

THE MAYFLOWER;

OR,

Ladies' Acadian Newspaper.

VOL. I.

HALIFAX, JANUARY, 1851.

NO. 8.

ORIGINAL TALE.

Ambrose Mandeville.

BY M. E. H.

CHAPTER I.

"To teach the canvass innocent deceit,
Or lay the landscape on the snowy sheet;
These, these are arts pursued without a crime,
That leave no stain upon the wing of time."

CORTEL.

O, is it not sweet to be thus beguiled
Of the pangs that embitter a long life's close:
By the tender cares of a duteous child;
Who soothes so kindly a parent's woes.—ANON.

"What an exquisite painting!" exclaimed a young and richly attired lady, pausing before the window of a stationer's shop, in which it was suspended. "Do, Aunt Maria, stop for a moment, and look at it."

"Really, Laura, one would imagine you had just arrived from the country, to see you standing and gazing on it with such a look of admiration; I am quite ashamed of you."

"Rather, my dear aunt, it would be cause of shame if I could pass it unobserved;—as well might I blush to be found gazing on the works of Nature, as on this exquisite copy of one of her most beautiful scenes.—But let us step in and inquire its value; for I should delight to transfer it to my boudoir."

"What is the price of that sketch in the window?" inquired the young lady of the bookseller, as she entered his store.

"Five guineas," was the answer; "and,

as the production of native talent, it merits, I think, much commendation."

"That does, indeed, invest it with greater interest; but can you tell me, Mr. Penton," she said again, addressing the bookseller, with whom she had a slight acquaintance, "the name of the artist?"

"No, madam, he is a stranger to me. I can only inform you that he is a young man of very thoughtful aspect; and, though his manners and speech indicate the gentleman, from his apparel I should judge him in indigent circumstances. A day or two ago he brought me this drawing, and, with much modesty, inquired if I thought it worth purchasing. I advised him to allow it to remain in the shop a day or two, as I thought he would be able to dispose of it at greater advantage than I could afford to purchase it. He is to call to-night to hear the result."

Slight and imperfect as those hints of the young man's character necessarily were, they lent to the picture a romantic interest, well fitted to attract a young girl of warm imagination; and she resolved to purchase it, glad of an opportunity to assist a fellow-creature.

Leaving the lady to return with her aunt to their elegant dwelling, we propose to furnish our readers with a brief outline of the history of Ambrose Mandeville.

How diversified are the paths of life, and how varied the experience of individuals. A few there are who, even at maturity, know so little of sorrow, personally, that its very existence appears to them rather as a

fanciful delusion than a soter reality. So green and flowery their paths, so unclouded their skies, that while possessing, it may be, kindly hearts, that would fain sympathize with those who complain of the roughness of the way, they cannot fully enter into, or appreciate, their feelings; for, to those only, who have suffered, "sorrow is a sacred thing." We may number Ambrose Mandeville with the latter class—with those, who

Early feel life's bitterness,
And taste its cup of wo.

His father had once been a merchant of good standing, and possessing a liberal education, gentlemanly manners and address, his society was much courted. Unhappily, this very circumstance led him into habits of dissipation; the billiard-room and drinking saloon became his favourite resorts, and not the prayers of his once lovely and beloved wife, nor the innocent prattle of his children, nor the remonstrances of friends, had any effect in dissuading him from the path he was pursuing. Of course, poverty came on him as an armed man, and ere he arrived at the age of forty, he found himself without means, without business, and without friends. But, instead of rousing his energies, and commencing afresh, he became utterly reckless, and seemed determined to rush headlong to ruin. His wife, a gentle, delicate woman, accustomed, from infancy, to all the luxuries of life, though she might have sustained the weight of providential misfortunes, drooped, like a broken flower, under the degradation of her husband; the words of rebuke and unkindness which he uttered,—and these were neither few nor far between,—called forth no similar response, but they sank deeply into a sensitive heart, and health and spirits speedily gave way, and at the time in which our story commences, the wasted form and hectic cheek, seemed to herald the approach of the insidious destroyer of earth's fairest children—consumption. The only stay and support of the family was the eldest son, Ambrose Mandeville, now in his twentieth year, and the artist of the picture purchased by Miss Clifton. His narrow income, as clerk in a subordinate office, under government, scarcely afforded them the necessaries of life, much less its superfluities. Distressed, that he could not procure for his mother those little delicacies which, to an invalid, seem indispensable, he

was one day secretly lamenting the smallness of his income, and wondering by what means he could increase it. While thus sadly engaged, a new idea suggested itself.—He remembered of having casually heard of a bookseller, who was in the habit of purchasing sketches from native artists, and having, when very young, evinced a remarkable taste for drawing, which, fortunately,—for they were then in prosperous circumstances,—had been assiduously cultivated, he determined to employ his leisure hours in similar attempts. The result of the first is already known to our readers.

It was a clear, frosty Christmas eve when Ambrose received the first fruits of his patient genius. The merry sound of sleigh-bells, the cheerful voices of pedestrians, as they hurried along the snowy pavement, the gaily decorated and brilliantly illuminated windows, all wore an appearance of life and gaiety, well fitted to usher in the anniversary of that season, when from Heaven was pronounced "Peace on earth, good will towards men." With a glad and thankful heart, Ambrose retraced his steps, and after making several purchases at the different stores, he passed on his way, entered the lowly dwelling, made sacred by the appellation of home. Somewhat better than usual, that evening, the mother had busied herself in endeavouring to make their little parlour as comfortable as possible before the return of her son. The curtains were snugly drawn, the hearth cleanly swept, and the fire blazed high and cheerily, to welcome him home. The frugal meal was prepared when he returned, the additional luxuries which he had been enabled to procure, made it quite a comfortable one; and the young man's eyes filled with tears of joy, as he observed how much his mother appeared to relish the simple delicacies which his consideration had supplied.

That evening would have been a happy one to all, but for one drawback on its felicity, namely: the knowledge that the husband and father was not only absent from the social circle, but as they, too truly, feared, amid the scenes of dissipation and vice. Still, as the mother gazed upon her eldest son; her heart swelled with thankfulness; and as she listened to the kindly tones of his voice, as he presented to each of the family a present, though simple, not the less wel-

come, and marked his eyes beaming with affection, she felt that while he was spared to her, earth had not yet lost all its charms. O, could Laura Clifton have beheld, for a moment, the happiness which her readiness to assist the deserving had conferred—could she have seen the smile that lighted up the mother's face, as she listened to her son,—and could she have beheld that son himself, whose countenance, generally thoughtful, almost to severity, beamed lovingly on the younger members of the family, she would surely have been amply rewarded, and acknowledged that it was "more blessed to give than to receive."

CHAPTER II.

"They showed him sunny islands spread
Beneath unclouded skies,
Where orange groves waved overhead,
And glanced the bright fire-flies;
They carried him to beauteous bowers,
By fragrant breezes fanned,
What cared he for their trees and flowers?
'Twas not his native land."

MART ANN BROWNE.

A select party were assembled, that evening, in Mr. Clifton's spacious drawing-rooms—and a group of young ladies had gathered around Laura, who was exhibiting her late purchase. As they were mutually discussing its merits, Mr. Clifton, who had been standing near them, conversing with some gentlemen, approaching the circle, exclaimed:

"Why, Laura, what curiosity have you there, that appears to win such admiration, judging from the glances bestowed on it?"

Laura handed the picture to her father—but he had scarcely looked at it, before he inquired, in a tone of astonishment:

"Where did you obtain this?"

Laura narrated the circumstances attending its purchase,—and, on her finishing, her father observed:

"It is most singular that this picture is the exact representation of a memorable incident in my life—one that will never be erased from my memory."

"Will you not favour us with a recital of it," inquired one of the party, and the rest joining in the request, he readily complied.

"Having completed my course of studies in ——— College," he commenced, "my kind parents resolved that I should become acquainted with the world. Accordingly, in my twenty-second year, I set out for the

Continent, accompanied by an elderly gentleman, a friend of my father's, who possessed a warm and generous heart, sound judgment and morals, and a liberal education. This gentleman had in his youth spent much of his time abroad, and now having but few ties to chain him to his native land, for he was an old bachelor, thought he could not better occupy his time than by becoming my guide, and thus rendering an essential service to the son of his old friend. I will not pause now to describe the pleasure experienced in that journey; the zest of novelty, the freshness of youthful spirits, the presence of an highly intellectual and interesting companion, and, above all, the absence of care, lent to it a charm, which even now causes me to look back on it as a halcyon period of life. But I fear I shall weary you. I pass over particulars, and come directly to the incident. We had started very early one morning, from a small village, for the town of ———, about forty miles distant, expecting to arrive there before evening.—Having travelled with rapidity, during the early part of the day, we stopped to refresh ourselves at an inn by the way. We were accompanied by two servants, one of whom acted as postilion and the other as an outrider.

"After a couple of hours' rest, we proceeded on our journey,—and had travelled several miles, before I missed my portfolio, which contained some valuable papers,—and having sent the outrider back for it, I determined to take a stroll on foot, while my friend rode slowly on in the carriage. Observing some beautiful flowers by the way-side, I stopped to pluck them, and then walked hastily forward to the carriage, which was a little in advance; but what was my dismay, on calling my friend's attention to my beautiful bouquet, to perceive a deathly pallor overspread his countenance, while, in a voice scarcely audible, he exclaimed, 'you must stop the carriage—I cannot bear the motion any longer, for I am very ill.'

"What to do I knew not, or what restoratives to apply. At last I concluded to send the postilion back to the inn, to procure medical assistance, while I remained with my poor friend. I cannot describe to you my feelings, as I was left in that lonely place, with an apparently dying man. To drive back with him, I could not, for the

slightest movement of the carriage seemed almost to throw him into convulsions; and, to render it worse, the place in which we were stopping, was a narrow pass, precisely like that you behold in the picture; high woods surrounded it on each side, and so hemmed in was it, that, I thought, if banditti appeared, escape would be impossible. I now recollected having heard of its being infested with those prowling robbers, and, though not a coward, a shuddering fear crept over me, as I contemplated the near approach of night. Turning to administer a few drops of a reviving cordial, which I carried about me, to my friend, I had not perceived the approach of men, until, surrounding my carriage, stood half-a-dozen robbers; one holding the horses' heads, and the other presenting a loaded pistol, with a warning that if I stirred, I was a dead man, while another held, under a similar threat, my apparently dying companion. I can tell you, I did not at all relish their summary method of disposing of my property, for one had seized my portmanteau, another was possessing himself of the contents of my travelling-trunk, and beginning a dispute to whom my gold watch should belong. I watched my opportunity, and, cautiously seizing the whip, with its butt end, knocked the nearest to me senseless on the ground. This, I must confess, rash proceeding, was instantly repaid by a loaded pistol aimed at me, which fortunately missed fire, and before they had time to execute their revenge, a young man, well armed, and followed by my two servants and a physician, rode up, and in a short time put them to flight. I now turned my attention to my friend, but was horrified to perceive that he lay back in the carriage senseless. I should have believed that he was dead, had not the physician declared to the contrary, and ordered that he should be driven back to the inn immediately. Many weeks elapsed before he recovered sufficiently to be removed, and, during that time, the monotony of my situation was relieved by the presence of the youthful artist, who had so bravely assisted in our rescue. To describe Frederick Worthington, and to do him full justice in that description, would require a more eloquent tongue than mine. With manly courage he combined almost feminine sweetness and gentleness of disposition; and Nature, whose 'darling child'

he surely was, had not only added to his qualities of heart, rare endowments of mind, but, also, an appearance interesting in the extreme. A complexion naturally dazzlingly fair, but now slightly embrowned by the fervid rays of Italia's sun, a high forehead, smooth as marble, over which was parted dark, soft, wavy brown hair, large, dark blue eyes, now flashing with intellect, and now soft as tenderness could make them, —these charms, heightened by an expression touchingly mournful, quickly won my heart, and the stranger became dear to me as a brother:

"One thing I remarked in him as peculiar, namely, that he seldom or never laughed. If, now and then, a smile would pass over his face, it was but for an instant, and his countenance again assumed an expression which told that some corroding care was eating deeply into his heart."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Thirty-first of December.

There came a slow but solemn sound
Upon the midnight gale;
Methought it was a hero's dirge,
Or wand'ring spirit's wail;
And oft a dreaming child would wake,
And listen to the blast;
Then, shuddering, would turn away,
And marvel why it past.

Was it a hero's funeral note?
Was it a spirit's cry?
Nay, nay! the notes distinctly said,
"This night the Year must die;
And heaving o'er of duty bright
Will slumber in the tomb;
Young forms scarce bur'ning into life
Will wither ere they bloom.

"And childhood's hopes will fade away,
Like flowers hid from the sun;
And manhood's cares, and youthful joys,
Will perish scarce begun.
Before again the midnight bell
Speaks of the waning year;
And comes a slow but solemn sound
Upon thy listening ear."

Mute was the voice,—the meaning wind
Eush'd onward to the sea! —
I thought upon these fearful words,
Those words of misery;
But they were true;—I've seen the forms
Rife with the summer's bloom,
Swept by a chilly autumn blast
Into the silent tomb.

Anon.

You may glean knowledge by reading,
but you must separate the chaff from the
wheat by thinking.

What a Woman should be.

