

THE CRY OF MY SOUL.

From the French of Lamartine.

WHEN the breath divine is flowing,
Zephyr-like o'er all things going ;
And, as touch of viewless fingers,
Softly on my soul it lingers,
Open to a breath the lightest,
Conscious of a touch the slightest :
As some calm, still lake, whereon
Sinks the snowy-bosomed swan,
And the glistening water-rings
Circle round his moving wings ;

When my gaze is upward turning,
Where the stars of heaven are burning,
Through the deep and dark abyss,
Flowers of Midnight's wilderness,
Blowing with the evening's breath
Brightly in their Maker's path !

When the breaking day is flushing
All the east, and light is gushing
Upward through th' horizon's haze,
Sheaf-like, with its pencilled rays,
Spreading, until all above
Overflows with Life and Love,
And below, on earth's green bosom,
All is changed to light and blossom ;

When sweet sounds of life are ringing,
Warbling, murmuring, sighing, singing ;
When each bird and insect seems
Feeding on the living beams,
And so pure and bright a day
Seems too fair to pass away ;

When the spirit's wing ascendeth,
And my soul its flight extendeth
Upward, onward, till its strength
Faieth with its journey's length—
To the farthest verge of thought,
Deep, and dim, and fearful brought—
And in doubt and dizziness,
Pausing o'er the vague abyss ;

When my wakeful fancy over
Forms of brightness flit and hover,
And upon my heart I press
More than mortal loveliness—
Holy as the seraphs are
Which by Shiloh's fountains wear
On their foreheads white and broad,
"Holiness unto the Lord ?"

When in vain I seek to give
Dream and shadow power to live,
And, inspired with rapture high,
It would seem a single sigh,
Could a world of love create—
That my life could have no date,
And my eager thoughts might fill,
Heaven and earth o'erflowing still !

GOD—JEHOVAH !—Thou alone,
From the shadow of thy throne,
To the sighing of my breast,
And its rapture, answerest !
All its thoughts which, upward winging,
Bathe where thy own light is springing—
All its yearnings to be free,
Are as echoes answering "Thee !"

Oh, seldom on my lips is heard
Thy awful name's mysterious word ;
Deeply in my inmost breast
Doth its dread idea rest ;
Shrined and holy, dwells it there,
Kindling the breath of secret prayer,
Yet by each strong emotion caught
From Nature in my inmost thought.

By a thousand nameless raptures thrilling
With a strange delight the chords of feeling,
I know and feel within my breast
Thou Holy Spirit, lingerest ;
And THE CRY OF MY SOUL from its dark abode
Is to thee, oh Father, my Guide and God !

J. C.

RETROSPECTION.

Is there one who has attained the age of maturity who can look back without a melancholy pleasure upon the hours and years that have fled? When we find the romantic and visionary dreams of youth disappointed by the cold realities of advanced years, there are moments when our minds, relaxed from the toils of business or the gaiety of pleasure, sink into meditation, like a beautiful calm after a storm of the warring elements. Although we may be surrounded by all the luxuries wealth can bestow, and all the blandishments of life, memory will still sigh for those youthful hours we can never realize in manhood's changing and perplexing cares. It is the past reminds us of the present, and compares it with those days spent under our paternal roof, endeared by the tender caresses and watchful eyes of doating parents and the disinterested love of brothers and sisters: the fond exchange of hearts beating high with youthful anticipations, uncorrupted by intercourse with the guilty and heartless world. It is the present that recalls the past, as we look round upon the beautiful expanse of nature, and ask, where are those who once gazed on these delightful scenes with us? But go to yon church-yard—there where you behold the sculptured pile and the lowly grave without a stone to mark the sleeper's rest—there are our early friends. Go and gaze on thy resting-place; for there thou too must soon dwell, with the rich and proud, the poor and humble. As we have looked forward to the morrow with the ardent assurances of auspicious hope, alas! how often has the morrow brought disappointment. It is thus that the delusive hopes of life hurry us down the rapid stream till death stops our career. Let us be mindful of our life, that when we shall stand on its verge our retrospection may give us courage on entering the unknown world.—*William Marsh.*

Early Education.

You cannot too highly estimate the nature on which you operate. You cannot too highly appreciate its future destinies. That little boy may yet occupy the pulpit, or thunder in the Capitol. That little girl may wield an influence that shall travel down to the conflagration.

Mind is unsearchable. You know not what hidden energies your pupils may possess. There may lie concealed within them the intellect of a Luther, a Milton, a Franklin, a Washington; and on you devolves the responsibility of its development. Perhaps you are training the fathers of future reformation, the heroes of future discoveries and inventions, the orators whose voices will hereafter shake the nation. The infant has faculties which an angel cannot comprehend, and which eternity alone can unfold. Here is your encouragement. You are engaged in no trifling employment. You are laying the foundation of imperishable excellence and felicity. Your work, if you succeed, will outlive empires and states.

SORROW AND SYMPATHY.—Like a cooling draught to a weary traveller in the scorching waste, so is the sympathy of friends in trouble. We feel thankful when we meet with those who can forget their own ills, while they administer others.

We need not expect a life of continued sunshine—it would be unnatural. We must have clouds, rains, and even desolating storms. These are as necessary, mentally and morally as physically, to the production of a healthy existence. But evils, though necessary, are seldom so great as at first they seem to be; our interests are so conflicting as they may sometimes appear, and often, through misapprehension, we are grieved by that which, if seen in its true light, would be the cause of mirth, or a fit subject for ridicule.

Evils anticipated are often the cause of more pain than the realization of them. In this way they are doubled, and we are made far more miserable than we need be. Gloomy thoughts are almost always unproductive of good, so that it is better to indulge in those that make a light heart and a bright countenance.