


OLIVE BUDS  
BY

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

A decorative rectangular border with a repeating floral or scrollwork pattern surrounds the text.

CHILDREN'S BOOK  
COLLECTION

A small, stylized floral ornament centered between the collection name and the library name.

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1851



# OLIVE BUDS,

BY

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

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HARTFORD:  
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## P R E F A C E .

THE Olive tree, my dear children, is very useful and valuable, for its fruit, and for the oil that it produces. It grows in warm climates, and is much prized by their inhabitants.

A leaf of olive, was the first gift of the earth after the flood, to the righteous family who were saved in the ark. It was borne by the Dove, as she spread her timid wing over the wide waters, that drowned a sinful world. What re-

joicing was there in that lonely ark, when this token came that God was about to permit those weary voyagers to come forth, and dwell once more on the green and beautiful earth. "For then Noah knew, that the waters had abated."

The Olive has also been considered an emblem of peace. To send the olive branch denotes a spirit of peace, or that the anger of war is over. Then good men rejoice, because the waters of strife are abated.

I think you will now readily understand, dear children, the title that I have chosen. Perhaps you thought at first,



that "Olive-Buds" could have little or no meaning. But the meaning is, that this little book contains things on the subject of Peace. They are short, and so I have compared them to buds, which are small in comparison with the flowers that spring from them. Fragrant flowers, and rich fruit, sometimes proceed from the humblest buds; so may you gather instruction and goodness, from this little book.

You are yourselves buds, my dear children, buds of hope, not yet unfolded, but beautiful to the eye of those who love you. May time so expand your loveliness like flowers, and ripen your

virtues as fruit, that you may delight the hearts of your parents and friends, and be acceptable in the sight of your Father in Heaven.

L. H. S.

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## FRANK LUDLOW.

“It is time Frank and Edward, were at home,” said Mrs. Ludlow. So she stirred and replenished the fire, for it was a cold winter’s evening.

“Mother, you gave them liberty to stay and play after school,” said little Eliza.

“Yes, my daughter, but the time is expired. I wish my children to come home at the appointed time, as well as to obey me in all other things. The stars are already shining, and they are not allowed to stay out so late.”

“Dear mother, I think I hear their

voices now." Little Eliza climbed into a chair and drawing aside the window curtain, said joyfully, "O ycs, they are just coming into the piazza."

Mrs. Ludlow told her to go to the kitchen, and see that the bread was toasted nice and warm, for their bowls of milk which had been some time ready.

Frank and Edward Ludlow were fine boys, of eleven and nine years old. They returned in high spirits, from their sport on the frozen pond. They hung up their skates in the proper place, and then hastened to kiss their mother.

"We have staid longer at play than we ought, my dear mother," said Edward.

“ You are nearly an hour beyond the time,” said Mrs. Ludlow.

“ Edward reminded me twice, said Frank, that we ought to go home. But O, it was such excellent skating, that I could not help going round the pond a few times more. We left all the boys there when we came away. The next time, we will try to be as true as the town-clock. And it is not Edward’s fault, now mother.”

“ My sons, I always expect you, to leave your sports, at the time that I appoint. I know that you do not intend to disobey, or to give me anxiety. But you must take pains to be punctual. When you become men, it will be of great importance that you observe your

engagements. Unless you perform what is expected of you, at the proper time, people will cease to have confidence, in you."

The boys promised to be punctual and obedient, and their mother assured them, that they were not often forgetful of these important duties.

Eliza came in with the bread nicely toasted, for their supper.

"What a good little one, to be thinking of her brothers, when they are away. Come, sweet sister, sit between us."

Eliza felt very happy, when her brothers each gave her a kiss, and she looked up in their faces, with a sweet smile.

The evening meal was a pleasant one.



The mother and her children talked cheerfully together. Each had some little agreeable circumstance to relate, and they felt how happy it is for a family to live in love.

After supper, books and maps were laid on the table, and Mrs. Ludlow said,

“Come boys you go to school every day, and your sister does not. It is but fair that you should teach her something. First examine her in the lessons she has learned with me, and then you may add some gift of knowledge from your own store.”

So Frank overlooked her geography and asked her a few questions on the map; and Edward explained to her a

little arithmetic, and told her a story from the history of England, with which she was much pleased. Soon, she grew sleepy, and kissing her brothers, wished them an affectionate good night. Her mother went with her, to see her laid comfortably in bed, and to hear her repeat her evening hymns, and thank her Father in heaven, for his care of her through the day.

When Mrs. Ludlow returned to the parlour, she found her sons busily employed in studying their lessons for the following day. She sat down beside them with her work, and when they now and then looked up from their books, they saw that their diligence was rewarded by her approving eye.

When they had completed their studies, they replaced the books which they had used, in the book-case, and drew their chairs nearer to the fire. The kind mother joined them, with a basket of fruit, and while they partook of it, they had the following conversation.

*Mrs. Ludlow.* "I should like to hear my dear boys, more of what you have learned to day."

*Frank.* "I have been much pleased with a book that I borrowed of one of the boys. Indeed, I have hardly thought of any thing else. I must confess that I put it inside of my geography, and read it while the master thought I was studying."

*Mrs. Ludlow.* "I am truly sorry,

Frank, that you should be willing to deceive. What are called *boy's tricks*, too often lead to falsehood, and end in disgrace. On this occasion you cheated yourself also. You lost the knowledge which you might have gained, for the sake of what I suppose, was only some book of amusement."

*Frank.* "Mother, it was the life of Charles the XII, of Sweden. You know that he was the bravest soldier of his times. He beat the king of Denmark, when he was only eighteen years old. Then he defeated the Russians, at the battle of Narva, though they had 80,000 soldiers, and he not a quarter of that number."

*Mrs. Ludlow.* "How did he die?"

*Frank.* "He went to make war in Norway. It was a terribly severe winter, but he feared no hardship. The cold was so great, that his sentinels were often found frozen to death at their posts. He was besieging a town called Frederickshall. It was about the middle of December. He gave orders that they should continue to work on the trenches, though the feet of the soldiers were benumbed, and their hands froze to the tools. He got up very early one morning, to see if they were at their work. The stars shone clear, and bright on the snow that covered every thing. Sometimes a firing was heard from the enemy. But he was too courageous to mind that. Suddenly, a cannon shot struck

him, and he fell. When they took him up, his forehead was beat in, but his right hand still, strongly grasped the sword. Mother, was not that dying like a brave man?"

*Mrs. Ludlow.* "I should think there was more of rashness than bravery in thus exposing himself, for no better reason. Do you not feel that it was cruel to force his soldiers to such labours in that dreadful climate? and to make war when it was not necessary? The historians say that he undertook it, only to fill up an interval of time, until he could be prepared for his great campaign in Poland. So, to amuse his restless mind, he was willing to destroy his own soldiers, willing to see even his most faithful

friends, frozen every morning into statues. Edward, tell me what you remember.

*Edward.* “My lesson in the history of Rome, was the character of Antoninus Pius. He was one of the best of the Roman Emperors. While he was young, he paid great respect to the aged, and when he grew rich he gave liberally to the poor. He greatly disliked war. He said he had ‘rather save the life of one subject, than destroy a thousand enemies.’ Rome was prosperous and happy, under his government. He reigned 22 years, and died with many friends surrounding his bed, at the age of 74.”

*Mrs. Ludlow.* “Was he not beloved

by the people whom he ruled ? I have read that they all mourned at his death, as if they had lost a father. Was it not better to be thus lamented, than to be remembered only by the numbers he had slain, and the miseries he had caused ?”

*Frank.* “ But mother, the glory of Charles the XII, of Sweden, was certainly greater than that of a quiet old man, who, I dare say, was afraid to fight. Antoninus Pius, was clever enough, but you cannot deny that Alexander, and Cesar, and Buonaparte, had far greater talents. They will be called heroes and praised, as long as the world stands.”

*Mrs. Ludlow.* “ My dear children, those talents should be most admired,



which produce the greatest good. That fame is the highest, which best agrees with our duty to God and man. Do not be dazzled by the false glory that surrounds the hero. Consider it your glory to live in peace, and to make others happy. Believe me, when you come to your death-beds, and oh, how soon will that be, for the longest life is short, it will give you more comfort to reflect that you have healed one broken heart, given one poor child the means of education, or sent to one heathen the book of salvation, than that you lifted your hand to destroy your fellow creatures, and wrung forth the tears of widows and of orphans."