We do not agree with Charley Leicester in considering a woman an angel:—first, because our ideas with regard to angels are excessively vague and undefined, wings and white drapery being the only marked features which we have as yet succeeded in realizing; and, secondly, because, to verify the resemblance, woman should be faultless, and we have never yet met with one who had not some fascinating little sin left to show that she was not too good for this world. Our notion of a woman, in the best sense of the word, is a being fitted to be a help meet for man; and this would lead us into another disquisition, which we will dismiss summarily by stating that we mean one worthy of the name—not an ape in a red coat, like Ensign Downy-lip—or an owl in a sad coloured one, like Professor Baalam; but a man whom it would not be a satire to call a lord of the creation. A help meet for such a one as this should possess a clear acute intellect, or she would be unable to comprehend his aspirations after the good, and true, and beautiful—the efforts of his fallen nature to regain somewhat of its original rank in the scale of created beings. She should have a faithful, loving heart, that when, foiled in his earthly career, his spirit is dark within him, and, in the bitterness of his soul, he confesses that “the good that he would he does not, but the evil he would not, that he does,” her affection may prove to him, that in her love he has one inestimable blessing yet remaining, of which death alone can deprive him, and then only for a season; for—availing herself of the fitting moment with the delicate tact which is one of the brightest instincts of a loving woman’s heart—she can offer him the only true consolation, by urging him to renew his Christian warfare, in the hope that together they may attain the reward of their high calling, a reward so glorious that the mind of man is impotent to conceive its nature. But to be able to do this, she must herself have realized, by the power of faith, the blessedness of things unseen; and with this requisite, without which all other excellencies are valueless, we conclude our definition of “Woman as she should be.” Such a one was Rose Arundel, and countless others are

there who, if not sinless as the radiant messengers of heaven, are yet doing angel’s work by many a fireside which their presence cheers and blesses. Happy is the man who possesses in a wife or sister such a household fairy; and if some there be who bear alone the burden of life—those are few, for we rejoice not in solitude—let those whose lot is brighter forgive the clouded brow, or the cynical word, that at times attests the weariness of a soul on which the sunlight of affection seldom beams.—*Last Part of Lewis Arundel.*

[ORIGINAL.]

The Sabbath.

Again the golden beams of the “King of day,” usher in the blessed Sabbath. Gently on city and hamlet fall its rays,—awakening the “sons of labour” to a day of repose.—How refreshing to the body, how invigorating to the soul, is the rest which this hallowed day affords,—typifying, as it does, the Sabbath which shall never pass away,—when, freed from the shackles of mortality, we shall enjoy the rest of Heaven.

The “roar of trade” has ceased in the city; the clattering of wheels and hurrying to and fro of busy feet are silenced,—

“And on the air
Come holy songs, and solemn sounds of prayer.”

How delightful, in the country, is the aspect of a sabbath in summer. The verdure of the fields, the graceful motions of the cattle, grazing on the pasture-land, the melodious song of birds, the placid stream reflecting, on its glassy surface, the trees which overshadow its banks,—and, far above all, the bright blue arch of Heaven, fit canopy for so lovely a scene,—invite the mind to contemplation, and raise the thoughts from earth to Heaven. But hark! from a distance comes the chiming of the Sabbath bells, calling the worshippers to the “House of Prayer.” How animated the scene which, but a few moments before, seemed deserted! Wending their way through green and shady lanes, and fields, gay with the golden buttercup, young and old, in picturesque groups, hasten to the temple of God, and join in the solemn services of the

sanctuary. What an admirable arrangement of Divine Providence, that one day, out of seven, should be set apart for relaxation from business, and for religious exercises. How diligently should its privileges be improved, how strictly the command to keep it holy should be obeyed, for on the wise observance of this sacred day depends much of the happiness not only of the ensuing week, but also of time and eternity.

Congenial Spirits.

BY MRS. ADDY.

Oh! in the varied scenes of life,
Is there a joy so sweet,
As when amid its busy strife
Congenial spirits meet?
Feelings and thoughts, a fairy band
Long hid from mortal sight,
Then start to meet the master-hand,
That calls them forth to light.

When turning o'er some gifted page,
How fondly do we pause,
That dear companion to engage
In answering applause;
And when we list to music's sighs,
How sweet at every tone,
To read within another's eyes,
The rapture of our own!

To share together waking dreams,
Apart from eoridid men;
Or speak on high and holy themes,
Beyond the worldling's ken:
These are most dear—but soon shall pass
That summer of the heart.
Congenial spirits, soon, alas!
Are ever doomed to part.

Yet thou to whom such grief is given,
Mourn not thy lot of woe;
Say, can a wandering light from heaven
E'er sparkle long below?
Earth would be all too bright, too blest,
With much pure ties of love;
Let kindred spirits hope no rest,
Save in a rest above.

The Fine Arts of Nature.

"When I want to read a novel," said Sir Walter Scott, "I write one." If a man wishes to possess a collection of landscape pictures, combining all the suavity of Claude, with more than all the power of Salvator— inexhaustible in variety, unfading in freshness, resistless in the force of spiritual suggestion—his best course will be to educate his eye, his imagination, and his taste, into a capacity to perceive, in the noble scenery which our country contains, those rich ef-

fects of composition, colouring and beauty which ever exist there for the mind which has learned the mystery of unsphering them. The love of Nature is one of the most potent of the natural aids of purity and virtue; but in order that we may love it, we must learn to perceive and to enjoy its beauties. A certain amount of preparation, and a long course of experience, are necessary for this purpose. What there is of moral significance in a mountain, or a sea-side view, may be appreciated by any intelligent and thoughtful mind; but what there is of picturesque will be apprehended only by one whose fancy has been taught to seize and feel those combinations upon which the power of the pencil chiefly depends, and to bring in aid of it those accessories which contribute so importantly to its perfection. The pleasure to be derived from the purely creative arts—painting, music, sculpture—cannot be fully appropriated, even by the most enthusiastic follower of them, without much knowledge, familiar usage, and studious reflection; and for a participation in the delights of Nature regarded as one of the Fine Arts, even higher capacity and a more potent reaction of mind in the observer is called for. Yet the acquiring of such information and ability is well worth any one's while. To a lover of art, in this country—to one pining and thirsting after the living inspiration that is hoarded up in the master-pieces of foreign cabinets—we would recommend a study of the theoretic principles upon which landscape painting exists, and then the habit of applying these principles himself, to the task of perfecting and finishing those rough sketches of great pictures with which the banks of every river and the shores of every lake abound. We have, ourselves, been practitioners in this mental limning for many years, and we owe to it hours of the loftiest enjoyment that our life's register records. The highest charms of Nature rarely lie unbosomed to the eye, in open, formal and visible completeness. Those charms are not material and external; they are, to a large extent, mental and associative. Nature, in truth, rarely furnishes more than the elements and components of a fine landscape; the picture must be painted by the intellectual eye that gazes; or, if the outward and apparent view be admirable in itself, there is, nevertheless, always an inner

picture, brighter, and softer, and more splendid, which only the study of well-instructed and inventive thought can bring to the surface. We possess, in the fastnesses of the Hudson Highlands, a collection of the choicest pictures that ever gleaned in the glory of immortal beauty, and which, if they could be transported to the walls of European palaces, would be covered with gold by rival sovereigns contending for their ownership. Could we but sell our perceptions with our pictures, we should be richer than the Rothschilds.

The Fatal Joke.

BY HELEN C. GAGE.

I was once present where a small party of young persons were warmly discussing the subject of practical joking. After a long and interesting debate, the question seemed about to be decided in its favour, when a gentleman, whose melancholy and dejected air at once attracted our attention, related the following story:

In my younger days I was remarkable for my fondness of practical joking, even to such a degree that I never allowed a good opportunity to pass unimproved.

My orphan cousin, Robert, to whom I was fondly attached, was of a different nature from this. He was sober, sedate, graceful, and very thoughtful, almost to a fault. This stupidity, as I called it, was often a check upon my natural gayety, and it was seldom that I could induce him to join my boyish sports, though he sometimes did, merely to gratify me. Poor Robert! The green turf of his native valley, on whose bosom the fairest flowers that New England could boast of have blossomed and withered, and passed away to eternity, leaving behind them a lasting impress of their loveliness, now covers his mouldering ashes. Yes, Robert is dead, and I am the cause of his untimely end—the circumstances of which will serve to convince you of the folly of “practical joking.”

It was late one evening in September, that Robert and myself retired to our room to talk over the exciting scenes of the day, for it was the night after the election, and a

fine holiday it had been to us. I had just returned from a visit to some friends in the city, and had of course brought with me many curious things which Robert had never seen nor heard of. Among them was a mask, the use of which I explained to my unsophisticated cousin, who laughed, and wondered why the people could wish to look horribly enough to wear one.

I was in my gayest mood, just ready for an adventure, and seeing he was disposed to make fun of my mask, I proposed an experiment.

“What?” exclaimed my cousin, “you do not intend to wear it to bed, do you?”

“Far from it,” I replied; “it is you should wear the mask, not I—I am quite ape enough without it.”

“A very just remark indeed,” he observed, gravely.

I had never seen him in better humour, and I thought it best to unfold my plans at once. At our next door lived a wealthy gentleman, with whose daughter my bashful cousin was already smitten. That very night as we passed by, on our return from the village, he had called and bade her good night, and received in return one of the sweetest smiles from the happiest eyes and most charming lips I ever beheld. I was his bosom friend, and to me he always entrusted his secrets, (alas! how little have I deserved such confidence,) yet, he always blushed when I spoke of Julia.

Some evil spirit—I know not what else it could have been—prompted me, when I proposed to have a little sport at her expense. My plans were these;—he was to dress himself in a suit of clothes to correspond with the mask, which, by the way, was the most frightful looking thing I ever saw, repair to the dwelling of his friend, and call her to the door by tapping. I was to stand near to witness the result and participate in the joke.

He blushed, hung his head, and, of course, refused. I had expected this, but flattered myself that I could easily persuade him to the contrary. It was, however, a harder task than I had anticipated, for his unwillingness seemed greater than ever. The reason I readily understood.

I poohed, pshawed, and finally threatened to expose to all the boys his cowardly disposition, as I pleased to term it, and tender feelings to Julia, which, as yet, none of them

had discovered. This last argument proved more successful than the other, he well knew that I never suffered the idlest threat to remain unfulfilled; and the fear of being laughed at, besides betraying that which he most wished to conceal, conquered, and he yielded, though reluctantly, his consent. I even exulted over my triumph, though I have often since wished my lips had been struck dumb before I had uttered those words that sealed the after fate of two pure beings. But in my thoughtlessness I rushed heedlessly on in whatever I undertook, regardless of the consequences. My wild, reckless spirit had never been tamed.

Finding that there was but one alternative, and that, to submit cheerfully to my whim, he suffered himself to be arrayed as my fancy suggested, with good grace, and even laughed quite heartily as I added garment after garment, in order to make him look as frightful as possible; yet, after all, I could see that his mind was ill at ease, and half-condemned myself for being the cause of his unhappiness.

When at length all was arranged to my satisfaction, I placed the horrid mask over his face and led him to the mirror. He started back and involuntarily placed his hand to his head, as if to take it away, but my interference prevented. — He even pleaded that the penalty I had threatened to inflict in case he refused to go might be spared him. But I was inexorable; I was anxious to see the result, and the delay caused by his unwillingness vexed me.

A renewal of my threats of exposure succeeded in removing all obstacles, and we immediately set about our adventure. Cautiously as thieves we crept through the yard, and each took his station, Robert at the door, and I at the window nearest him.

The curtain was partly drawn aside, so that I could easily distinguish every object in the room. As I had anticipated she was alone. The domestic had retired, and I knew her old father too well to believe that he was anywhere but in the arms of Somnus; for he was one of those sensible persons whose maxim is, "Early to bed and early to rise."

Julia—and I shall never forget how lovely she was—sat beside a small table in the centre of the room, apparently deeply absorbed in a book, arose and approached the

door. As she opened it, the mask stepped boldly in, according to my directions. How shall I describe the scene that followed?—Even now I shudder to think of it. Instantly all earthly hue had fled from her face, and with a piercing shriek she staggered back a few paces and fell heavily to the floor. Quicker than lightning, I sprang through the doorway and knelt at her side. I grasped her wrist; its pulsation had ceased! I placed my hand upon the heart; that was also still! She was dead!

I can recall but little else that took place that night. The domestics who slept in an adjoining room, had been awakened by that terrible shriek, and came rushing in to learn the cause of the uproar. I could only point to the lifeless form of poor Julia, and at the mask which Robert had torn from his face and dashed at the door. He stood gazing at me with a cold, vacant stare, that I but too well understood. More I cannot remember.

Ten days passed, and I woke from a raving delirium. My first inquiry was for Robert. They led him to my bedside; but oh, what a change! I stretched out my clasped hands, in an agony of grief and remorse, to implore his forgiveness. He neither moved nor spoke; but the same unmeaning stare drove home to my heart the fearful conviction. Alas! he was a hopeless idiot.

Fifteen years have elapsed since that never-to-be forgotten era in my life. I never have, I never can, forgive myself for having been the cause of so much misery, though I have sought and hoped for forgiveness from on high. I never can look upon a mask without a shudder, or hear its use denounced without alluding to my experience. And you, my young friends, when you are tempted to play tricks upon others, I am sure you will stop to consider that what seems so innocent and harmless, may, perhaps, in the end prove a "fatal joke."

When a gentleman once remarked in company how very liberally those persons talk of what their neighbors should give away, who are least apt to give any thing themselves, Sydney Smith replied: "Yes! no sooner does A. fall into difficulties than B. begins to consider what C. ought to do for him."

Alice and the Angel.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

My father lived in an old cathedral city, where he gained his livelihood as a carver in wood. He brought me up to his business, as his father had done with him; indeed, I believe our family had been wood-carvers for ages. He took some pride in his calling, and did not consider that he worked for bread only. He was a quiet, thoughtful man, fond of antiquarian lore. He knew the history of every corner of that solemn old city. We had plenty of employment, and were well known for skilful workmen. We worked, once, in one of the antique churches for months together, cutting out wreaths, and heads of angels, for which purpose an eccentric old gentleman had bequeathed some money to the church-wardens. While at work, my father would talk to me of the dignity of our art, until I was deeply convinced that mine was the noblest calling upon earth. I recollect, once, carving out what I thought a sweet expressive face; and coming into the church afterwards, when the sun was lower, and a long ray of light, purpled with the stained-glass window, fell upon it. I remember, even now, my sensation at that moment. It was not vanity, but a feeling of delight, nearly of superstitious admiration. I was almost a young idolater. I could have knelt down and revered the work of my own hands.

As I grew older, however, and found that others were far from giving that importance to our business to which I had been taught to believe that it was entitled, I became less enthusiastic for it. I read of men who had devoted their lives to painting and sculpture; and had died and left them immortal names. So high had my father's discourses raised my ambition, that I thought it was only for want of a different sphere of action that I spent my days in obscurity. I indulged such dreams for a long time in silence, for I knew it would have grieved my father had I said a word against his art; but at length, I thought that I might, without offending him, attempt to carve some images in stone; for the sculptor's and the wood-carver's art are near akin. So I procured tools, and began

to cut shapes in stone, without a master or any theory to guide me.

