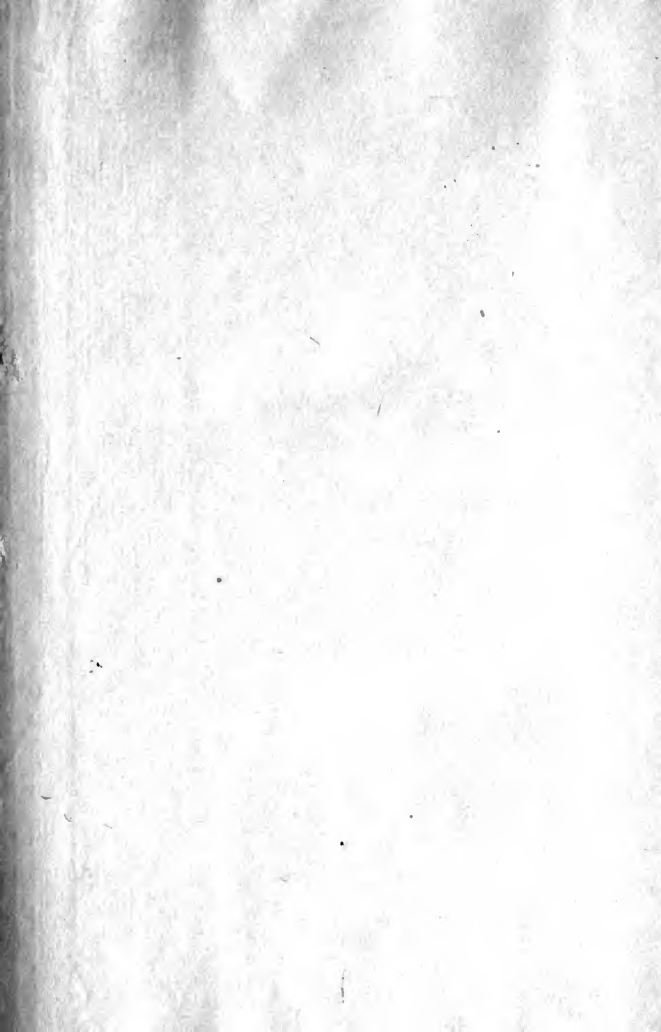




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1837











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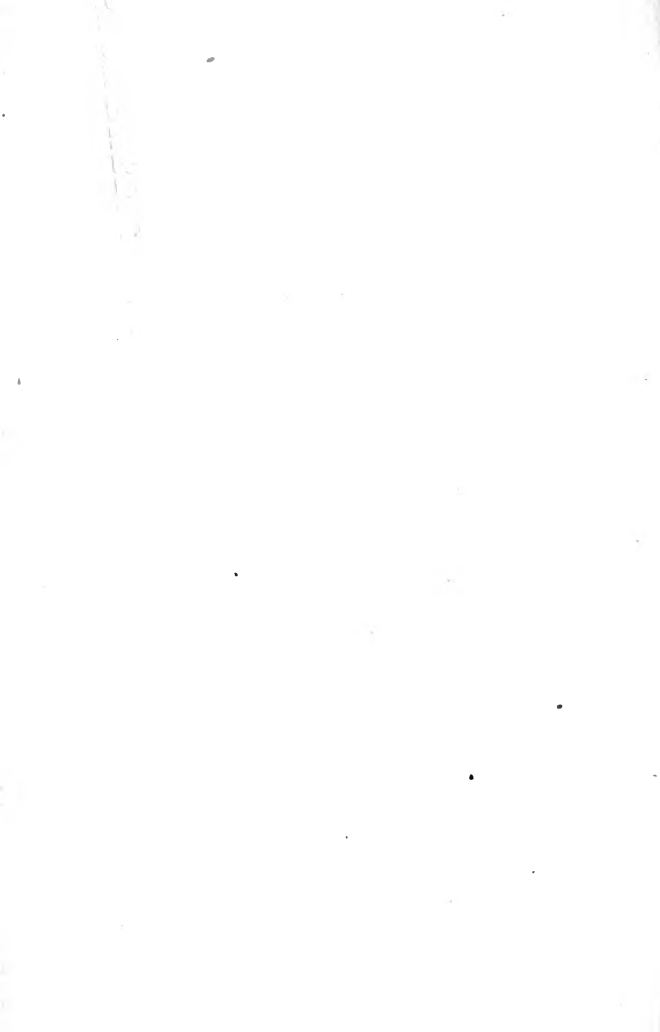
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1827.



THE
RELIGIOUS SOUVENIR

FOR

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1837

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EDITED BY

CHAUNCEY COLTON, D. D.

PRESIDENT OF BRISTOL COLLEGE, PENNSYLVANIA.

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PREFACE.

IN offering to the public the fifth volume of the **RELIGIOUS SOUVENIR**, the present Editor would do injustice to his feelings, were he to omit the expression of his sense of obligation for the favour, with which the volume of 1836, under his supervision, was received.

It has still been his endeavour to consecrate the pages of this work to the interests of Christian piety; and he trusts the variety and beauty, with which the lessons of truth are herein enforced, will not fail to attract many readers—who will “receive the truth in the love of it.”

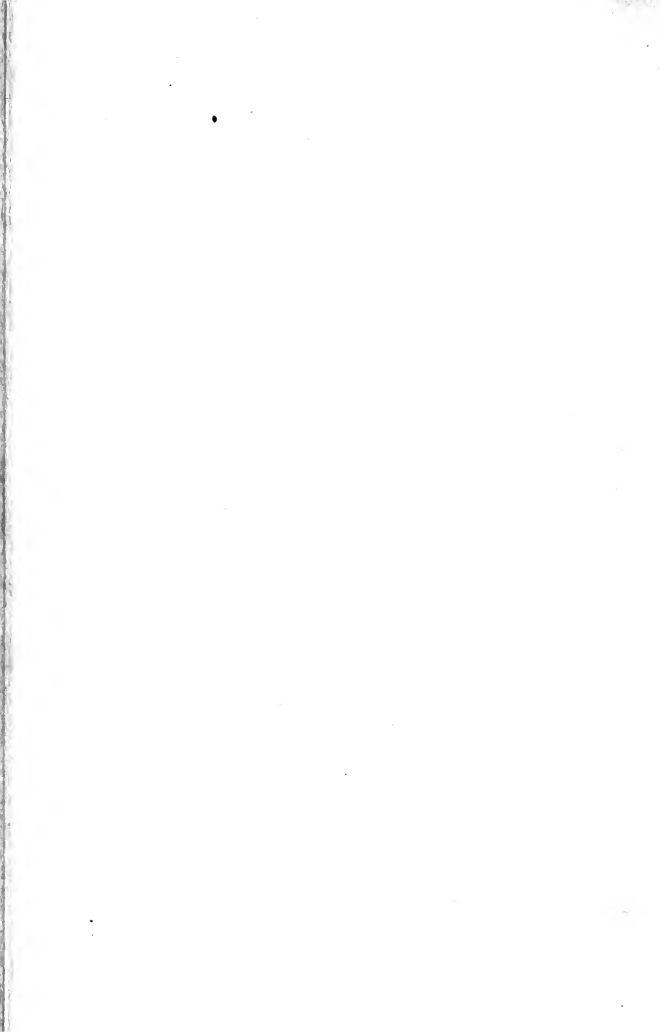
Great efforts have been made by the enterprising publishers to secure, for the illustrations of this volume, the choicest specimens of art; and it is confidently believed that both the matter and the illus-

trations will be found to reflect credit upon the contributors and artists, who have employed their talents to enrich and embellish the work.

BRISTOL COLLEGE, *July*, 1836.

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- I.—Frontispiece. Engraved by W. H. Ellis. Painted
by G. Wood.
- II.—Vignette. Engraved by George B. Ellis.
- III.—The Eleventh Hour. Engraved by R. W. Dodson.
Painted by E. Prentice. 51 *h*
- IV.—The Missionary's Daughter. Engraved by Thomas
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by J. Porter. 166 *h*
- VI.—Death Bed of Addison. Engraved by Oscar A. Law-
son. Painted by T. W. Reynolds. 213 *h*
- VII.—The Shipwrecked Sailor Boy. Engraved by Wm.
E. Tucker. 250 *h*
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THE CONFESSIONS OF A MISER; OR THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

“He that soweth iniquity shall reap vanity.”

My earliest recollections are those of poverty and sorrow. I saw my father wasting talents of the noblest order, in a constant struggle for a bare subsistence; and my mother, a gentle and delicate creature, who might have been the ornament of palaces, daily condemned to the merest drudgery of existence. The circumstances which led to such distress it is needless to recount. The childhood of my parents had been passed amid the most gorgeous scenes of wealth and luxury; but the birth of their only son found them “steeped in poverty to the very lips.” Is it any

wonder, then, that, to my infant mind, wealth should have seemed the greatest earthly good?

Children that are brought up in the midst of affluence, are like green house plants, they develop slowly, and require the constant care of the cultivator; but the children of the poor, reared amid privation and suffering, are like the hardy plants that find their nourishment in the crevices of the rock; they evolve rapidly, and perhaps partake too much of the nature of the indurated soil that fed them. I soon learned to look upon the world around me, with the eye of thought. He who is not too young to suffer, is old enough to reflect, and many a bitter hour have I spent in contrasting the degradation of my own lot with the splendour of others. The poor who have minds suited to their stations—they who have been poor from their earliest generation—are comparatively happy; their toil procures all that with them constitutes enjoyment; but, if there be an evil which exceeds all others in bitterness, it is poverty when it falls upon a refined and sensitive spirit.

My father died broken-hearted when I was about twelve years of age. A neighbouring lawyer, who accidentally became acquainted with our distress, took me into his house as a menial—yes—I do not

hesitate to confess it. I was charitably allowed to brush his boots and make his fires, while my mother obtained a miserable pittance by doing coarse sewing for the shops. The two sons of my master were older than myself, but I was not long in discovering how infinitely inferior they were in intellect. My father had laboured diligently to cultivate my mind, and the facility with which I acquired knowledge, was a solace to his pride, even while it added new stings to his poverty. I was, therefore, far more advanced in education than most boys of my age, and many a time, as I stood behind the chair of my young masters, obeying their capricious commands, have I been compelled to restrain the bitter sneer that rose to my lip, at their palpable ignorance. My boyish vanity soon induced me to make some display of my rare acquirements, and the consequence was, that I was often compelled to sit up half the night preparing the Latin exercises, for which my masters were to be applauded on the morrow. This was undoubtedly the worst thing that could have befallen me. Circumstances would otherwise have subdued my towering spirit, and reduced me to the level of my situation, but now a consciousness of my own superiority took entire possession of my mind. I felt that I was

born for better things, and while I cherished a boyish contempt for my youthful tyrants, I felt an innate certainty that the time would come, when from a superior station in society, I should look upon them as my inferiors in rank as well as intellect.

Such a state of things was, however, too unnatural to last long. A blow given by one of my young tormentors, and returned by the proud menial, led to a discovery of the peculiar services which were required of me. Mr. M., who was really a generous and liberal minded man, after carefully ascertaining the extent of my acquirements, removed me from my servile station, to the equally laborious, but more honorable situation of clerk in his office. I received no salary, but when my master found that my services would enable him to dispense with one of his hired assistants, he offered to give me instruction in his profession as an equivalent, and his offer was gladly accepted. Behold me, then, at the age of fifteen, copying deeds in a lawyer's office, wearing my master's cast-off clothes, pursuing my studies at moments stolen from sleep, yet cherishing as lofty dreams of ambition, as if I had been heir to the proudest name and largest fortune in the kingdom. My ambition was not for fame; proud as I was of

my mental superiority, I never desired to be distinguished for learning and talent—wealth was all I asked. My situation brought me into continual contact with wealth and rank, and little did the titled clients of my master think, that the poor clerk, who wrote out their cases, (often with a smile of contempt at their paltry subjects of litigation,) concealed beneath his shabby exterior, a spirit *destined*, because *determined*, to rise. “*Possunt quia posse videntur*” has ever been my motto. I believe that the mind of man, with its strangely complicated energies and lofty aspirations, is equal to any undertaking; and where the *will* is unfaltering, the power cannot be found wanting.

How vividly do I recollect all the occurrences of that period. Youth is generally a season of enjoyment; and, therefore, it is that, when we look back to it in later years, we can scarcely ever recall its details. We remember some events, perhaps, but how few are they in comparison with those we have forgotten. We recur to the season of youth with a feeling of vague and indistinct pleasure, for the footprints of joy leave too slight an impression upon the sandy desert of our hearts, not to be easily effaced by the next whirlwind of emotion.” But when our

early life has been unhappy, it is very different. When we grow up amid privation and suffering—when our souls are consumed by the fire of secret discontent even from our childhood—when we are daily compelled to endure the “proud one’s contumely,” and to have our best feelings trampled on by those, who, born without hearts themselves, can never learn that others may be less fortunate—when such have been the events that measured out our youth, we never forget them.

It happened one day that Mr. M. was unavoidably absent from the office, and several gentlemen were awaiting his return; so that in addition to the half dozen clerks usually found there, the apartment was occupied by a number of his clients. Among others I observed the Hon. George Fitzroy, and easily perceived from his manner that he was exceedingly impatient of the delay. I was at that moment busily engaged in finishing the papers which I knew he came to obtain. Wishing to spare him some unnecessary detention, I approached him, and in a low voice, said, “We have almost finished your papers, Sir, and if you will have the goodness to send in half an hour they will be ready.” Eyeing me with a look of ineffable scorn, and raising his voice so as to

be heard by every person in the room, he exclaimed, "We, Sir! We!—pray, who are *we*? my business is with Mr. M., not with a *hireling*." Maddened with passion my first impulse was to fell him to the earth, but my upraised arm was caught by a fellow clerk. The violence of my emotion was too great even for my robust frame; the blood gushed in a torrent from my mouth and I fell senseless at the feet of my insulter. I had broken one of the minor blood vessels, and for many weeks was unable to quit my room; but even there—in the solitude of a sick chamber—with death watching beside me—I vowed to be revenged. I never stretched out my hand to injure the scorner, yet my vow was gloriously fulfilled. Time, that slow but sure avenger, brought an opportunity that the utmost refinement of hatred could scarcely have anticipated. Fifteen years afterwards, when I was presiding with almost unlimited authority over one of the richest provinces in British India, the Hon. G. Fitzroy, beggared by his extravagance, and an outcast from his family, was occupying the humble station of my *under secretary*! Yes—I saved him from starving, and, until the day of his death, the proud fool received the wages of servitude from the hands of the lawyer's hireling.