The hour of rest had come, and the

mother opened the large family bible, that they might together remember and thank him, who had preserved him through the day. When Frank and Edward took leave of her for the night, they were grieved to see that there were tears in her eyes. They lingered by her side, hoping she would tell them if any thing had troubled her. But she only said, "my sons, my dear sons, before you sleep, pray to God for a heart to love peace."

After they had retired, Frank said to his brother,

"I cannot feel that it is wrong to be a soldier. Was not our father one? I shall never forget the fine stories he used to tell me about battles, when I was al-

most a baby. I remember that I used to climb up on his knee, and put my face close to his. Then I used to dream of prancing horses, and glittering swords, and sounding trumpets, and wake up and wish I was a soldier. Indeed, Edward I wish so now. But I cannot tell dear mother what is in my heart, for it would grieve her."

"No, no, don't tell her so, dear Frank, and pray, never be a soldier. I have heard her say, that father's ill health, and most of his troubles, came from the life that he led in camps. He said on his death-bed, that if he could live his youth over again, he would be a meek follower of the Saviour, and not a man of blood."

"Edward, our father was engaged in

the war of the Revolution, without which we should all have been slaves. Do you pretend to say, that it was not a holy war?"

"I pretend to say nothing, brother, only what the bible says, render to no man evil for evil, but follow after the things that make for peace."

The boys had frequent conversations on the subject of war and peace. Their opinions still continued to differ. Their love for their mother, prevented their holding these discourses, often in her presence. For they perceived that Frank's admiration of martial renown, gave her increased pain. She devoted her life to the education and happiness of her children. She secured for them

every opportunity in her power, for the acquisition of useful knowledge, and both by precept and example urged them to add to their “knowledge, temperance, and to temperance, brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness, charity.”

This little family were models of kindness and affection among themselves. Each strove to make the others happy. Their fire-side was always cheerful, and the summer evening walks which the mother took with her children were sources both of delight and improvement.

Thus years passed away. The young saplings which they had cherished grew up to be trees, and the boys became men. The health of the kind and faithful moth-

er, grew feeble. At length, she visibly declined. But she wore on her brow the same sweet smile, which had cheered their childhood.

Eliza watched over her, night and day, with the tenderest care. She was not willing that any other hand should give the medicine, or smooth the pillow of the sufferer. She remembered the love that had nurtured her own childhood, and wished to perform every office that grateful affection could dictate.

Edward had completed his collegiate course, and was studying at a distant seminary, to prepare himself for the ministry. He had sustained a high character as a scholar, and had early chosen his place among the followers of the Re-

deemer. As often as was in his power, he visited his beloved parent, during her long sickness, and his letters full of fond regard, and pious confidence, continually cheered her.

Frank resided at home. He had chosen to pursue the business of agriculture, and superintended their small family estate. He had an affectionate heart, and his attentions to his declining mother, were unceasing. In her last moments he stood by her side. His spirit was deeply smitten, as he supported his weeping sister, at the bed of the dying. Pain had departed, and the meek Christian patiently awaited the coming of her Lord. She had given much counsel to her children and sent

tender messages to the absent one. She seemed to have done speaking. But while they were uncertain whether she yet breathed, she raised her eyes once more to her first born, and said faintly, "My son, follow peace with all men."

These were her last words. They listened attentively, but her voice was heard no more.

Edward Ludlow, was summoned to the funeral of his beloved mother. After she was committed to the dust, he remained a few days to mingle his sympathies with his brother and sister. He knew how to comfort them, out of the scriptures, for therein was his hope, in all time of his tribulation.

Frank listened to all his admonitions,



with a serious countenance, and a sorrowful heart. He loved his brother, with great ardour, and to the mother for whom they mourned, he had always been dutiful. Yet she had felt painfully anxious for him to the last, because he had not made choice of religion for his guide, and secretly coveted the glory of the warrior.

After he became the head of the household, he continued to take the kindest care of his sister, who prudently managed all his affairs, until his marriage. The companion whom he chose, was a most amiable young woman, whose society and friendship, greatly cheered the heart of Eliza. There seemed to be not

a shadow over the happiness of that small and loving family.

But in little more than a year after Frank's marriage, the second war between this country and Great Britain commenced. Eliza trembled as she saw him possessing himself of all its details, and neglecting his business to gather and relate every rumour of war. Still she relied on his affection for his wife, to retain him at home. She could not understand the depth and force of the passion that prompted him to be a soldier.

At length he rashly enlisted. It was a sad night for that affectionate family, when he informed them that he must leave them and join the army. His

young wife felt it the more deeply, because she had but recently buried a new born babe. He comforted her as well as he could. He assured her that his regiment would not probably be stationed at any great distance, that he would come home as often as possible, and that she should constantly receive letters from him. He told her that she could not imagine how restless and miserable he had been in his mind, ever since war was declared. He could not bear to have his country insulted, and take no part in her defence. Now, he said, he should again feel a quiet conscience, because he had done his duty, that the war would undoubtedly soon be terminated, and then he should return home and they would

all be happy together. He hinted at the promotion which courage might win, but such ambition had no part in his wife's gentler nature. He begged her not to distress him by her lamentations, but to let him go away with a strong heart, like a hero.

When his wife and sister, found that there was no alternative, they endeavoured to comply with his request, and to part with him as calmly as possible. So Frank Ludlow went to be a soldier. He was 25 years old, a tall, handsome and healthful young man. At the regimental trainings in his native town, he had often been told how well he looked in a military dress. This had flattered his vanity. He loved martial music, and

thought he should never be tired of serving his country.

But a life in camps, has many evils, of which those who dwell at home are entirely ignorant. Frank Ludlow scorned to complain of hardships, and bore fatigue and privation, as well as the best. He was undoubtedly a brave man, and never seemed in higher spirits, than when preparing for battle.

When a few months had past, the novelty of his situation wore off. There were many times, in which he thought of his quiet home, and his dear wife and sister, until his heart was heavy in his bosom. He longed to see them, but leave of absence could not be obtained. He felt so unhappy, that he thought he

could not endure it, and always moved more by impulse than principle, absconded to visit them.

When he returned to the regiment, it was to be disgraced for disobedience. Thus humbled before his comrades, he felt indignant and disgusted. He knew it was according to the rules of war, but he hoped that *he* might have been excused.

Sometime after, a letter from home, informed him of the birth of an infant. His feelings as a father were strong, and he yearned to see it. He attempted to obtain a furlough, but in vain. He was determined to go, and so departed without leave. On the second day of his journey, when at no great distance from

the house, he was taken, and brought back as a deserter.

The punishment that followed, made him loathe war, in all its forms. He had seen it a distance, in its garb of glory, and worshipped the splendour that encircles the hero. But he had not taken into view the miseries of the private soldier, nor believed that the cup of glory was for others, and the dregs of bitterness for him. The patriotism of which he had boasted, vanished like a shadow, in the hour of trial; for ambition, and not principle, had induced him to become a soldier.

His state of mind rendered him an object of compassion. The strains of martial music, which he once admired, were

discordant to his ear. His daily duties became irksome to him. He shunned conversation, and thought continually of his sweet, forsaken home, of the admonitions of his departed mother, and the disappointment of all his gilded hopes.

The regiment to which he was attached, was ordered to a distant part of the country. It was an additional affliction to be so widely separated from the objects of his love. In utter desperation he again deserted.

He was greatly fatigued, when he came in sight of his home. Its green trees, and the fair fields which he so oft had tilled, smiled as an Eden upon him. But he entered, as a lost spirit. His wife



and sister wept with joy, as they embraced him, and put his infant son into his arms. Its smiles and caresses woke him to agony, for he knew he must soon take his leave of it, perhaps forever.

He mentioned that his furlough would expire in a few days, and that he had some hopes when winter came, of obtaining a substitute, and then they would be parted no more. He strove to appear cheerful, but his wife and sister saw that there was a weight upon his spirit, and a cloud on his brow, which they had never perceived before. He started at every sudden sound, for he feared that he should be sought for in his own house, and taken back to the army.

When he dared no longer remain, he

tore himself away, but not, as his family supposed, to return to his duty. Disguising himself, he travelled rapidly in a different direction, resolving to conceal himself in the far west, or if necessary, to fly his country, rather than rejoin the army.

But in spite of every precaution, he was recognized by a party of soldiers, who carried him back to his regiment, having been three times a deserter. He was bound, and taken to the guard-house, where a court-martial convened, to try his offence.

It was now the summer of 1814. The morning sun, shone forth brightly upon rock and hill and stream. But the quiet beauty of the rural landscape, was vexed

by the bustle and glare of a military encampment. Tent and barrack rose up among the verdure, and the shrill, spirit-stirring bugle echoed through the deep valley.