At first, I carved wreaths and other simple ornaments—gradually advancing, I attempted human faces. This was a happy period of my life. In the summer afternoons, when we were not busy, I used to work upon these things in the garden at the back of our house. It was a large piece of ground, half garden, half-orchard; though it had no large trees: It was, however, filled with fruits and flowers. Next to us were the grounds of some ancient alms-houses; and the wall that separated us was composed of flints and pieces of stone, that crumbled at a touch. On our side this was covered with peaches, ripening in the mellow afternoon sun; and against it, on a board with tressels, stood several large beehives of plaited straw.—Sitting here, quietly alone, in fine weather, was enough to make a man idle; but I followed my new employment with increasing industry.

In this way I carved a number of objects, always destroying them as soon as I had done, being satisfied with the improvement which I had derived from the work, and not wishing my rude first efforts to be seen.—Hour by hour, and day by day, I strove to trace some image that floated in my mind. Then, looking afterwards upon my work, I saw how I had fallen short of my ideal; and sometimes I grew weary of my task, for awhile, till I took my tools again; and, hoping for the time when greater skill should crown my efforts, I renewed my toil.

I had no models. I chiselled out, from memory, sometimes, the faces of great men of bygone times, whose portraits I had seen in books or plaster casts. When I had finished, I left my work until the next day.—Then I stole down into the garden, and, after an attentive look and farewell of the task that had cost me many hours of labour, I took an iron hammer in my hand and shattered it to pieces. For several years I did this, and still I had not gained the power I coveted. The long hours of toil and the continual failure fretted my spirits. They only know—the patient worshippers of Art how slow and wearisome are all the steps by which her temples are approached! Who shall say how many, holding in their hands divinest gifts, have fallen and fainted by the way!

There fell no shadow across our household in those days. Our daily life was peaceful and secluded. Our house was situated in a street parallel with the high street of the city, paved with round pebbles, and lined, on each side, by huge lime-trees; at regular intervals. Looking down it, we could see the cathedral at the bottom—the great window of the choir exactly filling up the breadth between the houses at the end. Ours was one of the oldest houses in the city. The fronts of each floor projected, one over the other, darkening the little old-fashioned shop below. I have a vision, even now, of a summer evening, when, being at the door, and looking down the street, I saw the walls and towers of the cathedral standing up in the clear sky. The sun was setting behind them, and a long shadow was cast down the street. The air was still—the trees, in full leaf, were still; the swallows, dropping from the roofs, passed swiftly up and down the street, from end to end. I stood and watched them, sometimes flying boldly down the middle of the roadway; and again—with a turn that showed a flush of white—skimming along the sides of the houses, coming straight on, as if they would strike me in the face, and then suddenly passing over my head, and away, before I could turn, up again to their clay nests under the roofs—clinging and fluttering a while—then dropping, shaving the ground, passing each other, to and fro, as if they would never tire. Afterwards I fell into a reverie, and, awakening, the swallows were gone, the stars were coming out, and the cathedral walls were dark.

My mother had died in my childhood, and an old aunt, the only relative I ever saw, lived with us, managing the household.—When my father and I had done our work he went down and sat with her, reading or playing back-gammon, in what we called the oak parlour; while I returned to my favourite toil in the garden; or in a shed at the back. No one interfered with me. I was accounted rather eccentric, and enjoyed all the little privileges and freedom from observation which that reputation brings with it. I was indeed a strange being. A wider knowledge of mankind—a more frequent contact with the world—have made me now I hope, a better man; but, at that time, I lived only for myself; my pursuits and my

ambition occupied all my thoughts. Engrossed forever by these, the sorrow of others did not touch me. I worshipped only beauty. I would not give up a moment for the sake of others, or endure the slightest obstacle to my purpose. I was fretful and irritable when disturbed, and, when left to myself, reserved, almost morose. My pride was a kind of madness. I could not bear that my father even should see the carvings that I had made, lest he should find some fault in them. There was another sculptor in the city, a carver of monuments, and a man of some skill. He met me, one day, and said that he had heard of my attempts, and offered to assist me; but I told him that “I could go on very well alone.” I felt angry with him in my heart. I thought he wished to persuade me to show him my carvings, in order to ridicule them; and try to move me from my resolution. I knew that no one liked me except my father; but this did not trouble me. “Let them think of me what they please,” thought I, “they can neither help nor hinder me in my purpose.”

I was working in the garden as usual, one fine summer evening, carving a greyhound from a drawing I had made. I had been for some time wholly occupied with my task, and unconscious of everything else; when suddenly raising my eyes, I saw a young woman looking at me from the gardens of the alms-houses. She was but a few yards from me, and I fixed my eyes upon her, with the gaze of a person suddenly aroused from deep thought; for I saw that she was very beautiful. Afterwards, I turned my face away, lest she should feel abashed. When I looked up again, she was gone.

I resumed my work, and soon forgot the circumstance; but several days after, I suddenly recalled her face, and saw her, in my imagination, as vividly as if she stood beside me. I shut my eyes and saw her still in the gloom. I fancied I had seen before; I could not recollect where or when; but it seemed many years before. I connected her in my mind with the cathedral. I thought I had seen her there with an old man and a child, when there was a noise of bells ringing, and birds fluttering under the roof. I had been there and lingered with him until dusk, when, going out of the door together, I missed them suddenly: then I had walked on, thinking to overtake them again; but could

not find them, although I heard the child's voice somewhere ; and I had wandered for a long time, still hearing the child's voice, and thinking myself near them, but finding them not ; till I came into a strange place, and could not find my way back. Upon reflection, I knew that this must have been a dream ; and yet I thought I had dreamt it long before I saw her.

Afterwards, I watched for her in the afternoon ; and one day I saw a figure which I knew was hers, pass in at the gate, and across the grass-plot, though I did not see her face. I felt disappointed and anxious to see her again. I walked down to the cathedral one afternoon, and sauntered through the aisles, striving to recall my fancy of having met her there ; but I felt convinced that it was a dream. Many days passed, and I did not see her. Disappointment increased my anxiety. The thought of her would not let me rest, and for a time I relaxed in my labours. Once I slung my tools down, and sat beside my work to muse about her ; afterwards I rose suddenly, and, springing over the low wall, entered the house which she had visited, for I was well known to all the inmates of the almshouses.

I found the old woman who lived there, and chatted with her for some time, seeking an opportunity of asking after her visitor, if I could do so without exciting her curiosity. I brought the conversation round slowly, and then asked " who was the young damsel who called upon her sometimes ? "

The old woman laughed, and then shook her head, as if she had a sudden attack of palsy, and said —

" Take my advice, and do not ask anything about her. She is my great-niece, and I am proud of her, for she is a fine girl, and sensible enough ; but she is a troublesome creature—a giddy girl who tires out all her friends. There is her cousin Edward, who loved her better than all the world, and used to make baskets for her, and a host of other things — he will have no more to do with her. She liked him well enough before he became so kind to her ; but, after that, she used to run away from him and hide herself. You see, she has been spoiled by schooling. Her father must send her to a fine school, talking of making her a governess, and the like, where they make her unfit for everything ; instead of keeping her at home to

learn useful things—a plague ! "

The old woman suddenly took to coughing, as the latch clicked, and, the door opening, her niece stood there before us ! She did not see me, at first, but, running up to her aunt, kissed her, and set her basket on the table.

" This is Mr. Langdon, my neighbor, Alice," said, the old woman. The niece curtsied, and, turning, began to talk to her aunt, taking no notice of me whatever. After a while, I took my leave, and went back to my work, resolved to think of her no more. Yet I did think of her again. Her manner had displeased me, but she did not cease to haunt me night and day.

Again, one afternoon, I saw her enter by the wicket-gate. She caught my eye, and walked over the grass-plot, and bade me " Good day." I stood before my work, to prevent her seeing it ; but she exclaimed— " So you are making another idol, for your own private worship, Mr. Langdon."

" I am carving in stone, Miss Paton," said I, rather coolly.

" In stone," said she, echoing my words ; " and you stand before your work, as if you yourself were carved in stone, in order to prevent my seeing it. But I do see it, notwithstanding. A dog—a very beautiful dog ! Now, if that had been any other kind of dog, I should not have seen it ; but being a long, thin greyhound, the whole of his slender nose peeps out on one side, while his little foot is distinctly visible on the other."

I was vexed ; but I felt that to stand there after her raillery, would make me ridiculous. So I stepped aside to let her see it.

" Perfect ! beautiful ! " she exclaimed ; " exactly like the life. Really, I can pardon you ; I could almost idolize it myself."

" If Miss Paton would accept it," said I, " the carving shall be hers when it is finished." She hesitated ; but I pressed her, for I felt flattered by her praises. At length she consented ; and I promised to bring it to her at the park-lodge, where she lived with her relative, the lodge-keeper.

" This is the first work of my hands," I said, " that I have suffered to be seen ; but since it has pleased you, I cannot think it worthless."

" I will prize it," said she ; " I will tie a blue silk ribbon round its neck, and stand it

in my room, where I shall see it every day. Good-by!"

She turned, and walking quickly across the grass-plot, entered at her aunt's door. When it grew dark, and I left my work, she was still there.

For some days after, I worked upon my hound—touching and re-touching, bringing out every line and curve until I thought it perfect. Then I took it one afternoon under my arm, for it was slender and not heavy, and set out for the park lodge. It was a small cottage, in side the flower-worked iron gates the entrance to the park. The roof was thatched and the walls beneath were of gray plaster, showing a frame-work of oaken beams. The porch was covered with sweet clematis, and the little garden at the side, was filled with drooping fuchsias and geraniums. Standing at the doorway, I looked down a long dusky avenue of limes, whose branches grew down to the ground; and in the distance I saw the Tudor turrets of the mansion. I knocked at the door, and Alice opened it.

"Mr. Langdon, and the dog, too! I had forgotten all about it; but I see you do not forget a promise. Come in, and see my sister-in-law."

She led me into a parlour, where her sister-in-law, a tall, thin Scotch woman, sat knitting.

"This is Mr. Langdon," said Alice, "a friend of Aunt Mary's; and see what a present he brings me."

"A stawn dog!" she exclaimed; and after staring at it for a few moments, she went on with her work. But Alice stood over, looking down, with her light hair touching the stone.

"You live in a pretty neighbourhood, Miss Paton," said I. "I should like to see something of the park before dark. Perhaps you would walk with me."

"Wait one moment," she exclaimed; and putting on her shawl and bonnet, we went out together and walked down the avenue.

"You come too late to find the limes in blossom. Look," said she, plucking some leaves, "three weeks ago every one of these little green seeds was a flower."

We went on in silence for some time; then I said, "I think we have time to walk down to the mansion and back before dusk, if you do not wish to return immediately."

"Oh no," said she, "I have nothing better to do. The sun is nearly setting, but the light will linger for some time to come."

I looked into her face as she spoke, and saw again how beautiful she was. When she spoke seriously, her features gave no indication of her light and playful character; there was even a sorrowful air in her countenance, that made me think that deeper feeling lay under all that outward gayety. Once she left me suddenly, and, running across the road, plucked some more leaves. Then, making a hollow with her hand, she laid a leaf across and struck it sharply, making a noise like the report of a pistol.—"There," said she, "try to do the same, and if you do not know already, I foretell you will not succeed the first time." I took several leaves, and strove in vain, to imitate her, and at every failure she laughed, till I gave it up, vexed with myself and her.

"Now," she said, "I have offended you; but never mind, I will teach you the whole secret by-and-by—though I found it out without teaching; but every one has his peculiar talent. I could not carve a 'stawn dog,' for example."

We both laughed at the mimicry of her sister-in-law's pronunciation. By this time we had come up to the mansion. We entered the gateway, and walked several times round the quadrangle. The place was silent—the family that inhabited it being absent. Issuing by the gate again, we returned down the avenue, the full moon before us growing slowly brighter till we reached the lodge, where I bade her good night and departed.

Short as my acquaintance had been, I felt that I loved her deeply, in spite of her bantering; but my pride was strong, and I could not endure the thought of telling her my passion, at the risk of being met by scorn and raillery. I remembered the history of her cousin, which I had heard from the old woman, and I thought that she waited only for an opportunity of treating me with the same derision. I thought she had discovered my pride, and proposed to herself the task of humbling it. But I would not allow her; I would rather keep the secret all my life, or quit the city, if that were necessary, than tell her while she kept her flippant way.—Yet, I hoped that this would change, after a while. When I thought of her beauty, her thoughtful look sometimes when she did not

know that I observed her, as well as of some things that she had said, full of tenderness and feeling, in the midst of all her mirth; I half believed that she assumed a character in order to surprise me afterwards, by changing suddenly. But her aunt had described her exactly as I found her, and many things confirmed the belief that this manner, if not original in her nature, had become habitual to her. I strove to analyze my feelings, and discover what it was that really made me love her. It was not only her face, though I had never seen a woman to compare with her for beauty. Something in her voice and manner fascinated me against my will. I liked to hear her talk, and yet it pained me. I was grave and earnest, and her raillery drew me out of my reserve, and led me, like a will-o'-the-wisp, where it pleased. Her ridicule and indifference, when I spoke seriously, hurt my pride; her wit baffled me, I felt disconcerted in her presence. I could not meet her with the ready answers which alone could foil her weapons, and she saw me embarrassed, and struck closer home. All this made me almost dread to meet her; yet, that night, I lay awake devising some means of seeing her again.—*To be continued.*

Selected for the Mayflower.

“Why thus Longing.”

BY MISS WINSLOW.

Why thus longing, thus forever sighing
For the far off, unattained and dim,
While the beautiful, all around thee lying,
Offers up its joy perpetual hymn?

Would'st thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearnings it would still
Leal and flower and laden bee are preaching
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee,
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw,
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world, through weal and woe.