Such were the insults and mortifications that goaded me almost to madness, and would have crushed me into an untimely grave, had I not been supported by the hope that my hour of triumph would come. That hour *did* come. I have lived to trample upon those who would have trodden me under foot—aye—and to be crushed too, even in the moment of success by a blow as unexpected as it was inevitable.

I was twenty-one years of age when an office of considerable trust and profit under government was bestowed upon my master. One of his sons was at first employed as his secretary, but it was soon discovered that young M. could only be saved from an ignominious dismissal by substituting me in his place. The appointment was accordingly transferred to me with a salary of three hundred pounds a year. Could the newly-fledged butterfly, as he lifts himself upon his golden wings far above the earth on which he so lately crawled, be endowed with human feelings, methinks he would feel as I did then. For the first time I was independent—nay more—I was rich—richer with that poor three hundred a year, than I have since been with an income of fifty thousand. Every thing, even our

own emotions must be appreciated by comparison, and certainly the man who, for the first time in his life, receives the means of a comfortable livelihood as the fruit of his own industry, is happier than he will ever be again, though he should in after life become the possessor of millions.

I was now enabled to rescue my mother from a life of toil, and never shall I forget the exquisite sensations which thrilled my heart, when I brought her from the miserable lodgings where she had wasted the best years of her life, to the plain, but comfortable abode which we were now to occupy together. From my infancy I had been accustomed to consider wealth the source of happiness, and now the *one* favour, which I had received from the hands of fortune, had been the means of procuring me the sweetest pleasure which the heart of man is capable of enjoying. Is it any wonder, then, that I still determined to pursue the career of wealth? Every thing served to keep alive the love of gold in my heart. My new situation threw me constantly in the way of that peculiar class of men, whose every look is indicative of moneyed importance—whose very complexion seems saturated with gold dust—I mean the East India merchants. I soon learned that the short-

est possible road to wealth was to be found in India, and there I determined to seek it.

All my leisure time was now devoted to the study of the various Indian dialects. An old merchant who had resided many years in the country, offered to assist me, and no doubt was as much gratified to find a ready listener to his marvellous tales, as I was to obtain a capable guide in the new path which seemed opening before me. He was a man of very singular character. Possessing a mind of wonderful energy, he would have distinguished himself in any profession to which he had applied himself, but he had been early devoted to a business life, and, repugnant as it was to his elegant taste, he soon learned to adapt himself to circumstances, and forgot that he had ever had a wish beyond his counting-room. It happened with him, as it doubtless does with many others: compelled to sacrifice his first hopes, he devoted all his energies to the work that he was called to perform, and as a man of ardent temperament can never be *médiocre* in any thing, he soon became as eager in the pursuit of wealth, as he might otherwise have been in the acquisition of fame. He was now an old man and money was every thing to him. To pile guinea upon guinea was his only pleasure, and

no sooner did he learn the similarity of my feelings, than I became his chief favourite.

His house had, however, another attraction for me. His only surviving relative was an orphan niece, whom since his return from India, he had taken home as his adopted daughter. Young, beautiful, and artless as a child, Emily Halford appeared to me like a creature of another sphere. It is true I had scarcely looked upon a woman when I first beheld her, but even now, after the lapse of so many years, when so many visions of youth, and beauty, and mental loveliness, are bright in my recollection, there is still no form like hers. Mr. Halford early perceived my attachment. "You love my niece," said he; "I am not surprised; she is a charming girl, and I would rather bestow her on a man like yourself, who, born poor, possess the capacity of making a fortune, than on the heir of a princely estate, if the follies and extravagances of modern education were a part of the inheritance. The husband of my niece will be the heir of my fortune, but not until he shall have merited it; my gold is the fruit of industry, and it shall never go to enrich the idle." Alive only to the consciousness that I was permitted to win the affections of Emily, I was ut-

terly regardless of the old man's last words. Alas! I remembered them bitterly enough soon after.

I should have loved Emily if she had been friendless and destitute. There was a graceful and womanly tenderness in her manner, which to me was irresistible. Sordidness and selfishness have ever characterised my dealings with men, but never have I forgotten my almost chivalrous veneration for the pure and noble nature of woman. After a brief interval we were married, and as it had been arranged that Emily should still reside with her uncle, a very material change immediately took place in my mode of life. Had I hoped to derive any pecuniary advantages, however, I should have been much disappointed: a set of pearl ornaments was Mr. Halford's only marriage gift. I was now apparently on the very pinnacle of good fortune. Living, if not in the midst of the refinements of rank, at least, surrounded by all the magnificence of opulence, who would ever have recognised in the happy husband of the beautiful heiress, the ragged and squalid serving boy? Emily was devotedly attached to me, and there was something inexpressibly delightful in the consciousness, that among the cold and selfish beings who made up my world, one heart was

found to love me with a deep and disinterested affection.

Our happiness was first interrupted about a year after our marriage by the illness of my sweet wife. The sudden death of our infant boy, who lived just long enough to awaken a mother's tenderness in her bosom, seriously affected her health, and she was just recovering from a long fit of sickness, when we were called to mourn the death of her eccentric, but kind old uncle. He had been talking cheerfully with us all the evening, smoked several pipes of his rose-scented Turkish tobacco, drank his usual quantity of old Madeira, and the next morning was found lying cold and stiff in bed, apparently in the very posture in which he had composed himself to sleep. We mourned for him with a genuine sorrow, for singular as were his habits, no man possessed a kinder heart; and if that heart had been contracted by trafficking with his fellow men, and his naturally fine intellect subjected to the iron bondage of selfish avarice, it was the fault of those who chained to the galley of commerce a spirit that might else have aspired to the loftiest realms of undiscovered truth.

But the worst of our misfortunes was yet to come. Mr. Halford had frequently thrown out hints of his

intention to procure for me a situation in India, and, although I expected of course to benefit by his wealth in future, I was still desirous to push my own fortunes. It was doubtless a fear lest the possession of immediate wealth, should induce me to relax in my habits of industry, that induced him to make so singular a will. Upon examining his papers, three several copies of his will were found in different, but equally secure places, as if he was resolved to guard against all contingencies. After a few trifling legacies to old domestics, he bequeathed the whole of his fortune to me, but with this singular proviso—the whole of the property, including landed estate, stocks, furniture, plate, &c., was given in trust to his executors, to be paid into my hands, as soon as I should give satisfactory proof that I was the possessor of fifty thousand pounds, acquired by my own exertions. In case of my death before the requisite sum was obtained, a certain portion was allotted to my wife, and the remainder appropriated to the endowment of several charitable institutions.

Thus I found myself the heir to a magnificent fortune, but at the same time with no other means of providing for my family than the salary which I received from my secretaryship. Irritated as I was

by this absurd bequest, my anger knew no bounds when I found that even the house we occupied, with its furniture and plate, was to be sold, and the proceeds added to that already overgrown fortune, which was not to be mine until I should be able to do without it. I was compelled to remove to my former abode, still occupied by my mother; but I entered it as if it had been a prison. The fetters which luxury weaves about us are like the bonds with which the Lilliputians confined the sleeping Gulliver; separately, each might be broken by the turning of a finger; it is the vast number of invisible chains fastened upon us by the factitious indulgences of wealth that renders us powerless beneath them. Little more than two years before, I had tasted in these humble apartments the first sweet draught from fortune's cup, and now when her overflowing chalice seemed offered to my lips, only to be withdrawn ere I could quaff one drop, my impatient spirit was almost maddened by the disappointment. My poor Emily used every effort to reconcile me to my situation. Though her life had been passed amid all the comforts of affluence, and mine amid all the evils of poverty, yet she cheerfully relinquished the luxurious habits which to her were a second nature, while I could not

reconcile myself to their loss, though I had scarcely yet learned to enjoy them. Unwilling to pain her gentle nature, I endeavoured to appear contented; but only those who can fully enter into my passionate desire for wealth could understand with what loathing I looked upon my present mean condition. From the time I left Mr. Halford's house I never enjoyed a single repast. The rich damask—the massive silver dinner service—the splendid china, which alone had cost more than the whole of my present income—all had vanished from my table, and I was weak enough to feel their loss as severely as if they had been as essential as the food to which they were the accompaniments.

I was soon to be punished for my folly. The death of Mr. M., my first patron, deprived me of my only dependance, the salary which I received as his secretary. Judge then of my situation. I had taken up all the arrears of my salary, in order to furnish anew my humble habitation for the reception of my wife, and I now found myself absolutely penniless. Even now my blood boils at the recollection of that period. In vain I sought for employment; the very eagerness with which I desired it seemed to prejudice those who might otherwise have engaged my

services, for in nine cases out of ten, the wealthy consider poverty so great a temptation to dishonesty, that they can seldom bring themselves to confide in the integrity of a poor man. The conditions of Mr. Halford's will were also prejudicial to my character, for the mass of mankind are always ready to attribute the worst motives and causes to that which seems incomprehensible. Day after day my affairs became more desperate, until at length it was only by the sale of our useless furniture and my wife's ornaments, that we were preserved from starvation. I knew that Mr. Halford had applied for a situation for me in the service of the East India Company, but no answer had been returned to his application; and, rendered half mad by the rapid diminution of our little stock of money, I resolved to apply to one of the executors of Mr. Halford's estate. He was a stern, hard featured man, who had begun life as a cabin-boy on board a man of war, and having weathered many a stiff gale, he had no idea of any distress beyond that which the animal frame might suffer. He listened with the utmost coolness to my impassioned appeal, and calmly replied, that as the estate had been given to him in trust, he was not at liberty to dispose of it. "But my wife—my mother,

are starving!" I exclaimed; "give me only a hundred pounds for present necessities." "Impossible, young man," was his reply; "your chances of obtaining the estate are very trifling, and it is my duty to fulfil the wishes of the testator. An industrious man never need have a starving family; there are plenty of employments for those who choose to seek them. I cannot dispose of the funds of my late friend; but as you seem to be in distress, here is a sum which will relieve you for the present. You need not consider it a loan; you will probably never be able to repay it." So saying, he handed me a bank bill for five pounds. I need not say how indignantly I spurned his insulting charity, and dashing the bill in his face hurried from the house.

Cursing, in a paroxysm of rage, the fool who had given me a fortune in expectancy, only to render more bitter my present misery, I hastened home. What a scene there presented itself. My landlord had been, during my absence, to demand his rent; his harsh and unfeeling violence terrified my helpless family, and I entered the house only to look upon the dead body of my second infant, and to behold my wife in strong convulsions. The fearful strength of my agony produced the same effect that

excessive rage had done in earlier life, and again a ruptured blood-vessel stretched me upon a bed of sickness. Many weary weeks passed before I was again conscious of surrounding objects. The agitation of my feelings brought on a fever, which spent its strength upon my brain, and during the paroxysms of my delirium I was continually raving about my dying Emily. How great was my delight when the first object on which my eye rested, with a glance of recognition, was my wife—pale, indeed, and languid, but evidently restored to health.

When she believed my strength equal to the agitation which she knew the tidings would occasion, she gave into my hands a letter received some weeks before. It contained my appointment to a clerkship in India. How gladly it was accepted I need not say; but as some time had elapsed since its date, I was compelled to arouse all my energies to prepare for my immediate departure. By pledging my anticipated salary I raised money enough to pay off my debts; and, having settled my mother in a comfortable abode, Emily and myself bade adieu to England.

Again were all my expectations awakened. India, that Eldorado of my imagination, was before me, and my present elevation of spirit was more than

equal to my recent despair. Who can wonder at my thirst for gold? From my childhood want had been my constant companion. I had seen all that I held most dear—father, mother, wife—suffering from poverty; and now, as if it were decreed that the demon of avarice should take full possession of me, a princely fortune was held out as the reward of my old age, solely upon the condition that I devoted the best years of my life to the acquisition of wealth. I had prayed for riches—aye, prayed with that bitterness of spirit which turns the language of supplication into blasphemy. My prayer was answered:—

*Evertere domos totas optantibus ipsis
Di faciles:—*

The fatigues of a sea voyage were extremely harassing to my poor Emily, already enfeebled by sickness and anxiety; but to me, every day added new vigour, because every setting sun found me nearer to the goal of all my hopes. Upon my arrival in India I found my situation a very subordinate one, but I cheerfully entered upon its duties, feeling assured that the advantages of an intimate knowledge of many Indian dialects, and a thorough acquaintance with English law, would soon render me of

essential service to my superiors in office. I was not disappointed. A question relative to some obscure point of law, and which involved considerable property, became the subject of discussion in the office where I was employed. The opinion which I ventured to give differed very materially from that of several lawyers then present; but an appeal to the highest authority decided the question in my favour. From that time my reputation was established, and I was allowed to do the duties of my office by deputy, while my time was devoted to the more important and far more lucrative duties of a special pleader.

To crown my desires, I had not been long in India when I became the father of a living son. I cannot describe the sensations that overwhelmed me when I gazed on the delicate features of my infant boy. What a picture did my imagination portray of his future life! "He shall never dream," thought I, "of poverty—his life shall be like a fairy tale—all the luxuries of wealth shall surround him from his cradle; and if I am compelled to wear my soul out in toil, my boy shall inherit a fortune which even the princes of his native land might envy." I seemed now to have a new motive for exertion. The sum which Mr. Halford's will required me to obtain,

seemed trifling compared with the magnificent desires that had now arisen in my heart, and I resolved to make a fortune equal to that which had been bequeathed to me, and then bestow both upon my son.