On the day of which we speak, the musick seemed strangely subdued and solemn. Muffled drums, and wind instruments mournfully playing, announced the slow march of a procession. A pinioned prisoner came forth from his confinement. A coffin of rough boards was borne before him. By his side walked the chaplain, who had laboured to prepare his soul for its extremity, and went with him as a pitying and sustaining spirit, to the last verge of life.

The sentenced man wore a long white

mantle, like a winding-sheet. On his head, was a cap of the same colour, bordered with black. Behind him, several prisoners walked, two and two. They had been confined for various offences, and a part of their punishment was to stand by, and witness the fate of their comrade. A strong guard of soldiers, marched in order, with loaded muskets, and fixed bayonets.

Such was the sad spectacle on that cloudless morning, a man in full strength and beauty, clad in burial garments, and walking onward to his grave. The procession halted at a broad open field. A mound of earth freshly thrown up in its centre, marked the yawning and untimely grave. Beyond it, many hundred

men, drawn up in the form of a hollow square, stood in solemn silence.

The voice of the officer of the day, now and then heard, giving brief orders, or marshalling the soldiers, was low, and varied by feeling. In the line, but not yet called forth, were eight men, drawn by lot as executioners. They stood motionless, revolting from their office, but not daring to disobey.

Between the coffin and the pit, he whose moments were numbered, was directed to stand. His noble forehead, and quivering lips were alike pale. Yet in his deportment there was a struggle for fortitude, like one who had resolved to meet death unmoved.

“May I speak to the soldiers?” he

said. It was the voice of Frank Ludlow. Permission was given, and he spoke something of warning against desertion, and something, in deep bitterness, against the spirit of war. But his tones were so hurried and agitated, that their import could scarcely be gathered.

The eye of the commanding officer, was fixed on the watch which he held in his hand. "The time has come," he said. "Kneel upon your coffin."

The cap was drawn over the eyes of the miserable man. He murmured, with a stifled sob, "God, I thank thee, that my dear ones cannot see this." Then from the bottom of his soul, burst forth a cry,

"O mother! mother! had I but believed"—

Ere the sentence was finished, a sword glittered in the sunbeam. It was the death-signal. Eight soldiers advanced from the ranks. There was a sharp report of arms. A shriek of piercing anguish. One convulsive leap. And then a dead man lay between his coffin, and his grave.

There was a shuddering silence. Afterwards, the whole line was directed to march by the lifeless body, that every one might for himself see the punishment of a deserter.

Suddenly, there was some confusion ; and all eyes turned towards a horseman, approaching at breathless speed. Alighting, he attempted to raise the dead man, who had fallen with his face downward.

Gazing earnestly upon the rigid features, he clasped the mangled and bleeding bosom to his own. Even the sternest veteran was moved, at the heart-rending cry of "*brother ! O my brother.*"

No one disturbed the bitter grief which the living poured forth in broken sentences over the dead.

"Gone to thine account ! Gone to thine everlasting account ! Is it indeed thy heart's blood, that trickles warmly upon me ? My brother, would that I might have been with thee in thy dreary prison. Would that we might have breathed together one more prayer, that I might have seen thee look unto Jesus of Nazareth."

Rising up from the corpse, and turning



to the commanding officer, he spoke through his tears, with a tremulous, yet sweet-toned voice.

“And what was the crime, for which my brother was condemned to this death? There beats no more loyal heart in the bosom of any of these men, who do the bidding of their country. His greatest fault, the source of all his misery, was the love of war. In the bright days of his boyhood, he said he would be content to die on the field of battle. See, you have taken away his life, in cold blood, among his own people, and no eye hath pitied him.”

The commandant stated briefly and calmly, that desertion thrice repeated was death, that the trial of his brother

had been impartial, and the sentence just. Something too, he added, about the necessity of enforcing military discipline, and the exceeding danger of remissness in a point like this.

“If he must die, why was it hidden from those whose life was bound up in his? Why were they left to learn from the idle voice of rumour, this death-blow to their happiness? If they might not have gained his pardon from an earthly tribunal, they would have been comforted by knowing that he sought that mercy from above, which hath no limit. Fearful power have ye, indeed, to kill the body, but why need you put the never-dying soul in jeopardy? There are those, to whom the moving of the lips

that you have silenced, would have been most dear, though their only word had been to say farewell. There are those, to whom the glance of that eye, which you have sealed in blood, was like the clear shining of the sun after rain. The wife of his bosom, would have thanked you, might she but have sat with him on the floor of his prison, and his infant son would have played with his fettered hands, and lighted up his dark soul with one more smile of innocence. The sister, to whom he has been as a father, would have soothed his despairing spirit, with the hymn which in infancy, she sang nightly with him, at their blessed mother's knee. Nor would his only brother thus have mourned, might he but have

poured the consolations of the gospel, once more upon that stricken wanderer, and treasured up one tear of penitence."

A burst of grief overpowered him. The officer with kindness assured him, that it was no fault of theirs, that the family of his brother was not apprized of his situation. That he strenuously desired no tidings might be conveyed to them, saying that the sight of their sorrow, would be more dreadful to him than his doom. During the brief interval between his sentence and execution, he had the devoted services of a holy man, to prepare him for the final hour.

Edward Ludlow composed himself to listen to every word. The shock of surprise, with its tempest of tears had past.

As he stood with uncovered brow, the bright locks clustering around his noble forehead, it was seen how strongly he resembled his fallen brother, ere care and sorrow had clouded his manly beauty. For a moment, his eyes were raised upward, and his lips moved. Pious hearts felt that he was asking strength from above, to rule his emotions, and to attain that submission, which as a teacher of religion he enforced on others.

Turning meekly toward the commanding officer, he asked for the body of the dead, that it might be borne once more to the desolate home of his birth, and buried by the side of his father and his mother. The request was granted with sympathy.

He addressed himself to the services connected with the removal of the body, as one who bows himself down to bear the will of the Almighty. And as he raised the bleeding corpse of his beloved brother in his arms, he said, "O war! war! whose tender mercies are cruel, what *enmity* is so fearful to the soul, as *friendship* with thee."

## VICTORY.

Waft not to me the blast of fame,  
That swells the trump of victory,  
For to my ear it gives the name  
Of slaughter, and of misery.

Boast not so much of honour's sword,  
Wave not so high the victor's plume ;  
They point me to the bosom gor'd,  
They point me to the blood-stained tomb.

The boastful shout, the revel loud,  
That strive to drown the voice of pain,  
What are they but the fickle crowd  
Rejoicing o'er their brethren slain ?

And ah, through glory's fading blaze,  
I see the cottage taper, pale,  
Which sheds its faint and feeble rays,  
Where unprotected orphans wail :

Where the sad widow weeping stands,  
As if her day of hope was done ;  
Where the wild mother clasps her hands  
And asks the victor for her son :

Where the lone maid in secret sighs  
O'er the lost solace of her heart,  
As prostrate in despair she lies,  
And feels her tortur'd life depart ;

Where midst that desolated land,  
The sire lamenting o'er his son,  
Extends his pale and powerless hand,  
And finds its only prop is gone.

See, how the bands of war and woe  
Have rifled sweet domestic bliss ;  
And tell me if your laurels grow,  
And flourish in a soil like this ?



## THE FARMER AND SOLDIER.

IT was a cold evening in winter. A lamp cast its cheerful ray from the window of a small farm-house, in one of the villages of New England. A fire was burning brightly on the hearth, and two brothers sat near it. Several school-books lay by them on the table,—from which they had been studying their lessons for the next day. Their parents had retired to rest, and the boys were conversing earnestly. The youngest, who was about thirteen,—said,—

“ John,—I mean to be a soldier.”

“ Why so, James ?”

“I have been reading the life of Alexander of Macedon,—and also a good deal about Napoleon Buonaparte. I think they were the greatest men that ever lived. There is nothing in this world, like the glory of the warrior.”

“It does not seem to me glorious, to do so much harm. To destroy multitudes of innocent men, and to make such mourning in families, and so much poverty and misery in the world,—is more cruel than glorious.”

“O, but then, John, to be so honored, and to have so many soldiers under your command,—and the fame of such mighty victories,—what glory is there, to be compared with this?”

“James,—our good minister told us

in his sermon last Sunday, that the *end of life was the test of its goodness*. Now Alexander, that you call the Great, got intoxicated, and died like a madman, and Napoleon was imprisoned on a desolate island, like a chained wild-beast, for all the world to gaze and wonder at. It was as necessary that he should be confined, as that a ferocious monster should be put in a cage.”