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten,
No fond voices answer to thine own,—
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten,
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applause,
Not by works that give thee world renown,
Not by martyrdom, or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear th' immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give,
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

Doest thou revel in the rosy morning,
When all we're bathed in the flood of light,
And his smile the mountain tops adorning,
Robes yon fragrant fields in radiance bright.

Other hands may grasp the field and forest,
Proud proprietors in pomp may shine,
But with fervent love if thou art best,
Thou art wealthier,—all the world is thine.

Yet if through earth's wide domains thou rovest,
Sighing that they are not thine alone,
Not the e' fair fields, but thyself thou lovest,
And their beauty, and thy wealth is gone.

Nature wears the colours of the spirit,
Sweetly to her worshippers she sings,
All the glow, the grace she doth inherit,
Round her trusting child she fondly flings.

The Wife.

“How great is the change (says a respectable female writer,) which is effected in the situation of a woman by the few solemn words pronounced at her marriage! She who the moment before was perhaps a careless member of one family, finds herself, as if by magic, at the head of another, and involved in duties of the highest importance. If she possess good sense, her earnest wish will be to act with propriety in her new sphere. The married and single state equally demand the exercise and improvement of the best qualities of the heart and the mind.—Sincerity, discretion, a well-governed temper, forgetfulness of self, charitable allowance for the frailty of human nature, are all requisite in both conditions. But the single woman being in general responsible for her own conduct solely, is chiefly required to cultivate passive qualities. To fall easily into the domestic current of regulations and habits—to guard with care against those attacks of caprice and ill-humour which disturb its course—to assist rather than to take the lead in all family arrangements, are among her duties; while the married woman, in whose hands are the happiness and welfare of others, is called upon to lead, to regulate, and command. She has to examine every point in the new situation into which she is transplanted; to cultivate in herself, and to encourage in her husband, rational and domestic tastes, which may prove sources of amusement in every stage of their lives, and particularly at the latter period, when other resources shall have lost their power to charm. She has to proportion, not, as in the single state, her own personal expenses merely, but the whole expenditure of her

household, to the income which she has now to command; and in this part of her duty there is often exercise for self-denial as well as for judgment. The condition of her husband may require her to abandon not only habits of expense, but even those of generosity. It may demand from her a rigid adherence to economy neither easy nor pleasant, when contrary habits and tastes, under more liberal circumstances, have been fixed and cultivated. Such alterations in habit may at first be regarded as sacrifices, but, in the end, they will meet their compensation. Sometimes, however, the means of indulging liberal and generous propensities are extended by marriage. Where this is the case, that extreme attention to economy, which circumscribes the expenditure very much within the boundaries of the income, would betray a narrow and mean spirit, and would have the effect to abridge the blessings which by affluence may be dispensed around.

No woman should place herself at the head of a family without feeling the importance of the character which she has to sustain. Her example alone may afford better instruction than either precepts or admonition, both to her children and servants. By a 'daily beauty' in her life, she may present a model by which all around her will insensibly mould themselves. 'Knowledge is power' only when it fits us for the station in which we find ourselves placed. Of all the social, domestic and personal obligations of the young wife, her husband is the centre; when they are properly discharged, his welfare and happiness are certainly promoted, and his esteem, affection and confidence established on a permanent basis. In neglecting them, he is neglected, his respectability diminished, and his domestic peace and comfort destroyed. One who, selfishly regardless of family duties, leads a life of dissipation and amusement, whose heart and soul are in the world, and never at home, is worthless as a wife and mother. She neglects the chief and positive duties of life, without fulfilling those of a minor character with any good effect. At home her example is injurious, and if abroad she possess any influence, it is merely of a temporary nature, resting, probably, on no securer ground than that of fashion. In portraying the *beautiful ideal* of a married woman, I should describe

one not absorbed in any single part, but attentive to the whole of life's obligations—one who neglects nothing—who regulates and superintends her household concerns; attends to, watches over, and guides her children, and yet is ever ready to consider, in moderation, the demands upon her time, which the numerous and various claims of society may make. Such appears to me to be a right sketch of the character of the married woman."

I

Dear! love a changing cheek.

BY MRS. F. S. OSGOOD.

I dearly love a changing cheek,
That glows or pales as feeling chooses,
And lets the freshest frankly speak
Upon it what the tongue refuses.

Where eloquent blushes burn and fade,
Rich with the wealth of warm emotion,—
Or starry dimples mock the shade,
Like jewels in a restless ocean.

I dearly love a speaking eye,
That tells you there's a soul to wake it,
Now fired with fancies wild and high,
Now soft as sympathy can make it.

An eye, whose dreamy depths and dark,
In Passion's storm can proudly lighten!
But where Love's tears can quench the spark,
And Peace the sky serenely brighten!

I love a lip that eye to match,
Now curled with scorn, now pressed in sadness,
And quick each feeling's change to catch,
Next moment arched with smiles of gladness.

I love a hand that meets mine own
With grasp that causes some sensation;
I love a voice whose varying tone,
From Truth has learned its modulation.

And who can boast that regal eye?
That smile add tone, untaught by art?
That cheek of ever-changing dye?
That brave, free, generous, cordial heart!

I need not name her! None who've heard
Her welcome tone, her parting blessing,
Her laugh by lightest trifles stirred,
Her frank reply, will fail in guessing!

Sydney Smith being annoyed one evening by the familiarity of a young gentleman who, though a new acquaintance, was encouraged by the canon's jocular reputation to address him by his surname alone, and hearing him tell that he must go that evening to visit for the first time the Archbishop of Canterbury, the rev. gentleman pathetically said, "Pray don't clap him on the back and call him Howley."

"I Can!"

Of course you can. You show it in your looks, in your motion, in your speech, in your every thing. *I can!* A brave, hearty, substantial, soulful, manly, cheering expression. There is character, force, vigour, determination, will, in it. We like it. The words have a spirit, sparkle, pungency, flavour, geniality, about them, which takes one in the very right place.

I can! There is a word of meaning expressed, nailed down, epigrammized, rammed into these few letters. Whole sermons of solid-ground virtues. How we more than admire to hear the young man speak it out bravely, boldly, determinedly; as though it was an out searching of his entire nature, a reflecting of his inner soul. It tells of something that is earnest, sober, serious; of something that will battle the race, and tumble with the world in a way that will open and brighten and mellow man's eyes.

I can! What spirit, purpose, intensity, reality, power and praise. It is a strong arm, a stout heart, a bold eye, a firm port, an indomitable will. We never knew a man, possessed of its energy, vitality, fire and light that did not attain eminence of some sort. It could not be otherwise. It is in the nature, constitution, order, necessity, inevitable of events that it should be so. *I can!* rightly, truly said, and then clinched and rivetted by the manly, heroic, determined deed, is the secret solution, philosophy of such men's lives. They took *I can* for a motto, and went forth and steadily made themselves and the world what they pleased.

Then, young man, if you would be something besides a common dusty, prosy wayfarer in life, just put these magic words upon your lips, and their musing, hopeful expanding philosophy in your hearts and arms. Do it, and you are a made man.

When a gentleman once remarked in company how very liberally those persons talk of what their neighbours should give away, who are least apt to give anything themselves, Sydney Smith replied: "Yes! no sooner does A. fall into difficulties, than B. begins to consider what C. ought to do for him."

Telescope:

The interesting and humbling views of the absolute and relative extent of the solar and sidereal systems, we owe entirely to the Telescope—an instrument which has a higher claim to our admiration, than it has received, and which, by the improvements of which it is susceptible, will present in Astronomy much grander discoveries than the most sanguine of its students has ventured to imagine or anticipate. There is, indeed, no instrument or machine of human invention, so recondité in its theory, and so startling in its results. All others embody ideas and principles with which we are familiar, and however complex their construction, or vast their power, or valuable their products, they are all limited in their application to terrestrial and sublunary purposes. The mighty steam engine has its germ in the simple boiler in which the peasant prepares his food. The huge ship is but the expansion of the floating leaf, freighted with its cargo of atmospheric dust; and the flying balloon is but the infant's soap bubble lightly laden and overgrown. But the Telescope, even its elementary form, embodies a novel and gigantic idea, without a prototype in experience. It enables us to see what would forever be invisible. It displays to us the being and nature of bodies which we can neither see, nor taste, nor touch, nor smell. It exhibits forms, and combinations of matter, whose final cause reason fails to discover, and whose very existence, even the wildest imagination never ventured to conceive. Like all other instruments, it is applicable to terrestrial purposes; but unlike them all, it has its noblest application to the grandest and noblest works of creation.

The Telescope was *never invented*. A Dutch spectacle maker stumbled upon it, when accident threw two of his lenses into an influential position. It was a divine gift which God gave to man in the last era of his cycle, to place before him and beside him new worlds and systems of worlds to fore-show the future sovereignties of his vast empire. The bright abode of disembodied spirits and the final dwelling of saints that have suffered, and of ages that have been truly wise. With such evidences of his power,

and such manifestations of his glory, can we disavow his Ambassador, disdain his message or disobey his commands?

In looking back upon what the Telescope has accomplished—in reckoning the thousands of celestial bodies which have been detected and surveyed—in reflecting on the vast depths of ether which have been sounded, and on the extensive fields of sidereal matter out of which worlds and systems of worlds are forming and formed—can we doubt it to be the divine plan, that man shall yet discover the whole scheme of the visible universe and that it is his individual duty, as well as the highest prerogative of his order to expound its mysteries, and to develop its laws? Over the invisible world he has received no commission to reign, and into its secrets he has no authority to pry. It is over the material and the visible that he has to sway the intellectual sceptre. It is among the structures of organic and inorganic life that his functions of combination and analysis are to be chiefly exercised. Nor is this a task unworthy of his genius or unconnected with his destiny. Placed upon a globe already formed, and constituting part of a system already complete, he can scarcely trace either in the solid masses around him, or in the forms and movements of the planets, any of those secondary causes, by which these bodies have been shaped and launched on their journey. But in the distant heavens, where creation seems to be ever active—where vast distance gives us the vision of huge magnitudes, and where extended operations are actually going on, we may study the cosmogony of our system, and mark even during the brief space of human life, the formation of a planet in the consolidation of the nebulous rays that surround it. Such is the knowledge that man has yet to acquire.—Such is the lesson which he has to teach his species. How much to be prized is the intellectual faculty by which such a work is to be performed.—How wonderful the process by which the human brain, in its casket of bone, can alone establish such remote and transcendental truths. A soul so capacious, and ordained for such an enterprise, cannot be otherwise than immortal.—*North British Review.*

HOPE.—Hope is like a rock in a hot climate—the shadow is worth more than the substance.

[ORIGINAL.]

A Fragment.

It was on a still and pleasant evening in November, when night had reached the zenith of her dark domain, its melancholy relieved by the shining of the full orb'd queen of night, which now issued forth from behind a cloud, in all the splendour of majesty, my mind taking a pensive turn, and musing on "days departed never to return," that I strolled, almost unconscious of my way, to the grave yard that surrounds our neat little church. It was with that solemn awe, which is but natural on such occasions, that I approached the dreary repository of the dead; and with a mind more than ordinarily impressed by the solemnity of the scene, I strayed amid the grass-covered hillocks which pointed out the narrow dwellings of those who had long since left this scene of trouble and of care! Some lay here with whom I had entered life's gay morn—had passed the striplings hey-day of life—with whom, careless of the future scenes through which I was destined to pass, I had trudged reluctantly to school—and some, too, lay here, with whom I had "taken sweet counsel as we walked to the house of God as friends." All were now as quiet as the clay-cold clods which covered them! Here lay the faithful schoolmaster, who with unwearied pains and care, had "taught the young idea how to shoot."—And here the remains of the venerable servant of God, whose was the first admonishing voice my ears had ever heard, raised in the holy Temple. But what at the present moment, more than anything else, riveted my attention, were the graves of my respected parents; side by side they lay, (as if determined not even in death to be separated), unconscious who it was that bent over their cold remains. No costly marble was raised as a monument, to tell that the slumberers below were great! A neat plain stone, in addition to their names and ages, told only that it was then about fourteen years since the departure of one, and a little more than eleven since that of the other. O time, what hast thou done! thou hast buried beneath thy course, the nearest and the dearest friends! There is truly something in the solemnity and stillness of the graveyard, that will cause the mind to

feel its weakness;—if it may be called a weakness in such a case to weep; and to turn with grateful acknowledgment, admiration, and reverence, to that Being, who governs the universe, and who in ten thousand ways, is daily calling on unthinking mortals to prepare for death! The scene before me was well calculated to awaken many pleasing as well as painful reminiscences. Panegyric is not my purpose; suffice it to say that it was gratifying to reflect that I was standing over the ashes of *him* who sedulously strove by fair and honest means to place his children in that path, in which with prudent industry would lead, if not to wealth, at least to humble independence:—and of *her* who with a parent's fondest care had watched over our childhood—had rejoiced in the appearance of man and womanhood, and whose tender sympathising hand was ever on the stretch to relieve the every want. In a word, I was standing over the narrow house of two, than whom none, were they then living, would rejoice more in the welfare of their offspring. None but those who have been exercised in the same way, can realise what passed within!—The only consolation I had (and which must ever prove the greatest) was in the humble hope that through the infinitely meritorious blood and righteousness of our Divine Redeemer, and gloriously triumphant Lord, their souls had entered into that rest, which is beyond the grave; whilst the mouldered bodies were awaiting the voice of the archangel and the trump of God! forever to be united; and that now from the society of saints and angels, their pure spirits called on me to follow them; and that I too “must go the way of all the earth!” I was aroused from my pleasing reverie by the keenness of the northern air, which notwithstanding the stillness of the night, was sharp and piercing. But whilst I slowly passed away from a spot to which my senses seemed rivetted, I almost fancied to hear indistinct sounds, amid the serenity of the hour and of the scene, something like what is said by the justly admired and celebrated poet, Campbell, in the following lines:

“Wilt thou dear mourner at my stone appear,
And soothe my parted spirit lingering here;
Oh! wilt thou come at evening hour to shed
The tears of memory o'er my narrow bed;
With aching temples on thy hand reclined,
Muse, on the last farewell I left behind;
Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low,
And think on all my love and all my woe!”

