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SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE.

PRICE TWO PENCE.

VOL. I.] MONTREAL, APRIL 5, 1834. [No. 20.

MELODY OF PROVERBS.

When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice; but when the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn.—XXIX. v. 2.

With the righteous on the throne,
There is glory through the land;
And our foes are crumbled down,
And scattered like the sand.
The harvest field is shorn
To the reapers' merry song:
There is gladness on the morn;
There is joy when day is gone.

With the righteous on the throne,
There is worship all around,
And the bosom's anthem'd tone
Through the temples both resound—
There is prayer when many kneel
Without pride or bigotry:
And the peasant takes his meal
Beneath his own fig-tree.

When the wicked beareth rule,
Like a tempest on the sea,
There is counsel of the fool,
With the lash of tyranny.
There is blood upon the sword,
And blasphemy of God;
And the Temple of the Lord
Is roofless and untrod!

There is the canker-breath of fear
On the monarch's guilty heart;
The houseless widow's tear,
And the orphan's bitter smart,
Are the silent prayers of earth:
And the peasant, beaten low,
In his drunkenness, doth *curse*
His children, as they grow!

As the bearers of a pall,
The serfs of labour stroll;
Extinguished in the hall
Are the lights of pleasure's bowl.
The dark assassin's knife
Gleameth in the guilty hand,
Seeking the sacrifice of life,
When the wicked rule the land!

BIOGRAPHY.

MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

Though the youngest of the two distinguished sisters of the name of Porter, yet as the earliest "gathered from us," the lamented subject, Anna Maria, has the first place in the memorial of the good and great.

Her father was an officer of Dragoons, and, moreover, a younger brother, who, dying in the prime of life, left his widow, with five almost infant children, in slender circumstances. Three of the orphans were sons; the two eldest early entered professions, which they filled in a manner honourable to their name; the third is Sir Robert Kerr Porter, whose celebrity in the arts and in literature has long been before the public. The two daughters were Jane and Anna Maria, on whose education their exemplary mother bestowed the most careful attention. "A mother's part in such duty," she always said, "was the heart and soul of her child." And to the culture of these "in the way they should go," she ever applied her parent hand. Indeed, the last word she breathed was an injunction of piety. Immediately after her husband's death, Mrs. Porter settled in Edinburgh; it having been his wish that the foundation of his children's education should be laid there. Anna Maria was not five years old when she attained the highest place in the classes of the well known George Fulton's school, where there were many pupils above twelve years of age; and, indeed, her surprising talents, in every way, made the aged folks about her often presage, that "the luxuriant harvest promised, would soon come, and soon be gathered." An intimate friend has given us the following sketch of her childhood:—

"When little more than a baby, she read aloud passages from Shakspeare, with a precision which understanding the author could alone direct; and the delighted energy with which she pronounced *some of* his noble sentiments, was quite wonderful in a child. She repeated, with a similar pleasure, the best speeches in Home's Douglass; and Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd was another of her favourites: the pastoral simplicity it describes, and the simple innocence of its affections, being quite in unison with the opening taste of her mind and heart. Her little voice often sung its sweet songs, while climbing the green banks behind her mother's house; and she prattled away about scenes like its 'burns and braes,' when rambling the Calton Craigs, to gather blue bells for that dear parent. In truth, it might be said, with our poet, of this young lover of nature—

'———— Full true the infant knew
Recesses, where the wild flower grew,
Or honeysuckle; loved to crawl
Up the low crag, and ruined wall!—
She deemed such nooks the sweetest shade
The sun in all his rounds surveyed!'

"The 'gowen'd paths' of the meadows near Holyrood House were the children's frequent evening walk, and the moon-lit mouldering tower of the roofless chapel often arrested the gay sparkle of Maria's eye, and drew from her reflections on the memorable dead within, which called answering happy tears on her mother's cheek, while listening to such extraordinary thought in so young a creature. Pious and tender as this almost *infant's* mind shewed itself in all she said and did, her temperament was not the less elastic and jocund. But there never was any thing boisterous in her mirth; nor could she bear clamour nor violence, nor any species of frolicksome liberties, in her playmates. Delicacy of disposition, and a gentleness of manners, with an inborn gaiety of heart, that shone ever in her bright blue eyes, and glittered on the pearly teeth of her gladsome smile, might well be said to have been her natural gifts from God.—These lovely endowments guided her amusements, directed her studies, and finally stamped her literary and social character. Lively, and kind, and frank in her demeanour, every body approached her with confidence; and, quick in observation, she read minds and manners with a readiness and clearness of deduction, that gave to her youth a precocious experience; peopling, I might say, her imagination with a variety of subjects, and perfecting that presiding judgment over those tenants of the brain, which afterwards gradually but rapidly 'gave to them a local habitation and a name,' in the estimation of an approving world."

Our young authoress's first essays were very early—Tales, both in prose and verse; but intended only for her sister's ear, or, at most, for the little family work table.