But the joy of a father could not render me insensible to the anxiety of a husband; and the pallid cheek of my beloved wife soon gave occasion to my most earnest fears for her safety. Day after day her step became more languid, her form more attenuated, and I soon became fatally convinced that she was withering beneath the baleful influence of the climate. In vain I implored her to return to her native land; gentle and yielding in every thing else, she was resolute in her determination to remain with me. "It is useless," was her reply; "before we left England the germ of death was planted in my bosom; my return could only prolong my life a few short months, and so brief a respite would be too dearly purchased by a separation from you. If I could regain health and strength—if my native air could enable me to live long enough to watch over the infancy of our sweet boy, I would go; but it may not be—my days are numbered—let me then enjoy the few that are left me—let me still share your tenderness, and look upon your face until my eyes shall

close for ever." The most stony heart would ache for me if I could adequately describe the agony of my feelings during the few short weeks that she remained with me. I have suffered the most violent paroxysms of grief—I have been crushed beneath the weight of accumulated afflictions, but never, save that once, have I known the awful stagnation of feeling with which man looks upon the dying features of her whom he has loved with almost idolatrous affection. It was a sort of catalepsy of the heart—life was there, but the *active principle* of life seemed extinct for ever. In less than six months after the birth of my boy he was motherless, and I, desolate!

I have often wondered at the singular, and, as it almost seems, unlimited faculty of endurance which belongs to the complicated nature of man. Evils which, when seen at a distance, seem capable of crushing him to the earth, when they actually fall upon him scarcely turn him from his path. He bends beneath the storm, and then rises up and pursues his way as if unscathed. But alas! who has not learned the poet's bitter truth?

"The heart may break, yet brokenly live on."

The tempest bursts upon our heads—the whirlwind

of passionate emotion sweeps away all those vague dreams which, in lesser afflictions, had been our solace—our hearts are buried beneath the ruins of hope's stately fabric, and for a time we believe ourselves the victims of utter despair. But days pass on—time familiarises us with grief—it becomes our daily companion, and we learn to bear its unwelcome society with patience. The smile revisits the lip, the eye again looks forward into the future; hope rears once more her fairy structure in our hearts, and to common eyes all is again "fair seeming." Like the ivied ruin, the desolation of our hearts is hidden by the new pleasures which are daily budding in the sunlight of the world, and even while we sicken at the recollection of departed joy we yield ourselves up to the delusion of coming happiness. But never can our spirit's thirst be thus quenched. Still must we struggle, still toil on in search of the well-spring in the desert, and we shall find it only in that hour when the desires of our mortal nature are merged in the newly awakened powers of immortality.

Soon after the death of Emily, my anxious fears led me to imagine that my son, too, was drooping beneath the sultry sky of India, and I determined to

send him to England, there to be nurtured under the watchful eye of my mother. His nurse, the widow of a British soldier, gladly consented to return to her native land, and with a heavy heart I entrusted him to the faithful creature, promising an extravagant reward if she gave him safe into the hands of my mother. I knew no rest, day nor night, until I heard of his arrival. My mother wrote that his health was very precarious; but, once assured that he was in England, I would not allow myself to doubt of his future welfare.

Hitherto my life has been characterised by sorrow, but never by guilt. My father had imparted to me his own strict integrity; and with him it was not enough to act towards his neighbour only as the law prescribed; there was a tribunal in his own bosom that taught him to abide by the dictates of equity and justice. In the midst of the most abject poverty I had learned the noblest lessons of high-toned honour. In my day of want and humiliation I never forgot them—in my hour of prosperity they vanished from my remembrance. My integrity was built upon the sand of *worldly* honour, and not upon the rock of Christian morality; what marvel, then, that it could not withstand the secret sapping of the *besetting sin*?

The incidents of my life in India are such as I could not relate without a feeling of degradation, such as I would not willingly endure. Let me not be misunderstood. I never have committed an action which, at a human tribunal, could condemn me. If we should judge of wrong according to the interpretation of the law, then I have never wronged my neighbour—but alas! my conscience bears fearful testimony against me. It is a trite remark, that the criminal who dies in the hands of the hangman, is often less guilty, if judged by the laws of equity, than many of the jury who condemned him. The poor wretch steals to save himself from famishing—the miser cheats to add to his daily increasing hoard. The former breaks the laws of the land, and is punished; the latter *only* violates the law of equity, and is safe. Let a man have sufficient cunning to overreach his neighbour, without overstepping the boundaries of legal right, and he will, in all probability, be honoured for the very price of his guilt. Such is the state of society: we ask not whence the wealth was derived—it is enough that the jewelled hand presses ours in cordial kindness—our vanity is flattered, and conscience slumbers on her post.

My desire for gold became an absolute passion.

My fondness for ostentation would not allow me to live parsimoniously; but he who does not scruple to avail himself of every means, cannot fail to become rich in India; and although my establishment abounded in all those expensive luxuries so essential in a voluptuous climate, the stream of wealth was for me rapid and abundant. My salary was moderate, but my perquisites (for such I considered the exactions which my knowledge of their dialects enabled me to wring out of the rich natives,) were enormous, and to these were added the great profits of my law business. Skilled in all the thousand subtleties of the law, I was celebrated for the adroitness with which I could make "the worse appear the better cause;" and it may be supposed, that in a country proverbial for its habits of litigation, I was never without employment. He who had an unjust cause to support could generally afford to pay the largest fee, and I was therefore the champion of injustice, from the time I first commenced my career as a pleader, until, laden with wealth, and wearied with subtleties, I renounced the bar for ever.

I heard frequently from England, and though my mother's letters were always desponding, yet I attributed this to her habitual melancholy, especially as

she never designated any particular with which my son suffered. The world would think me a madman if I were to relate my wild and extravagant dreams respecting that idolized though almost unknown boy. Determined that he should be surrounded from infancy by all the superfluities of wealth, I had given orders to my banker in London to purchase for me a splendid country residence, as soon as opportunity offered. He soon informed me that he had procured one of those fine old baronial castles which are the glory of the English villages. It had been fitted up in a style of great magnificence, and the peculiar fancy of the proprietor had led him to furnish it in the antique taste; but his debts having exiled him to France, he gladly disposed of it for little more than half its cost. I immediately wrote to my mother to take possession of her new abode, and to provide a household suited to its splendour. Such was my foolish vanity. I wished that my son should be reared, not only in wealth, but in the midst of what might seem hereditary magnificence. In this happy republic, where I have spent the last few years of my miserable life, such a feeling could scarcely be understood. Here, the man who has been the architect of his own fortunes, is entitled to as much

consideration as if his genealogical tree had been the growth of centuries; but in England it is very different. There the *parvenu* is a sort of pariah. Fortunately for my pride, I belonged to an ancient though not a noble family, and I wished that my son should never learn the abyss of want and woe which had yawned between its past respectability and its present opulence.

Years passed away. I continued to accumulate wealth with almost unexampled rapidity; there was not the slightest interruption in the current of my prosperity; and the only source of anxiety now was the health of my son. Yet I was far from being happy. Harassed by avarice, that most tormenting of passions, I knew no enjoyment save the accumulation of wealth. At first, my heart rebelled against the tyranny with which I subjected all its affections to that one passion. The charms of female society were almost irresistible. I felt, though the loss of my Emily was irreparable, I might yet find some shadow of happiness with a gentle and affectionate companion; but the idea was suppressed ere it scarce suggested itself. Never, thought I, shall another child call me father, or claim from me a portion of the heritage destined for the son of my Emily.

Such was the strange, the almost frenzied folly with which I devoted myself to the attainment of the one object—the accumulation of wealth for the son whom I had scarcely seen, and whose weak health, I was assured, rendered his life very precarious. In fact, my mother's letters became more and more unsatisfactory. She sometimes spoke of his improved health, but there was a tone of despondency pervading all her letters for which I could not account. My questions respecting his education were either evaded or answered in such a vague manner that I received no information. I determined, therefore, to wind up my concerns and return to England; but notwithstanding my desire to see my boy, that rapacity which perpetually urged me to add a little more to my hoard, delayed my departure until nearly fifteen years had elapsed since I consigned him to another's care. At length I tore myself from my favourite pursuit, and followed by the curses, "not loud, but deep," of all with whom I had had dealings, I quitted India. My wealth trebled the sum for which I had originally toiled, and my heart yearned with unutterable tenderness towards the object for whom I had so fondly laboured.

After a tedious voyage I was once more in sight

of my native land. I would not apprise my mother of my arrival, because I wished to appear unexpectedly before her, and thus to assure myself, if possible, that she had conformed to my wishes regarding my child. How exulting were my feelings as I once more trod my native soil. I had left it a beggar—I returned with a fortune that might support regal magnificence; but alas! a moment's reflection taught me that I had been rich in the treasures of the affections, when I last looked upon its shore, and that now I was all but beggared in heart. My first care was to demand my fortune from Mr. Halford's executor. How the creature stared when I showed him the testimonials of my overgrown wealth. He was mean enough to attempt an apology for his former conduct, but with cool contempt I directed him to place his papers in the hands of my agent, and to communicate with me, if necessary, through him.

Stopping only a few hours in London, I bent my course with all possible speed to the village of S—, the residence of my mother and son. With what unutterable fondness did I yearn to look upon the object of my long suppressed affection. He was now sixteen, and I pictured to myself the graceful stateli-

ness of figure, the open brow, the frank manliness of demeanour which characterise a well educated boy of that age. By the time I arrived at S—, imagination had portrayed his lineament so minutely that I felt assured I should know him at a single glance, and every passing equipage, every distant wayfarer was examined with anxious curiosity, lest I should accidentally pass my son unrecognised. It was a bright and balmy afternoon in June when I reached the little village. Leaving my carriage and servants at the inn, I walked alone towards the stately building whose antique turrets had greeted my eyes at some miles' distance. As I entered the extensive park I paused to look upon the lovely scene. The mellow light of the declining sun gave redoubled richness to the soft green sward, and flung the shadows of the ancient oaks in lengthened lines across the lawn. Peacocks, with plumage glittering like the jewelled turban of an Eastern Rajah, were stalking majestically beneath the branches, and from afar came the cawing of a rookery, a sound dearer to an Englishman than all the music of Italy, because always connected with ideas of family antiquity. My heart beat quick when I reflected that all these evidences of an ancient and princely heritage had

surrounded the childhood of my son—the son of the serving boy—of the lawyer's hireling. Yes, I felt prouder at that moment of having been the founder of my own fortunes than if I had actually inherited that noble castle with all its appanages. Like Napoleon, when he proudly answered the vain attempt of the Austrian Emperor to prove him descended from an ancient line of princes—"No, I have no claim to hereditary distinction—I am the Rodolph of my race."

As I approached the house, I heard a soft low voice, singing what appeared to be fragments of a legendary ballad. The sound proceeded from a small pavilion wreathed with ivy and honeysuckle, which stood in a little thicket on one side of the lawn. Advancing towards it I caught a glimpse of a face of almost infantile beauty; but my approach had been discovered, for the singer, uttering a faint cry, darted through an opening on the opposite side and disappeared. A quantity of flowers, a flageolet, and a half finished wreath lay on the ground. Who could it be? Probably some young friend whom my mother had taken as a companion: and immediately a thousand ideas of childish partialities and foolish attachments alarmed my sensitive pride. A splendid alliance

for my son—a connection with the highest attainable rank, had long been my favourite day-dream, and secretly fretting at the folly of exposing him at so immature an age to female influence, I walked towards the house. Sending a servant to request my mother's presence, but without announcing my name, I seated myself in a beautiful apartment, which opened into a conservatory, filled with the choicest flowers. In a few minutes she entered. Time had made sad ravages in her once beautiful person; and yet, while contemplating the change in *her*, I was foolish enough to be surprised and pained when I found that she did not recognise me. When I left her she had just begun to tread the down-hill path of life; she had now apparently travelled to the very verge of the grave; was it surprising, then, that her dimmed eye should have failed to recognise the son who had left her in the vigour of early manhood, and who now returned with the furrowed brow of premature age. I had believed that habitual melancholy had so blunted her sensibilities, that I might safely venture to appear before her without preparation; I was greatly astonished, therefore, at her excessive emotion when I made myself known to her. "My son—my son!" exclaimed I, before she found words to

address me; "where is my boy? is he well?"—"Well," she faltered, "but—" "But what?—speak! has any thing befallen him?" Looking into my face, with an expression I never shall forget, she uttered a few broken words, but suddenly paused. The casement near which we stood was darkened for an instant, and a slender child-like figure sprang through. It was the person I had seen in the pavilion;—the face was that of my lost Emily—I gazed more intently—powers of Heaven!—it was the face of a beautiful idiot! The truth burst upon me like a thunderbolt—my boy—the heir to all the fruit of my protracted toil, was an idiot!

For the third time I was visited by that dreadful prostration of all my powers, which had twice before brought me to the brink of the grave. My brain reeled—my eyes swam—all the blood in my body seemed rushing with torrent-like fury to my head, and bursting with irrepressible violence from every possible vent. The next moment I lay senseless at the feet of my ill-judging mother, and my unhappy son.

For many weeks I was confined to a bed of sickness. A sort of stupor fell upon me; I was conscious of what was passing around me, but I had not the

power of making known my consciousness, and my eyes, too, were totally darkened, so that I could not distinguish between day and night. My mother nursed me with the tenderest care, and there was often a light step around my bed, and a hand of feminine softness upon my brow, which I knew must be the step and hand of my son. Words cannot describe the sensations that thrilled me when I felt him near me. The love which I had so long hoarded up in my heart—the horror which I felt at finding that treasured love had been lavished upon an idiot—the sudden and awful overthrow of all my ambitious hopes—the sickening recollection of my ill-gotten, and now useless, wealth—all united to awaken emotions which made my very soul quiver beneath his gentle touch. At times I heard his sweet voice warbling, in some distant corner of my apartment, snatches of old ballads, or wild melodies, for which he framed words as he sung—words wild and incoherent, but full of gentle and tender feeling. Had he been a stranger, my soul would have yearned towards the helpless and interesting boy; but the destruction of my own proud hopes was too present with me, and my heart grew faint as I listened to his flute-like tones.

