

The lifeless tenement of that dear boy, as it burst upon the mother's vision, seemed to convey an arrow to her heart. When the first paroxysm of grief had subsided, she laid her ear to his lips, as if unwilling to credit the tale his pale countenance bore. She put her hand upon his breast, but she felt no beating there. She placed the ends of her soft fingers upon his brow, but it was cold. She uttered aloud his name—she listened—but the echo of that name elicited no responding voice. "Then came the misgiving that her child was dead." She imprinted many a kiss upon his cheek, and her tears mingled with the cold moisture upon his brow. Her actions betrayed a fear that she could not express half the anguish of her bosom. The silence that followed that scene, was like the silence of the sepulchre. It seemed of too holy a nature to disturb. There was a charm in it—it was a charm hallowed by the unrestrained gushes of a mother's love.

Did you ever awaken, while on a bed of sickness, and find a mother's hand pressed closely upon your forehead? It is pleasant then to break thus from a dream, even when affliction is on you. You are assured that you have at least one friend, that *that* friend is a true one. You are assured that if you never again go forth in the world, you will die lamented, and when pain and distress are on you, an assurance is consoling. At such a time, you can read more fully a mother's feelings than her tongue can express them. The anxiety with which she gazes upon you—the tenderness with which she sympathises with you—the willingness with which she supplies your want—all serve to represent the secret workings of her heart. But a mother's love is unceasing. Her children, as they advance in years, go out one by one into the world, and are soon scattered in the directions of the four winds of heaven. But though rivers may separate them from her, they separate not the bonds of her affection. Time and distance rather increase her anxieties. She knows not the strength of her own attachments, until she becomes separated from her offspring. Until she bids a chill farewell, her nature remains untried. But at the dread moment of separation, she feels the influences of her love—she feels the full weight of the many treasures of affection she has unconsciously imbibed.

Who can look coldly upon a mother? Who, after the unspeakable tenderness and care with which she has fostered him through infancy—guided him through childhood, and deliberated with him through the perplexities of opening manhood, can speak irreverently of a mother? Her claims to his affections are founded in nature, and cold must be the heart that can deny them. Over the grave of a friend—of a brother or sister, I would plant the primrose, for it is emblematical of youth, but over that of a mother, I would let the green grass shoot up unmolested, for there is something in the simple covering which nature spreads upon the grave, that well becomes the abiding place of decaying age.

WALKING AND STATIONARY ADVERTISEMENTS.

A very pleasant way of spending life in London, is for a man to become an "advertisement," either peripatetic or stationary. If the former, he still retains the privilege of a snail-like power of locomotion, and moves along from one end of a street to the other, encased in painted, or printed and pasted wood, announcing to the public the discovery of some certain preventive against death in every shape—the superior polish of a certain blacking—when and where such and such a line of coaches or steamboats leave town and return. If stationary, he takes his place where two streets form an angle; and there, concealed between two boards, from morn till night, amid the giddy whirl and tumult around, he passively exhibits his invaluable statements to the public. "What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason!—how infinite in faculties!" etc. etc. The truth is, there is a scarcity of blank walls in the business parts of the metropolis, and the house-ends contain notices of "no bills to be stuck here," under penalty of prosecution; trades-people, therefore, who depend on glaring announcements, have hit upon the ingenious device of substituting a man for a house-end; they get him, like *Snug*, the joiner, in the famous tragedy of "Pyramus and Thisbe," to "present a wall!" And he does "present" one from sunrise until darkness relieves and reanimates him and then, in the language of honest *Snug*, he exclaims, (or might exclaim)—

"Thus have I, Wall, my part discharged so;
And, being done, this Wall away doth go!"

You sometimes lose sight of the semi-vital properties of those wooden cases. We were perusing one of them the other morning, when we perceived something oscillating at the top of the boards in a very singular manner—first visible and then invisible. Looking closer, in order to solve the mystery, we perceived a small, meagre old woman standing beside the announcement, with a piece of bread and a pot of something hot in her hand, doubtless a substitute for coffee, which she ever and anon handed in between the boards. It was the advertisement taking its breakfast! and every time it put the bread or coffee to its mouth, the head disappeared between the boards, and then emerged again. The sight was not altogether ludicrous—there was a touch of humanity about it.