“ John,—your ideas are very limited. You are not capable of admiring heroes. You are just fit to be a farmer. I dare say that to break a pair of steers is your highest ambition,—and to spend your days in ploughing and reaping, would be glory enough for you.”

The voice of their father was now

heard calling, "boys,—go to bed." So ended their conversation for that night.

Fifteen years passed away, and the same season again returned. From the same window a bright lamp gleamed, and on the same hearth was a cheerful fire. The building seemed unaltered, but among its inmates there were changes. The parents who had then retired to rest, had now laid down in the deeper sleep of the grave. They were pious, and among the little circle of their native village, their memory was held in sweet remembrance.

In the same chairs which they used to occupy, were seated the eldest son and his wife. A babe lay in the cradle, and two other little ones breathed sweetly

from their trundle-bed, in the quiet sleep of childhood.

A blast with snow, came against the casement. "I always think," said John, "a great deal about my poor brother, at this season of the year, and especially in stormy nights. But it is now so many years since we have heard from him, and his way of life exposed him to so much danger, that I fear we have strong reason to believe him dead."

"What a pity," replied the wife, "that he would be a soldier."

A faint knocking was heard at the door. It was opened, and a man entered wearily, and leaning upon crutches. His clothes were thin and tattered, and his countenance haggard. They reach-

ed him a chair, and he sank into it. He gazed earnestly on each of their faces, then on the sleeping children; and then on every article of furniture, as on some recollected friend. Stretching out his withered arms, he said, in a tone scarcely audible, "brother,—brother." The sound of that voice opened the tender remembrances of many years. They hastened to welcome the wanderer, and to mingle their tears with his.

"Brother,—Sister, I have come home to you, to die."

He was too much exhausted to converse, and they exerted themselves to prepare him fitting nourishment, and to make him comfortable for the night. The next morning he was unable to

arise. They sat by his bed and soothed his worn heart with kindness, and told him the simple narrative of all that had befallen them in their quiet abode.

“Among all my troubles,” said he, and I have had many, none has so bowed me down, as my sin in leaving home without the knowledge of my parents, to become a soldier, when I knew it was against their will. I have felt the pain of wounds, but there is nothing like the sting of conscience. When I have lain perishing with hunger, and parching with thirst, a prisoner in the enemy’s hands, the image of my home, and of my ingratitude, would be with me, when I lay down, and when I rose up. I would think I saw my mother bending tenderly

over me, as she used to do, when I had only a headache, and my father with the bible in his hand, out of which he read to us in the evening, before his prayer, but when I have stretched out my hands to say, 'Father, I am no more worthy to be called thy son,' I would awake, and it was all a dream. But *there* would still be the memory of my disobedience, and how bitterly have I wept to think that the child of so many peaceful precepts had become a man of blood."

His brother hastened to assure him of the perfect forgiveness of his parents, and that daily and nightly he was mentioned in their supplications at the family altar, as their loved, and absent, and erring one.



“ Yes, and those prayers followed me. But for them, I should have been a reprobate. They plucked me as a brand from the burning, when I thought myself forsaken both of God and man.”

As his strength permitted, he told them the story of his wanderings and sufferings. He had been in battles by sea and by land. He had heard the deep ocean echo with the thunders of war, and seen the earth drink in the strange, red shower from mangled and palpitating bosoms. He had stood in the martial lists of Europe, and jeoparded his life for a foreign power, and had pursued in his own land, the hunted Indian, flying at midnight, from his flaming hut. He had gone with the bravest, where dangers

thickened, and had sought in every place for the glory of war, but had found only misery.

“That glory, which dazzled me in my days of boyhood, and which I supposed was always the reward of the brave, continually eluded me. It is reserved for the successful leaders of armies. They alone, are the heroes, while the poor soldiers, by whose toil these victories are won, endure the hardships, that others may reap the fame. Yet how light is all the boasted glory, which was ever obtained by the greatest commander, compared with the good that he forfeits and the sorrow that he inflicts in order to obtain it.

“Sometimes, when we were ready for

a battle, and just before we rushed into it, I have felt a fearful shuddering, an inexpressible horror at the thought of butchering my fellow creatures. But in the heat of contest, such feelings vanished, and the madness and desperation of a demon possessed me. I cared neither for heaven nor hell.

“You, who dwell in the midst of the influences of mercy, and shrink to give pain even to an animal, can hardly imagine what hardness of heart comes with the life of a soldier,—deeds of cruelty are always before him, and he heeds neither the sufferings of the starving infant, nor the groans of its dying mother.

“Of my own varieties of pain I will not speak. Yet when I have lain on the

field of battle, unable to move from among the feet of trampling horses; when my wounds stiffened in the chilly night air, and no man cared for my soul, I have thought it was no more than just, since my own hand had dealt the same violence to others, perhaps inflicted even keener anguish than that which was appointed to me.

But the greatest evil of a soldier's life, is not the hardship to which he is exposed, or the wounds he may sustain, but the sin with which he is surrounded, and made familiar. Oaths, imprecations and contempt for every thing sacred, are the elements of his trade. All the sweet and holy influences of the sabbath, and the precepts of the gospel impress-

ed upon his childhood, are swept away. But in this hardened career, though I exerted myself to appear bold and courageous, my heart constantly misgave me. God grant that it may be purified by repentance and by the atonement of a Redeemer, before I am summoned to the dread bar of judgment."

His friends flattered themselves, that by medical skill and nursing, he might eventually be restored to health. But he said,

"It can never be. My vital energies are wasted. Even now, death standeth at my right hand. When I entered this peaceful valley, and my swollen limbs tottered, and began to fail, I prayed to my God, O give them strength but a little

longer, and hold thou me up till I reach the home where I was born, that I may die there, and be buried by the side of my father and my mother, and I will ask no more."

The sick and penitent soldier, labored hard for the hope of salvation. He felt that there was much to be changed in his soul, ere it could be fitted for the holy enjoyments of a realm of purity and peace. He prayed, and wept, and studied the scriptures, and conversed with good men.

"Brother," he would say, "you have been a man of peace. In the quiet occupations of husbandry, you have served God, and loved your neighbour. You have been merciful to the animal crea-

tion. You have taken the fleece, and saved the sheep alive. But I have wantonly defaced the image of God, and stopped that breath, which I never can restore. You have taken the honey, and preserved the laboring bee. But I have destroyed man and his habitation, —burned the hive, and spilled the honey on the ground. You cannot imagine how bitter is the warfare in my soul, with the ‘Prince of the power of the air, the spirit that ruleth in the children of disobedience.’”

He declined rapidly. Death came on with hasty strides. Laying his cold hand upon the head of the eldest little boy, who had been much around his bed in his sickness, he said, “dear John, never be

a soldier. Sister,—brother, you have been as angels of mercy to me. The blessings of the God of peace, abide with you and upon your house.”

The venerable minister, who had instructed his childhood and laid his parents in the grave, and had oft-times visited him in his affliction, stood by his side, as he went down into the valley of the shadow of death.

“My son, look unto the Lamb of God.”

“Yes, father, there is a fulness in him, for me, the chief of sinners.”

There was a short and solemn pause. Then he added “yet, let no one sin against light and against love.”

The white-haired man of God lifted



up his fervent prayer for the departing soul. He commended it to the boundless riches of divine grace, and besought for it an easy passage to that world where there is no sin, neither sorrow, nor crying.

He ceased, and the eyes of the dying man had closed. There was no gasping, or heaving of the breast, and they thought that the breath had quitted the clay. They were about to speak of him as having passed where all tears are wiped away. But there was a faint sigh, and the pale lips slowly moved. Bowing down, they caught the whisper of his last words, "Jesus, thou, whose last gift was *peace*, take a sinner unto Thee."

## FRANCE, IN OLD TIMES.

“PLEASE to tell me a story, about old times, dear grandfather,” said a boy of twelve years old, as he laid aside the book in which he had been studying. “I have got my lesson, and wish you would tell me about France, and about my relations who lived there.”

Now the venerable grandfather, to whom he spoke, was a Huguenot. Do you know what a Huguenot is? It was a name given to some religious people in France, who were not satisfied with the Roman Catholic faith, and wished to worship God differently. They had

been often persecuted. When Henry IVth was king, he passed a law, giving them liberty to exercise their own religion. It was called the Edict of Nantz, because it was made at the city of Nantz. Then the Huguenots had peace, for before that, they had been distressed by imprisonment, and death. But when Louis XIVth became king of France, he repealed or destroyed the Edict of Nantz. This unkind act was done, in the year 1685. Great sufferings then came upon the Huguenots. Multitudes fled from persecution, and took refuge in distant lands. Many came and made their abode in this country, which was then newly settled. They were excellent people, and their descendants are

among our most worthy and respectable inhabitants.

