

LOOK ALOFT.

THE HUMAN BODY

I do not remember any thing which has produced so pleasing an impression on my mind, as the little story which is said to have been told by the late Dr. Codman, to his friends, of the boy who was about to fall from the rigging, and was saved by the mate's impressive exclamation.—"Look aloft, you lubber." The story and application were somewhat in the style of Dr. Franklin, and would not have been unworthy of his fame. The following verses cannot claim the merit of the slightest originality, but their insertion will amply reward the author, if they recall the anecdote which prompted them, or enforce its beautiful morality.

In the tempest of life, when the wave
and the gale

Are round and above, if thy footing
should fail—

If thine eye should grow dim and thy
caution depart—

"Look aloft," and be firm, and be fear-
less of heart.

If the friend, who embraced in pros-
perity's glow,

With a smile for each joy and a tear for
each wo,

Should betray thee when sorrow like
clouds are arrayed,

"Look aloft," to the friendship which
never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads
in light to thine eye,

Like the tints of the rainbow, brighten
to fly,

Then turn, and thro' tears of repentant
regret,

"Look aloft," to the sun that is never
to set.

Should they who are dearest, the son of
thy heart—

The wife of thy bosom—in sorrow de-
part,

"Look aloft," from the darkness and
dust of the tomb,

To that soil where "affections is ever
in bloom."

And oh! when death comes, in terrors
to cast

His fears on the future, his pall on the
past,

In that moment of darkness, with hope
in thy heart,

And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft,"
and depart.

WHEN we have gained some slight knowledge of the wondrous mechanism which we name the body, how multitudinous its combined actions, how easy the disturbance of one will affect the healthy action of the rest, and how recklessly we disregard the plainest rules of health, and wonder at a few men having succumbed in the course of intense intellectual life ceases at once, and a new wonder emerges—wonder that any man can live this life, and retain his healthful activity. The very predominance of the nervous system implies a predominant activity, and this is liable to be stimulated to excess by two potent tempters: ambition, eager to jostle its way through energetic crowds: and fascination, which lies in intellectual labor, the brooding *storge* of creation, the passionate persistence of research. These tempters hurry men into excess. Men who live much by the brain have seldom the courage to be prudent, seldom the wisdom to be patient. In vain the significant words of warning become louder and louder; in vain the head feels hot; the ears are full of noises, the heart fluttering and thumping, the nights sleepless, the digestion miserably imperfect, the temper irritable: these are nature's warnings to desist, but they are disregarded; the object of ambition lures the victim on the seduction of artistic creation, or of a truth seen dancing like a will-o'-wisp, incessantly solicits him; he will not pause—at length cannot pause, the excitement has become a fever, the flame that warms destroys him: madness arrives. Sad this is, and would be infinitely sad if there were no help for it, if the very glory and splendor of the intellect were necessarily allied to its infirmity and ruin. But it is not so. Men cannot transgress nature's laws without incurring nature's penalties.

Trust not thy soul upon a fancy, who
would freight a bubble with a diamond?
And launch that priceless gem on the
rapids of a cataract—*Tupper*.

The first of virtues is innocence; the
second is modesty; and neither departs
without being quickly followed by the
other.

Love is despotic; but it is exerted to
soothe and humanize and not to darken
the heart.