H.

[ORIGINAL.]

On plucking a Mayflower, IN FULL BLOOM, EARLY IN THE MONTH OF APRIL.

Hail lovely stranger, messenger of Spring,
Welcome sweet Mayflower to the desert plain;
Emblem of innocence, and truth and worth,
Of bashful modesty and humble mien:

Lovely thou bloomest, unconscious of thy charms,
The first to grace the train of Flora rare;
Worthy art thou to shine in gay bouquet,
Upon the bosom of Acadia's fair.

Why cast aside for those, the tinsel'd tribe,
Who bloom in garden state their hour away;
And claim from culture all its tenderest art,
To flourish only through a summer's day:

Chill April's frosts, which thou canst nobly brave;
Nor mark one stain upon thy spotless leaves;
Would in a moment parch up all their sweets,
And quite despoil them of the charms they give.

Child of the storm, the tempest and the shower,
The growls of savage wastes and forests wild;
Doom'd on the pathless wild to bloom thy day,
Unseen, unknown, to yield thy odours mild.

So merit lies, unnoticed by the great,
To pass away the strength of life's gay morn;
Or nobly striving 'gainst an adverse fate,
Is left in age to pine, in want, forlorn.

Fit emblem thou sweet flower, of those who feel,
The scorn of fortune, the contempt of pride;
And who like thee, for sons of wealth and show,
Are pass'd neglected, or are thrown aside:

H.

Music in the Family:

BY REV. WM. C. WHITCOMB.

Music is one of the best promoters of domestic happiness. As an awakener of sympathies, and a uniter of hearts, a more efficient agency cannot be employed, next to the religion of the Gospel. It humanizes and elevates the depraved soul, enlivens hospitality, and excludes the demon; discord, from the home-circle. It is oftentimes as necessary to soothe the ruffled spirit, as David's harp was to calm the turbulent breast of Saul. It lightens care, augments joy, and increases conjugal, parental, filial and fraternal affection. Hence, in all families where there are individuals who can sing, or play on instruments, there should be a good deal of music. I would that there were more instruments of music in the habitations of the people, and also much more vocal music in families.—But, especially, I would there were “singing and a voice of melody” and praise around every family altar, where night and morn the members of pious households take delight in

assembling to pay their vows unto the Most High.

"Music in the family," as one truthfully expresses it, "is a means of domestic cheerfulness. A musical family will, in spite of perplexities and trials, be habitually cheerful; not gay, for there are many points of difference between cheerfulness and gayety; but cheerful in that sense which implies good spirits and freedom from corroding care.— You can have the sunshine of cheerfulness in your house on the most cheerless day, if you only have music there; and if affliction has caused tears to flow, music, coming to the aid of divine consolation, and the sympathy of friends, will be a sweet soother of pain, and a lightener of the weight which oppresses the spirit.

"Music promotes good-nature in a family. And in this world, where there is so much ill-humor manifested in a thousand ways, anything which will increase good nature is to be prized. Who can be angry in the midst of music, and fret and scold with sweet sounds falling upon his ears, or keep up sour and sulky manners when the very air around him is bland with soft harmonies?"

Let parents cultivate the power to sing, not only the infant's soothing lullaby, but hymns fraught with truthful, religious sentiments, for the benefit, present and everlasting, of their little ones. The words of a song may outlive the most eloquent sermons in the memory of the young. How important, therefore, that memories which commence with life be favored with songs worthy of lasting till life's close; yea, of influencing the soul while ages on ages roll their unceasing rounds in the endless day of heaven! So deeply impressed was one celebrated man of the importance of music, that he is said to have exclaimed, "Let who will make the laws of the people, but let me make their songs."

When the glorious truths of inspiration are breathed forth in expressive melody, they are clothed with a diviner eloquence than that of the preacher, or of the orator. Oh, ye upon whom is imposed the responsibility of imparting instruction to children.

"Teach them some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured tongues above;
Fill their souls with sacred pleasure,
While they sing redeeming love!"

Many of the ancients, and one modern infidel writer, considered music as an acciden-

tal discovery of the Egyptians, while listening to the whistling of the wind through the reeds on the banks of the Nile. But, could they enter some of our common schools, and Sabbath schools, or could they attend one of our juvenile concerts, or surround the fireside of many of our families, they could be convinced of the fallacy of their theory. They would plainly perceive that music is one of the earliest developments of infancy, the most pleasing charmer of childhood, and that man, however he may be defined, is naturally musical, with some rare exceptions; in other words, that music is one of the very elements of the soul and the voice, implanted there by an all-wise Creator; and that these latent powers, these germs which are a part and parcel of the nature which God has given us, need only to be cultivated in order to send out upon an atmosphere exactly adapted thereto a combination of the sweetest notes of song. As the poet has it,—

"There is in souls a sympathy with sounds;
Some chord, in unison with what we hear,
Is touched within us, and the heart replies."

To trace the thing to its very commencement, I suppose that the first music ever made in the world, to say nothing of the angelic choirs and sons of God who "sang together" on the morning of creation, was produced by the singing of birds on the fifth day of the Creator's labor, in making and fitting up this globe, before Adam was formed from its dust. We may imagine that the birds as they flew from the hands of their Maker, instinctively carolling forth their richest notes of praise; that ready-taught to join the choir below, theirs was the first vocal symphony in nature's anthem. Hence, in all probability, the earthly accents first heard by our first parents were those of music from the feathered songsters soaring over their heads, alighting on their hands, or flying from tree to tree in the garden of Eden.

"O God! if such on earth
Thy imperfect praise can be,
Poured by a soulless bird
On human minstrelsy,
What can mortal hearts conceive
Of golden harps above,
That are never, never strung
But by purity and love?"

Adam and Eve, before their melancholy fall, may have held familiar and loving intercourse with the holy inhabitants of heaven, listening to strains of harmony from their celestial visitants, and responding in strains

well-nigh as musical. Milton, in his immortal poem, *Paradise Lost*, presents us with the beautiful idea of learning lessons of praise from angelic lips and golden harps attuned above. Just before their evening worship one of them is represented as thus addressing the other :

"How often, from the steep
Of echoing hill, or thicket, we have heard
Celestial voices, to the midnight air
Alone, or responsive to each other's notes,
Singing their great Creator! Oft, in bands,
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With glorious touch of instrumental sounds,
In full harmonic numbers joined, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven."

What is it, more than aught else, which tends to solace while it saddens the lonely exile in a distant land of strangers. Is it the song of "Home, sweet home." What occasions the tear-drops to start warm to his eye-lids, the palpitations of his heart to quicken, and recollections of olden time to pass before his mental vision? Listen to those snatches of some domestic tune, or national air, by a careless passer by. The deepest fountains of his soul are stirred within him, and he involuntarily turns his wishful gaze towards his native land. How inexpressibly dear, amid all the toils of maturer years, and the cares which throng and press upon us in life's meridian, are the remembrances of those songs from a fond mother's lips, or a loved sister's voice, or a visitor from abroad, which were music in our ears and hearts in tender, lisping infancy, or boyhood's or girlhood's sunny days!

"The charms of sweet music no pen can paint,
They calm the rude savage, enliven the saint,
Make brighter our pleasures, more joyous our joy;
In raptures we feel, yet those raptures no'er cloy."

—*Mother's Assistant.*

THE New Wife's Introduction

TO THE OLD STUDY.

Come hither with me, lady dear,
Love, come and see;
Alone you cannot enter here,
For I have got the key
Now, if you ever want, my love,
Any thing with me,
Hither you must gently come
To know if I am free:
Busy indeed must be the hour
I cannot rise for thee.

This is my study, lady, dear,
Its uses are most plain,

The night has often found me here,
My zeal could not refrain;
So hours of darkness I have pass'd,
In all a student's pain.
Most studiously studying
The way your love to gain;
And well you know, my darling one,
I laboured not in vain.

A "man of letters," lady dear,
I am, you are aware;
And this a packet is of yours,
Close fastened up with care:
Of different sizes, like the stars,
That make the evening fair;
Love in the writing peeps and hides
Like stars in twilight air:
So modest my sweet star of life,
Sweet fixed star you were.

These are the poets, lady dear,
And that an old divine,
And yonder ragged-coated books,
Are full of wisdom fine;
And well you know those volumes bright,
That in their binding shine—
Beauty without and truth within,
Fifty they combine:
You gave them, love, and like thyself
Should be a gift of thine.

Upon this sofa, lady dear,
I often used to lie;
Watching intent the quiet moon,
Slow pacing in the sky;
And looking long this thought would bring
A tear into my eye:
What were the earth without the moon?
Without you what were I?

Books are my flowers, lady dear;
That open one you see,
Is one at which I am at work
As earnest as a bee;
My study is my garden, love,
A place of toil for me;
But many of the flowers sweet
Will give delight to thee;
So as a sipping butterfly,
Most welcome shall you be.

Your household wisdom, lady dear,
I value not the less,
That you a heart and intellect
Cultured well possess;
So all the woman in the wife
Unites my home to bless.
Sweet are thy face and form, and sweet
Thy conjugal caress;
And sweet thy piety and sense,
And sweet thy gentleness.

Here much and often, lady dear,
I hope to work for you;
And for my God, and for the world,
In careful studies true.
And you shall ever help me, love,
To keep the right in view
And ever to my growing thought
Your word shall be as dew:
And He who joined us heart and hand
Will bless as hitherto.

STEP BY STEP.—It is essential to have a definite aim and purpose in our whole life; it is equally necessary to have a definite aim and purpose in every day's work. The great end of all can only be attained through an infinite series of lesser ends, as the steps that lead to it. And these lesser ends must be pursued with vigour and with consistency, or there will be no real progress.

Evening Parties.

I found the inhabitants of Lesmona exceedingly hospitable. It is the custom in that part of the world for any new-comer to pay a visit to those people of the place to whom he desires to make himself known.— It is in their option to return the visit or not. If the visit is not returned, it is understood that the honour and pleasure, and so forth, of your visit is declined; if, on the contrary, even a card is left for you within a few days, you may count on the friendship of the family.

One of the first visits I made was to Dr. W—. As is usual, I was offered coffee and a cigar. When they were finished, and my small-talk exhausted, I took my leave, after what I thought a somewhat stiff interview. Indeed I almost regretted I had gone. So much for first impressions. I changed my mind, when within a very few days I received a kind invitation to an evening party at the worthy doctor's house. Doctor W—, as I found out when I came to know him, was quite a *character*. Bred to the bar, he was soon found totally unqualified for his profession, from the extraordinary benevolence of his nature. Instead of seeking for practice, he did all he could to prevent his clients from going to law.— The consequence was, that, whatever may have been the rewards of his conscience, his profession gave him but few. Finding, therefore, that he had mistaken his vocation, and that his purse remonstrated strongly against his continuing in the pursuit of forensic distinction, he wisely abandoned the line he had at first chosen, and accepted the post of chief custom-house officer on the frontier of Hanover and Bremen. Here, modestly, but comfortably settled, he gave his leisure hours to the study of history, and, in a genial retirement, soon found himself quite happy. He soon became remarkable for the accuracy of his information, and more especially for his acquaintance with minute points and details. Thus, for example, when on his return to his journey to Marienbad, to which I have already alluded, he visited the town and field of battle of Leipsic, he found himself as much at home, with regard to the typography, as did the very guide he had engaged to point out the places rendered famous by the great fight.

On the evening appointed, I duly made my appearance in Madame W—'s saloon, or drawing-room. It was the handsomest I saw in the country, and possessed a carpet. In general, this article, so indispensable to English comfort, is represented, and that, indeed, but barely, by a few straw mats scattered about. Tea was handed round. This the Germans drink with cream, or wine, or neither. It is esteemed a great luxury, as it costs dear; but they made it so weak, that there is not an old woman in England who would not regard it with contempt. After tea, we began to play at what they call company-games. Many of these are identical with our own inn-door amusements. Thus, they have hide-the-handkerchief, blind-man's-buff (which they call *the blind cow*;) and many others. One, however, seems to me quite peculiar, not merely to Germany, but to this part of it. It is called *Luitze lebt noch*—literally, *the little fellow is still alive*. *Luitze* is Plattdeutsch, or low German, the dialect, as I have already said, of this district. The game is played thus: The party forms a circle. Some splints of wood, three or four inches long, have been provided. One of these is lighted and blown out again in a few seconds. This is *luitze*. There is, of course, for some little time, a part of the charcoal which remains red. The stick is passed from hand to hand, each player, as he gives it to his neighbour exclaiming, "*Luitze lebt noch!*" He or she in whose hands it is finally extinguished has to pay a forfeit. No one can refuse it when offered; and one of the most amusing parts of the matter is to hold *luitze*—the little fellow—till he is on the very point of expiring, and then force him on the person next you, so that he goes out before he can get him further. It is, however, more amusing still, when he would thus victimize his friend, delays too long, and is himself caught.

After this, and some other German games, which I did not much enjoy, as they consisted chiefly in the repetition of certain formal phrases, without much meaning, we acted charades—not very successfully, I must admit. Then we seated ourselves around a table, in the middle of which a piece of light cotton was placed. At this we all began to blow fiercely, and a tempest arose, on which the cotton was tossed about in all directions.

When it finally found refuge on the person of any of us, the recipient was condemned to a forfeit. This game is entertaining enough, and was carried on amidst much boisterous puffing and laughing, till suddenly the cotton mysteriously disappeared. It appeared that it had actually been carried into the open mouth of a gentleman, whose powers had been so severely taxed that he had lost his wind. This put an end to the amusement, and we proceeded to draw the forfeits.

Then we had supper. It was a less substantial and more judicious meal than I had generally seen in the neighbourhood. It was also a more ambitious one; not a few of the dishes were disguised with the artistic skill which is the pride of modern cookery. In particular, I remember that I accepted a spoonful of what I thought was a composition of raspberries, strawberries, and red currant jelly. It turned out to be a sort of hashed lobster pickle. Shortly after supper we broke up.