At length I was once more enabled to leave my couch, but my eyes were still darkened; the violence of my disease had spent its strength upon my sight; and it was a matter of doubt with my physicians whether I would ever recover that inestimable gift. I was, however, able to leave my room, and, led by my mother, or some attendant, began to take short walks about the lawn. I soon found that my boy's light step was generally beside me. His naturally tender disposition enabled him readily to learn the lesson of affection which my mother taught him during my illness; and, as he gradually overcame his timidity, I often felt his soft hand in mine, as he gently urged me towards some favourite retreat. Strange as it may seem, it was with the utmost difficulty I could endure his presence. A vague horror thrilled my frame whenever he approached me, and it required all my self-command to conceal it. It was long before I could summon resolution to inquire why this dreadful affliction had not been made known to me. The child's health was such during infancy as to preclude any hope of prolonged life. Several years of course elapsed before they could accurately ascertain his unhappy situation, and when at length suspicion became certainty, the belief that the delicacy

of his constitution had assuredly destined him to early death, prevented my mother from afflicting me with the tidings of his mental imbecility. She at first trusted that the death which continually menaced him, might spare me the pain of learning his distressing situation; and when, at last, she found that his improved health rendered it necessary that I should be made acquainted with the truth, she shrunk from the painful task, and deferred it from day to day, as if the blow would be lighter from being so long suspended. I did not blame her; the mischief could not now be repaired. What might have been my situation, had I known the truth, it was vain now to imagine. Now all was lost—the infirmities of premature age were upon me—I was a wretched wornout man—the widowed father of an idiot boy—the heirless possessor of incalculable wealth.

Slowly my sight returned to me, and then did I learn to love my helpless son. His face was the face of his sweet mother; the liquid blue eye—the rosy lip—the transparent complexion—all were hers—even to the delicately moulded hand and foot. Such a face in a picture would have seemed the portrait of a beautiful female. The prevailing expression

was pensiveness, and it was only in moments of glee, when chasing the butterfly, or snatching at the honey-bee, that his vacant look of imbecile mirth transformed his beautiful countenance into that of a gibbering idiot. Had he died then, methinks my punishment would have been sufficiently severe; but an all-wise Providence had decreed that he should be the innocent instrument of torture to my guilty spirit. Think what must have been the anguish with which I looked on him, surrounded by all those useless luxuries with which my vanity had encompassed him. To see him wandering, with vacant look, through the painted halls and marble staircases, or seated at a table loaded with rich plate and costly dainties, but with infantile helplessness, receiving every mouthful from the hands of an attendant. No one can imagine the passionate pleasure which I once felt in thus lavishing upon him all the superfluities of wealth, and no one can form an idea, therefore, how all these trifling circumstances added to the bitterness of my punishment.

Yet he was one of the purest and gentlest creatures that ever dwelt on this dark earth. Guileless, as at the hour of his birth, he seemed to have inherited, with his mother's beauty, all her meekness and tender-

ness. Many a time have I looked upon him, as he was walking beside me, with downcast eye and pensive brow, and almost deemed it impossible that so rich a casket should be destitute of the precious gem of intellect. Many a time has a faint hope dawned in my heart that it might not be irrecoverably lost, when a sudden bound after a passing butterfly, or a leap into the thicket after a flower, would chase all expression from his countenance, and he would return with the blank smile or meaningless gravity of hopeless idiocy.

He lived long enough to knit my heart to him with a tender and strange affection; and then, as the finishing stroke of punishment, he fell beneath the long suspended dart of death.

About a fortnight before his decease he accidentally discovered the miniature of his mother, which I always wore about my neck; uttering a wild cry of joy, he snapped asunder the ribbon to which it was suspended, and, tying it to his own neck, refused to relinquish it. When I endeavoured to ascertain his meaning, I learned from his wild rhapsodies that, night after night, such a form visited his dreams. "She comes to me," said he, "and kisses me, and points to the stars, and when she leaves me she

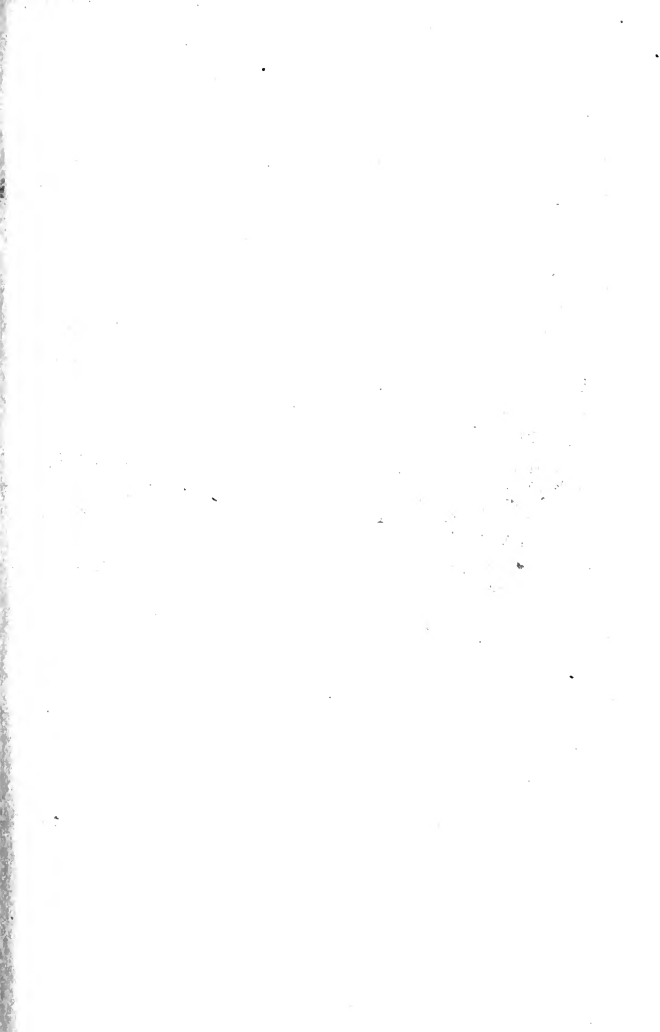
beckons me to go with her—and oh! I do so long to go.” This little incident deeply affected me. I allowed him to keep the picture, and hour after hour he would sit gazing on his treasure.

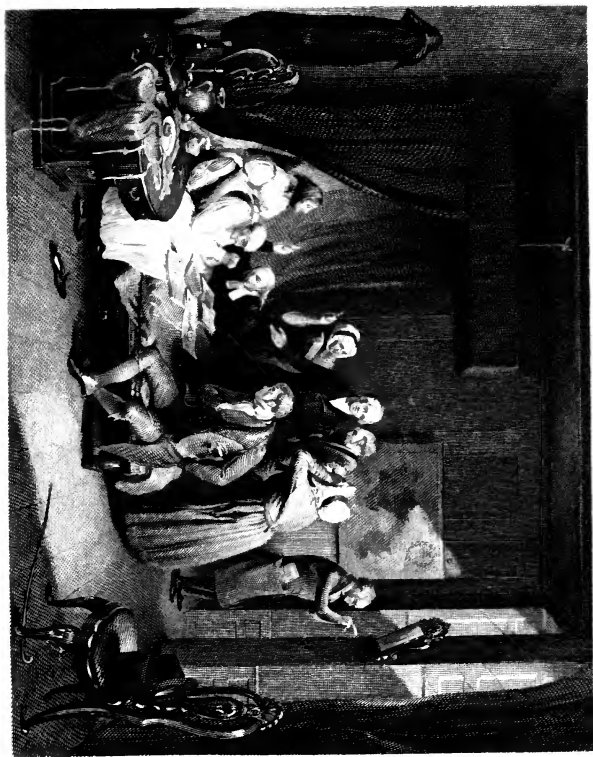
He died even as a rose falls from its stem. No sickness, no fevered pulse, no glazing eye, gave token of his approaching dissolution. We were seated one evening in the large window which looked out upon the lawn, when suddenly I recollected that it was his birthday. Just seventeen years before, I had been transported with delight by the tidings that I was a father. My emotions overpowered me, and covering my face with my hands, I gave free vent to my tears. I felt his arm upon my neck, and his soft lip upon my forehead, but still I stirred not. At length he stretched himself at my feet, and laid his head on my knee, as he was wont to do when overpowered with slumber. I removed my hands from my face, and looked on him; his cheek was paler than usual, but his eyes were closed in such deep repose that I scarcely breathed lest I should disturb him. Suddenly he raised his hand, and, without opening his eyes, pointed to the star which was just rising in the heavens: “She is there,” murmured he. With a strange feeling of mingled awe and tenderness I

gazed intently upon his face—such a change came over it as only one fearful hand can make—my idiot boy was dead!

Little more remains to be told. I left my country, never to return. I have been a restless wanderer—have visited every land, and made myself familiar with every nation. My sympathies have become, at length, like those of the devotee, whose heart is turned to stone in the very attitude of kneeling in passionate worship before his idol.—O, God! what is left for me on the bed of death?—I defer even to that gloomy and cheerless hour, “THE ELEVENTH HOUR” of my probation—the appropriate work of a life.—Let the appalling confessions of that hour be the sequel of my story.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.





THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

BY W. B. TAPPAN.

WAS it, that I shunned repose,
Sat up late, and early rose,
Eat the bread of carefulness,
And denied my soul each good
With which Heaven is wont to bless—
In my raiment, in my food,
In my labours, in my pleasures,
Studying to increase my treasures,
Stranger unto pleasant mirth,
Stranger unto all that earth
Deems most innocent, that I
Must o'er disappointment sigh?
Why did boundless Fancy wander—
Why did halcyon Hope beyond her

Go, in hourly dreams of gold ?
Was it that I might be sold
Unto keen remorse—the sting,
Never dying, of the heart,
In which Grace hath never part!
Far beyond the enchanting cup
Which gay Pleasure mixes up—
Far beyond Ambition's bliss
Purchased from a world like this,
By the lost in folly's whirl,
Who for baubles gives the pearl
Of the never-sated spirit—
Yes, beyond all, to inherit
Bliss, I thought was surely mine,
When I knelt at Mammon's shrine,
And with still mysterious stealth
Gazed upon the heaped up wealth—
Gloated on the golden pile
With a stern and secret smile.
Mighty were my schemings; then
Was I mightiest of men.—
Promising my morning, soon
Came a cloud, and at my noon
Fate was in conspiracy
To shroud o'er my evening sky.

Quickly was I called away
From these visions of delight,
To behold their dire decay,
To behold the winter's blight
Seizing on my blossom;—God!
Thou didst hold an angry rod.
Well I knew thy power was such,
Joy comes springing at thy touch;
Well I knew thou couldst destroy,
When I saw my *smitten boy!*
Hovering o'er my dying bed
Ghosts of murdered moments stand;
Every soothing angel fled
Who will chase the hateful band!
Thou that minist'rest to care,
Temporal, canst thou hush despair?
Thou that heal'st the body's pain,
Canst thou charm back peace again?
Thou, that holy text doth bring,
Canst thou stop the spirit's wing!
All that can the soul concern,
Of that onward, dread eterne—
All that can harass, alarm,
All that may death's sting disarm,

All that God to man hath given
Of the unrevealed heaven ;
All of earth's deceiving schemes,
All that realises dreams
Of infernal horror—all
Of that unnamed, bitter thrall—
Memory wakened, conscience smarting,
All that waits the mind, departing
Unto Mind's appalling doom,
To its ever living tomb,—
All of wasted life that 's past,
All the future, at the last
Gathering in a fearful might,
All of everlasting night,
All of tortured body's ill,
All of unsubdued will,
All that was and is to be,
All of vast eternity,
With an overwhelming power,
Crowded in the ELEVENTH HOUR !

FAITH.

Now FAITH is the substance of things hoped for; the evidence
of things not seen.

HEB. xi. 1.

Have FAITH, 't will raise thy soul above
 The fleeting joys of earth,
 To scenes of sweet, unclouded love,
 And things of glorious birth.
 'T will waft thee on its eagle wing,
 Afar—thy sins forgiven—
 Where loud the echoing anthems ring,
 From angel harps in HEAVEN.

'T will wipe away the gathering tear,
 And whisper words of peace;
 'T will sooth the spirit sorrowing here—
 The burdened conscience ease.

'Twill beam in rays upon the soul,
More bright than stars of even,
From skies where clouds can never roll—
FAITH is the light of HEAVEN!

'T will bind a wreath of beauty round
The calm unruffled brow.
Rich flowers the joyous heart hath found,
Where living waters flow.—
Have FAITH; 't will guide the trembling bark
Of life, when tempest driven,
O'er angry waves—through surges dark,
To peaceful shores in HEAVEN.

There, robed in white, before the throne
Of God, the spirit kneels;
And sings for aye, the grace divine,
That blood-bought pardon seals.
There bliss immortal ever reigns,
Nor friendship's bonds are riven.
O! sweet the flower that decks those plains;
The rose of love in HEAVEN.

E.

THE LAST SUPPER.

BY P. H. E.

There stands the messenger of truth: there stands
The legate of the skies! His theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the gospel whispers peace.

COWPER.

I WAS a traveller from the far south. I had left my home withered and scorched by the fervours of a tropical sun. The cotton plantations were, indeed, spread out in all their bridal beauty; their full pods bursting with the soft and snowy produce, and mingling with the vivid green and pale yellow of the buds and blossoms. But it was too dazzling for the eye to rest upon with pleasure.

E

As I journeyed northward, the earth assumed a softer and more refreshing aspect; but when I entered New England, I seemed to have been transplanted into another world. Every thing was fresh and green, and luxuriant: the landscape was full of beauty—the sweet psalms of David were in my heart, and on my lips, at every turn. “Thou visitest the earth and blessest it. Thou makest it soft with the drops of rain, and the little hills rejoice on every side.”

I journeyed on, and entered that part of Vermont which lies between the Green Mountains and Lake Champlain. It is a country rich in magnificent and varied scenery. On one hand, you may see a beautiful lawn, stretching out in its amplitude, carpeted with the soft and velvet grass, and interspersed by embowering elms, which droop their graceful branches as if to embrace and protect it from the mid-day sun. On the other, is a beautiful grove, where the queen of the fairies might erect her throne, and hold her sylvan court. Before you, the bright waters, in innumerable streams, come dancing, and sporting, and leaping; now crossing your path, and now retreating, and then, mingling their forces, stretch themselves out into winding rivers and lovely lakes, and rest

among the peaceful valleys. All around, and far above you, set fast by the Almighty hand, are the everlasting mountains—now stretching in one vast wall, pinnacled in clouds, and reminding you of the defence which the Lord casts about his people; and now, broken and upreared in solitude, like

“Lovers who have parted
In hate, whose frowning depths so intervene
That they can meet no more, though broken hearted.”