And now, dear children, before you go on with the story, will you see if you perfectly understand what you have been reading. Will you answer the following questions ?

1. What is the meaning of the word Huguenot ?
2. What was the Edict of Nantz ?
3. Why was it so called ?
4. Who made it ?
5. In what year was it made ?
6. What king repealed, or destroyed it ?
7. What came upon the Huguenots, in consequence of its being repealed ?
8. What did they do ?

9. Did any of them take refuge in our country?

10. What is the character of their descendants?

Please to get some friend to ask you these ten questions, and when you have replied to them correctly, lay up the knowledge in your memory. For it is a part of history, and therefore worthy to be remembered.

The tale which I am now going to write for you is historical. It was first related, more than a hundred years ago. The boy who asked it of his venerable grandfather, took a low seat by his knee, and gazed up affectionately in his face.

“Just so, my dear boy, said the kind old gentleman, did I solicit stories from

my own grandmother, sitting down at her feet, when the lamps were just lighted. Then, she would tell me of the wars she had witnessed, and charge me never to take part, in the sins and miseries that they produce. How clearly can I recollect that excellent woman. Her hair was like silver, but her eyes were black and brilliant. My brethren and sisters treated her with the greatest respect. We considered her as a being of a superior order. Her instructions to us, were always those of piety and peace. Her stories were of the old times that were before us, and her memory of her early years, continued strong to extreme old age."

"Dear grandfather, it is of those very

old times, that I wish to hear. You have told me of some of the persecutions of our Huguenot ancestors. I should like to know more of the history of France.”

“Shall I tell you of the dreadful scenes, my grandfather witnessed on his first visit to Paris? He was then not more than two years older than yourself. He was taken there by his father, who had a military command under lord Telygny, son in law to the great Admiral Coligny, whose name you have seen in history.

They were summoned to attend and take part in the public demonstrations of joy which marked the nuptials of young Henry of Navarre and the princess Mar-

garet. This was in the spring of 1572. The Queen of Navarre, with her son and suite, had just arrived, and were received with great pomp and festivity. Charles IXth. was at that time king of France. You will recollect that he was cruel and treacherous, and ruled by his mother, Catharine de Medicis, who was still worse than himself. He was a bigoted Catholic, yet on this occasion, saw fit to treat the Protestant noblemen with particular regard. He was heard continually praising the wisdom of the Count de la Rochefaucault, the manly beauty of de Teligny, and the dignified deportment of the Baron de Rosny. He even addressed Coligny by the title of "Mon Pere," My Father, and took



pains to be seen walking arm in arm with him, in earnest conversation. "Do I play my part well?" he inquired of his mother. "Yes my son, was the reply, but hold out to the end." Those who knew the character of the king, and his hatred of Protestants, feared that under this mask of friendship, some evil was hidden.

"Was Jane, Queen of Navarre, a Huguenot?"

"She was, or a Protestant, for a Huguenot, was only another name given to the Protestants in France, by way of derision. She was truly a pious woman. Her death took place, very suddenly, while in Paris. When she found that her last hour was nigh, she called her

son to her bed-side. You know, he was afterwards, the great Henry IVth of France, who gave the Edict of Nantz. He came in deep sorrow, to see his beloved mother, about to die. With a faint voice, she charged him solemnly to maintain the true religion, to take a tender care of the education of his sister, to avoid the society of vicious persons, and not to suffer his soul to be diverted from duty, by the empty pleasures of the world. With patience and even cheerful serenity of countenance, she endured the pains of her disease, and to her mourning friends said, "I pray you not to weep for me. God by this sickness calleth me to the enjoyment of a better life." It was on the 9th of June, 1572,

that she departed, with the prayer of faith on her lips, and the benignity of an angel."

"Was your grandfather in Paris at the time of the marriage of Henry and Margaret?"

"He was, and attentively observed the splendid scene. The 18th of August, was appointed for the nuptial ceremony. An ample pavilion was erected opposite to the great church of Notre Dame. It was magnificently covered with cloth of gold. The concourse of spectators was immense, and their shouts seemed to rend the sky, when the youthful pair appeared, in their royal garments. When Henry, bowing almost to the feet of his beautiful bride, took from his brow the

coronet of Navarre, the ladies admired his gracefulness, and the freshness of his auburn hair, which inclining to red, curled richly around his noble forehead. The princess had a highly brilliant complexion, and was decorated with a profusion of splendid jewels.

The Cardinal of Bourbon, received their vows. There seemed some degree of displeasure to curl his haughty lip. Probably, he was dissatisfied, that all the ceremonies of the Romish church were not observed. For as the prince was a protestant, and the princess a catholic, the solemnities were of a mixed nature, accommodated to both. It had been settled in the marriage contract, that neither party should interfere with

the other, in the exercise of their different religions. To give public proof of this, as soon as the nuptial ceremony was performed, the bride left the pavilion to attend mass, and the bridegroom to hear the sermon of a protestant divine. Acclamation and music from countless instruments, loudly resounded, when the royal couple again appeared, and proceeded together to the magnificent bridal banquet. Charles presented his sister, with 100,000 crowns for her dower, and in the festivities which succeeded the marriage, who could have foreseen the dreadful massacre of St. Bartholomew?"

“ I have read in my history, of that frightful scene. Dear grandfather, how

soon did it follow the nuptials which you have described ?”

“Only five days intervened. The ringing of the bells for morning prayers at 3 o'clock, on Sunday, August 24th, was the signal for the Catholics to rush forth and murder the protestants. The holy Sabbath dawned in peace. The matin-bell, calling the devout to worship a God of mercy, was heard. Man came forth to shed the blood of his unsuspecting brother. The work of destruction began in many parts of the city, at the same moment. Tumult and shrieks and uproar increased, until they deepened into a terrible and universal groan. The streets were filled with infuriated soldiers, and almost every habitation of the

Huguenots, became a slaughter-house. Infants were transfixed on pikes, and women precipitated themselves from high windows, and battlements, that they might die without outrage. Thirty thousand fell victims in this horrible massacre, which extending itself from Paris to the provinces, was not satiated until more than twice that number had been sacrificed.”

“What became of our ancestor, during this scene of horror?”

“At the commencement of the tumult, his father hastily armed himself, and supposing it some temporary disturbance, went forth to aid in quelling it, commanding him to remain in the house. He obeyed until he was no longer able to

endure the tortures of suspense, and then rushed out in search of a father whom he was never more to behold. Hasting to the quarters of Lord Teligny, his friend and benefactor, he found him mortally wounded, and faintly repeating the names of his wife and children. He then flew to the Hotel de St. Pierre, where Admiral Coligny lodged. But his headless trunk was precipitated from the window, and dragged onward by blood-smeared men, with faces scarcely human. By the exulting vengeance on the brow of the Duke of Guise, who directed them, it might have been known that this victim was the man, whom the Catholics most dreaded. While our ancestor was hurrying bewildered from place to



place, amid death in its most dreadful forms, his attention was arrested by a boy about his own age, whose placid countenance and unmoved deportment strongly contrasted with the surrounding horrors. Two soldiers apparently had him in charge, shouting "*to mass! to mass!*" while, he neither in compliance or opposition, calmly continued his course, until they found some more conspicuous object of barbarity, and released him from their grasp. This proved to be Maximilian Bethune, afterwards the great Duke of Sully, prime minister of Henry IVth, who by a wonderful mixture of prudence and firmness, preserved a life, which was to be of such value to the realm. He was at this time, making

his way through the infuriated mob, to the college of Burgundy, where in the friendship of its principal, La Faye, he found protection and safety.”

“But grandfather, in praising your favourite, the Duke of Sully, you almost forget the story of our relative.”

“It was in vain that he attempted to imitate this example of self-command. Distracted with fear for his father, he searched for him in scenes of the utmost danger, wildly repeating his name. A soldier raised over his head a sword dripping with blood. Ere it fell, a man in a black habit, took his arm through his, and with some exertion of strength led him onward. They entered less populous streets, where the carnage

seemed not to have extended, before he perfectly recovered his recollection. Then he would have disengaged himself, but his arm was detained, as strongly as if it were pinioned. "Let me seek my father," he exclaimed. "Be silent!" said his conductor, with a voice of power, that made him tremble. At length he knocked at the massy gate of a monastery. The porter admitted them, and they passed to an inner cell. Affected by his passionate bursts of grief, and exclamations of "father, dear father!" his protector said, "thank God, my son, that thy own life is saved. I ventured forth amid scenes of horror, hoping to bring to this refuge a brother, whom I loved as my own soul. I found

him lifeless and mangled. Thou wert near, and methought thou didst resemble him. Thy voice had his very tone, as it cried "father, father!" My heart yearned to be as a father to thee. And I have led thee hither through blood and death. Poor child be comforted, and lift up thy soul to God."