In such parties, I should remark that all present took part in them, from the oldest to the youngest. What distinguished them most, besides this, was a kind of homely cheerfulness that was quite delightful.—Every one came in good humour, and resolved to enjoy himself. And in this it was very evident all succeeded. I never saw any dancing at any of these *soirees*, and rarely was there any music. When, however, there was any of the latter, it was excellent. I shall not soon forget the way in which the music of Schiller's "Founding of the Bell" was performed by some of my Lesmana and Rhiterrhude friends.—*Village life in Germany.*

Secrecy.

[The extract given below, we take from a book entitled "Essays written in the intervals of Business." It contains a true principle, which, if oftener remembered and acted upon, would save the shipwreck of many a friendship:—]

"For once that secrecy is formally imposed upon you, it is implied a hundred times by the concurrent circumstances. All

that your friend says to you, as his friend is intrusted to you only. Much of what a man tells you in the hour of affliction, in sudden anger, or in any outpouring of his heart, should be sacred. *In his craving for sympathy, he has spoken to you as to his own soul.*

To repeat what you have heard in social intercourse is sometimes a sad treachery; and when it is not treacherous, it is often foolish. For you commonly relate but a part of what has happened, and even if you are able to relate that part with *fairness*, it is still as likely to be misconstrued as a word of many meanings, in a foreign tongue, without the context.

There are few conversations which do not imply some degree of mutual confidence, however slight. And in addition to that which is said in confidence, there is generally something peculiar, though not confidential; which is addressed to the present company alone, though not confided to their secrecy. It is meant for them, or for persons like them, and they are expected to understand it rightly. So that, when a man has no scruple in repeating all that he hears to anybody that he meets, he pays but a poor compliment to himself; *for he seems to take it for granted that what was said in his presence would have been said, in the same words, at any time, aloud, and in the market-place. In short, that he is the average man of mankind; which I doubt much whether any man would like to consider himself."*

Gardens of the East.

Mr. Kingslake, in his work entitled *Eothen*, gives the following interesting description of the garden of Damascus:—

This Holy Damascus, this Earthly Paradise of the prophet, so fair to his eyes that he dared not trust himself to tarry in her blissful shades—she is a city of hidden palaces, of copses, and gardens, and fountains, and bubbling streams. The juice of her life is the gushing and ice-cold torrent that tumbles from the snowy sides of anti-Lebanon. Close along the river's edge, through seven sweet miles of rustling boughs and deepest shade, the city spreads out her whole length; as a man falls flat, face forward on the brook,

so that he may drink and drink again, so Damascus, thirsting for ever, lies down with her lips to the stream, and clings to its rushing waters.

Wild as the highest woodland of a deserted home in England, but without its sweet sadness, is the sumptuous garden of Damascus. Forest trees, tall and stately enough, if you could see their lofty crests, yet lead a tussling life of it below, with their branches struggling against strong numbers of wild bushes and willful shrubs. The shade upon the earth is black as night. High, high above your head, and on every side all down to the ground, the thicket is hemmed in and choked up by the interlacing boughs that droop with the weight of roses, and load the slow air with their damask breath. The rose trees which I saw were all of the kind we call damask; they grow to an immense height and size. There are no other flowers. Here and there, there are patches of ground made clear from the cover, and these are either carelessly planted with some common and useful vegetable, or else are left free to the wayward ways of nature, and bear rank weeds, moist looking and cool to your eyes and freshening the sense with their earthly and bitter fragrance. There is a lane opened through the thicket, so broad in some places that you can pass along side by side—in some so narrow (the shrubs are forever encroaching) that you ought, if you can, to go on the first and hold back the bough of the rose tree. And through this wilderness there tumbles a loud rushing stream, which is halted at last in the lowest corner of the garden, and then tossed up in a fountain by the side of the simple alcove. This is all. Never for an instant will the people of Damascus attempt to separate the idea of bliss from these wild gardens and rushing waters,

Recipe against Scandal.

[One "to be warranted," we should think, and we copy it for the use of those who are troubled by the evil :—]

Mrs. Chalmers, of Anstruther, mother of the Doctor, had an extreme dislike to all petty scandal. She had one rule, which she made known among her acquaintances, and which she rigidly followed. "Whenever

told of anything that a neighbour had said or done amiss, she instantly put on her bonnet and went at once to the person, and told what had been said, and who had said it, and asked if it was true." Those who follow this rule, we opine, will seldom have occasion to execute it. They who smile at scandal, or listen to it complacently, obey not the injunction of the wise man. He who pours scandal into my ears gives me just occasion to be angry. He offends my good sense by presuming that I wish to make my head a lumber-room instead of a storehouse of useful knowledge; he offends my good taste by presuming that I love gossip; he offends my piety by thinking that I will "rejoice in iniquity." I am justified by the wisest of men in "looking him out of countenance."

[ORIGINAL.]

Home.

The English language contains many expressive and beautiful words,—but, perhaps, not one which appeals more to the best feelings of the heart, than that of Home. The child, who has never passed from under the paternal roof, may not fully appreciate its blessings, for—"The good we never miss, we rarely prize,"—but he, who is separated by the lofty mountain, or wide ocean, from the home of his childhood, will more properly estimate its advantages.

How eagerly does the "tempest tossed" mariner long for Home. How busily his imagination contemplates the welcome which awaits him,—the tearful fondness of his parents, the joyous greetings of his sisters and brothers,—and with what lively expectation does he look forward to the happy time,—when, again, he may share in the blessings of home.

Let us imagine a traveller,—who left his home in boyhood, returning after the lapse of many years. He has arrived at his native village, and oh! how his heart beats, as a thousand tender recollections rush on his soul. "It is true," he soliloquises, "the place is much altered, but enough remains to bring before me, with vivid remembrance, the scenes of bygone days. There, on yon green slope, stands the old school house,—

yonder, glittering in the sun's rays, is the spire of the village church,—those green fields to the left, are the very ones in which I have lingered for hours together, chasing the butterfly, or plucking the wild roses, which they produced in abundance. But I have approached, almost without being aware of it, the home of my childhood. It stands in a sequestered spot, surrounded by green foliage. The garden before the door looks as trim as when I last beheld it; gay with flowers of every hue,—and the fruit trees of the orchard are laden with blossoms. What a stillness rests on every object. The only sign of life is the blue smoke that curls gracefully above the cottage. Ah! I tremble to approach nearer. My only parent, my widowed mother, how will she receive her prodigal son? Perhaps, fearful thought! she may be laid in the cold embrace of the tomb,—and the pardon, and blessing, to which I have looked forward, through years of misery, may never be mine."

But his trembling hand lifts the latch, and, once more, he stands in the home of his childhood. We will gratify our curiosity, and, peeping through the casement, mark the reception he receives. An aged woman is embracing him, with looks of unutterable fondness. It is his mother. No word of harshness escapes her lips, no rebuke for the anxiety and sorrow which that son has caused; he has returned again to bless her sight, —and every thing else is forgiven, and forgotten.

[ORIGINAL.]

Evening.

"Come Evening, once again, season of peace!
Return, sweet Evening! and continue long."

The day is rapidly declining. The hum and noise of the city is, in a great measure, hushed, and the hour due, perhaps, as well as that of early morn, to meditation and silent song, again blesses our earth with its genial influence. The petty cares and anxieties of day are for a time silenced; the labourer, mechanic and merchant obtain a short respite from their various occupations; the student lays aside the book and pen which have engrossed his attention, and indulges, uninterruptedly, in all the luxury of thought.

Perhaps, to those who are at all studiously inclined, there is no hour, in which the mind is more at liberty to exercise its powers, than the hour of evening. During the day, physical occupations engage the attention, and, frequently, engross the mind to the almost exclusion of thought,—except such as is connected with them,—but at eve, when the employments of the day are suspended, the mind recovers its wonted tone, and follows the bent of its inclination. Now is the hour, when memory brings to vivid remembrance scenes of other days; friends who formerly enjoyed, with us, the time of Evening,—but now separated by mountain or ocean,—and some, alas! in the cold embrace of the tomb. Fancy, too, with her ever busy pencil, depicts scenes which only exist in the mind, or which, though real, we have never beheld,—and the reasoning faculties, in their turn, investigate the cause and effect of various phenomena; solve difficult questions,—and unfold, to our admiring gaze, the mysteries of nature, which, though continually surrounding us, we have never before regarded in their proper light.

The evening of the day may be regarded as typical of the eve of life: like it, that period is one of comparative rest; the hopes and fears of youth's golden time are over; the perplexities and trials of riper age have, in a great measure, subsided,—and as the remembrance of a well spent day affords pleasure, which they only who have experienced can appreciate,—so the remembrance of a life spent in benefiting our fellow creature,—and employing our talents to the noblest purposes, designed by their beneficent donor, shall impart inexpressible satisfaction, and shed a lustre over our declining days.

W:R.

MUSIC is the soul of moral harmony; its object is to create moral concord in the soul. It is the vocal emblem or counterpart of those perfect moral principles by which the world should be governed; and hence our obligation to associate this art with no subjects inconsistent with its own character.—Music belongs to the spirit of universal peace and brotherhood; and hence its conjunction with religion, with time and eternity.—*Fraser.*

[ORIGINAL.]

Lines

TO A BIRD HEARD SINGING IN THE CITY AT
EARLY MORN.

Sweet Bird, un mindful of the din
Of crowded city's narrow street;
Thou warblest songs of melody,
The morn's uprising blithe to greet.

Imprisoned in a narrow cage,
For thee the woodlands bloom no more,—
And vainly dost thou long again,
Heaven's sunny regions to explore.

Afar from nest in leafy bower,
Where balmy zephyrs lulled to sleep;
From all thy loved companions torn,
A solitary watch to keep.

Poor prisoner, pent amid the gloom;
That overshades the city mart,—
What prompts that warmly gushing song?
That seems to spring from joyous heart?

And when even here, is sometimes borne
The genial breath of odorous flowers,
Wafted by zephyrs that have strayed
Amid the fields and fragrant bowers;

Say, does not faithful memory bring
Thy home in green and covert shade?
The murmur of the waterfall,
That soft, though distant music made?

Dost thou not long again to build
Thy nest in some green sunny spot,—
Or, cooped within those narrow bars,
Art thou contented with thy lot?

Perchance, in secret, thou dost pine,
Thy native wood again to view;
Yet, even here, each morn calls forth
Thy song of gratitude anew.

Sweet artless songster of the woods;
A lesson may I learn from thee,
Submissively to bear life's cares,
Nor faint beneath adversity.

And if, in after years, my heart
Should murmur at Heaven's wise decree;
May memory vividly recall
Thy morning song of melody.

Recall it to rebuke my soul;
For its ungrateful thankless part,—
And songs of gratitude inspire,
From my subdued, repentant heart.

Love.

"Love," says a popular and powerful writer, "is a very noble and exalting sentiment in its first germ and principle. We never loved without arraying the object in all the glories of moral, as well as physical perfection, and deriving a kind of dignity to ourselves, from our capacity of admiring a creature so excellent and dignified,—but this lavish and magnificent prodigality of the imagination often leaves the heart a blank.

Love, in its iron age of disappointment, becomes very degraded; it submits to be satisfied with merely external indulgences,—a look, a touch of the hand, though occurring by accident; a kind word, though uttered almost unconsciously, suffices for its humble existence. In its first state, it is like man before the fall, inhaling the odours of Paradise and enjoying the communion of the Deity; in the latter, it is like the same being toiling amid the briar and thistle barely to maintain a squalid existence, without enjoyment, utility, or loveliness."

Shakespeare has done little towards giving dignity to this passion, though he seems to have been intimately acquainted with its influences upon the human kind. The reason is obvious. Love is a familiar feeling, associating itself with mankind in their daily walks, and entering into the ordinary and domestic scenes of life; it therefore speaks in a language simple and familiar, scarcely admitting of poetical ornament except in memory or imagination; and as the drama compels all persons to speak for themselves, almost exclusively from the impulse of the moment, they can only speak of love in the colloquial language of the day; which language, changing with the tastes and fashions of the world, that of Shakespeare's dramatic characters when they speak of love is not only offensive to modern ears, but degrading to the sentiment itself, a sentiment which always maintains the most elevated character where the proprieties of life are most scrupulously observed; and the standard of moral feeling is the highest. Yet Shakespeare has left a striking proof that he could reverence this feeling, in the following beautiful stanzas:—

"Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments: Love is not love
That alters when it alteration finds,
Or tends with the remover to remove.
Oh, no! it is an ever fixed mark,
That looks on tempest and is never shaken:
It is the star of every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown although its height be
taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickles come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom."

Those who are wise enough to profit by the experience of others, learn to keep silence on this theme, but it pervades their thoughts and feelings not the less: It is present with them in the morning when they awake, and in the evening when they repose. It is

cradled in the bosom of the scented rose and rocked upon the crested waves of the sea. It speaks to them in the lulling wind, and gushes forth in the fountain of the desert. It is clothed in the golden majesty of the noon-day sun,—and shrouded in the silver radiance of the morn. It is the soul of their world, the life of their sweet and chosen thoughts, the centre of their existence, which gathers in all their wanderings, hopes and desires. Here they fix them to one point; and make that the altar upon which all the faculties of the soul pour out their perpetual incense.—*Poetry of Life.*

Death!

WITH LINES TO THE MEMORY OF A DEAR FRIEND, THE LATE MR. J. M. CONNELL, OF WOODSTOCK, N. E.

DEATH!

Oh Death! Thou mighty conquerer of our race,
How cruel oft appears thy giant sting.
Thy visits, how unwelcome; how complete
Thy victory.—When least expecting thee,
Our thoughts looked up in present happiness,
Surrounded by those friends so capable
Of making time fly joyously away,—
Our minds by earth intoxicated; all;
Apparently unconscious of thy dread;
Existence, yet aware thou dost exist.—
When to the brim the cup of joy is filled,
No poison mingling with its purity,
And we are quaffing draught succeeding draught
Its blissful stream;—then, then, oh! monster Death!
Thy fiendish form will enter in our homes,
Ain sure thy arrow at our powerless breasts,
And hurl us in a moment's lapse from time—
It may be just as youth has burst its bud,
And shown forth proudly into manhood's bloom—
Ambitious for a name, he strives
To clamber up the craggy hill of fame—
Firmness is blazing in his lustrous eye;
His heart beats high with Love and Joy and Hope—
Love, oh! how pure and holy,—Joys, how bright
And Hope, oh! how unsullied, how replete
With brilliant prospects, of the Future vast,
And of the glorious goal he so much strives
To reach, prepared already for his grasp—
He mounts up step by step, still nearer to
The climax of his wishes—Victory's stamp'd
Upon his animated countenance.
But now some disappointment stays his course—
Perchance some enemy who envies him
Will seek to stop him in his glorious struggle—
He must overcome before he gains the prize.
Again he lifts his weeping eyes, and views
The beacon of his hopes, not far away,
Now bidding his approach—With strength and joy,
Determination, courage, all renewed,
With manly pride again attempts to reach
The giddy height.