Mrs. Porter had become a resident in London, when Anna Maria brought out the first work really sanctioned by herself; namely, the "Hungarian Brothers." Though still, in age, a mere girl, genius and her surprising observation gave her a foresight now into character, and a felicity in pourtraying it, with an elegant fluency of language, which few ever attain, and being in a rarely composed, though small society, which her respected mother daily drew around her children, the young authoress had only to look from side to side for attractive manners and high-toned motives of action; and putting them together in the pure crucible of her own principles, produce that beautiful gem, of a bright promise, which we have just named. It rapidly ran through several editions, and has been a stock work ever since. The narrative is founded on the fraternal affections, for a lesson of virtue was always the motive of her authorship.—The scene of "The Hungarian Brothers" is laid in Hungary, Germany, and the adjacent wilder countries. In one of the latter, she gives a peculiarly interesting account of the terrific mines of Istria. The brothers are young military men, who served under the command of the justly renowned Archduke Charles, during the famous campaigns against republican France. General Moreau, the great antagonist of the Archduke in those hard-fought fields, chanced to meet Miss Anna Maria Porter's romance in a French translation; and was so delighted with the fidelity to the real facts, added to the deep interest of the dramatic tale she had connected with his battles, that he ever afterwards gave it a place in his travelling library.

The next work of the successful authoress was the historical tale of "Don Sebastian, or the House of Braganza." Her preface tells us that "history and tradition supplied her with ample materials." And we find her making good use of them; conducting her readers with the hero over more than half the world; namely, Portugal, Spain, Africa, Syria, Arabia, Persia, and then to South America, the then newly-discovered hemisphere.

"The Recluse of Norway" succeeded the above. Its drama is laid in Norway and Spain. The prominent characteristics of the hero are impregnable probity, and gratitude for past benefits. And the two sisters, Anastatia and Ellesif,—who, in point of their natural and contrasted graces of grave and gay, are like the soft shadow and gentle light to each other,—we find a beautiful picture of mutual affection. Though no human being ever had a more modest estimation of herself in every respect, than the young historian of this charming twain, and herself would have been the last of all models in her own eyes; yet none who knew her well, and who read the character of Ellesif—its simplicity, its truth, its *unselfing* delight in all that made her sister be deemed "first and fairest;" its joy in her happiness, and in promoting that of all around her; its balmy, gladdening spirit, diffusing comfort when needed, and smiles everywhere, whenever she appeared;—none could read this lovely picture, and not say, "Out of the fulness of the heart, the pen hath indeed spoken; and in Ellesif, the author has unconsciously drawn her own sweet and engaging character."

Three years after this publication, she wrote "The Knights of St. John;" a romance of the sixteenth century, in which she introduces the famous siege of Malta. The theme of the story is the friendship of the knight Giovanni with Cesario Adimosi, a noble Genoese; a friendship like that between Jonathan and David.

Miss Anna Maria Porter's next work was "The Fast of St. Magdalen:" the scene lies chiefly at Florence, amid "Vahombrosa's multitude of leaves;" and the elysian wildernesses of *Il bel Deserto*. The family of Medici are the principal personages of the story, and the domestic virtues the subject; amongst which, an instance of love and meekness mutually triumphing over a very distressing personal defect, is most affectingly and impressively pourtrayed.

To this justly popular work, "The Village of Mariendorpt" succeeded, in 1821. Holland, and far-stretching Germany, are its countries; filial piety its subject, in the persons of Rupert Roselheim to a virtuous but unfortunate mother, and of Meeta Muhldenore to a venerable and persecuted father. The maternal character is finely drawn in Madame Roselheim; and, in truth, the authoress could not have had a more admirable model than in that of her own estimable parent.

"Roche Blanche, or the Hunter of the Pyrenees," followed the preceding novel in the course of the next year. Its sublime scenery, and events, belong to the magnanimous struggle of the Hugonots, during the oppressive influence of the Guises against them in every part of Europe; bringing both public and private virtues into full action, fraught with all the Christian graces. And so lively are the creatures of the author's imagination wrought up with the persons who actually existed at the time, we have some difficulty in distinguishing between the children of her fancy and the children of fact. Amongst the former are two sisters, Aigline and Lolotte: the first, all that can be devoted, in such a relationship; the last, a beauteous being, with an estranged intellect, but of a most absorbing interest. We mention Sir Walter Scott in terms of intimacy with Miss Anna Maria Porter, for their mothers were friends in Scotland; and when a "reckless youth" himself, he often nursed the little future poetess on his knee.

About the time of this last work's publication, the writer's health became more than usually delicate; which her anxious mother ascribing to the low situation of her cottage, (a pretty ivy-mantled spot, on the banks of the Thames at Ditton, where she had been living with her daughters for several years;) she hastened to quit it for another little abode of a similar description, but on a hill, at Esher; a neighbouring village, about two miles from their former long-endeared home

At Esher, in the autumn of 1826, the sisters together published two volumes, entitled "Tales round a Winter's Hearth." Anna Maria's quota were three: "Miss Mackay," a border tradition; "Lord Howth's Rat," an Irish legend; and "Jeannie Halliday," a Scottish fact: which latter sweet tale has never been surpassed, in simple pathos, purity of feeling, and nature of effect. Like the ballad of "Auld Robin Gray," it goes direct to the heart. Miss Wilkinson, the accomplished singer, set Jeannie Halliday's touching song, "That anely Star," to her own fine voice, and often sung it with answering sympathy.

Our authoress's next work was one on modern manners; those of the country parlour, and the town drawing-room. In which, solicitous to discriminate between the safe and the dangerous in the gay dance of our fashionable societies, she strove to draw the just line before the steps of her young cotemporaries; showing them at which points in such so ciety the laws of feminine reserve restrain enjoyment; and where the license of ungoverned passions, or the negligence of a careless following the multitude, trenches on propriety, leads to error after error, and too often plunges into vice and misery. The same design and animating spirit pervades her succeeding novel of "Coming Out;" which, in a most impressive and engaging manner, pourtrays the triumph of principle over passion, in the character of her youthful heroine Aheia, a young Irish beauty, who made her perilous *debut* in the court of fashion in England.—It was in this novel that Miss Anna Maria Porter, by the vividness of her description of such a scene, gave the idea, that the *tableau vivant*, so long a part of courtly and tasteful entertainment on the continent, might be introduced for the same purpose into our elegant circles; and from that time there is scarcely a house of rank and fashion in England that has not its "living pictures."