"Was it not very strange, that a Catholic should be so good?"

"There are good men among every sect of christians, my child. We should never condemn those who differ from us in opinion, if their lives are according to the gospel. This ecclesiastic was a man of true benevolence. Nothing could exceed his kindness to him whose life he had saved. It was ascertained that he

was not only fatherless but an orphan, for the work of destruction, extending itself into many parts of the kingdom, involved his family in its wreck. The greatest attention was paid to his education, while he remained in the monastery. His patron instructed him in the sciences, and particularly from the study of history, he taught him the emptiness of glory without virtue, and the changeful nature of earthly good. He made him the companion of his walks, and by the innocent and beautiful things of nature, sought to win him from that melancholy, which is so corrosive to intellect, and so fatal to peace. He permitted him to take part in his works of charity, and to stand with him by the beds of the

sick and dying, that he might witness the power of that piety which upholds when flesh and heart fainteth. During his residence here, the death of Charles IX. took place. He was a king in whom his people and even his nearest friends had no confidence. After the savage massacre of St. Bartholomew, which was conducted under his auspices, he had neither satisfaction nor repose. He had always a flush and fierceness upon his countenance, which he had never before worn. Conscience haunted him with a sense of guilt, and he could obtain no quiet sleep. In his last sickness he endured frightful agonies, and died miserably at the age of 24. His brother Henry III. succeeded him, against whom,

and Catharine, the Queen mother, three powerful armies were opposed, one led by the King of Navarre, one by the Prince of Conde, and the other by the duke of Anjou. The tidings of these civil wars, penetrated into the seclusion of the religious house, where my grandfather had already passed three years in quiet study. They kept alive the martial spirit which he inherited, and quickened his desire to partake in their tumultuous scenes. At length he communicated to his patron, his discontentment with a life of inaction, and his irrepressible wish to mingle again with the world. Unusual paleness settled on the brow of the venerable man, as he replied,

“I have long seen that thy heart

was not in these quiet shades,—I have lamented it. Yet thus it is with the young, they will not be wise from the experience of others. They must feel with their own feet, the thorns in the path of pleasure. They must grasp with their own hand the sharp briars that cling around the objects of their ambition. They must come trusting to the world's broken cistern. They must find the dregs from her cup cleaving in bitterness to their lip. They must feel her spear in their bosom, ere they will believe."

The youth enlarged with emotion on his gratitude to his benefactor. He mentioned the efforts he had made to comply with his desires, and lead a life of contemplative piety, but that these ef-



forts were overpowered by the impulse to mingle in more active pursuits, and to visit the home of his ancestors.

“Go, then my son, and still the wild throbbings of thy heart over the silent beds of those who wake no more till the resurrection morn ; yet think not that I have read thy nature slightly, or with a careless glance. The spirit of a warrior slumbers there. Thou dost long to mix in the battle. I have marked, in thy musing, the lightning of thine eye shoot forth, as if thou hadst forgotten him who said : ‘ Vengeance is mine.’ Would that thou hadst loved peace. Go ; yet remember, that ‘ he who taketh the sword shall perish by the sword.’ As for me, my path on earth is short, or I should

more deeply mourn thy departure. Thou hast been too dear to me; and when thou art gone, my spirit will cast from its wings the last cumbrance of earthly love."

He gave him his benediction with great tenderness and solemnity, and the parting was tearful and affectionate. But the young traveller soon dismissed his sorrow, for the cheering influence of the charms of nature, and the gladness of liberty.

The genial season of spring diffused universal beauty. The vales spread out their green mantles to catch the showers of blossoms, with which every breeze covered them. Luxuriant vines lifted up their fragrant coronets. Young

lambs playfully cropped the tender leaves. Quiet kids stood ruminating by the clear streams. Music was in all the branches. The father-bird cheered his companion, who, patient on her nest, brooded their future hopes.

“Surely,” thought he, “the peasant is the most happy of men,—dwelling in the midst of the innocence and beauty of creation.”

Then, with the inconsistency natural to youth, he would extol the life of a soldier,—his energy, hardihood, and contempt of danger; forgetting that, in this preference of war, he was applauding the science of all others most hostile to nature and to man.

In the midst of such reflections he

reached the spot of his nativity. The home of his ancestors was in the possession of others, a new and lordly race. Strange eyes looked upon him, where the voice of his parents was wont to welcome his returning steps with delight. He could not endure the grief in which none participated, and this solitude among scenes which his childhood loved. He sought to shake off at once his sorrow and his loneliness, and enlisted as a volunteer in the Protestant army. He flattered himself that religion dictated the measure : yet sometimes, in a sleepless hour, the monition of his distant benefactor would come mournfully, "He that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword." His first exploit in arms was at

the siege of Ville-Franche, in Perigord, in the year 1576. He continued to follow the fortunes of the King of Navarre, and to endure without shrinking the dangers and privations of a soldier, with scarcely any intervals of peaceful life, until the battle of Coutras, which was fought on the morning of October 20th, 1587. There he fell covered with wounds, not being thirty years old, and leaving a young widow, with an infant son, to bemoan one more victim of war."

"And was that widow, your grandmother, who used to tell you these sad and true stories?"

"Yes, and she often related the sorrows of her early widowhood. Deeply did she impress on the mind of my father

and his offspring the evils of war, and the blessings of peaceful christianity. Under his roof she dwelt, cherished and venerated, till the children of the third generation rose up to call her blessed. Never shall I forget with what emotions of grief and reverence, he laid his hand upon her dying eyes, and wept at her tomb. The piety and love of peace, which she had early instilled into his heart, rendered his own home the abode of tranquillity, and domestic happiness. His industry, and correct judgment restored competence to a family, which the desolations of war had impoverished, and almost annihilated. Our paternal residence, even now, seems to rise up before me, visible and distinct, as in a

picture. Uniting simplicity with comfort, it stood on a gentle slope of ground. In front, a row of chesnuts reared a canopy of lofty shade. Here the traveller sometimes rested, refreshing himself with the water of a little fountain, which clear as crystal, oozed into a rustic, limestone reservoir. In the rear of our residence, rose a hill, where our goats found herbage. There they might sometimes be seen, maintaining so slight a footing on projecting cliffs, as if they hung suspended by the mouth, from the slight branch they were cropping. The tall poplars, which were interspersed among the foliage, conveyed to us the pensive murmur of approaching storms, and around their trunks, mossy seats

were constructed, where we sometimes sat, watching the chequered rays of the moon, and singing our simple provincial melodies. Stretching at the foot of this hill, was the small domain whence we drew our subsistence. Diligence and economy made it fully equal to our wants, and to the claims of charity. Over the roots of the filbert, fig and mulberry, crept the prolific melon; the gourd, supporting itself by their trunks, lifted its yellow globes into the air like orbs of gold, while still higher rose the aspiring vine, filling its glowing clusters for the wine-press. Our fields of wheat, gave us bread, and the bearded oat rewarded the faithful animal that gathered in our harvest. Bees, hastening with



busy hum to their sheltered cells, provided the luxury of our evening repast. The olive yielded us its treasures, and furnished an emblem of the peace that pervaded our abode. A genial soil made our labours light, and correct principles converted those labours into happiness. Our parents early taught their large family of twelve children, that indolence was but another name for vice and disgrace, that he, who for his subsistence rendered no return of usefulness, was unjust to society, and disobedient to God. So our industry commenced in infancy. In our hive there were no drones. We early began to look with pity on those whose parents neglected to teach them, that well directed indus-

try was bliss. Among us there were no servants. With the first beams of morning, the band of brothers were seen cheerfully entering on their allotted employments. Some broke the surface of the earth, others strewed seeds or kernels of fruits, others removed the weeds which threatened to impede the harvest. By the same hands was our vintage tended, and our grain gathered into the garner. Our sisters wrought the flax which we cultivated, and changed the fleece of our flocks into a wardrobe for winter. They refreshed us after our toil, with cakes flavoured with honey, and with cheeses, rivalling in delicacy those of Parma. They arranged in tasteful baskets of their own construction, fresh fruits