The advertisement, it was evident, was not wholly without sympathy—it had its ties and relationships. Amid the thousands and thousands that passed it through the long day, without a thought, there was still that small meagre figure coming creeping through interminable streets, to administer to its necessities; still some one to stir the fire for it, (if coals were not too dear,) when it went home at evening. It was yet a few degrees superior to actual wood, or brick and mortar.

But it were an endless, and, in many respects, irksome task to attempt to sketch the unheard-of shifts, and strange means resorted to for a livelihood in London. Really some of them are almost sufficient to stagger the faith in the virtue of our existing social laws and covenants. True is the proverb that "one half the world knows not how the other lives." *W. Cox.*

FLOWERS.—Who would wish to live without flowers? Where would the poet fly for his images of beauty if they were to perish forever? Are they not the emblems of loveliness and innocence—the living type of all that is pleasing and graceful? We compare young lips to the rose, and the white brow to the radiant lily; the winning eye gathers its glow from the violet, and the sweet voice is like a bee kissing its way through flowers. We hang delicate blossoms on the silken ringlets of the young bride, and strew her path with fragrant bells when she leaves the church. We place them around the marble face of the narrow coffin, and they become symbols of our affections—pleasures remembered and hopes faded, wishes flown and scenes cherished the more that they can never return. Still, we look to the far-off spring in other valleys; to the eternal summer beyond the grave, when the flowers which have faded shall again bloom in starry fields, where no rude winter can intrude. They come upon us in spring like the recollections of a dream, which hovered above us in sleep, peopled with shadowy beauties and purple delights, fancy-broidered. Sweet flowers! that bring before our eyes the scenes of childhood—faces remembered in youth, when Love was a stranger to himself! The mossy bank by the way side, where we so often sat for hours drinking in the beauty of the primroses with our eyes; the sheltered glen, darkly green, filled with the perfume of violets that shone in their intense blue, like another sky spread upon the earth; the laughter of merry voices; the sweet song of the maiden—the downcast eye, the spreading blush, the kiss ashamed at its own sound—are all brought back to the memory by a flower.

Miller's Beauties.

PROGRESS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—In the year 700, the Lord's Prayer began thus:

"Tren fader thie art in heofnas, sic gekalgud thin noma, to cymeth thin rich: sic thin willa suc in heofnas and in earthe."

Two hundred years after, thus:

"Thee ure fader the ert on heofnum si thin namagahal god. Com thin ric. Si thin willa on eorþan swa, on heofnum."

About two hundred years after this, in the reign of Henry II., it was rendered thus, and sent over by Pope Adrian, an Englishman:

"Ure fader in Heaven rich,
Thy name be hailed eber rich,
Thou bring us ty michell blisse;
Als hit in heavenly doe,
That in yearthe been it also," etc.

About two hundred years after, in the reign of Henry III., it runs thus:

"Fader thou art in heaven blisse,
Thine Helye name it wert the blisse
Cunen and mot thy kingdom,
Thine holy will it be all day,
In heaven and in earth also,
So it shall be in full well ic tro—" etc.

In the reign of Henry VI. it began thus:

"Our fader that art in heavens, hallowed be thi name; the kingdom come to thee; be thee will done in earth as in heaven," etc.

In 1537, it began thus:

"O, our father who art in heaven! hallowed be thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy will be fulfilled as well in earth as it is in heaven," etc.—*Visitant.*

THE RESTING PLACE.—"So man lieth down, and riseth not—till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake or be raised out of their sleep."

However dark and disconsolate the path of life may have been to any man, there is an hour of deep and quiet repose at hand, where the body may sink into a dreamless slumber. Let not the imagination be startled if this resting place, instead of a bed of down, shall be the bed of gravel, or the rocky pavement of the tomb. No matter where the poor remains of wearied man may lie, the repose is deep and undisturbed—the sorrowful bosom heaves no more—the tears are dried up in their fountains—the aching head is at rest, and the stormy waves of earthly tribulation roll unheeded over the place of graves. Let armies engage in fearful conflict over the very bosoms of the pale na-

tions of the dead, not one of the sleepers shall heed the spirit-stirring trump or respond to the rending shout of victory.