In the spring of 1830, our authoress published her last, and, we would say, her best work—"The Barony," a novel of the times of James II. It may fairly be called her profession of faith—of her principles as a Christian—of her sentiments as a woman—of her duties as a daughter, sister, friend—of her feelings of tender charities to all that lives. It was "the last notes of the dying swan,"—oh! rather, the last strain of the future seraph passing to her heavenly sphere. The year after it was written, she lost her justly prized mother; who died at Esher in the month of June, 1831. This bereavement so deeply affected the health of the devotedly attached daughter, that her no less mourning sister, Miss Jane Porter, determined to take her on a short travel for change of air, and to cheer her general spirits by a succession of visits to valued friends. To this end, they left their home in March, 1832. Their first sojourn was in London, where they divided a few weeks' stay between their friends. After leaving London early in May, 1832, and passing that month at a friend's house, near Bath, the sisters proceeded to Bristol, to abide awhile with their brother, Dr. Porter, who had for some years been settled as a physician in that town. There, on the 6th of June, Anna Maria was suddenly attacked by a typhus fever, which terminated her mortal life on the 21st of the same month, just one year after both sisters were deprived of her who had seemed to be the bond of their earthly happiness—their honoured mother. One was now left alone. But she does not mourn with the desolation that has no comforter. She saw her sister resign her soul, on so instant a summons, with the fulness of faith, into the hands of that Saviour who called her, and by whose grace she had "kept it unspotted from the world."—Her remains were interred in the church-yard of St. Paul's, Bristol, in a vault made by the direction of her brother, Dr. Porter, who had watched over her in illness with unceasing care; and when medical skill proved vain to arrest the mortal stroke, his votive affection planted, with his own hands, her last earthly bed with rose-trees and laurels, emblematic of the character of her he lamented.

THE LAND OF THE BLEST.

"Dear father, I ask for my mother in vain—
Has she sought some far country her health to regain,
Has she left our cold climate of frost and of snow,
For some warm sunny land where the soft breezes blow?"
"Yes, yes, gentle boy, thy lov'd mother has gone
To a climate where sorrow and pain are unknown;
Her spirit is strengthened, her frame is at rest,
There is health, there is peace, in the Land of the Blest."

"Is that land, my dear father, more lovely than ours;
Are the rivers more clear, and more blooming the flowers;
Does summer shine over it all the year long,
Is it cheered by the glad sounds of music and song?"
"Yes, the flowers are despoiled not by winter or night,
The well springs of life are exhaustless and bright,
And by exquisite voices sweet hymns are addrest
To the Lord who reigns over the Land of the Blest."

"Yet that land to my mother will lonely appear,
She shrunk from the glance of a stranger while here:
From her foreign companions I know she will flee,
And sigh, dearest father, for you and for me."
"My darling, thy mother rejoices to gaze
On the long-served friends of her earliest days;
Her parents have there found a mansion of rest,
And they welcome their child to the Land of the Blest."

"How I long to partake of such meetings of bliss,
That land must be surely more happy than this;
On you, my dear father, the journey depends,
Let us go to my mother, her kindred, and friends."
"Not on me, love; I trust I may reach that blest clime,
But in patience, I stay till the Lord's chosen time,
And must strive, while awaiting his gracious behest,
To guide thy young steps to the Land of the Blest.

"Thou must toil through a world full of dangers, my boy,
Thy peace it may blight, and thy virtue destroy,
Nor wilt thou, alas! be withheld from its snares
By a mother's kind counsels, a mother's fond prayers.
Yet fear not—the God, whose direction we crave,
Is mighty to strengthen, to shield, and to save,
And his hand may yet lead thee, a glorified guest,
To the home of thy mother, the Land of the Blest."

NOT FORSAKEN.—A FRAGMENT.

"Through life, in death, whate'er betide thee,
To have that seraph form beside thee."

"I am not forsaken," said Lesslie; "the hand of affliction has been laid heavily upon me, but the same power which, in its wisdom, visited me with sorrow and distress, administered also a strength which enables me to bear the painful vicissitudes of human life. I have the consolations of the Christian, who, submitting his own will to that of Heaven, beholds, in all the dispensations of Providence towards him, the indulgent and the chastening hand of a father: I have more, my friend, (continued he, with much emotion,) I have more than this; I have a daughter—excuse a father's feelings—who inherits all her mother's gentleness and virtue, and whose only study is to cheer the bereaved heart of her remaining parent."

"These consolations," returned Wilson "are peculiarly yours; they are the natural consequences of fervid piety to heaven, and the paternal solicitude which you have displayed towards her who is to be the joy and comfort of your declining days, and whose smile of purity shall speak to your soul that peace, of which it is truly said, that it endureth forever."

Lesslie took Wilson by the hand, and led him into the garden. He pointed out to him the small white marble urn, consecrated to the memory of his deceased wife. There was a beautiful myrtle beside it, which Flora was endeavouring to train round the cenotaph. It had been planted by her mother; her father looked upon it with interest, and she valued it highly as a memento of her dear deceased parent. Lesslie indulged his feelings for a few moments, and stood wrapped in sorrowful reminiscences.