But mark the sequel all;
Advancing quickly with his arms outstretched
He bounds to grasp the prize—The wreath
Is ready for his noble brow—He feels
A holy atmosphere encircling him—
A smile triumphant decks his glowing cheek;—
When look! oh look! he falls, he's hurled to earth.
The lovely form, which but a moment since
Was radiant with well deserved success,
Now lays a pallid corpse upon the ground.

He fought most bravely, then was hurried off
Ere he received the homage due his deeds—
Such Death, thou mighty slayer, is thy work,
Such thy delight!

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE MR. J. M. CONNELL.

He's gone—another loving friend has gone
To reap the harvest of the blest;
To a brighter region he is borne,
The region of eternal rest.

How difficult to realize the fact
That thou, my friend, art now no more;
How hard 't seems that Death would not protract
Its absence, till sweet prime was o'er.

Just in the morning of thy life, when bright
And beautiful the future seemed,
When all around was joy and dazzling light,
And friendship's blessings on thee beamed;

When basking in the sunshine of a home,
Where all was love, and joy and light,
No voice to warn you of the coming doom,
Or tell how soon disease would blight;

When feasting sumptuously upon a love—
A mother's love, so strong, so pure, so true—
Who fondly dwelt upon the dear one gone,
And smiled his virtues in his son to view.

When, too, fraternal kindness cheered your heart,
And gentle sister's smile was ever near,
As flies the early dew your spirit fled,
And claimed the mournful tribute of a tear.

Why Death, ah why, the choicest roses pluck?
Why claim the soul with youthful ardour fired?
While withered, wearied mortals pine in vain
For thee the long-delayed, and oft desired:

Why suffer some to toil along life's road,
When few the joys the future prospects yield,—
But when strong ties unite to earth's abode,
Then, then, oh monster Death! thy power to wield!

But hark! methinks I hear his spirit say
"Why this repining? Why these tears?
It is, my friend, a glorious thing to die,
And be with Christ through endless years! G. R. A.

Pauline.

As the clock struck eleven, Emma Carey, for a moment, moved from the window where she had been sitting listlessly gazing ever since she had left the breakfast table. She had not been enjoying the beauty of the freshly fallen snow and the trees bending with their delicate burden, nor had she been sympathizing with the merry little school-boys, and the unusually brisk movements of the man of business; nor with the disappointed shovelers, going from door to door, in a street abounding with men servants.—No—she was deliberating seriously whether she should continue a piece of fancy work which was to be finished before the New Year, and say "engaged," or receive callers.

A sudden blast of wind drifted the snow from one side of the street to the other; the cloaks were drawn tighter, and the wearers braced themselves and walked faster.

Emma turned towards the glowing fire in her own apartment, sank down in her easy chair and congratulated herself that no necessity compelled her to be exposed to the weather. She took up her work, and, for ten minutes, was quite industrious. Some little difficulty perplexed her, and she concluded it was folly for her to spend her precious time in such tedious employment, and that Pauline might as well work the flowers as to do the ground work. No she would send it to some one else—Pauline was not to be depended upon; she had promised that the piece she had taken should be sent home the previous evening; it was shameful to disappoint her so—and it was very wrong in Miss Grey to recommend one so unpunctual.

Emma moved aside her worsteds and canvas, put her feet upon the fender, took up a French novel, containing much that was artificial and distasteful, intermingled with some pathetic scenes of suffering among the poorer classes, read a few chapters, and then fell asleep, and slept as soundly as one well could who had been awake but three hours.

It was high noon as her aunt passed her door. Her attention was awakened by a moaning sound, and perceiving the young lady was not comfortable, she awakened her.

Emma started and gazed around, and exclaimed: "It was but a dream after all, but it was frightful!"

"My dear you are not well," said her aunt. "What caused you to fall asleep? do you know your fire is almost out?"

"Don't ask me anything aunt; I have had a very strange dream."

"What was it?"

"I thought I was at Pauline Conte's house. It was a dismal place; there was no furniture in the room but a red-hot stove, which gave me a dreadful headache, a table and a bench, where Pauline was sitting by a dim light, sewing on my chair-cover; her face was flushed, and she worked steadily like a machine. Then there was a sound of bells, and a young man and woman came in and begged her to take a ride with them.— She replied, no, it was impossible; she had pledged her word to Miss Carey that she

would finish her work that night; but when she undertook it, she had no idea the canvas was so fine. I looked at it—it seemed to be close muslin. I tried my best to tell her to go, but I could not. They left, and she went on working faster and faster. Suddenly the fire went out, and the room was icy cold. She turned deathly pale, and, instead of tears, blood streamed from her eyes. I tried in vain to scream, and you must have heard me making the effort when you awakened me; for I think I heard it myself.— Now aunt, I must go and see her, for it may be true."

"My dear you are excited; and your father and mother are using the horses."

"I can walk; I feel so strong when I think of her weakness, and all for my inconsiderateness in asking her, when there was no necessity, to do in a week what I should not accomplish in a month. Janet knows where she lives, and will go with me."

Not until Emma had reached the humble abode, did the idea strike her, what Pauline would think on seeing her.

The poor foreigner opened the door, and exclaimed, "Oh, I know you are come to upbraid me. My poor mother has had another illness, and was so nervous last evening that I could not keep a lamp burning in the room. I have not wasted a minute, but filling up takes more time than you would think. You shall have it to night."

"Pauline, give it to me, will you, I must have it to day, and I will pay you well for what you have done."

While the girl was out of the room, Emma looked round in vain for the stove, and wondered that she had forgotten Pauline had a mother; but she was still so impressed with the reality of her dream, that she could not help asking whether she had ever been invited to take a sleigh ride?"

"Oh, no, I should like very much to go, but I should fear the snow might pain my eyes."

Emma looked up, and saw that they were much inflamed.

"Do they ever bleed?" she inquired.

"Oh, no, ma'am; the doctor says if I could give up work for a while they could be cured, but you know that is quite impossible." * * *

Emma reached home before dinner, with a healthier glow on her countenance than

had been there during the season, much to the satisfaction of her aunt. She told her she had been to see the excellent Miss Grey, who had been to see the sick woman before dark, and that Pauline had bound herself, for a consideration, not to use her needle for a whole year.

[ORIGINAL.]

On the Moon.

Thou art floating on with a brow of light
In the depths of the vaulted sky,
Thou art gazing down with a smile too bright,
Too fair for mortal eye.

Thou art lighting the waves of the dark blue sea,
When the evening star shines bright,
And they whisper murmuring music to thee
As they sleep in the silvery light.

Thou art sleeping in many a palmy glade
"On some green Southern shore,"
Thou art quivering deep in the vine's dark shade,
"In the bush of this midnight hour."

Thou art piercing down from the glowing sky,
In the darken'd Convict's cell,
Where snuffen hearts are called forth to die,
By the note of the passing bell.

Thou art stirring the depths of the Mariner's soul,
Where Adrian's waters foam;
Thou art bidding him think, as thou proudly roll,
Of his own fair Cottage home.

Thou art lighting that lonely rock of the deep
Where the warrior's dust hath laid;
When the fearless, the true hearted, came to sleep
In the depth of the forest glade.

Thou art pouring thy rays on Albion's shores
Blest laud of the brave and the free!
Thou art bathing, in glory, her ruins and towers,
And wreathing each leaflet and tree.

But ah, thou art lighting my own green land,
This land of the forest and flood,—
Thou art tugging the pine on her billowy strand,
"Where the forest for ages hath stood."

M. E. D.

Art of Dress---Old Ladies.

A very sensible personage has said, that the grand secret of a woman's dress consists in knowing the three grand unities—"station, age and—points." Under the present system, an old lady does not know how to dress herself; and many display in their appearance symptoms of perplexity of mind on this point which must be very bad for them. But no worse for them than the artist whose task it is to paint a subject which appears before him with "December in her face and May in her costume"—with faded eyes and eyebrows, and dark, glossy tresses above them—fallen colourless cheeks, and the

bright roses beside them—withered throat and neck covered only with a necklace or a velvet band which calls aloud for a stout silk above and good flannel below it. If he paints her exactly as she is, he paints a monstrously absurd thing; if he suits the face to the roses, and the neck to the necklace, he does not paint her at all.

Let us look for a moment at a writer's well-drawn portrait of the old woman who is an old woman indeed. See the plaited border, or the full ruche of the cap, white as snow, circling close around the face, as if jealous to preserve the oval that age has lost; the hair peeping out from beneath, and more silken than ever, but white as that border, or gray as the shadow thrown by it; the complexion withered and faded, yet being relieved, as Nature has appointed it to be, by the still more faded tints of the hair, in a certain degree delicate and fresh; the eyes with most of their former fire extinguished, still, surrounded only with the chastened hues of age, brighter than anything else in the face; the face itself, lined with deep wrinkles, but not one that the painter would spare; the full handkerchief, or rich bustling laces, scrupulously covering neck and throat, reminding us that the modesty of her youth still survives; some deep sober shawl or scarf, carefully concealing the outline of the figure, though not its general feminine proportions—all violent contrasts, as all violent passions, banished from the picture, but a harmony in their place which is worth them all.

Think also of the moral charm exercised by such a face and figure over the circle where it belongs—the hallowing influence of one who having performed all her active part in this world, now takes a passive, but a nobler one than any, and shows us how to grow old—who, having gone through all the progressive periods of life, and their accompanying rank in the estimation of mankind—the palmy days of youth and admiration—the working time of cares and consequences—the honourable maturity of experience and authority—now casts them all aside, and asserts a far higher claim to our respect, namely, the simple fact of her age; who knows that to all who have eyes to see and hearts to feel, her silver locks are more precious than the most golden tresses money could purchase—her pale cheek more interesting

than the finest bloom art could simulate—her modest coverings more attractive than the most wonderfully preserved remains of beauty she could exhibit—her whole venerable aspect of age more lovely than the very best imitation of youth she could possibly get up—who not only makes old age respectable and honourable, but even enviable in the eyes of those who are still toiling in the burden and heat of the day.

Why is so sweet a picture and so edifying a lesson not oftener seen in our circles?—why are we tired with the unbecoming appearance of those who won't be old and can't be young, and who forfeit the respect it is so painful to withhold? There is something preposterous in the mere idea of any rational being studiously denying what it is her highest interest to assert; as well might a banker not wish for credit, or a poet for fame, or a preacher for belief, or an heir for his inheritance, or a statesman for a place, as age not wish for reverence. Doubtless if there were any way of making old people young, either in looks or anything else, it would be a delightful invention; but, meanwhile, juvenile dressing is the last road we should recommend them to take. She who is ashamed to wear a costume as old as herself, may rely upon it she only looks older than her costume.

The Man of Business.

"Husband," said Mrs. Hunter, as she was seated at the breakfast-table with the father of her children, "I wish you could find time to give a little attention to William. He has nothing to do, and in consequence, passes his time with boys from whom he will not be likely to learn anything good."

"My dear," replied Mr. Hunter, "my time is at present so constantly occupied that I cannot see to him. As soon as I can find time to make some inquiries about a school, I will do so. He shall have the best advantages for education which the country affords."

"I am afraid he will be ruined before you will get time to find a school. He has got to be so large now, that he needs the restraint of a father's hand."

"If you can satisfy yourself as to what school it is best to send him to, I will rely upon your judgment, and he shall go as soon as you can get him ready."

"I know nothing about schools,—you must select a school for him. But, in the meantime, could you not do something with him at the store? He must have something to do, or he cannot be kept out of mischief."

"You may send him down to the store after he has got his breakfast, and I will see what I can do with him." Mr. Hunter then went to his store, where several men were waiting for him. The store received but a very small share of his attention. He had a large factory to manage, besides being a director in a railroad, and chairman of the committee for securing the election of the candidate of his party.

William had been up very late the night before, and did not make his appearance at the breakfast-table, until nearly an hour after his father had gone to his place of business.

"Your father wishes you to come to the store, as soon as you have taken your breakfast," said Mrs. Hunter.

"Do you know what he wants of me?" said William, with a blush, occasioned by the fear that some of his irregularities had come to his father's knowledge.

"He wishes you to assist in the store."

"Very well; I will go down."

Now, it happened that William had made an engagement to meet some of his companions, at ten o'clock. It would not suit his purposes to be engaged at the store. He did not fail to go there, however; for he had not yet learned to practice direct disobedience to his parents' commands. He had little fear that his father would notice him, or assign to him any employment, unless the matter was brought to his recollection by some question on the part of his son. That question he was careful not to ask. He remained at the store, in the presence of his father, till nearly ten o'clock, when he left, to join his companions at the appointed place.

Mr. Hunter did not come home to dinner. When he came in, at a late hour to his supper, William was not with him. "Where is William?" said Mrs. H.

"Has he not been with you at the store?"

"I remember seeing him there some time in the course of the day."

"I sent him down as you requested, in hopes you would give him something to do, to keep him busy."

"Ah, yes, I remember now; but he did not say anything to me about it."

"I told him you wanted his assistance in the store, I presume he waited till he got tired, and then went away. I wish he would come home. He is forming a habit of staying out later and later."

"He must be sent to school. I have no time to attend to him. There is no use in my undertaking it. Just get him ready as soon as you can, and I will send him at once to some good school, where he will be taken care of. Where is the paper?"

The newspaper from the city was handed him, and after having looked over certain portions which have no interest for general readers, he was ready for his supper. After supper he was to meet the committee, who had the welfare of their party in charge.