How quietly these countless millions slumber in the arms of their mother earth! The voice of thunder shall not awake them; the loud cry of the elements—the winds, the waves, nor even the giant tread of the earthquake, shall be able to cause an inquietude in the chambers of death. They shall rest securely through ages; empires shall rise and fall; the bright millennium shall come and pass away; the last great battle shall be fought; and then a silver voice, at first but just heard, shall rise to a tempest tone, and penetrate the voiceless grave. For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall hear his voice.

Rev. J. N. Maffei.

GEMS.

DIVINE GOODNESS.—As the power and goodness of Heaven are infinite in their extent, and infinite in their minuteness, to the mind cultivated as nature meant it to be, there is not only delight in contemplating the sublimity of the endless sea, or everlasting mountains, or the beauty of wide-extended landscapes, but there is a pleasure in looking at every little flower, and every little shell that God has made. Nature has scattered around us on every side, and for every sense, an inexhaustible profusion of beauty and sweetness, if we will but perceive it. The pleasures we derive from flowers, from musical sounds, from forms, are surely not given us in vain, and if we are constantly alive to these, we can never be in want of subjects of agreeable contemplation, and must be habitually cheerful.—*Captain Basil Hall.*

BIBLICAL THEOLOGY.—As to your present studies, for such portions of your time as you can prudently appropriate to reading, without wrong to the claims of health and social relaxation, there is one department of knowledge, which, like an ample palace, contains within itself mansions for every other knowledge; which deepens and extends the interest of every other, gives it new charms, and additional purpose; the study of which, rightly and liberally pursued, is beyond any other entertaining, beyond all others tends at once to tranquilise and enliven, to keep the mind elevated and steadfast, the heart humble and tender: it is biblical theology—the philosophy of religion, the religion of philosophy. I would that I could refer you to any book in which such a plan of reading had been sketched out in detail, or even but generally.—*Coleridge.*

FALSE HAPPINESS.—False happiness is like false money: it passes for the time as well as the true, and serves some ordinary occasions; but when it is brought to the touch, we feel the lightness and alloy, and feel the loss.—*Pope.*

ARGUMENT.—Let the end of the argument be rather to discover a doubtful truth, than a commanding wit; in the one thou shalt gain substance, in the other froth; that flint strikes the steel in vain that propagates no sparkles; covet, to be truth's champion, at least to hold her colours: he that pleads against the truth, takes pains to be overthrown; or, if a conqueror, gains but vain-glory by the conquest.—*Quarles.*

NATURE.—Surely there is nothing in the world, short of the most undivided reciprocal attachment, that has such power over the workings of the human heart, as the mild sweetness of nature. The most ruffled temper, when emerging from the town, will subside into a calm at the sight of an extended landscape reposing in the twilight of a fine evening. It is then that the spirit of peace settles upon the heart, unfetters the thoughts, and elevates the soul to the Creator. It is then that we behold the Parent of the universe in his works; we see his grandeur in earth, sea, sky; we feel his affection in the emotions which they raise; and half-mortal, half-etherialised, forget where we are, in the anticipation of what that world must be, of which this lovely earth is merely the shadow.—*Miss Porter.*

FRIENDSHIP.—It is not the least advantage of friendship, that by communicating our thoughts to another, we render them distinct to themselves, and reduce the subjects of our sorrows and anxiety to their just magnitude for our own contemplation.

Coleridge.

AN EXTRACT.—Virtue has resources buried in itself, which we know not till the invading hour calls them from their retreats. Surrounded by hosts without, and when nature itself, turned traitor, is its most deadly enemy within; it assumes a new and superhuman power, which is greater than nature itself. Whatever be its creed, whatever be its sect, from whatever segment of the globe its orisons arise, virtue is God's empire, and from his throne he will defend it. Though cast into a distant earth, and straggling on the dim arena of a human heart, all things above are spectators of its conflict, or enlisted in its cause. The angels have their charge over it—the banners of archangels are on its side; and from sphere to sphere, through the illimitable ether, and round the impenetrable darkness at the feet of God, its triumphs are hymned by harps which are strung to the glories of its Creator.—*Bulwer.*

A pleasant, cheerful WIFE is as a rainbow, set in the sky, when her husband's mind is tossed with storms and tempests; but a dissatisfied and fretful wife, in the hour of trouble, is like one of those fiends who are appointed to torture a lost spirit.