Rousing himself from his reverie, he exclaimed to his companion: "I cannot expect that these things should greatly interest you, but you have a sensible heart, and can appreciate the feelings of a husband and father. When I look, Wilson, on these emblems of mortality, a strange mixture of different emotions move me forcibly; I am at once joyous and sorrowful, despondent and grateful. I cannot forget the loss I have sustained, or how that loss has been supplied to me. Perhaps I ought to have no feeling but that of gratitude, if I would do justice to my daughter's merits, for she is all a duteous, loving child can be; my dream by night, my pondered thought by day,—my sweet companion, pupil, tutor, child!"

Lesslie, again overcome by his feelings, suffered Wilson to lead him into a little arbour that was near; the jasmin and woodbine that covered the trellis-work had been trained by the hand of Flora,—where could her father rest so well as in this place.

Lesslie was one of those great minds which bear afflictions as best becomes men and Christians. He was too sensible not to feel, and acutely feel, the sufferings of humanity, but he referred them to their proper purpose and ultimate design. Looking beyond the narrow limits of mere mortal vision, his eye was humbly, yet steadily fixed on that future world where vicissitudes will not be known, and whose joys are of that unmixed description that they cannot fade. Yet was Lesslie a man feelingly alive to the distresses of his fellow-men.

Christianity had taught him resignation, but had not wrapped his heart in coldness; it had taught him to sorrow not as those without hope, but it did not lead him to condemn all expressions of grief as futile and effeminate. He bore privations and sufferings as becomes a man, but he also felt them as a man. He was a stranger to the proud, cold calculations of heathen philosophy, which refuse to consider pain as an evil, and which, at the best, could only inculcate a social indifference or a total apathy, but could never throw one gleam of comfort over the rugged path of life, or lift the soul for an instant above the dark confines of the grave.

Lesslie had recovered his usual firmness and strength of mind, and was discoursing with Wilson on subjects of literature and philosophy, when, at the bottom of the long vista of trees leading to the garden, a female of elegant appearance was seen approaching towards them. A look of fatherly love beamed on the countenance of Lesslie. "It is Flora," said he; "she has prepared our evening meal, and is coming to find me, and lead me to the house, as is her custom."

Wilson contemplated with increasing interest the approach of the fair messenger. She came, not in the consciousness of superior beauty, tripping along like a Parisian belle, or a female of the haut ton, but with that modest dignity of carriage which always distinguishes the truly virtuous woman above the flippant part of the sex. She advanced toward her father with an expression of love and respect. Lesslie took her hand mechanically, and prepared to walk back to the house. "Flora," said he, "this is our friend Wilson, of whom you have heard me speak." She curtsied. "Your supper is waiting for you, father," said the lovely girl, in a voice not less sweet than that which fell like soft music on the ear of our first parent in paradise. "Father,"—no words can describe the tone and gesture with which this fond appellation was spoken, nor any artist pourtray the expression of love which beamed in the countenance of both father and daughter.

Terms sufficiently delicate and expressive have never yet been found to describe that beautiful and holy tie

"Which binds the daughter to her father's heart."

Lesslie, accompanied by Wilson, and holding his daughter's hand, set forward towards the house. When they arrived in the drawing room, every thing around indicated the deep attention which Flora devoted to her father's happiness. With an acknowledgment of thankfulness to Heaven, they sat down to their repast, and when it was over, the prayer, and the evening song of praise, brought them into the immediate presence of the Deity, and restored to them the departed wife and mother whom they had so lately lost. If we should attempt to describe the interesting appearance of Flora whilst kneeling by her father's side, it would only serve to shew how very inadequate human language is to express purity and beauty *approaching to perfection*. Let us forbear to say more: there are flowers whose texture is so beautiful and delicate, that to touch is to injure them; and whilst we attempt to give their meed of praise, we sully them with our breath.

O! YE HOURS.

O! ye hours, ye sunny hours!
  Floating lightly by,
Are ye come with birds and flowers,
  Odours and the blue sky?

Yes, we come, again we come,
  Through the wood paths free,
Bringing many a wanderer home,
  With the bird and bee.

O! ye hours, ye sunny hours,
  Are ye wafting song?
Doth wild music strain in showers
  All the groves among?

Yes, the nightingale is there,
  While the starlight reigns,
Making young leaves and sweet air
  Tremble with her strains.

O! ye hours, ye sunny hours!
  In your silent flow,
Ye are mighty powers!
  Bring me bliss or woe?

Ask not this!—oh! ask not this!
  Yield your hearts awhile
To the soft wind's balmy kiss,
  And the heaven's bright smile.

Throw not shades of anxious thought
  O'er the glowing flowers!
We are come with sunshine fraught,
  Question not the hours!

THE SUN.