Mr. Hunter was too busy to give any attention to his son! How came he so busy? Was there a necessity laid upon him to extend his business so widely as to leave him no time to attend to the education of his son—no time to take care of his own soul?—Was it more important that he should be rich, than that his son should escape ruin?

How many fathers are there in this land of enterprise and energy, who must be classed with Mr. Hunter!

Mr. Hunter determined to give his son the best advantages for education which the country afforded. He was, doubtless, willing to be at any expense that should be necessary to secure that object. By that means he thought to atone for his own neglect!

There are duties that cannot be transferred to others. It is to the parent that God, by his Providence and word says, "take this child and train it for me."

No other person can do the work required of the parents. The best educators can only assist the parent.

Among the ruined of our land, how many are victims of parental neglect—of neglect occasioned by the pressure of business and worldly care?

You can't prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your head, but you may prevent them from building their nests there.

Energy of Character.

A bold, vigorous man, what a tone he gives to the company he may be in, to the society in which he lives, to the nation wherein he was born! Men seem inebriated with the atmosphere around him, so completely are they overcome by his presence. He strengthens and arouses; he sets men of no confidence on their feet, not purposely, but by his own example. They see him, one of themselves, the boy they went to school with, played with, expanded into a man, and drawing all after him in the vortex in which he moves. He is a perpetual reproach to the sluggard, a joy to the timid, those who want confidence, and who fancy they are by temperament or situation precluded from possessing or manifesting the daring, animating power. Energy of character is continually renovating society—elevating men to a level whence they see how easily it is, or seems, to become great and joyful, as strong and vigorous as he who by act or thought, lifted them up. It is animating to see men press on in the race of emulation, inspired by some noble fellow who figures in the past, or is present among them. The enthusiasm one man can create by bold and earnest action is astonishing.—One jovial, free-hearted, generous stranger, coming by accident or otherwise among us, will often upset or re-invigorate a clique of friends inured, completely trained in, to dulness and customary quiet. The enthusiasm of the moment overhears all our preconceived notions of order, our silent and respectful decorum; our fear of giving offence, that pitiful but common vice, which makes us careful, even to folly, in what we say, is by the current of this man's spirit rolling through us, and forcing up ours, swept away; and the night, the day, the time, whenever it is, is from thenceforth a bright spot in our history. It is from this, public meetings derive their intense interest, and public opinion its force. We are sure of meeting some earnest man who will cheer us, give us Keener, fuller sensations, and thus one or two beings, connected with the millions by mystic chains of sympathy, communicate the fire of their own minds to every man, until its powerful energy awakens the dormant intellects of all.

Home Affections.

The heart has memories that cannot die. The rough rubs of the world cannot obliterate them. They are memories of home—early home: There is magic in the very sound. There is the old tree under which the light-hearted boy swung on many a summer's day,—yonder the river in which he first learned to swim—there the house in which he knew a parent's love, and found a parent's protection—there is the room in which he romped with brother and sister—long since, alas! laid in the grave to which he must soon be gathered, overshadowed by yon old church, whither with a joyous troop like himself, he has often followed his parents to worship with, and hear the good old man who gave him to God in baptism. Why, even the very school house, associated in youthful days with thought of ferule and task, now comes back to bring present remembrances of many an attachment there formed—many an occasion that called forth generous exhibitions of the traits of human nature. There he learned some of his heart's best emotions. There, perchance, he first met the being, who, by her love and tenderness in after life, has made home happier even than that which his childhood knew. There are certain feelings of humanity—and, those too, among the best—that can find an appropriate place for exercise only by one's own fire-side. There is a sacredness in the privacy of the spot, which it were a species of desecration to violate. He who seeks wantonly to invade it, is neither more or less than a villain, and hence there exists no surer test of the debasement of morals in a community, than the disposition to tolerate, in any mode, the man who disregards the sanctities of private life. In the turmoil of the world let there be at least one spot where the poor man may find affection that is disinterested—where he may indulge a confidence that is not likely to be abused.

On account of the number for November coming out so late in December, we have thought it better to date the present number—January, 1852. Our subscribers for the year will sustain no loss, as they will receive *twelve* numbers, notwithstanding this verbal arrangement.

Editorial.

THE PRESENT SEASON.

Though but a short period has elapsed since the *Mayflower* was last issued, it has been marked by the celebration of two of the most interesting and important annual festivals. The biting winds, and desolate appearance without, have been forgotten by the many happy family groups, who assembled around the cheerful hearth, and heartily engaged in the innocent amusements which custom has connected with the joyous season. Whether every heart was affected with the hallowed cause of Christmas gladness, or not,—every face beamed with smiles, every voice was ready with a kindly greeting. The different places of worship were thronged with attentive hearers, assembled to commemorate the birth of the Saviour. The poor and friendless were not forgotten, and many hearts were gladdened by the benevolence of those, who, more highly favoured, remembered that it was "more blessed to give than to receive."

The rapid flight of time has been again illustrated by the termination of another year; and the necessity for diligence in improving our present opportunities, has been urged, from the pulpit, with becoming solemnity and earnestness. The commencement of a New Year suggests great cause for thankfulness and serious reflection: thankfulness that we have been allowed to enter on its duties, and reflection, that gathering wisdom from the remembrance of mis-spent time, we may more wisely improve the advantages which have been so graciously bestowed.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON *Fashion and Dress.*

From the Lady's Newspaper.

A number of new head dresses, adapted to the evening parties of the present season, have just appeared. They are made chiefly of ribbon, lace, and flowers. Some of the ribbon head-dresses are composed of a mixture of figured ribbon, and of ribbon brooch

with gold. Among the new wreaths we may mention some formed of the wild rose, the volubilis, or of any flower of medium size. These wreaths encircle the head, and have, on each side, three drooping sprays. A bouquet of the same flowers, employed to ornament the jupe of the dress, has also three pendent sprays. The cactus may be employed with advantage, as an ornament for the hair. For dark hair, nothing can be more effective than a wreath of cactus, varying in colour from rose to ponceau, and intermingled with narrow pendent foliage.

Among the most elegant mourning head-dresses, we may mention some formed of a half-handkerchief or fanchon of black lace; the corners ended round disposed, one, towards the back of the head, and the other hanging down as lappets. The trimming on each side, may be velvet flowers or lace, intermingled with various ornaments of jet: for instance, light foliage or rings of jet, the latter linked in the form of a chain drooping low at the ears. A suitable head-dress for slight mourning may be formed of a long sash of white lace, fastened by two bouquets of white and lilac flowers.

Some evening dresses have been made with two jupes, each of a different material from the other. One of those dresses consists of an upper jupe of broche silk, green, sprigged with roses. It is gathered up, on each side, by a bouquet of roses, with velvet foliage, and displays, beneath it, an under jupe or petticoat of white satin, trimmed with a deep flounce of Alençon lace. A bouquet of roses ornaments the front of the corsege. The sleeves are short, and trimmed with double pagodas of Alençon lace, looped up by small bouquets of roses.

The following is the description of a dress, having a vest or jacket of the same material. The jacket may be worn, or not, according as it is wished to adapt the dress to *neglige*, or full evening costume. The dress consists of pearl grey satin, figured with bouquets of flowers in white silk. The corsage is low, with a deep berthe, formed of ginpure fringe, in white and grey silk. The jacket, which is worn open in front, has pagoda sleeves, reaching just below the elbow, and is trimmed with ginpure fringe like that composing the berthe.

Stems of News.

THE HALIFAX AND QUEBEC RAILWAY.—HIGHLY IMPORTANT DESPATCH.—*Quebec, 13th January, 1852.*—From the Quebec Gazette of the 12th—the Organ of the Administration.

“We learn that important despatches have recently been received from the Secretary of State for the Colonies, on the subject of the imperial guarantee for the construction of Railroads in British North America. The substance of these despatches is, that the Imperial Government will not be disposed to recommend to Parliament to grant its aid to any line of Railway which is not calculated to promote the interests of the three Provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The Imperial Government will not therefore propose any aid for the European Line to the United States. It appears as we understand, from papers transmitted by Mr. Howe to the Lieutenant Governor of New Brunswick, that that hon. gentleman entirely misunderstood the views of the Imperial Government on the subject of the European Line, and that he has also been the means of inducing the governments of Canada and New Brunswick to believe that the policy of the Imperial Government was to render aid to the European Line, leading to the United States. Mr. Howe, there can be no doubt, has acted in entire good faith in all his transactions, both with the Imperial Government and with the sister Provinces; but, however unfortunate his misapprehension of Earl Grey's views may have been, one thing is clear, viz.: that many difficulties will be removed by the decision of the Imperial Government. It would seem to put Major Robinson's line completely out of the question.

If the work be undertaken at all—the Line by the Valley of St. John must be adopted, and this line, as a mercantile speculation, is clearly the one most likely to be profitable. We believe that in the altered circumstances of the question, it is the intention of some members of the Provincial Government to proceed without delay to Frederickton with the view of endeavouring to effect arrangements that will be satisfactory to Canada.

IMPORTANT FROM MOROCCO.—A letter from Gibraltar states that the Emperor of Morocco has refused to ratify the treaty concluded between the French Admiral and the Pacha of Tangiers, and was marching towards that town at the head of an army of 40,000 men. These alarming reports have induced the Spanish Government to receive on board and relieve the Europeans who might wish to quit Morocco. There is little doubt but Tangiers and the other towns along the coast will be sacked by the Bedouins the moment hostilities commence.

A SUDDEN DEATH.—Remarkable Occurrence.

—A letter from Mr. J. Dix, in Somerset county, Md., says :

“On the 25th of November, a female of 10 years old died suddenly in my school. She asked permission to retire a few minutes before 10, A. M.—After having recited her lessons, as usual, and after walking a few paces from the door she fainted. On being immediately taken up, and laid softly down in the school-house, she expired. What is most remarkable, when she awoke that morning, she told her mother that she dreamed that she had gone to school and died, and was carried to her aunt's, which actually and literally came to pass the same day.”

IMPORTANT TO SHIPBUILDERS.—The following is an extract of a letter from Liverpool, dated 26th December :—“It may be of importance to those interested in Shipbuilding to know that Lloyds have given an extra year to Hackmatack Ships, classing them now for seven years, in place of six, as formerly. They also allow Spruce Knees, instead of Hackmatack ; which will be a great saving of expense.—*St. John, N. B. Courier, 10th.*”

EXPORTS FROM BALTIMORE.—During the past fifty-two weeks of the year 1851, there were exported from this port 412,927 bbls. flour, 99,291 bbls. corn meal, 187,120 bushels of corn, 121,877 bushels of wheat, 904 bbls. rye flour, and 39,965 bhd. tobacco. Last year, 47,673 bhd. tobacco were exported from Baltimore.—*Baltimore Sun.*

The principal matter of interest from California is the alarming state of feeling among the Indians upon the Colorado, and in the vicinity of San Diego, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, &c. An outbreak had commenced among the Indians in those districts, and was daily assuming a more threatening character.

CHINESE OPIUM TRADE.—Rev. Mr. Bridgeman, writing from China, says that the number of chests of opium, each containing 133 lbs., taken to China, the present year, will exceed 70,000, and that in exchange for these 70,000 chests, the Chinese will pay to foreigners more than \$36,000,000—and most of this in silver.

MACKEREL FISHERY.—The Newburyport Herald states, that there are but two mackerel vessels now building on the Merrimac, and the many vessels lost in the bay the past season, and the small fares obtained by others, will have a tendency, probably, to check the prosecution of the fisheries from that port the coming season.

MISS JENNY LIND.—It is announced in New York, that Miss Lind has received news of the sudden death of her mother, and that in consequence, it was supposed, that she would take her departure for Europe in the Collins steamer of 10th inst.

RICH MEN IN MASSACHUSETTS.—It is estimated that there are in Massachusetts 1,495 persons worth \$50,000 and upwards. Of this number, 26 persons are worth a million or more, 45 a half million. Of the whole list, 705, or nearly half, began life poor, or nearly so. Two hundred and eighty two received their wealth by marriage. Of the whole list 90 are farmers, 53 manufacturers of cotton, woollen, &c., 463 are merchants, 75 lawyers, 31 physicians, 12 clergymen, 46 brokers and speculators, 11 publishers, 4 editors, 50 shoemakers and shoe dealers, 10 tailors and clothes dealers, 13 carpenters, 9 masons, 23 butchers and provision dealers, 14 distillers. Those put down as benevolent are 375. Old bachelors 68.

A PRESENT TO KOSKUTH.—Col. Page's company of State Fencibles, of Philadelphia, on Wednesday presented Governor Koskuth with a magnificent Maltese cross of gold, in which was a likeness of Gen. Washington, set in pearls, and a locket, containing a portion of the hair of Washington. It was accompanied by a gift of \$100 in American gold.

ANOTHER REVOLUTION IN CENTRAL AMERICA.—A letter from San Juan states that Munoz has been banished to Honduras for two years, and that the old Pichengo party, the most formidable in the country had revolted. They already had, on the 20th Dec., 1,600 muskets in Leon, and would make a formidable fight for the controul of the State.

The Boston Commonwealth states that Isaac W. Bradford, for the last six years a confidential clerk of Mixer & Pitman, has been discovered to be a defaulter to the amount of \$28,000. He managed to escape detection by a falsification of the books, and is said to have lost the money in gambling. He has disappeared.

TO SAN FRANCISCO.—The true distance from New York to San Francisco, is as follows :—From New York to Chagres, 2,200 miles ; from Chagres to Panama, 94 miles ; from Panama to San Francisco, 3,700—total 5,984 miles.

Barnum's Museum at Philadelphia has been destroyed by fire. It cost \$52,000, and was insured for \$20,000. C. Spooner, the proprietor, loses \$60,000, half of which was insured.

Two fearful water-spouts had passed over the islands of Sicily, near Marsala, causing the death of nearly five hundred persons, and an immense destruction of property and of animal life.

The New Temperance Hall at Charlottetown was dedicated on New Year's Day, and the Bazaar in aid of furnishing it took place on the day following.

A number of Captains of Steamers, in Cincinnati, have resolved to abstain from using intoxicating drinks.