Here, so near as to frown upon you in dark and stern defiance, like a castled fortress; and there, receding into the blue distance, and looking faint and shadowy, as if they belonged to a spirit land. And far, in the fore-ground, are the mirrored waters of Lake Champlain unrolled before you, from south to north, in all her varied beauty of island, creek, and bay, in broad and beautiful expanse.

It was now the second month of autumn; and during the little season that I had been lingering about this region, fascinated by its loveliness, Nature, as if conscious of her worshipper, and in the very spirit of coquetry, had assumed a new character. She had doffed her vestments of green, and fancifully clothed herself in all the brilliant and diversified colours of the rainbow; and now sat, gorgeously appalled,

like a queen upon the throne of the universe. The whole world seemed transformed into a garden, as if Flora had emptied the treasures of her greenhouse upon this favoured region, and the very mountain tops appeared bursting into life and beauty, with the congregated flowers of every clime.

The sun was throwing his setting beams upon this splendid garniture, gilding the clouds with a glory I had never seen equalled; and painting upon the opposite heavens the delicate colours of the mountain rose, as I wound my solitary way along the picturesque banks of a winding stream, which reflected back, in softened loveliness, the fascinating and novel landscape. My mind was irresistibly drawn to the contemplation of Him who had wrought these wonders. From the chambers of the north He had brought His mystic wand; had waved it during the secrecy and silence of the night, and transformed the green earth into this mimic garden, spreading above it a magnificent and gilded canopy.

It was the close of the week. The ensuing Lord's day I intended to spend with relatives, who resided in this vicinity, and gave my horse the spur, that I might be with them before night-fall.

I found them in sorrow; and it was a sorrow of

no ordinary character. It was connected with their religion; which seemed, not like a garment, to be put on and off, at pleasure, but as it ever should, a vital part of their existence. And it was religion, as she is embodied in the church of Christ, which is her home—where alone she can exist in all her purity and loveliness. As the Lord has divided the inhabitants of the earth into families—and such as are born into a family, constitute it, in the strict sense of the term—so Christ has ordained a church, to designate His children. For them, if loving and obedient, are His gracious promises; for them is His bright inheritance. They are truly “members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones.”

How intimate and endearing the connection! As surely as the head sympathises, when any part of our frail system suffers pain, so Christ, the living Head, participates in every sorrow of His church. “In all their afflictions He is afflicted, and the angel of His presence cheers them.” And as the sweet principle of sympathy, like an electric chain, binds together the hopes and the joys, the sorrows and the sentiments of a household, connected by the ties of consanguinity, so that if one member feels, all the members feel with it; so should the holy principle

of love cement and knit together the individual members of the great family of Christ, whatever difference may exist in outward trappings; and we should learn to "rejoice with those that do rejoice, and weep with those who weep."

In the present instance, all the members of this branch of Christ's church were alike sharers in the suffering. Their pastor, their visible head and shepherd, who had instructed their ignorance, soothed them in sorrow, counselled them in doubt, prayed with them in temptation, encouraged them in weakness, strengthened them upon the bed of languishing; upon whose voice they had hung, as the words of life fell commissioned from his lips—this dear pastor was about to take his leave of them for ever.

They had banded together, few in number, but warm in heart, in a land where the community had grown up in ignorance of the ordinances of the Gospel. They had struggled on, for a season, amidst prejudice, opposition, and poverty; and had just succeeded, by the aid of the liberal, in rearing a temple to Him who had purchased them with his own blood. The solemn and sublime office of consecration had set it apart as a holy place, amid songs of praise, from hearts that beat high with gratitude and hope; and the

ceremonies of the altar were administered by a pastor beloved, who was enshrined in their hearts by every claim of purity of life, and holiness of doctrine.

But the voice of joy was in a short period changed to that of mourning. Their pastor was called to leave the endearments of his small and devoted people, for a field esteemed larger, and of higher consequence. The church, the depository of Christ's ordinances, for which they had toiled and prayed, was to be closed for an indefinite season; her sacred altars, where together her children had knelt, and wept, and loved, were to be deserted; and the few, faint, and feeble members of His family were to be scattered, and wander in strange pastures. For this did the people mourn; for this sorrow had taken hold upon them—the church was in bitterness; “her tears were on her cheeks, and there was none to comfort her.”

My aunt, with all her good sense, and Christian charity, was almost disposed to blame this servant of the Lord, for his willingness to leave a people so needy, and so devoted. But I could perceive, when she came to sum up the whole matter, that it was “more in sorrow than in anger.”

“It is a field, Edward,” she said, earnestly appeal-

ing to my judgment and sympathies, "more than large enough to call in requisition all his energies, and all his time. We are an infant church, which has just struggled into life amidst a tide of hostility and prejudice, with most of the wealth, and influence, and talent of the town arrayed against us. He has made himself known and beloved; and there are those who join us from personal attachment to our minister. If he departs, they will abandon us; and our strength, which is but weakness, will be diminished. And oh! if you knew how faithfully, and tenderly, and successfully his prayers and counsel sustained and encouraged your poor uncle, in his last trying illness, and how they have consoled and strengthened us in our bereavement, you would regret as we do."

"I had trusted," said an old lady, the mother of my aunt, who had listened in weeping silence, "that his kind and soothing voice, uttering the precious promises of the gospel, would confirm my faith, and animate my hope, when I shall be called to die, and perchance fear and trembling have taken hold upon me, and that his holy prayers would commend my spirit to the God who gave it."

And my sweet cousin Mary, whose soul had been

first led, through his instrumentality, to drink in the blessedness and the joys which are bound up in the promises and love of God, participated deeply in the sorrow.

The Sabbath morn arose in its holy stillness; and earth, in this quiet valley, appeared to harmonise with the heavenly season. The hum of the world, with its baneful and unholy passions, seemed shut out by the enclosing mountains. The waves lay passive beneath the glorious sun; the winds had found a cradle in the branches of the trees, and slept so profoundly, that you could not observe their breathing; the clouds were reposing in the sweet chambers of the south; man had retired to his closet, and shut his door; and universal nature seemed to pause, in imitation of Him who had this day rested from his labours. I could not but admire the beauty and wisdom of that ordinance, which had power to hush the busy world into such perfect peace; to save man, for a brief season, from the contaminating influence of earthly passions, and permit him to be alone with his Maker.

“It is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own.”

The sound of the "church-going bell" fell upon the ear like an affectionate invitation to assemble at our Father's house, and gather up the bounty which is there so richly stored, and kindly proffered to all, without partiality and without distinction. Although in a land of strangers, this Father's watchful care had still followed me, still made provision for my constant comfort; and he permitted me to draw, without limit, upon the resources which his grace allowed.

The solemn services of the liturgy, always impressive and delightful, to-day seemed invested with new dignity, and touched with new pathos. The people had come together humbled and subdued under the visitation of God; but the grief that was ready to burst forth was chastened and kept in check by the holiness of the place, and the recollection that God was there to strengthen, to sanctify, and to save.

The affecting and comprehensive supplications of the litany, embracing every want with so much sweetness and simplicity, never appeared to me so precisely accommodated to our fallen nature. And when we came to that most touching and beautiful petition—"Defend and provide for the fatherless children and widows," the clear and responsive

voices of my aunt and cousin faltered, and paused in the solemn service: but the inaudible prayer was breathed in the deep recesses of their souls, and registered at the mercy-seat of heaven.

Sweet and delightful was the thought, that although widely separated from my dearest friends, before the throne of God our spirits were mingling; and our thoughts and very words would be in unison, while we joined the fervent cry which went up to God, from millions of voices in every part of the Christian world, for these—the widow and the fatherless.

The voice of prayer, and the sacred notes of the organ were hushed—when the preacher rose. It was not the same who had conducted the solemn services. His slight and attenuated form, his pale visage, touched by an expression of patient resignation, and confiding love, and the hope and devotion which beamed from his soft blue eye, and irradiated his whole countenance, stamped him as a messenger sent from God; as one who had almost executed his high commission, and was about to lay it at the feet of Him who would seal it up, to reopen it among the records of eternity.

He named his text—"He that hath an ear let him hear what the spirit saith unto the churches; to him

that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it." His voice was strong and clear, and musical. I listened as though an angel spoke to me.

With the most perfect gracefulness and benignity of manner, combined with tenderness and persuasiveness of language, the preacher entered upon his subject. It was full of interest and beauty. His illustration of that part of the text referring to the white stone, was chaste and poetical, and fraught with delightful associations to the Christian spirit. He supposed it had reference to a custom among the Greeks and Romans; and also to be found among the early Christians. Persons desirous of forming a friendship, took a white stone, and having engraved thereon the names of the parties, or any word upon which they had mutually agreed, they broke the stone, dividing the names or word asunder, and a half was kept by each party, as a constant memorial of their friendship. This friendship was considered inviolable; extending, not only to the parties, but also to their posterity; and the exhibition of its memorial always insured protection and hospitality,

from him who possessed its counterpart. The contract thus formed, could only be annulled by an open act of disavowal, and the breaking in pieces of the token or pledge, which had been mutually given and received.

“Now the meaning of the passage,” said he, “is this: To him that overcometh, Christ has proffered an intimate and peculiar friendship. This is implied in the promise, ‘I will give unto him a white stone.’ It is no *small* thing to receive the friendship of the great, and wise, and holy of the earth; but to be permitted to form an alliance with One who is higher than kings and potentates, than angels and archangels, and to feel the influence of that friendship, in its plenitude of power and consolation, at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances, is almost too much for human frailty to believe. But such is the happiness we are permitted to aspire to. And the pledge, or token, given us by Christ, is His indwelling Spirit. ‘The Spirit beareth witness with our spirits that we are—what? I read it—the new name—Children of God.’

“A grand and interesting subject,” he added, “is opened by this elucidation. It shows the amazing love and condescending goodness of our Saviour.

Earthly friendship has been one of the sweetest themes of poetry and song, but it is fading and evanescent. It often estranges the heart from higher and holier affections, and leaves it in sadness and bereavement. But here is a friendship which need fear neither excess nor disappointment. It may employ all the capacities of our immortal souls, and will be as lasting as eternity.

“It is proffered, however, only to him who]overcometh. This presupposes enemies, trials, and temptations: it also presupposes victory. Overcometh—what? the devil and his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, the sinful desires of the flesh, every hope of salvation, except that which grows out of a penitent heart and an obedient life, resulting from faith in the Son of God, the Saviour of the world.

“And remember,” continued the preacher, “ye who have listened this morning to the promise, that unless ye have fought against these enemies, and unless by grace ye have conquered, to you this promise comes not; for you is there no hidden manna; for you no white stone as the pledge of friendship; no new name as the earnest of eternal life. Who, who among this assembly are the friends of Jesus? Who have made with Him this special contract?”

“Brethren, I wish you had the patience, and I the time and strength to carry out this subject. It demands angelic fervour, and a harp tuned to the melody of heaven. The friendship of Jesus—the friendship of Jesus, promised to the conquering Christian, for time and for eternity. Oh look ye to the day of judgment. On that throne sits the omnipotent Saviour. Where are his friends? They press around Him. The white stone—the white stone—who has it? Jesus, the judge, has in his hand the corresponding part. He compares it with those of his friends. Every counterfeit will be detected; and for those who are impostors there will be mourning—mourning—at the bar of judgment. But his friends—his friends will be gathered together. He will own the contract, and while they shout grace—grace unto Almighty God, he will say, ‘Come ye blessed, ye are mine; this day I make up my jewels; this day my temple is finished; enter ye in.’ Songs of praises burst on the air, and the portals of the city which hath foundations, are opened. Here is disclosed to the conqueror the sustaining manna, the prize, the glory, the crown. The vision has passed—but on the page of God I will read the promise to the conqueror. ‘To him that cometh,’” &c.

He paused—the congregation were spell-bound. Every head was bent forward in the attitude of delighted attention. All had been fascinated by the speaker's singular eloquence. There was no vehemence, no impassioned declamation; it was the charm of grace, of purity, of beauty, of truth. It was the eloquence of feeling, without passion; of earnestness, without impetuosity. The preacher realised that his days were almost numbered; that he was on the borders of eternity. Its hidden secrets seemed to be partially unveiled before him; and he spoke with a solemnity borrowed from their portentous meaning. Thus were we prepared for the next most affecting and sacred service—the celebration of our Redeemer's dying love, in the Last Supper.

The offerings of the soul ascended in broken and trembling confessions unto God. Every spirit seemed stricken, and bowed before Him; and when the anthem burst forth to laud and magnify the glorious name of Jesus, holy, holy, thrice holy, rose and swelled within the consecrated temple—then died away, in inaudible feeling, to be caught and echoed throughout the celestial courts by "angel, and archangel, and all the company of heaven," until the song of praise rose harmoniously from the burning lip of

cherubim and seraphim before the throne of the Most High, and filled the realms of upper space with its undying music.

The prayer of consecration had been said, the oblation offered, and the blessing of God invoked upon His holy sacrament—the ministers of the altar had received the consecrated symbols, when the people, in unbroken silence, pressed forward to obey the affecting injunction of our Lord, and eat and drink in remembrance of His dying love. The altar was surrounded by kneeling worshippers. The gray headed sire and youthful maiden, the rich and the poor, the learned and the illiterate, were promiscuously bowed together at the table of Him who “hath no respect of persons.”

A solemn pause followed the devout assemblage. The minister of God strove to speak, but his spirit was oppressed. Before him were collected his beloved people, whose hearts were knit to his by the most holy and endearing ties, which could not, and ought not, to be lightly severed. How often had their tears and prayers mingled together! How often had he entered into the secret chambers of their souls, to comfort, to instruct, to strengthen them; to apply the remedies of God's promises and admoni-

tions wherever they were needed; to bind the broken heart, and to reclaim the wandering. But he was now to leave them; and to leave them alone, unaided by ministerial succour. His voice broke forth in accents hoarse from suppressed emotion.