The Sun is one million four hundred thousand times larger than our world, and contains six hundred times more matter than all the planets and their moons together. Could a string be passed in a straight line through the Sun, so as to measure him across, from one side to the other, exactly opposite (which we always mean by the term *diameter*,) it would measure about eight hundred and eighty-three thousand miles. It would require a line to encircle him quite round, to be more than two millions seven hundred and seventy-four thousand miles long. How vast his size!—Yet, our Sun is but *a small part of creation*, as we shall see when we consider the fixed stars. The centre or middle of the whole solar system (which consists of the Sun, the Planets, their Moons, and the Comets) is nearly in the centre of the Sun, round which he moves. He has also a *motion on his axis*, (that is, a supposed axis passing from pole to pole) turning from west to east, in twenty-five days, fourteen hours and eight minutes, which is known by means of spots on his surface. The Sun's appearing larger in the horizon than when on the meridian, seems to arise merely from our not viewing any other objects, as trees, houses, &c. in connection with him at the latter period; whereas when we see him rising or setting, we have those also in our eyes, and consequently, viewed *in comparison* with these little things, he appears larger.—He ought rather to appear least in the horizon, he being then four thousand miles, (half the diameter of the earth) farther from us, than he is at *noon*. If you roll up a sheet of paper *to such size* as when you look through it at the Sun in the morning, you may see *his whole body*, and try it again at noon, you will find him just fill it as in the morning. The Sun was for a long period thought to be a globe of fire. *He is now*, however, supposed to be a dark and habitable orb, like our earth, surrounded by two atmospheres; the one next his body, similar to ours,—but the outward one phosphoric or luminous, by which he diffuses light and heat to all the planets. *Dark* spots, called *Maculæ*, are often seen on the surface of the Sun, sometimes even by the naked eye. Some of them are several times larger than the earth. They are supposed *to* be caused by the luminous or shining atmosphere flying off in those parts, and leaving the *dark body* of the Sun, or the inward atmosphere, uncovered. The variations of these spots (for sometimes they are larger than at others) seem *to justify* the idea of a luminous atmosphere, and the spots themselves, that of a dark body within it; for how could these things be, if the Sun were a globe of pure fire?—Very bright spots, named *Feculæ*, are also seen on his surface. These are supposed to be formed by a collection of this bright atmosphere, and abound most near the dark spots, and in those places where such have lately been.

How truly wonderful it is, that this our world and all the other planets, should have been enlightened by the Sun upwards of six thousand years, without any diminution having taken place in his size! Whose work is this?

IMPROVEMENT.

The last prophecy of Christ in the Old Testament is in these words, "*Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise, with healing in his wings.*"

Christ is here promised under the figure of "The Sun." Such he really is, on account of his light and glory. He was given to be "*a light to lighten the Gentiles.*"—His light was not like that of the law, which was merely dispensed to a single nation, but like that of the Sun, which illuminates all the nations of the earth. Hence, He says of Himself "I am the light of *the world*." In Him, therefore, the people which sat in darkness saw a great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death "light is sprung up." He is emphatically "*The Sun*" in the Church; for there is no other. He is her only light. He is also the bright luminary of the Kingdom of Glory; the great source and centre of all the light and glory of the celestial world. St. John says, "*His countenance was as the Sun shining in his strength*"—Rev. I. 16. "*For the glory of the Lord did lighten it, and the Lamb was the light thereof.*"—Rev. XXI. 23. "*Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ.*" How, beyond expression, bright!—Compared with His splendour, the most meridian blaze of Nature's Sun is darkness.

OMENS AND FOREWARNINGS.

Causes of events can be alone forewarnings; if a man lift a stick to strike me, *it is ominous that* I am in danger of receiving a blow; but no previous circumstance not connected with the cause, or not being a sufficient cause, can be ominous of any particular event. Superstition connects incidents which have *no connection with* the cause of an event as a forewarning; but philosophy and reason admit no forewarning except it be an operative cause sufficient to produce the result anticipated. Post this truth over the fireplace of every house, and it will *soon* cease *to* be haunted by ominous signs, and superstitious forewarnings.

THE SNOW STORM.

In the month of December, 1821, a Mr. Blake, with his wife and an infant, were passing over the Green Mountains, near the town of Arlington, Vt., in a sleigh with one horse. The drifting snow rendered it impossible for the horse to proceed. Mr. Blake set off on foot in search of assistance, and perished in the storm before he could reach a dwelling. The mother, alarmed (as is supposed) at his long absence, went in quest of him with the infant in her arms. She was found in the morning, dead, a short distance from the sleigh. The child was wrapped in her cloak, and survived the perils of the cold and the storm.

The cold winds swept the mountain's height,
  And pathless was the dreary wild,
And 'mid the cheerless hours of night
  A mother wander'd with her child;
As through the drifted snow she press'd,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,
  And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifts of snow—
  Her limbs were chill'd—her strength was gone.
O God! she cried, in accents wild,
If I must perish, save my child.

She stript her mantle from her breast,
  And bared her bosom to the storm,
And round the child she wrapt the vest,
  And smiled to think her babe was warm;
With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,
And sunk upon the snowy bed.

At dawn, a traveller pass'd by,
  And saw her 'neath a snowy veil—
The frost of death was in her eye,
  Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale;
He moved the robe from off the child—
The babe looked up and sweetly smiled.

MEMORY AND HOPE.

Hope is the leading-string of youth—memory the staff of age. Yet for a long time they were at variance, and scarcely ever associated together. Memory was almost always grave, nay, sad and melancholy. She delighted in silence and repose, amid rocks and waterfalls; and whenever she raised her eyes from the ground it was only to look back over her shoulder. Hope was a smiling, dancing, rosy boy, with sparkling eyes, and it was impossible to look upon him without being inspired by his gay and sprightly buoyancy. Wherever he went he diffused around him gladness and joy: the eyes of the young sparkled brighter than ever at his approach; old age, as it cast its dim glances at the blue vault of Heaven, seemed inspired with new vigour; the flowers looked more gay, the grass more green, the birds sung more cheerily, and all nature seemed to sympathize in his gladness. Memory was of mortal birth, but hope partook of immortality.

