

their glory is departed, a high and mournful beauty still rests on many of these silent and romantic scenes. Amidst them a stranger will ever delight to wander, for there his imagination can seldom be at fault—the naked mountain, the untrodden plain, and the voiceless shore, will kindle into life around him, and his every step be filled with those deeds, through which guilt and sorrow passed away, and “life and immortality were brought to light.”

(To be continued)

MISCELLANEOUS.

EPITAPHS AND CHURCH-YARDS.

Who does not love to wander among the habitations of the dead, and read their varied inscriptions? Volumes of instruction and of curious information may be gleaned from grave-stones; but it is melancholy to observe the little care that is taken in our own country to preserve these, perchance the only memorials of the deceased. Our church-yards are, indeed, enclosed by ornamental and substantial palings—“the grass waves green and luxuriant above the ground, unprofaned by the footstep of the brute creation; but where is the pious hand to protect the tomb itself from the ravages of time, the vicissitudes of the seasons, and the dilapidations by accident. Where do we behold any of those simple, yet touching tributes of affection, which, in other countries, are paid at the shrine of departed genius or worth? It is a cold, cold philosophy that teaches to neglect such acts as useless and unavailing—that demonstrates that the body is but the prison-house of the soul—that when she quits this curious workmanship, and life no longer animates it, that then should cease all those feelings of veneration and respect with which before we were wont to regard it. If such be the effect—and we fear it is so—of modern philosophy—then may we well question our boasted superiority over the ancients—for they thought it not unworthy of the departed soul to embalm the body in which had

dwelt that soul, and to preserve it in splendid mausoleums as the once sacred deposit of a precious treasure.—(American paper)

EARLY RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION:

“I was the only surviving child of my parents. I was too young when they died to retain any distinct remembrance of the pious instructions they had given me, though, from the following circumstances, I am convinced that such instructions were given: that all my ideas of religion, though apparently recent in later life, seem always, in some indescribable manner, to connect themselves with the earliest scenes of my childhood: The very tent in which Abraham dwelt, in the plain of Mamre, is always pitched, in my imagination, in a wide field which was in view of my father's house; and Paradise, with all the blooming charms of Eden, are somehow strangely associated. in my fancy, with the smiling and fruitful garden of the little rectory. In addition to this—the pale, sweet face of my beloved mother always offers itself, whenever I think of a dying saint; and even amid the darkest days of my youth, I used to think of my father with anguish, whenever I had done any thing amiss.”—MRS. CRAWLEY.

MARRIED LIFE.

Married life is the source of unnumbered advantages. To attend to the nursing, and at least to the early instruction of children, and rear a healthy progeny in the ways of piety and usefulness; to preside over the family, and regulate the income allotted to its maintenance; to make home the sweet refuge to a husband fatigued by intercourse with a jarring world; to be his enlightened companion, and the chosen friend of his heart; these are woman's duties, and delightful ones they are, if, happily, she be wedded to a man whose soul can duly estimate her worth, and who will bring his share to the common stock of felicity.