“My beloved people, it is the last time that I shall appear before you as your minister. It is emphatically ‘the Last Supper’ which you will ever receive at my hands. ‘I have been with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling. I have not sought yours, but you; and God is my witness how greatly I long after you all in the bowels of Jesus Christ.’ Remember, that for five years I have been among you, warning every one of you, by day and by night, even with tears.

“And now I am about to yield up my stewardship, and the record of my ministry among you is to be sealed up for eternity. I leave you. We may meet no more, until we meet before the Judge of all the earth. But oh! as you value your immortal souls, ‘take good heed to the gospel which has been preached among you’, that in the last great day of Christ, your pastor may joy and rejoice *with you all*, that he has not laboured in vain. ‘For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that

he would grant you according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man; that Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge.' I leave you. May the great and good Shepherd, in His infinite mercy, feed my sheep—feed my lambs."

A burst of grief checked his farther utterance. He bowed himself upon his knees before the altar, and wept aloud—and one universal voice of weeping pervaded the assembled multitude.

It was long before the sobs were stifled, and the tears dried. But the calm and soothing spirit of devotion put forth its influence, and the rites proceeded, and were closed, amid the most touching, but subdued, manifestations of love and grief.

Then nature proclaimed itself. The heart would have vent. The pastor of his people was detained by one, and another, to administer the last blessing, or to receive the last farewell.

One had retired alone, as if feeling too intensely to hazard the expression of it before the multitude. She had been lately widowed; and the loss of her

spiritual guide seemed like a second bereavement. No word was uttered. He took her hands in silence between his—breathed over them his fervent, inarticulate petition, while the big tears rolled over his agonised face, and left her to the consolations of the widow's God.

Another form interrupted his lingering step. It was a youthful disciple, whom he was about to leave exposed to the blandishments of the world, and the treachery of her own heart. It was one of the "lambs" for whom he had prayed so fervently; and he trusted the good Shepherd would "lead her by living fountains of waters," would carry her "in His arms and fold her in His bosom."

Another, and another, stopped his progress; and again the convulsive sigh was heard, and the agonised farewell was uttered. Even I, who was a stranger, could ill endure the spectacle. I hurried from the house of God. It was long before my aunt and sweet cousin followed with tardy steps. The scene required no comment. It was no time for words.

The issue had informed me which was their pastor; but as soon as decorum warranted, I said to my cousin;

“Excuse me, if I seem abrupt, but I feel as if I had heard an angel preach to day.”

Years have since passed away, and this holy man has indeed become like unto an angel. But I seem still to see his winning and graceful manner; and to hear his musical distinct enunciation, exhorting—

“He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches.”

MORNING AND EVENING.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and of the evening
to rejoice. DAVID.

The outgoings of sweet morn—the curling mist,
That spreads its white wings to the heavens away,
The wakening blossoms, by the blithe bee kiss'd,
The hill-top kindling to the King of Day;
Spire after spire doth drink the genial ray,
The rocks, that in their rifted holds abide,
Look darkly forth, with heads for ever gray,
While the clear stream shines out in joyous pride,
Wearing its tissued robe of silver, like a bride.

Light to the earth!—the sparkling cup she quaffs,
And thousand voices hail the nectar'd draught,

The leaping lamb beside its mother laughs;
Up soars the lark, with fitful music fraught;
An untaught song doth wrap the infant's thought,
As out amid the flowery thyme it creeps;
The voice of rills doth soothe the lonely grot,
While the hoarse Sea, whose anthem never sleeps,
Reverberates God's praise through all its sounding
deeps.

Morn to the watcher, by the sick man's bed,
The lingering clock doth strike the welcome hour,
And he the sweet air breathes with buoyant tread;
The prison'd bird sings forth from lady's bower;
The swain, forgetful that the skies may lower,
Doth sweep the shorn grass with his scythe amain;
And merry voices, strong in childhood's power,
Wake the shrill echoes of the village plain;
And Toil comes forth refresh'd, and Age is young
again.

The outgoings of mild eve—the folded rose,
Soft slumber settling on the lily's bell;
The forest bending to its deep repose,
While restless winds no more its murmurs swell;

The stars forth coming from their secret cell,
Their silent night-watch o'er the world to keep;
And then the regal moon attended well,
Who o'er the glittering arch of heaven doth sweep,
Offering to Nature's king her incense still and
deep.

The soothing eve how sweet, he best can say,
Who, sickening at the city's smoke and noise,
And selfish arts that Mammon's votaries sway,
Hastes to his home, to claim its simple joys;
While, climbing on his knee, his ruddy boys
Wake that deep thrill which all his care repays;
And fondly hasting from its baby-toys,
The tottering daughter meets a father's gaze,
And gives that angel smile, which o'er his slumber
plays.

She, too, who wins her bread, by tasks severe,
And from her cottage door at morn must go,
Lest want should wring her hungering children's
tear;
How hails her heart the sun declining low!
Love nerves the step that weary toil made slow,
As through the trees her lowly roof she spies;

Forgotten all her lot of scorn and wo
When to her arms the eager nursling flies,
And, clinging round her neck, doth close its placid
eyes.

See, from their work releas'd, the weary team
Unharness'd, joying o'er their fragrant food;
And, fearless of the hawk's marauding scream,
The farm-yard mother lulls her helpless brood;
Rest to the curtain'd earth, and teeming flood,
Whose scaly monsters check their boisterous play;
Rest to the tenants of the warbling wood,
While Nature, surfeit with the summer-day,
Kneels grateful by her couch, and pours the vesper
lay.

HARTFORD, CONN., 1836.

TIME.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

We are but of yesterday, and know nothing, because our days
upon earth are but a shadow.

JOB, viii. 9.

ROLL on—roll on—unfathomable ocean,
On whose dark surface years are but as waves
Bearing us onward with resistless motion,
Till in some deep abyss we find our graves ;
While scarce a bubble breaks to mark the spot
Where sunk the bark that bore a mortal's lot.

What myriad heaps of countless wealth have lain
Entombed for centuries beneath thy tide!
Ruins of empires—kingdoms reared in vain—
Temples and palaces—man's faith and pride :

Trophies of times, when things of mortal birth
Amid their fellows walked, like gods on earth.

What is the lore of ages?—wrecks upthrown,
Torn fragments of the wealth thou hast despoiled,
Records of nations to our race unknown,
Men who like us once lived and joyed and toiled;
Yet whom as *men* we know not, for their *kings*
Alone flit by us—dim and shadowy things.

And what is science but a beacon-light
Revolving ever in the same small round,
Shedding upon the waves a lustre bright,
Yet scarcely seen beyond its narrow bound?
While, o'er the trackless waste, its shifting ray
Too often leads the voyager astray.

What is philosophy? a chart ill traced,
An antique map drawn by Conjecture's skill,
Where many a fair Utopia has graced
The vacant canvass which Truth could not fill;
Like vain researches for the fount of youth
Must be man's quest for speculative truth.

Vainly, oh Time, we seek thy mystic source,
We hope—believe—but nothing can we know;

And still more vainly would we trace thy course,
And learn what shore receives thy ebb and flow:
We know it is Eternity—what then?
What is Eternity to finite men?

Our faculties all cabin'd, cribb'd, confined,
We bear earth's soil upon our spirit's wings,
And but by sensual images the mind
Such abstract fancies to its vision brings;
Not all a Newton's energy could teach
Our fettered souls infinitude to reach.

Years multiplied by years till feeble thought
Grows dizzy—lost in calculation's maze:
Such are our vague imaginings—we've sought
Eternity and found but length of days.
Not till we lay aside this weight of clay,
Can our dim sight bear truth's refulgent ray.

Ocean of Time! thy tiniest wavelet bears
To fatal wreck some richly laden bark:
Oh! but for that bright star in heaven which wears
A brighter glory when the storm grows dark,
But for the star of Bethlehem, how should we
Direct our course o'er thy tempestuous sea?

THE PAINTER'S LAST TOUCH.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

"I HAVE it now," said Ricardo de Vitori, breaking from the abstraction in which he had reached the threshold of his small, shadowy apartment, "yes, I have it! I know just what is wanting on the lip and eye, to give the expression I have so long sought to impart!" and, closing this short soliloquy, he entered and closed the door, shutting out every thing that breathed, but his own wasted person; and all beside, that bore the human form, except what was portrayed on the canvass stretched upon the easel, to which he advanced and seated himself before it.

This was a beautiful Madonna, with the infant Jesus, over which the painter had worked many a wearisome day, and studied during the silence of many a darksome night, to bring it to perfection. It had

made him forget his food and lose his slumber, till he had grown thin and pale; and he had, this morning, arisen from a sleepless pillow, and come, fasting, to transfer from the image in his mind, the last touches to his picture, before they should be effaced by any rude brush from the world without.

The babe, that lay asleep on the mother's lap, with its little head slightly raised upon her arm, and reclining against her bosom, was done—finished so exactly to the wish of the artist, that he could not find a place where he might set the pencil which had thus completed it, without hurting the beautifully rounded limb, marring the expression of some feature, or spoiling the life-like hue and delicate texture of the fair skin, beneath whose half transparent surface, he almost imagined he could perceive the vital streams in motion.

Ricardo sat some time with the brush up, in his hand, surveying the picture, as if too much lost in admiration of the child, to proceed to finish his beau ideal of the mother. But at length he drew near, and gave cautiously, to the mouth of the Madonna, a few strokes of the pencil; which, being done, made him involuntarily half incline his cheek and ear to feel and hear if, by the power of some sudden inspiration,

unknown to himself, he had imparted to it the breath of life. He raised the brush to the eye, that, turned heaven-ward, and, fixed in a rapture of devotion, looked as if the soul was passing through it, to the Being with whom she held communion. He touched it—it grew brighter and more extatic, while the mild rays of the morning sun stole timidly in, at the moment, through the partly curtained window, and played upon one side of the painting. Ricardo was startled at the expression of the eye from which his hand was suddenly withdrawn; he threw a hasty glance at his pencil, as in doubt of its being the same he had held before; and then, dropped it instantly, as if he had found it dipped in something unearthly, and forbidden to the use of man.

As it fell upon the floor he feared to look at it, lest he should see its point tipped with the Promethean spark, while his feet were drawn back as from treading on a fiery serpent. The work was done—the picture was finished—the *beau ideal* of the artist was embodied—the master had now but to contemplate and admire the work he had done; and he beheld it with the spirit of him, who, casting his eye over his own fair city, once exclaimed; “Is not this Babylon, that I have built!”

He sat motionless before the painting, suspended between astonishment at the execution of his own hand, and a kind of reverential rapture, into which the subject had mysteriously thrown him. At length he exultingly exclaimed; "It is finished! it is finished! I have mastered the piece in this beautiful work; and what has been so long the object of my mind's eye, has come forth, to praise me, as its maker, from the canvass!"

As he gazed at the piece, overcome by intensity of feeling, occasioned by the success of his last effort, a haziness came over his sight; he gradually lost a sense of his own materiality, and felt himself rocked, like a bark on the ocean, in a sea of wavy shadows, till his head inclined over to the side where his elbow rested on a small table; all around him grew dim and uncertain, and he was sunk into a deep sleep.

But slumber, which had so often been banished from his pillow by the picture, could not chase the picture from its master's presence. It was still before the eye of his imagination; and he, still adoring its perfection and beauty.

As he beheld it in his dream, a light halo, that seemed kindling, faintly at first, at length beamed out, broad and bright around it, while the figures

came forth into the relief of real life, with the warmth and vividness of combined matter and spirit.

There was a slight heaving motion in the breast of the Madonna, like that of respiration, while the faint tint of rose that had been thrown into her cheek by the pencil, crept slowly over its bounds, transfusing itself into the edge of the neighbouring lily; and her upturned eye was radiant, as with the reflected light of another and a brighter world.

Over the semi-parted lips and fair forehead of the child was a diffusion of fine, silvery moisture, like what sometimes hangs in the air, in a bright spring morning, but is almost too thin and light to bear the name of vapour; a gentle pulsation was going on in the smooth temple that was presented, as he lay a little on the side; and his naked neck and arm showed, marked in violet lines, the paths of the warm purple current that coursed beneath the surface; the little white hand that had been thrown up with outspread fingers, on the mother's bosom, had slidden partly down, and lodged in the folds of her drapery.

The painter looked, wondered, admired, and in a transport of delight exclaimed; "It is finished! it is finished!" By the sound of his voice the infant was roused, but not startled; and its hand was reached out

towards Ricardo, as the long, silky lashes of the tender eye-lid unweave themselves from those below it, and the eye, calmly opened, was turned on the artist with a look of innocent confidence, sweet peace, and heavenly purity, that thrilled him to the soul. It had come with an expression of unsuspecting love, that made it fall like sun-light on the very window of his heart, disclosing the darkness and derangement within, where his favourite art sat enthroned like a god. He was melted by it to tears, and sobbed aloud. His weeping brought down upon him the eye of the Madonna, with a look of benignity caught from the world to which her spirit had been raised; and in the voice of tenderness and pity, she thus addressed him:

“Why, Ricardo, should a simple shade affect thee so much more deeply than all that took place concerning the blessed original, after the Eastern sages, led by their celestial, radiant guide, came to worship him in the infant, before whose pictured image thou now art weeping? Has his life, his suffering, or his death, ever melted thee to tears? When *He* pronounced, ‘It is finished!’ there was deep, awful, glorious import in the words. The meaning was deep as the gulf over which man was only borne

up by the thin breath of his nostrils; the pit felt it, and yawned in disappointment after its lost prey; the earth felt it, and trembled to her centre! It was awful as the consequences of man's rebellion against his Maker; and as the death-agony of him who laid down his sinless life, an atoning sacrifice for the offence. The veil of the temple felt it, and was rent asunder; the rocks felt it, and their hearts were broken! It was glorious as the redemption of a fallen world, and man's recovery of the lost image of God! The enemy of souls felt it, and his head was bruised! his kingdom felt it, and was shaken by the king of glory! the graves felt it, and knew that they must yield up their dead! the gates of heaven felt it, and opened to the dying sinner, that he might that day be with the Lord in Paradise! death felt it, and was swallowed up in victory!