One day they chanced to meet, and Memory reproached Hope with being a deceiver. She charged him with deluding mankind with visionary impracticable schemes, and exciting expectations that only led to disappointment and regret; with being the *ignis fatuus* of youth, and the scourge of old age. But Hope cast back upon her the charge of deceit, and maintained that the pictures of the past were as much exaggerated by Memory as were the anticipations of Hope. He declared that she looked at objects at a great distance in the past, he in the future, and that this distance magnified every thing. "Let us make the circuit of the world," said he, "and try the experiment."

Memory consented reluctantly, and they went their way together.

The first person they met was a schoolboy, lounging lazily along, and stopping every moment to gaze around, as if unwilling to proceed on his way. By and by, he sat down and burst into tears.

"Whither so *fast*, my good lad," asked Hope, jeeringly.

"I am going to school," replied the lad, "to study, when I had rather a thousand times be at play; and sit on a bench with a book in my hand, while I long to be sporting in the fields. But never mind, I shall be a man soon, and then I shall be free as the air." Saying this, he skipped away merrily, in the hope of soon being a man.

"It is thus you play upon the inexperience of youth," said Memory, reproachfully.

Passing onward, they met a beautiful girl, pacing slow and melancholy behind a party of gay young men and maidens, who walked arm in arm with each other, and were flirting and exchanging all those little harmless courtesies which nature prompts on such occasions. They were all gaily dressed in silks and ribbons; but the little girl had on a simple frock, a homely apron, and clumsy thick-soled shoes.

"Why don't you join yonder group," asked Hope, "and partake in their gaiety, my pretty little girl?"

"Alas!" replied she, "they take no notice of me. They call me a child. But I shall soon be a woman, and then I shall be so happy!"

Inspired by this hope, she quickened her pace, and soon was seen dancing along merrily with the rest.

In this manner they wended their way from nation to nation, and clime to clime, until they had made the circuit of the universe. Wherever they came, they found the human race, which at this time was all young—it being not many years since the first creation of mankind—repining at the present, and looking forward to a riper age for happiness. All anticipated some future good, and Memory had scarce any thing to do but cast looks of reproach at her young companion. "Let us return home," said she, "to that delightful spot where I first drew my breath. I long to repose among its beautiful bowers: to listen to the brooks that murmured a thousand times sweeter; and to the echoes that were softer than any I have since heard. Ah! there is nothing on earth so enchanting as the scenes of my earliest youth."

Hope indulged himself in a sly, significant smile, and they proceeded on their return home. As they journeyed but slowly, many years elapsed ere they approached the spot whence they had departed. It so happened, one day, they met an old man, bending under the weight of years, and walking with trembling steps, leaning on his staff. Memory at once recognized him as the youth they had seen going to school, on their first outset in the tour of the world. As they came nearer, the old man reclined on his staff, and looking at Hope, who, being immortal, was still a blithe young boy, sighed as if his heart was breaking.

"What aileth thee, old man?" asked the youth.

"What aileth me," he replied, in a feeble, faltering voice—"what should ail me, but old age? I have outlived my health and strength; I have survived all that was near and dear; I have seen all I loved, or that loved me, struck down to the earth like dead leaves in autumn, and now I stand like an old tree, withering alone in the world, without roots, without branches, and without verdure. I have only just enough of sensation to know that I am miserable, and the recollection of the happiness of my youthful days, when, careless and full of blissful anticipations, I was a laughing, merry boy, only adds to the miseries I now endure."

"Behold!" said Memory, "the consequence of thy deceptions," and she looked reproachfully at her companion.

"Behold!" replied Hope, "the deception practiced by thyself. Thou persuadest him that he was happy in his youth. Dost thou remember the boy we met when we first set out together, who was weeping on his way to school, and sighing to be a man?"

Memory cast down her eyes and was silent.

A little way onward, they came to a miserable cottage, at the door of which was an aged woman, meanly clad, and shaking with palsy. She sat alone, her head resting on her bosom, and, as the pair approached, vainly tried to raise it up to look at them.

"Good morrow, old lady, and all happiness to you," cried Hope, gaily, and the old woman thought it was a long time since she had heard such a cheering salutation.

"Happiness!" said she, in a voice that quivered with weakness and infirmity.—"Happiness? I have not known it since I was a little girl, without care or sorrow. O, I remember these delightful days, when I thought of nothing but the present moment, nor cared for the future or past. When I laughed, and played, and sung from morning till night, and envied no one, nor wished to be any other than I was. But those happy times are past, never to return. O, if I could only once more return to the days of my childhood!"

The old woman sunk back on her seat, and the tears flowed from her hollow eyes.

Memory again reproached her companion, but he only asked her if she recollected the little girl they had met a long time ago, who was so miserable because she was so young? Memory knew it well enough, and said not another word.

They now approached their home, and Memory was on tiptoe with the thought of once more enjoying the unequalled beauties of those scenes from which she had been so long separated. But, somehow or other, it seemed they were sadly changed. Neither the grass was so green, the flowers so sweet and lovely, nor did the brooks murmur, the echoes answer, or the birds sing half so enchantingly, as she remembered them in time long past.

"Alas!" she exclaimed, "how changed is everything! I alone am the same."

"Everything is the same, and thou, alone, art changed," answered Hope. Thou hast deceived thyself in the past just as much as I deceive others in the future."

"What is it you are disputing about?" asked an old man, whom they had not observed before, though he was standing close by them. "I have lived almost four score and ten years, and my experience may, perhaps, enable me to decide between you."

