

heaven. And I said unto the king, If it please the king, and if thy servant have found favour in thy sight, that thou wouldest send me unto Judah, unto the city of my father's sepulchres, that I may build it."

And in the Prophet Jeremiah we find the following fine passage: "Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him; but weep sore for him that goeth away; for he shall return no more, nor see his native country." Who can doubt, then, after such passages as these, that such an affection is planted in our nature for a wise and beneficent purpose? The heartless man of the world, whose groveling desires rise not beyond the mere accumulation of worldly riches, may hold in contempt those finer constituted natures, that assimilate love of country with love of kindred; whose native soil is dear to them, because it holds the graves of their fathers; whose streams are sacred, because in their waters they were wont to bathe their infant limbs; and whose old familiar trees are hallowed in remembrance because, in days of other years their leafy screen has shaded them from many a scorching summer sun; still it is such men who in the annals of every nation are found chronicled as her brightest benefactors.

The Father of all implanted love of country in the hearts of his children; that by its inspiring influence every social blessing, as well as every better gift might not be wanting among them; that by following out its impulse, men might bestir themselves to found civil and sacred institutions, by which alone the wisdom of a people is known, and their happiness enlarged and established. For if love of country be not found in us, we will never be careful that her name should be revered, not alone for the extent of her mercantile resources, but for "that knowledge that exalteth a nation." Let us, then, be thankful for such a wise provision of our nature, for the kindness of Him who placed an affection within us, the true application of which, while it extends the blessings and increases the comforts of thousands, doubly repays him who exercises it, in the satisfaction he necessarily feels in doing a good action, and the reward that awaits him, when his career on earth is closed, from the hand of a kind Father, to whose throne, through the merits of the Redeemer, the savour of a good deed riseth not up in vain.

OXENSTIERN'S DESCRIPTION OF ENGLAND.

THE following description of England, in the seventeenth century, is given by Count Oxenstiern, the lawgiver of Sweden: "England is undeniably the Queen of islands, the empire arsenal of Neptune; with this, she is the Peru of Europe, the kingdom of Bacchus, the school of Epicurus, the academy of Venus, the land of Mars, the residence of Minerva, the stay of Holland, the scourge of France, the purgatory of oppositionists, and the paradise of freemen.

The women are fair, but their beauty is arid: her sons are brave, but their bravery oftentimes degenerates into savageness; wit and wisdom prevail to an extent which is probably unknown in other countries, but insupportable pride abstracts from their merit; it may be well said that fortune has here distributed her largesses in profusion, but these insular beings know not the proper use of them where the stranger is in question; the language is an admixture of almost every tongue in Europe, but they combine with it the following drawback—namely, they set it above every other. In short, the English are a people who want for nothing that can conduce to happiness, except wisdom in the art of enjoying it."

TRUE LOVE.

How oft our tears in heavy showers fall,
For what in vain we thought would bring us joy.
Think then how changeable is man below:
His earthly hopes and expectations rest,
Too oft, alas! upon the flitting sand.
The summer leaves, which now we see around,
Shall soon decay. But Love shall ever bloom,
And bear sweet fruit.—Soon shall delusive streams
Of false delights be dried, and pass away;
But from a sea, eternal, true love flows,
E'en time itself cannot make true love old.
Fine gold can neither buy nor sell true love;
True love is firmer far than tempered steel,
And than the magnet more attractive. Whence,
I ask, have sprung all deeds of mercy soft,
Of pitying kindness? Whence, but from true love.
The honey far in sweetness it exceeds.
How happy they, who have it in their hearts.
Breadalbane, Lochiel, Oct. 13, 1834. J. McL.

MARCOLINI—A TALE OF VENICE.

It was midnight; the great clock had struck, and was still echoing through every porch and gallery in the quarter of St. Mark, when a young citizen, wrapped in his cloak, was hastening home from an interview with his mistress. His step was light, for his heart was so. Her parents had just consented to their marriage, and the very day was named.—"Lovely Giulietta!" he cried, "and shall I then call thee mine at last? Who was ever so blessed as thy Marcolini?" But, as he spoke, he stopped; for something was glittering on the pavement before him. It was a scabbard of rich workmanship; and the discovery, what was it but an earnest of good fortune? "Rest thou here?" he cried, thrusting it gaily into his belt; "if another claim thee not, thou hast changed masters!" and on he went as before, humming the burden of a song which he and his Giulietta had been singing together. But how little we know what the next moment will bring forth! He returned by the church of St. Geminiano, and in