or aromatic herbs, or rich flowers for the market. They delighted sometimes to mingle in our severer labours, and when we saw the unwonted exertion, heightening the bloom of their cheeks, or placed in their hair, the half-blown wild rose, to us, who had seen nothing more fair, they seemed perfect in grace and beauty. Sometimes at twilight, or beneath the soft evening air of summer, we mingled in the dance, to the music of our flute and viol. Our parents and our grandmother seated near, enjoyed our pastime, and spoke of their own youth, and of the goodness of the Almighty Sire. Often, assembled in our pleasant parlour, each read in turn to the listening auditory, histories of what man has been, or

fictitious representations of what he might be, from the pages of the moral painter or the poet. The younger ones received regular lessons in the rudiments of education, and the elder ones in succession, devoted a stated portion of each day, to the pursuit of higher studies, under the direction of their parents. When the family circle convened in the evening, he was the happiest who could bring the greatest amount of useful and interesting information to the general stock. The acquisition of knowledge, which to indolent minds is so irksome, was to us a delightful recreation from severer labours. The exercise which gave us physical vigour, seemed also to impart intellectual energy. The appli-

cation to which we were inured, gave us the more entire controul of our mental powers, while the almost unvaried health that we enjoyed, preserved elasticity of spirits, and made all our pleasures more sweet. Such was our mode of life, that we were almost insensible to inconvenience from the slight changes of the seasons. In any temporary indisposition or casualty, our mother was our ministering angel. Her acquaintance with the powers of the medicinal plants, that filled her favourite part of the garden, and still more, her intimate knowledge of the little diversities of our constitutions, usually produced a favourable result. She also perfectly understood the slight shades in our disposition and character,

and by thus tracing the springs of action to their minuter sources, advanced with more certainty to the good ends of education. Mingled with her love, was a dignity, a decision that commanded our respect. Without this, the parental relation loses its influence, and sacrifices that attribute of authority with which it was invested by the Eternal.

Piety was taught us, by the example of our parents. We were early led to consider the morning and evening orison and the Sabbath, as periods in which we were invited to mingle our thoughts with angels ; and that he who was negligent or indifferent to them, forfeited one of the highest privileges of his nature.

Thus happy was our domestic govern-

ment. It mingled the pastoral and patriarchal features. I have never seen any system more favourable to individual improvement, and the order, harmony and prosperity of the whole.

But my dear boy, it is time for you to go to bed. How patiently you have listened to my long tale. Good night, and I say to you, as my grandmother did to me, be sure, that you have nothing to do with war, and that you live peaceably all the days of your life."

## WAR.

War is a wicked thing,  
It strews the earth with dead,  
And leaves the trampled battle-field  
With blood and carnage red,  
While thousand mangled forms  
In hopeless suffering bleed,  
And vultures and hyenas throng  
Upon their flesh to feed.

See with what bitter grief  
Those widowed ones deplore ;  
And children for their father mourn,  
Who must return no more.  
And aged parents sink  
In penury and despair,  
And sorrow dwells in many a home,—  
War makes the weeping there.



It comes with sins and woes,  
A dark and endless train,  
It fills the breast with murderous hate,  
Where christian love should reign ;  
It desolates the land  
With famine, death and flame,  
And those are in a sad mistake  
Who seek the warrior's fame.

Oh, may I guard my heart  
From every evil thing,  
From thoughts of anger and revenge,  
Whence wars and fighting spring :  
And may the plants of peace  
Grow up serene and fair,  
And mark me for a child of heaven,  
That I may enter there.

## WALKS IN CHILDHOOD.

THE years of my childhood past away, in humble and peaceful simplicity. I loved the shadow of high rocks, and the free musick of the brooks in summer. My heart was full of gladness, though it scarcely knew why. I made to myself a companionship among the beautiful and tuneful things of Nature,—and was happy all the day. But when evening darkened the landscape, I sat down mournfully. There was no brother, into whose hand I might put my own, and say, “Lead me forth to look at the sol-

emn stars,—and tell me of their names.” Sometimes, too, I wept in my bed,—because I had no sister, to lay her gentle head upon the same pillow.

Sometimes, at twilight, before the lamp was lighted,—there came up, out of my brotherless and sisterless bosom, what seemed to be a companion. I talked with it, and was comforted. I did not know that its name was *Thought*,—but I waited for it, and whatsoever it asked me,—I answered.

It questioned me of my knowledge. And I said,—I know where the first fresh violets of spring grow,—and how the sweet lilly of the vale comes forth from its broad, green sheath—and where the vine climbs to hide its purple grapes,

—and when the nut ripens in the forest, after autumn comes with its sparkling frost. I know how the Bee is nourished in Winter, by that essence of the flowers, which her industry embalms,—and I have learned to draw forth the kindness of the domestick animals,—and to know the names of the birds that build their houses in my father's trees.”

Then Thought inquired, “What knowledge hast thou of those who reason,—and have dominion over the things that God has created?” And I confessed,—“of my own race, save those who have nurtured me,—I know nothing.” I was troubled at my ignorance. So I went forth more widely,—and earnestly regarded what passed among men.

Once, I walked abroad, when the dews of the morning still lingered upon the grass, and the white lillies drooped their beautiful bells, as if shedding tears of joy. Nature breathed a perpetual song, into the hearts of her most silent children. But I looked towards those whose souls have the gift of reason, and are not born to die. I said if the spirit of joy is in the frail flower that flourishes but for a day,—and in the bird that bears to its nest a single crumb of bread,—and in the lamb that knows no friend but its mother,—how much purer must be their happiness, who are surrounded with good things as with a flowing river,—and whose knowledge need have no limit but

life,—and who know that though they seem to die,—it is to live forever.

Then I looked upon a group of children. They were unfed and untaught,—and clamored loudly with wayward tongues. I asked them why they went not to school with their companions, and they mocked at me.

I heard two who were once friends, speak harsh and violent words to each other, and turned away affrighted, at the blows they dealt. I saw a man with a bloated and fiery countenance. He seemed strong as the Oak among trees,—yet his steps were more unsteady, than those of the tottering babe. He fell heavily,—and I wondered that no hand was stretched out to raise him up.

I saw an open grave. A poor widow stood near it, with her little ones. Yet methought their own sufferings had set a deeper seal upon them, than sorrow for the dead.

Then I marvelled what it was, that made the father and mother not pity their children when they hungered, nor call them home, when they were in wickedness,—and the friends forget their early love,—and the strong man fall down senseless,—and the young die before his time. And a voice answered,—“*Intemperance* hath done these evils,—and there is mourning throughout the land because of this.”

So I returned sorrowing. And if God had given me a brother or a sister,—I

would have thrown my arms around their neck, and said,—“ Touch not your lips, I pray you, to the poison-cup,—but let us drink the pure water which God has blessed,—all the days of our lives.”

Again I went forth, and looked attentively on what was passing around. I met a beautiful boy weeping. I said, why dost thou mourn ?” And he replied, “ My father went to the wars,—and is dead. He will come back to me no more.”

I saw a woman, pale and weak with sorrow. The Sun shone upon her dwelling, and the woodbine climbed to its window, and blossomed sweetly. But she beheld not their brightness. For she was a widow. Her husband had



been slain in battle,—and there was joy for her no more.

I saw a hoary man. He sat by the wayside. His head rested upon his bosom. His garments were old,—and his flesh wasted away. Yet he asked not for charity. I said, “Why is thy heart heavy?” And he answered, “I had a son,—an only one. I toiled from his cradle, that he might be fed, and clothed, and taught wisdom. He grew up to bless me, and all my labor, weariness, and care were forgotten. I knew no want for he cherished me. But he left me, to be a soldier. He fell on the field of battle. Therefore mine eye runneth down with water,—because the comfort-

er who should relieve my soul “ must return no more.”

I said,—“ show me a field of battle,— that I may know what war means.”

And he said,—“ Thou art not able to bear the sight. But I will tell thee what I have seen, when the battle was done. A broad plain, covered with dead bodies, —and those who struggled in the pains of death. The trampled earth red with blood. Mangled bosoms sending forth dreadful groans,—and broken limbs vainly reaching for some supporting hand. Wounded horses in their agony rolling upon their riders,—and tearing with their hoofs the faces of the dying. And for every man that lay there slaughtered,—how bitter must be the mourn-

ing of the parents who reared him,—and of the young children who sat upon his knee. Yet this is but a part of the misery that War maketh among mankind.”

Then I said “Tell me no more, I beseech thee, of battle or of war,—for my heart is sick.”