They told him the occasion of their disagreement, and related the history of their journey round the earth. The old man smiled, and for a few moments sat buried in thought. He then said to them:

"I, too, have lived to see all the hopes of my youth turn into shadows, clouds, and darkness, and vanish into nothing. I, too, have survived my fortune, my friends, my children—the hilarity of youth, and the blessing of health."

"And dost thou not despair?" said Memory.

"No, I have still one hope left me."

"And what is that?"

"The hope of Heaven!"

Memory turned towards Hope, threw herself into his arms, which opened to receive her, and burst into tears, exclaiming—

"Forgive me, I have done thee injustice. Let us never again separate from each other."

"With all my heart," said Hope, and they continued for ever after to travel together hand and hand through the world.

A lady beating a tune on a table, as destitute of harmony as time, asked another, if she knew what she played? "I do," answered she; "you play the *fool*."

EPITAPHS.

An inscription on a tomb stone seldom gives a person a correct idea of the character of the deceased—but on the other hand, it seldom fails to present to the reader the distinguishing characteristics of the relative who furnished the melancholy tribute of affection. The aphorism "never speak ill of the dead," is strictly observed when writing an epitaph—and those who are in the habit of visiting the village church-yards, and reading the simple inscriptions on the marble slabs around them, will acknowledge the correctness of the following sentiment, expressed by Shakspeare:

> "Men's evil manners live in brass;
> Their virtues we write in water."

We subjoin a few epitaphs, for the amusement of our readers, if they can derive amusement from so *grave* a subject:—

ON A MOSS COVERED GRAVE-STONE IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

He was a good husband, and an excellent neighbour,
Fond of his children, and addicted to labour;
He died at last, and quitted this stage,
In the seventy-seventh year of his age.

ON ROGER NORTON.

Here lies, alas! poor Roger Norton,
Whose sudden death was oddly brought on:
Trying one day his *corns* to mow off,
The razor slipped, and cut his toe off!
The toe—or rather what it grew to—
An inflammation quickly flew to;
The part then took to mortifying—
Which was the cause of Roger's dying.

ON FRANCIS BLACKWELL, AND MARY HIS WIFE.

Here lies a holy and a happy pair,
As once in grace, they now in glory share;
They dared to suffer, and they feared to sin;
They meekly bore the cross, the crown to win.
So lived on earth, as not afraid to die;
So died, as heirs of immortality.
Reader, attend! though dead, they speak to thee;
Tread the same paths, the same thy end shall be.

ON TIMOTHY MUM, A TAPSTER.

Here Tim, the tapster, lies, who drew good beer,
But now, drawn to his end, he draws no more;
Yes, still he draws from every friend a tear—
Water he draws, who drew good beer before.

ON MY WIFE.

Here lies my poor wife, without bed or blanket,
But dead as a door-nail—God be thanked.

ON JONATHAN CRUM.

Here lies the body of Jonathan Crum—
His soul has gone to kingdom come.

ON TIMOTY DREW.

Here lies the body of Timothy Drew,
Who died 1st March, 1802.

ON TWO CHILDREN.

Here lies the bodies of two children dear;
One buried in Dundee—the other here.

ON MYSELF.

If I'm not dead, I should be dead—for here
I have been buried at least a year.

ON THE CELEBRATED DR. THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Beneath this marble stone here lies
Poor Tom, more merry much than wise,
Who only lived for two great ends,
To spend his cash, and lose his friends;
His darling wife of him bereft,
Is only grieved—there's nothing left.

DAILY RETIREMENT.

The wisdom of all ages has recommended occasional retirement from the world for the purpose of moral and intellectual improvement. "There has been no man," says a great authority, "eminent for extent of capacity or greatness of exploits, that has not left behind him some memorials of lonely wisdom and silent dignity." It is in solitude that the statesman forms his plans, and the warrior prepares his conquests, and the scholar amasses his stores of intellectual wealth, and the man of science tries his experiments, and the moral philosopher watches the processes of his own thoughts, and endeavours to analyse and develope the laws which regulate the economy of the human mind. But retirement is peculiarly important for religious purposes, and for the culture of the graces and virtues of the Christian life. No eminence of religious character and excellence can be acquired, apart from a studious regard to the moral state of our own minds; and however powerful may be the motives to the pursuit of holiness, it is certain that we can only be influenced by them in the degree in which they are made the subject of consecutive thought, and of voluntary attention. They who know any thing of the absorbing nature of the business and commerce of the world, knows that the heart needs a continual renewal of holy affections, and that what may be deemed the daily waste and expenditure of religious impression, must be perpetually repaired by frequent converse with God.

> "And wisdom's self
> Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,
> Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,
> She plumes her feathers and lets go her wings,
> That in the various bustle of resort
> Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd."

WHAT SEEKEST THOU?

Once it was asked, What seekest thou?
And I the same, would ask you now.
'Tis suited both to youth and age,
To the unlearn'd and wiser sage;
For each some object has in view,
A thirst for pleasure, something new.

Says one, I seek for happiness:
Nor means neglect obtaining this.
In childhood, sought it in my play,
In youth, in scenes amusing, gay;
In manhood, in more busy life;
In wedlock, hoped it with a wife.

In health, the sick say it is found,
In riches, that it does abound:
While some in change, variety,
Their only happiness can see:
And some in travelling far and near,
Go on and seek; but 'tis not there.

Some seek it, to obtain a name;
But find it not in empty fame,
While some will study well, pursue:
And these deserve our praises too:

Yet these are those; find not the bliss,
The ghostly phantom—Happiness!

