

the bright berries which glisten on the pliant Sumach, the storms of disappointment, and the warm sunshine of prosperity found him and left him the same loving, warm-hearted, cheerful, sunny being. There was a principle of enjoyment in his nature, which physical suffering could not disturb, and mental anxiety and relative trials were alike powerless to destroy. I have seen him look very serious, nay, sometimes sad; but ere he left us the smile was again on his countenance, and some sweet encouragement drawn from Holy Writ on his tongue; and like the changing leaves of the Sumach, "the sun of righteousness" beamed on him, turning his very sorrows into sources of confidence and trust.

O, his was a true, warm heart—a rarity, young reader, let me inform you, in this cold world. If Providence has thrown such a disposition in your way, I implore you to value it as it deserves. It is a blessing which few know how to estimate aright, in the radiant morning of life; but ere we reach its noontide heat, we look around (sometimes alas in vain,) for the cool, bright shelter of the graceful Sumach.

In early life Rollin fell under the censure of the church. The proceedings against him were conducted in a most severe, I may say, unchristian manner. Every humiliating confession was exacted and retracted; and the remembrance of this painful trial always left a dark shade on his mind when it arose to memory. Doubtless, he was frail, and erred in the matter alluded to; though upon strict investigation it was clearly established to unprejudiced minds, that he was "more sinned against than sinning;" and his subsequent blameless life proved the sincerity and depth of his penitence far more eloquently than the most glowing and pathetic appeal could have done.

The dust from the highroad of this sinful world did indeed, in this instance, settle on the leaves of our Sumach; but the pure bright drops of Calvary removed every trace of stain, and He who loved Rollin and chose him for His own child, guarded him from every attack of the arch-enemy; whilst those very individuals, who gloried in the conviction of an erring brother, have fallen infinitely lower into the depths of sin themselves—and some there are, who were loudest in their anathemas against poor Rollin, have been proved by the unerring test of truth, to have held that truth in unrighteousness; and who, when the last grand tribunal is set, and inquisition is made, may be eager to exchange places even with the despised Sumach.

But these events took place some years before we visited the village, and Rollin was at the period of my acquaintance with him, a dutiful son; an affectionate husband; a devoted father, and a sincere and consistent christian. Let one who was his constant companion in toil and leisure, in business and recreation; who had opportunities of reading his character in the hurry of worldly avocations; and as they sat together by moonlight, numbering the hours of the night, and watching the completion of their daily toil, (for theirs was a business which required unremitting superintendance)—who marked his lively mirthful tones amid the joyous gathering, and mingled his tears around the open graves of mutual friends—let him, I say, bear testimony to the character of our Sumach:

"I never knew Rollin," said this individual, "flinch from a friend in misfortune; I never saw in him that intense, overheated desire for accumulation of property, so common with our countrymen; I never know him swerve in the minutest particular from truth; I have ever found him sincerely religious; and devotedly attached to those he loved. In fact," continued he, "if we have a real christian in our community, Rollin is the individual."

Neither was this panegyric overdrawn; the truth alone was spoken; and he who spoke, and the individual of whom he spoke, have met in that solemn assembly, where the secrets of each bosom are unveiled.

There is one fact of interest connected with the Sumach, which I must entreat my reader not to overlook, namely—that it grows most luxuriantly on the banks of a living stream. Thus it was with Rollin. His roots were laved by the stream which proceedeth from beneath the throne of God and the Lamb. What marvel then, that his leaves of profession withered not; that his fruits of practical holiness failed not, when fed from so

pure a fountain? His was the religion of the heart—the religion of the closet—the religion of the Bible.

Ah, little did I deem, when I wrung his hand at our farewell meeting, that it would be my mournful task to sketch his character, and rescue his name from oblivion by any humble effort of mine. None who gazed upon his manly bearing, and marked his sinewy arm, and drank in the light of his bright blue eye, and listened to the cadences of his full and pleasant voice, could have anticipated how soon, how very soon that eye should close for ever on terrestrial objects; that voice be hushed on earth, and its strains vibrate no more on affection's ear, till at the resurrection morning—that glorious consummation of the believer's most rapturous hopes—we blend our voices around the mediatorial throne, and amid the anthems of triumph to the Crucified, the voice of him, whom I have here remembered as the Sumach, shall be distinguished; and the links of love, which death has rudely snapt, shall be reunited by our Father's own hand, who at the accents of Deity are heard, saying, "Be ye one as I am in my Father, and my Father in me."

Oh, these are blessed thoughts; reflections which brighten the dark and stormy path of time, and smooth the rough road of life. Reader, are you a real disciple of the despised Galilean? Reflect on all that is included in that term, and if on close investigation you can answer affirmatively, I congratulate you. For you is reserved a fadeless crown; a ceaseless song; a thornless palm. Yet a little while, and the harrassing turmoils of this changing state shall be exchanged for perfect, enduring, and stainless blessedness—the exile shall be welcome to his Father's house—the wanderer shall repose beneath his own roof-tree—the pilgrim shall unbind his sandals and disrobe himself of his pilgrim vestments, for from henceforth such garments shall be unsuitable to his condition—he is no more a stranger and a foreigner, but clad in the garb of heaven, he hath taken his place with the harpers, and is greeted by the members of that august assembly "as a brother beloved."

To that unbreathed, beatitude Rollin D— has ascended. Shall we mourn his early departure? True, his sun went down at noon, and the shade of the Sumach is no longer thrown over the young flowerets which sprung at his feet—his place is vacant—the domestic circle, and the community at large, mourn his absence; yet must we rejoice, for the Shumach, transplanted to a celestial Paradise, shall flourish in fadeless glory, eternally sheltered from every blighting influence.

And now, young reader, suffer me to entreat you to cultivate the bright, cheerful spirit of this estimable young man. A cheerful, happy temper is an invaluable blessing, and worth some effort to attain; and when guided by religious influences, and under the control of a well balanced mind, it forms an important part of a graceful and useful character. Moreover, it is a temper which must be formed in early life; for should your maturer years flow on serenely, you will find sufficient matter in the fretting wear of daily petty annoyances, to task your patience, and draw largely on your animal spirits; while overwhelming affliction will crush you, even as the awful avalanche crushes the hapless traveller beneath its tremendous weight, should it find you unsustained by Christian cheerfulness.

Think of my Sumach, then; and when you bind its bright berries to your bosom, forget not the moral I have endeavored to cull from its brilliant foliage, so shall we meet again, even in that "garden which is enclosed," or as the Hebrew beautifully reads, "barred;" barred from sin; from sorrow—for those who tread that amaranthine clime "are forgiven their iniquities."

Hamilton, September 18th, 1848.

MARY ELIZA.

The Laugh of a Child.

The following pretty thought is from the pen of ISABELLA ATHELWOOD:

"I love it—I love it—the laugh of a child,
Now rippling and gentle, now merry and wild;
Ringing out on the air with its innocent gush,
Like the thrill of a bird at the twilight's soft hush;
Floating upon the trees like the tones of a bell,
Or the music that dwells in the heart of a shell,
Oh! the laugh of a child, so bold and so free,
Is the merriest sound in the world for me!"