“Such, Ricardo, was the meaning of that solemn declaration which thou hast borrowed from the lips of him who spake as never man spake, to apply it to a work of thine own ambitious performance; on which, ere the sun of to-day goes down, thine eye may be for ever closed; and all with thee finished! When *He* pronounced it, it was not the labour of

a mortal's hand, but the purpose of infinite benevolence, and of an eternal God, that was accomplished.

“ When he who divested himself of the glory which he had with the Father, before the world was, and assuming the likeness of man, to make peace between him and his Creator, appeared first in the feeble form of the Babe of Bethlehem, it was not by a life of repose that he was to impress on man the likeness of his own, pure, spiritual image. It was not to spend his days in toil, and his nights in study over a work like thine, that he came, with the blood of the sinless to wash out the stain of sin from the human soul. Nor was worldly renown his object, when he went about, weary and self-denying, on errands of love and pity; feeling that, while the beasts of the forest, and the birds of the air had their resting places, he had no where on all the earth to lay his head.

“ No, Ricardo, the little tender form that thou hast here depicted, was destined to fasting in the desert, and to bend upon the mountain, in the deep gloom and the chilly air of midnight; while he who bore it, prayed for his enemies, and for a world lying in wickedness. It was to bow in the garden, while the warm life-stream, exuded in crimson drops, forced through

the delicate pores, by the deep agony of the spirit within, in its struggle to lift a fallen race from the state of helpless woe into which disobedience to the laws of Him who is the source of wisdom, and the fountain of all goodness, had plunged them. It was to be insulted, persecuted, and stoned by an infuriated mob, of those whom he came to seek and to save. It was to have a crown of thorns pressed on the throbbing temples, and the prayer, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!' offered for those who plaited that crown, followed by the vinegar and the gall upon the lips it had just passed.

"But, thou knowest all, Ricardo! thou knowest all, from the scene in the manger, to that where the veins were opened, and these violet lines turned white by the points of the Roman spears—and the fainting voice sounded—'It is finished!' as the rich fountain showered down its crimson balm for the soul of man, to heal the hurt received from the fall, of which it was dying. Oh, that blood! that precious blood! rich, indeed, may it be called, since it was to cure the bite of the serpent, sin; to take away the sting of death, and to purchase for every one, who should claim an interest in it, by pleading his need of its salutary power, an inheritance incorruptible—

an entrance into the city with pearly gates and golden streets, and pure, blessed, immortal inhabitants, where there is no saying, 'I am sick!' Rich, indeed, may it be called, since it was to secure for the weary pilgrim below, a mansion of eternal rest on high; a white vesture that shall bear the light of his countenance, from whose brightness the angels veil their faces with their wings; and a shining harp, tuned to harmonise with their voices as they cry, 'Holy! holy! holy is the Lord!'

"Since that great consummation, ages have rolled on to those beyond the flood. Man has been swept off in generation after generation, to taste for ever, in a world of spirits, the sweet or the bitter fruits of having applied, or neglected to apply, for an interest in the benefits of that precious, precious blood! while his mortal part has mingled with the elements, to undergo the changes of nature, till he who slept the sleep of infancy on the bosom of a mortal mother, shall, by the trump of the archangel, awaken all who sleep the sleep of death, in their far scattered graves, and assemble them before him for judgment. And Oh! how many, thinkest thou, will then be found to have crucified the Lord afresh?

"This is no painting of fiction, Ricardo; the scene

of Calvary has passed; and if he, who there uttered the words of adoption between his maternal friend and his beloved disciple, did not, on the third day, when the stone was found rolled from the mouth of the sepulchre, and the empty shroud dropped off within it; and when he afterwards said, 'feel in my side the wound, and in my hands the print of the nails'—if he did not give a sufficient pledge that the other shall take place, all the nations of the earth will, ere long, rise up in testimony to the truth of what is foretold; some to the resurrection of life, and some——

“But tell me, Ricardo, if thou art not a believer in these things—if thou art of a lineage above the race whom Christ came to seek and to save; or, if, as thou hast sometimes said, death be an eternal, dreamless slumber, why art thou thus moved?”

“Oh! that eye! that eye! I cannot bear its glance,” said the painter, as the child seemed to cast another look upon him.

“Thou canst not bear the regard of love, and peace, and innocence!” said the Madonna. “Were it then easier to meet that of stern justice? The eye that once saw through the optic organ of a babe, is the same that looks into the counsels of the Most High, and the deepest recesses of the human soul. It has

never been closed on thee, Ricardo, though thou hast not, till now, felt its power or seen its light; and it will one day fall on thee in that of the Judge of an assembled universe of immortal spirits, when all that has been hidden must be revealed; and every one who has had his portion of time to decide his destiny for eternity, must undergo its scrutiny alone. Then, every hour must be accounted for, and its work approved or condemned; every talent that was lent, weighed and the revenue demanded; every secret operation of his heart, who stands at the bar, called up to give in its testimony, for or against him.

“When he who lay, a feeble infant, on the lap of his virgin mother, shall appear, coming in the clouds with his holy angels around him, the beaming of his eye will be to the memory of man like fire to sympathetic ink; it will bring out every line and letter that had long ago faded from sight. Then wilt thou, Ricardo, remember how much more of thy precious time thou hast devoted to thy favourite art, from a vain desire to please the human sight, and to win the applause of creatures fleeting and dying like thyself, than thou hast ever given to copying the life and temper of him whose word is passed, that unless a man take up his cross and follow him, he

cannot be his disciple. Then wilt thou remember how much more adoration thou hast paid to this, thy darling picture, than to him whose birth was announced to the shepherds of Judea, by the glory of the Lord shining about them, while his angelic messenger declared that he had come to bring good news of great joy to all people; and the voices of a heavenly choir sang, '*Peace on earth and good will to man.*'

“Then, too, wilt thou remember thy profane use and atheistical perversion of that sacred volume whose pages testify of him who must have thy whole heart, or thou, the doom of one to whom he will say, ‘Depart! I know thee not!’ And then wilt thou also bring to mind thy having come by the early light of this holy Sabbath morning to take thy pencil and beautify an idol, till thou couldst say, ‘It is finished.’ Yes, on the morning when the bars of the grave were broken—the day set apart by the Lord for his service and worship. Yet, what would this frail work of thy hand, for which thou art neglecting that of thy soul, and bartering the treasures of heaven, be, should a flying spark of fire light upon it? Just what thine own death-sealed form would be, should its vital spark go out—ashes! ashes!

“I, Ricardo, am thy guardian angel. I was sent by him, from whose imaginary eye thou now art shrinking, when thou wast in the dawn of existence, the very bud of being, to watch over and be with thee, till I should bring thee safe to him. Faithful to my mission, I have appeared to thee in many forms, and spoken to thee in a thousand voices, from the soft, sweet tones of love and mercy to the loud thunderings of power and judgment. I have wooed thee in the whispering zephyr, and threatened thee in the roaring tempest. I have smiled on thee through the limpid stream, and frowned at thee from the gaping gulf. I have sought to lead thee by binding around thee the ties of sweet affection, and to startle thee by snapping them asunder. I have come before thee in the form of death, and in the promise of a glorious resurrection. I have flushed thy cheek with health, and faded it by disease. I have even entered into thy bosom, and pleaded, mourned, and expostulated with thee in the voice of conscience, while thou wouldst fain have hushed it to silence. All these ways, and many more, have I tried in vain to turn thy feet into the humble, peaceful path which leads to the cross of Him who is alone the truth and the life.

“I now come to seek thee in a new form, by speak-

ing to thee through the work of thine own perishable hand; and I must do it quickly, as all here, I find, is destructible or evanescent.

“Listen, then, and by all that is winning in heaven, or fearful in an eternity of despair—by thy body, that must soon die, and thy soul, which must live for ever, go and pour out thy tears—go and kneel, and lift up thine eye there! there! Ricardo, there!”

As the Madonna uttered the last emphatic word, she reached forth her hand towards the east, to a scene that had suddenly risen to view through a long vista, at which her finger pointed, while her own form, and that of the babe, suddenly melted away in a sheet of light vapour that rose over the picture; and nothing was left of them but her lone white hand, shooting from the cloud, and still pointing as when she said, “there!” The figures before the painter had dissolved; his *chef d'œuvre* had disappeared; his eye followed in the direction where the hand pointed, for something to fix upon, to make up the loss.

He looked through the dim, narrow vista, to a scene where the deep gloom of an overshadowed sky hung round a confused mass of people, among whom was the gleaming of spears, with the busy motion of an enraged populace. Here was seen a

countenance from which the spirit of a wild, demon malignity looked forth; and there, another, marked with all the bitterness of a soul wrung by sorrow. Here, appeared the attitude of active fury; and there, that of deep, passive wo. Among a group of weeping females, Ricardo thought he could discover one face that he had somewhere seen before; and when the wet kerchief was again removed, he saw it was the face of his beautiful Madonna! But ah! how changed; past years had left their marks; and present grief sat heavily upon it. A little beyond, on a rising ground, and lifted above the multitude, as the painter cast his eye onward, he beheld the awful spectacle that had drawn this mingled company together, where the few mournful followers of Him, who said, "My kingdom is not of this world," seemed lost in the hosts of him who said, "My name is Legion, for we are many!" It was the crucifix, in the fulness and freshness of all its horrors! The soul of Ricardo turned sick within him, at the appalling view;—his head grew dizzy; he reeled—his knees smote together and his sight was lost, while he felt the earth shuddering and swinging beneath him; and heard the tremendous sound of nature in convulsions, mingled with shouts of malicious, human triumph,

and the plaint of helpless, human wo. Amid this dissonance, as it poured upon his ear, he heard the sudden peal of a deep-toned bell, that came nearer and grew louder, as the other sounds became fainter and more remote; and at length, died away in the distance.

“A bell?” said the painter; “A bell? why! I never heard of this! they did not sound the passing bell!”

The act of speaking, together with the noise that in reality, reached him from abroad, aroused him;—he shook off the leaden remains of the slumber that had stolen over him; and, freed from its heaviness, opened his eyes upon the picture.

The rays of the sun that lighted up the painting when its master's eyes were closed upon it, had passed off; and there it stood, before him, finished, indeed! but the enthusiasm attendant on seeing it so, was gone and beyond recall!—It now looked to the artist, flat, inane, unsatisfactory;—it was empty imitation—having form, but being void! there was no life, no warmth, no motion, no spirit in it! It was plain, cold and unyielding;—he who had completed it, could touch a shadow on the wall, and feel as much! But, there was reality in the sound of the iron-tongued bell, which from a neighbouring temple, was inviting

the worshippers of Him who claimed the day, to come and bring their Sabbath morning offerings, with reverence for His sanctuary, to lay them on His holy altar. Yes, there was reality in the sound, and meaning in the call of that bell, whose tones still vibrated in the ear of Ricardo; and which, having brought him from the vision of his dream, seemed now trying its power to awaken him to something more than the recovery of suspended reason. "And, shall I go," said he, "shall I go in this neglected, unprepared state of body and mind, to present myself among those who have long been awake, and all alive to the hallowed glories of this consecrated morning—who have washed their feet, anointed their heads, and clothed both the inner and the outer man in the pure and comely raiment, which befits the company, the house, the service, and the presence of Him whom they come to honour? Ah! *yes*—*He* says to the weary children of men, 'Come now, and I will give you rest!' *He* says to the half-naked, self-neglected traveller, 'Come just as thou art—here come and put off thy filthy garments, and I will give thee a pure robe!' It is to the wanderers, the scatterlings of the flock, that tender, forgiving call goes out! My good angel! I hear thy voice once more

—it comes in the tones of the Sabbath-bell—I will obey thee—I come!—I come!” Saying this, Ricardo pressed his hand hastily on his forehead, as to still the throbbing, or to blunt the acuteness of burning pain; and arose to depart; but in rising, he set his foot upon something that rolled beneath it; and nearly overthrew him. “Ah, my brush!” said he; “this is not the first time thou hast tripped me when I started on some good purpose; and wouldst fain have cast me so that I could rise no more! Thou hast often stolen my hours of prayer; and kept my lips sealed when those of others were vocal with praise of their Creator!—Thou hast often, like a wizzard’s wand, held me bound within thy circle, while others were gone out into a glorious light and liberty to have their souls impressed with the likeness of Him who will not own as his, nor as the true gold, what is not found bearing his own image and superscription! But thy power is gone—thy charm is broken! thou art a fallen idol; and beneath my foot! Lie there, deceitful thing! thou wilt not stop me now! nor canst thou ever restore the days that have flown off to be set down against me in deeper shades than thou hast drawn; and to remain for ever, unless with the little time that may now be left me, I redeem

them!" As these words dropped from his lips, he strode with a determined air across the apartment, that a short time before he had entered as eagerly as the starving would seek the refectory; and passing out of the door, fled from it as from the crater of a volcano, bending his steps towards the church.

The way to the temple was a path that had long been untrodden by his feet; and when he reached the gate, the sound of the bell had ceased—the congregation were all gathered in, like a flock within the fold, and he felt himself in an awful stillness and solitude such as he had never before experienced. "A lost sheep, indeed!" thought he, "I am out in the wilderness—away from the shepherd—I need a resting place, a shelter, and a hand to feed me!" As he crossed the empty vestibule alone and advanced to the inner door, the back of every one in the calm assembly was towards him; and he entered as by stealth, dropping noiselessly into one of the first seats, directly under the orchestra; feeling that he was behind every one, and the last in seeking the appointed place, where the Master of the assembly would meet and bless his people. As the eye of the artist ran up the long, silent aisle to the altar, he saw the table spread with the consecrated elements

that show forth the death of Him who said, "Do this in remembrance of me!" until he shall come again to take his own to himself in glory.

At this moment the stillness of the scene was broken by the gentle swell of the unseen organ's notes, and the voices of the invisible choir coming down from above, as they sang—

Hark! 'tis Love and Mercy calling
In the sound from Calvary!
See the tears of Pity falling
In the blood that bathes the tree!

"*It is finished!*" hear him crying
With the faint, departing breath,
Who, to save a world from dying,
Thus, for us to conquer death!

See! the great High Priest is bending
With the sacrifice for sin,
And the temple's veil is rending!
Lo! the Lord hath entered in!