What seekest thou? I ask again;
Is it on earth long to remain?
Hoping you'll find it yet again,
Some unseen day, some happier home;
Some unknown friend, yet to arise,
Fully able, willing, wise.

Vain man! give up thy chase, forbear;
On earth it never will appear:
In vain's your search through earthly scenes,
Or hope to realize your dreams;
This world's no soil for it to grow,
Its buds are nipt ere it can blow,

For Death, if nought beside will rise,
The aspirant seize who seeks the prize:
And speaks to men,—'tis not below
You'll gain what you have sought to know;
So mutable are all things here
No state or age can it secure.

'Tis found alone in wisdom's ways;
Virtue leads on to happier days—
Wisdom and virtue from above,
Secures the bliss that man would love.
Then seek it in the appointed way;
Life is the time—Heaven's favour'd day.

Seek to fulfil your Maker's laws,
And honour his religious cause:
In search of Heaven, your search be this,
You'll find your wish, and meet true bliss:
Commenc'd below, complete in Heaven,
Success unto your search is given.

CHILD PRESERVED BY A DOG.

The convent of the Great St. Bernard is situated near the top of the mountain known by that name, near one of the most dangerous passages of the Alps, between Switzerland and Savoy. In these regions the traveller is often overtaken by the most severe weather, even after days of cloudless beauty, when the glaciers glitter in the sunshine, and the pink flowers of the rhododendron appear as if they were never to be sullied by the tempest. But a storm suddenly comes on; the roads are rendered impassable by drifts of snow; the avalanches, which are huge loosened masses of snow or ice, are swept into the valleys, carrying trees and crags of rock before them. The hospitable monks, though their revenue is scanty, open their doors to every stranger that presents himself. To be cold, to be weary, to be benighted, constitute the title to their comfortable shelter, their cheering meal, and their agreeable converse. They devote themselves to the dangerous task of searching for those unhappy persons who may have been overtaken by the sudden storm, and would perish but for their charitable succour. Most remarkably are they assisted in these truly Christian offices. They have a breed of noble dogs in their establishment, whose extraordinary sagacity often enables them to rescue the traveller from destruction. Benumbed with cold, weary in the search for a lost track, his senses, yielding to the stupifying influence of frost, which betrays the exhausted sufferer into a deep sleep, the unhappy man sinks upon the ground, and the snow-drift covers him from human sight. It is then that the keen scent and exquisite docility of these admirable dogs are called into action. Though the perishing man be ten or even twenty feet beneath the snow, the delicacy of smell with which they can trace him offers a chance of escape. They scratch away the snow with their feet; they set up a continued hoarse and solemn bark, which brings the monks and labourers of the convent to their assistance. To provide for the chance that the dogs, without human help, may succeed in discovering the unfortunate traveller, one of them has a flask of spirits round his neck, to which the fainting man may apply for support; and another has a cloak to cover him. These wonderful exertions are often successful; and even where they fail of restoring him who has perished, the dogs discover the body, so that it may be secured for the recognition of friends; and such is the effect of the temperature, that the dead features generally preserve their firmness for the space of two years. One of these noble creatures was decorated with a medal, in commemoration of his having saved the lives of twenty-two persons, who, but for his sagacity, must have perished. Many travellers who have crossed the passage of St. Bernard, since the peace, have seen this dog, and have heard, around the blazing fire of the monks, the story of his extraordinary career. He died about the year 1816, in an attempt to convey a poor traveller to his anxious family. The Piedmontese courier arrived at St. Bernard in a very stormy season, labouring to make his way to the little village of St. Pierre, in the valley beneath the mountain, where his wife and children dwelt. It was in vain that the monks attempted to check his resolution to reach his family. They at last gave him two guides, each of whom was accompanied by a dog, of which one was the remarkable creature whose services had been so valuable to mankind. Descending from the convent, they were in an instant overwhelmed by two avalanches; and the same common destruction awaited the family of the poor courier, who were toiling up the mountain in the hope to obtain some news of their expected friend. They all perished.

A story is told of one of these dogs, who, having found a child unhurt, whose mother had been destroyed by an avalanche, induced the poor boy to mount upon his back, and thus carried him to the gate of the convent. The subject is represented in a French print, which we have copied.

EFFECTS OF SORROW.

Life has long years; many pleasures it has to give in return for many which are taken away; and while our ears can receive the sounds of revelry, and our eyes are sensible of pleasant sights, and our bodies are conscious of strength, we deem we live; but there is an hour in the lives of all when the heart dies; an hour unheeded, but after which we have no real life, whether it perish in the agony of some conquering passion, or die wearily of sorrow; an hour which they may strive to trace, who say, 'ay, I remember I thought and felt differently then—I was a mere boy—I shall never feel the same again;'—an hour when the cord is snapped and the chain broken on which depended the harmony of existence.

Shout, little children! shout and clap your hands with sudden joy! send out the sound of ringing laughter over the face of the green bosomed earth! From you the angel nature hath not yet departed; in your hearts linger still the emanations from the Creator: perfect love and perfect joy. Shout, I say and rejoice! for the dark days are coming upon ye, when ye shall see no light, and the hours when mirth shall be strange to you, and the time when your voices shall grow so sad that they shall mingle with the wailing of the winds, and not be distinguishable from them, because of the exceeding sorrow of their tones!

The SATURDAY EVENING MAGAZINE is published every Saturday Evening, at the Office of the Montreal Herald, St. Gabriel Street. The price for a single number is Twopence; or Seven Shillings and Sixpence per annum, in advance. Country Subscribers can have it forwarded to their address, at Ten Shillings per annum.