not only his pleasure, but his awe and wonder.

"Look round the world! behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above—
See plastic nature working to this end—
Atoms to atoms, dust to crystals tend.
See dying vegetables life sustain—
See life dissolving, vegetate again.
All served, all serving, nothing stands alone—
The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown."

BERTHA.