But when I saw that the silver haired man raised his eyes and his hands upwards,—I kneeled down at his side. And he prayed, “Lord, keep this child from anger, and hatred, and ambition, which are the seeds of war,—and grant to all who take the name of Jesus Christ, peaceable and meek hearts, that shunning all deeds of strife, they may dwell at last in the country of unchanging peace,—even in heaven.”

Hastening to my home, I said earnestly to my mother,—“ Oh, shelter me, as I have been sheltered,—in solitude and in love. Bid me turn the wheel of industry,—or bring water from the fountain,—or tend the plants in the garden,—or feed a young bird and listen to its song,—but let me go forth no more,—to look upon the vices and miseries of man.”

## CHRISTMAS HYMN.

PEACE was the song that angels sung,  
When Jesus sought this vale of tears,  
And sweet their heavenly prelude rung  
To calm the watchful shepherd's fears.

WAR is the word that man hath spoke,  
Convuls'd by passions dark and dread,  
And pride enforced a lawless yoke  
Even where the Gospel's banner spread.

Peace was the prayer the Saviour breath'd,  
When from our world his steps withdrew,  
The gift he to his friends bequeath'd,  
With Calvary and the cross in view.

Dear Saviour!—with adoring love  
Our spirits take thy rich bequest,—  
The watchword of the host above,  
The passport to a realm of rest.

## A SHORT SERMON.

“From whence come wars and fightings?”—JAMES iv. 1.

You will perhaps say, they have been from the beginning. The history of every nation, tells of the shedding of blood. In the bible and other ancient records of man, we read of “wars and fightings,” ever since he was placed upon the earth.

Yet there have been always some to lament that the creatures whom God has made, should thus destroy each other. They have felt that human life was short enough, without its being made still shorter by violence. Among the most

warlike nations, there have been wise and reflecting minds, who felt that war was an evil, and deplored it as a judgment.

Rome was one of the most warlike nations of the ancient world. Yet three of her best Emperors gave their testimony against war,—and were most reluctant to engage in it. Adrian truly loved peace, and endeavoured to promote it. He saw that war was a foe to those arts and sciences, which cause nations to prosper. Titus Antoninus Pius, tried to live in peace with every one. He did all in his power to prevent war, and said he would “rather save the life of one citizen, than destroy a thousand enemies.” Marcus Aurelius considered war both

as a disgrace, and a calamity. When he was forced into it, his heart revolted.

Yet these were heathen emperors. They had never received the gospel, which breathes "peace and good will to man." The law of Moses did not forbid war. "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth," was the maxim of the Jewish people. But the law of Jesus Christ is a law of peace. "I say unto you, that ye resist not evil," were the words not only of his lips, but of his example. His command to his disciples was, "see that ye love one another."

The spirit of war, therefore, was not condemned by the Jewish law, or by the creeds of the heathen. But it is contrary to the spirit of the gospel.



Have you ever thought much, dear children, about the evil of war? how it destroys the lives of multitudes, and makes bitter mourning in families and nations? You are sorry when you see a friend suffering pain, or a lame man with a broken bone, or even a child with a cut finger. But after a battle, what gashes, and gaping wounds are seen, while the ground is red with the flowing blood and the dying in their agony are trampled under the feet of horses, or covered with heaps of dead bodies.

Think too of the poverty and distress that come upon many families, who have lost the friend whose labour provided them with bread, upon the mourning of grey-headed parents from whose fee-

ble limbs the prop is taken away ; upon the sorrow of wives for their slaughtered husbands, and the weeping of children, because their dear fathers must return to them no more.

All these evils, and many which there is not room to mention, come from a single battle. But in one war, there are often many battles. Towns are sometimes burned, and the aged and helpless destroyed. The mother and her innocent babes, perish in the flames of their own beloved homes.

It is very sad to think of the cruelty and bad passions, which war produces. Men, who have no cause to dislike each other, meet as deadly foes. They raise weapons of destruction, and exult to

hear the groans of death. Rulers, who make war, should remember the suffering and sin which it occasions, and how much more noble it is to save life than to destroy it.

Howard visited the prisons of Europe, and relieved the miseries of those who had no helper, and died with their blessings on his head. Buonaparte caused multitudes to be slain, and multitudes to mourn, and died like a chained lion upon a desolate island. Is not the fame of Howard better than that of Buonaparte?

The Friends, or Quakers as they are sometimes called, never go to war. The State of Pennsylvania was settled by them. William Penn its founder, pur-

chased it of the natives, and lived peaceably with them. In other colonies, there were wars with the Indians. But those men of peace, treated the sons of the forest, like brethren. They gathered around William Penn, and looking gratefully in his face, said "you are our father, we love you." Was not this more pleasing in the sight of heaven than the strife of the warrior?

If true glory belongs to those who do great good to mankind, then the glory of the warrior is a false glory. We should be careful how we admire it. I trust that none of you, my dear children, would willingly do harm to your fellow creatures.

Perhaps you will say that all wars have

not been sinful. All have not been equally so. But we will not employ our time with condemning those who have engaged in war. Our present inquiry is, how it may be prevented in future. Might not nations settle their differences without an appeal to arms? Might not their variances be healed, by the mediation of another nation, as a good man makes peace among his neighbours? Might not one christian ruler address those who were ready to contend, as the patriarch Abraham, did his angry kinsman, "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, for ye are brethren."

If there have been always wars from the beginning, there is no proof that there need be unto the end. The Bible

tells us of a happy period when there shall be war no more.

“From whence come wars and fightings among you?” The same inspired apostle, suggests a reply. “Come they not hence, even from your lusts, that war in your members?”

Unkind and quarrelsome dispositions seem to be the seeds of war. Beware then of contention among your companions, and of cruelty to animals. Use no offensive words, and when others disagree, strive to reconcile them. Repress in your hearts, every revengeful feeling. If any one has injured you, do not return the injury. For if war proceeds from unbridled passions, and restless ambition, the remedy should be applied to

the heart, where these evils have their birth.

Let the love of peace be planted and cherished in the heart of every little child. Then, will there not grow up a generation, to discourage war, and help to banish it from the earth ?

We read of a country where there is no war. Peace and love are in the bosoms of all its inhabitants. That country is heaven, and we hope to dwell there. Let us cultivate its spirit while on earth, or we shall not be fitted to go there when we die. The scorpion cannot abide in the nest of the turtle-dove. Neither can the haters of peace find a home in that blissful region.

And now, my dear children, take pains

to preserve good and gentle dispositions. Heal, as far as you can, every source of discord among your companions. To live peaceably with all, and persuade those who are unfriendly to be at peace, will make you serene and happy. You will be better prepared for the society of angels. You will have pursued an education for the kingdom of heaven.

No reward is promised in the Bible for those who have delighted in war; but our Saviour when on earth, said "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God."



## AGRICULTURE.

The hero hath his fame,  
'Tis blazoned on his tomb,  
But earth withholds her glad acclaim,  
And frowns in silent gloom :—  
His footsteps o'er her breast,  
Were like the Simoom's blast,  
And death's wild ravages attest  
Where'er his chariot past.

By him her harvests sank,  
Her famish'd flocks were slain,  
And from the fount where thousands drank  
Came gushing blood like rain,  
For him no mournful sigh  
From vale or grave shall swell,  
But flowers, exulting left their eye,  
Where the proud spoiler fell.

Behold yon peaceful bands,  
Who guide the glittering share,  
The quiet labour of whose hands  
Doth make Earth's bosom fair,  
From them the rich perfume  
From ripen'd fields doth flow  
They bid the desert-rose to bloom,  
The waste with plenty glow.

Ah, happier thus to prize  
The humble rural shade,  
And like our Father in the skies,  
Blest nature's work to aid,  
Than famine and despair  
Among mankind to spread,  
And earth, our mothers' curse to bear,  
Down to the silent dead.

## P E A C E .

Check at their fountain head,  
Oh Lord, the streams of strife,  
Nor let misguided man rejoice  
To take his brother's life.

Strike off the pomp and pride  
That deck the deeds of war,  
And in their gorgeous mantle hide  
The blood-stained conqueror.

To history's blazoned page,  
Touch the pure wand of truth,  
And bid its heroes stand unveiled  
Before the eye of youth.\*

By every fire-side press  
The gospel's peaceful claims,

Nor let a christian nation bless,  
What its meek Master blames.

So shall the seeds of hate,  
Be strangled in their birth,  
And Peace the angel of thy love,  
Rule o'er the enfranchised earth.



W Bailey Park

Eng

Frank Dechis

Miss Volona Broughton