"And are the calls of Love and Mercy to me? and were my sins borne on that sacrifice?" thought Ricardo, as he leaned his head upon his hand, in profound meditation, till the lips of him who was to lead in the solemnly joyful exercises of the day were opened in prayer, and poured forth the warm desires of the soul, in the simple, unstudied, but emphatic expressions of a child, making its wants known to

the parent from whom it would conceal nothing, and to whom it looks up for every thing. The utterance of the speaker, though full of melting pathos, was, nevertheless, artless and earnest, as if words were nothing; and no ear, but that of the Eternal, were listening, while the spirit sent up its cries to the Father of spirits, imploring a blessing on all the congregation, on a city, a nation, and a world.

The subjects of the discourse that followed, were, the unhappy state of man without a Redeemer—the infinite benevolence which brought the son of God down from his glory, to become on earth an atoning sacrifice for the sins of man; where, not the nails, but love for a fallen world, held him, while the weight of their accumulated guilt pressed him to the cross; and the affecting scene which those present, who had chosen him as their portion, were now about to commemorate.

The sublimity of the theme had kindled up the mind of the preacher to an almost supernatural elevation; and his thoughts came forth in speech that was clothed with a power irresistible. His eloquence, free from glitter, was touching, glowing, searching, and bold, as becomes the integrity of a fearless and faithful ambassador of Christ. It be-

gan like the clear rivulet, soft and gentle, to show that, like the mountain rill, it was but the infancy of a mighty river, that, gaining strength, width, and depth in its course, was to increase in power and speed, till it bore down all before it, by the sweep of its current. The servant of God seemed not to dare to twine any earthly wreaths of flowers round the sword of the Spirit, in order to save the hearts its edge might be drawn across—he knew it must wound to heal; and he brought it forth unsheathed and bright, as it was put into his hand by Him from whom he held his commission. He muffled up the truth in no cloak of man's weaving and embroidery, as if it had come from its divine Author with deformity that the skill and delicacy of a refined human hand must hide—he brought it out undisguised in its beautiful symmetry—clothed only in the light of Heaven, its birthplace, and applied it so warm and so forcibly to the hearts of his hearers, it could not fail to leave its impression.

It had come upon the soul of the artist, and he could not shake it off. He was melted and subdued; and, overwhelmed by a sense of the way in which his days had been spent, and the word of God perverted to his profane and impious service, he bowed

to the dust in deep humiliation of spirit, before the force of truth. "Oh!" he mentally exclaimed, "what man on earth has power like that of the man of God? Blessed indeed must they be who are wise, and who lead many to righteousness. What would I not give to feel the conscious joy of having been the happy instrument of persuading one fellow traveller to an immortal state of being, to form the resolution that I now make! For, in view of all the angels of light, that I feel are looking down with gladness, and all the spirits of darkness, who, I believe, are looking up with envy and malice on this devout assembly—in the presence of Him who is here in their midst, numbering his followers, and marking the bosoms of them who wear his cross, that he may bestow on their heads the crown of life—in view of all these witnesses, I henceforth devote my hitherto worthless life, be it longer or shorter, to the service and the glory of Him on whose ground I have been worse than a barren tree—and I wonder that the sentence, 'Cut it down,' has not long ago been executed against me! Yes, I have been worse than a fruitless tree; I have spread out my foliage as a shelter for the ministers of the enemy of souls, and have put forth thorns to wound the followers of the friend of sinners; I

have been like the deadly Upas, infusing poison into all the atmosphere around me, while I decked myself with flowers to invite the passenger to come and pluck them, that he might inhale their odours and die!

“I have abused the word of God, the holy volume, whose author is the Author of all light, and the fountain of all goodness, by taking it as a vast and unparalleled field of beautiful scenery and sublime imagery; and have roamed through it with an unhalloved step, selecting subjects that had been drawn by the hand of inspiration, and which glowed with the hues of heaven, to profane them by my sacrilegious pencil; while, unable to give any human mind the credit of its origin, I jeered at the thought of its coming from any source above the scope of human intellect.

“I have drawn the mount where God delivered his law, while I trampled on that law, and doubted the existence of a God, till I wonder that the terrors of Sinai have not come down and blasted me for ever. I have pictured the Bush of Horeb, and kindled it with a strange fire, till I know not why I have not been consumed by the just indignation of Him whose countenance once lighted it. I have

painted angels coming on errands to man, while I smiled at them as the beautiful creatures of man's disordered imagination. I have taken the venerable forms of the holy prophets, while I secretly, nay, openly, laughed at them as madmen. I have dabbled with my brush and dipped my foot in the very waters of life; and fain would have mingled them with mine till they could not be swallowed. I have made fiery serpents, and depicted the one that was held up as a cure for their bite, while I ridiculed the credulity of those who looked at it, even in the type or the anti-type. And Oh! insupportable thought! I have scorned the followers, and treated as an ingenious, pathetic, and sublime fiction, the life, death, and resurrection of Him to whose blood alone I can fly to wash me free from all this deep-dyed guilt!

“That blood! that precious blood! what if it had never been poured out? I must have appeared in the presence of the eternal God with the burden of all his broken laws upon my trembling, naked soul, to be converted into chains and torments, to bind me down, and sting me for ever and for ever!

“But, blessed be His name, who has shed a balm from off the tree of Calvary, to allay the anguish of every sting, and in whose broken body the chains of

sin were broken, that the liberated captive might go up and breathe the pure, sweet air on God's holy mountain—the native atmosphere of the new-born soul, on which its first breath is wafted, an offering of praise to its Father!

“Oh! it is from that holy hill alone that the breezes blow which bring no noxious vapor, but which come freighted with the sweetest spices of life to him who inhales them. It is from Zion's hill that the fresh fountains gush out, of which, he who drinks, may gather strength to climb. And there only, spring the thornless flowers and the never-fading verdure on which the spirit of the weary pilgrim may repose in safety, and looking down on all the winding ways through which it has been led, feel secure on an everlasting foundation, whose top shall never be overhung by the tempest of wrath from above; and whose base shall not be shaken by any of the powers of the prince of darkness, below.

“What, Oh! what, but my Guardian Angel, has been between me and the awful deep beside which I have walked, wrapped in shades, over a fearful precipice, and on a crumbling pathway? What but the wing of my Guardian Angel has there borne me up, withholding my feet from stumbling and dashing

against the rocks, and me from the fatal, hopeless plunge into the billows of eternal despair? Ah! to feel that I have made this escape is, indeed, new life. One moment of it is worth more than the whole of my past, deplorable existence, which I would fain forget for ever, but for the offences that must not be forgotten, till each has been wept over—till they have all been numbered by the sighs of a contrite heart; the tears must stand thick upon them, lest the eye of the Judge should at last bring out some of that fearful sympathetic writing. Were it not for this, I would invoke the sable wing of oblivion to come and sweep over the wasted years of my former life, which I now abhor; and of which, I could not support the remembrance, were it not attended by a joy and gratitude proportionate to the debt that is forgiven me.

“I have now much to do and much to undo, while time flies fast; and I may never see the return of this holy Sabbath; I may be called to close my great account before this week’s six days are closed! The change in my pursuits must be sudden, as that which was made in his who sat at the receipt of custom; and He who said, ‘Follow me,’ must be my guide in all things. My inquiry must be like his who fell

upon his face on the way to Damascus. He who there answered the question has enough for me to do. His hand has drawn an outline into which my own moral form must come and be new-modeled, till it fills and fits it. It must take another shape—it must be drawn to stand in another light! My pencil cannot execute this piece! I have given *The Painter's Last Touch.*”

THE MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL TO HIS DAUGHTERS.

BY FREDERICK A. P. BARNARD.

[Arrived at Philadelphia in the spring of 1834, ship *STAR*, from Calcutta, having on board, as passengers, a number of young ladies, daughters of the American Missionaries in the island of Ceylon. Of one of these, the accompanying portrait presents a striking resemblance.]

WEEP not, my daughters, oh! too weak
Already is this father's heart;
Ye must not thus your farewell speak,
Nor thus in tears depart.

I cannot look upon your tears,
Nor hear your sighs so full of wo,
But forth from fountains sealed for years
Again the waters flow.



Engraving by W. D. Apple

Engraving by J. B. Welch

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Home, friends, the land I lov'd in youth,
All, all, for God, once left behind,
I feel that earth, in very truth,
Is twice with you resign'd.

Oh! were this heart, where I have worn
You next to her who gave you birth
All next to God—in sunder torn,
And trampled unto earth;

The quivering anguish, that would wring
Its cords thus rudely rent, were yet,
Weigh'd with this bitterness, a thing
To suffer and forget.

Beside me, beautiful and bright,
Ye sprang up in this lonely isle;
And very pleasant was the light
Of your young happy smile.

When first to consciousness ye woke,
And lisp'd, amid your childish glee,
The language which your father spoke
In climes beyond the sea;

What memories, rushing on his brain,
Seem'd clust'ring palpably to come,

Of the young days that knew not pain,
Far in his boyhood's home:

How did his leaping heart rejoice,
As, in your earliest accents clear,
The music of a sister's voice
Seem'd stealing on his ear.

It seem'd—the laborer's heart bereft
Of joys, to cheer, and nerve his hands—
God had vouchsaf'd the lov'd and left
And wept of other lands.

So to the patriarch, when he stood,
Obedient to the heavenly word,
Upon Moriah's brow, his God
The sacrifice restor'd.

But ye must go—the pleasant hours,
Your presence bade so swiftly fly,
Are spent—ev'n so untimely flowers
Just spread their leaves to die.

Yes, ye must go—on earth no more
A parent's tenderness to prove—
Wand'ers upon a distant shore,
And torn from all ye love.

Yet oftentimes, when over earth
The mild moon flings her mellow beams,
This pleasant land that gave you birth,
Shall come to you in dreams:

And ye, once more, your wand'rings done,
Pillow'd confidingly shall rest
Your weary heads in peace upon
A mother's faithful breast.

Nor go ye friendless—him that hath
No helper else shall God befriend;
And angels ever, o'er his path,
Their shelt'ring wings extend.

So when the arm, ye lean'd upon,
The arm of flesh, is yours no more,
A mightier shall be round you thrown—
Your stay to that far shore.

To that far shore! to that far shore!
Alas! or e'er its sands ye press,
What surges shall around you roar!
What fears your souls distress!

Not aye thus gently heaves the sea,
Lulling the bark its billows bear;

Thus spotless aye, heaven's purity;
Thus bland the balmy air.

The vex'd deep wakes, as starts in rage
The lion from his dream of blood,
Shakes the wild locks—white, not with age,
That crest its madd'ning flood:

Along heaven's azure, heap on heap,
Clouds, sullenly together press'd,
Roll up, and ragged lightnings leap
Forth glitt'ring from their breast:

And the light breeze, that fans your cheek
Now, softly as an infant's breath,
In giant tones anon shall speak
Terror, dismay, and death.

Yet fear not ye, though billows lash
Themselves to fury; though the flood
Beneath you yawn, or round you dash,
Children, trust ye in God.

For what though death you haply meet,
In the wild wind or wilder wave,
The ocean-foam your winding-sheet,
The ocean-depths your grave;

Still may the soul triumphantly
Rise scathless from the wave, and even
The very storm-winds' breath may be
Its chariot to Heaven.

But ah! my daughters, ye must dare
Another sea, whose caves no more
The wrecks of bright hopes, buried there
In myriads, restore.

Oh! fiercer tempests there shall rise,
And stormier waves be round you whirl'd,
'Tis there your real danger lies—
Children, trust not the world.

Trust not the world—oh! rather fear
A stay so frail, so fugitive:
Know, life is only yours, that here
Ye may learn how to live.

Trust not the world—'t wi'll prove indeed
As false to hope, as fair to view;
'T wi'll pierce you, as a broken reed,
With many sorrows through.

All emptiness its bubbles are,
Emptiness gilded—oh! believe,

Their gaudy hues, that smile so fair,
Smile only to deceive:

As dreams that have in air their birth,
They're baseless all—and vanishing,
As the light shadow on the earth,
Left by the swallow's wing.

Trust ye in God—trust him on land—
Each enemy shall he repel;
And, in the hollow of his hand,
Shall ever guard you well.

On ocean, when the storm-wind free,
Howling along the wave, is heard,
There trust him too, for wind and sea
Alike obey his word.

Oh! trust him ever, every where;
Strong in his might, your fears dismiss;
He nerves your father's heart to bear
Even a grief like this.

And if, beneath the stunning blow,
A mother's firmness seem forgot,
'T is but the mother's tears that flow,
The Christian wavers not.

“His will be done,”—thus, when the wave
Divides us, will her spirit lift
Its breath to Heaven, for he that gave,
Himself resumes the gift.

But now farewell, the ebbing sand,
That marks the last sad hour, is low,
The light boat waits upon the strand,
And ye indeed must go;

But not for aye, whate'er betide,
While here our prison'd spirits dwell,
Earth hath not power *thus* to divide—
My daughters, oh! farewell!

A CHAPTER IN HUMAN LIFE.

There's not a word thy lip hath breathed,
A look thine eye hath given,
That is not shrined within my heart,
Like to a dream of Heaven!

MRS. HEMANS.

THERE is something inexpressibly sweet and sacred in the remembrance of those we have loved and lost. Every spot where they have been, and every scene in which they have acted, are hallowed by some dear and blessed association. Memory, which is ever busy with her soothing, or her torturing power, loves to recall the sweetness, gentleness, and piety of their characters; while she ingeniously conceals the defects in which all partakers of our fallen nature must necessarily share; and Fancy, which clothes all things in brightness and beauty, represents them in superhuman loveliness, and wearing the purity of our Maker's smile, as it was impressed upon our

race, when they came unsullied from His hand. We forget that Sin, "which brought Death into the world, and all our wo," has descended from generation to generation; and, in our fond imaginings, believe *them* to be exceptions to the declaration, "all have sinned."

Occasionally, our pilgrimage through this dark world is cheered and blessed by the presence of one who seems sent, purposely, to teach us what we might have been, if our First Parents had never fallen.

In my recollections of the past, one sweet vision always presents itself to my imagination, soothing and brightening, as with a glorious sunlight, all the dark shades in the picture; and I forget all else, but the loveliness of the lost one. Once more I see her mild, dark eye resting upon me in its wonted tenderness and affection—once more I see the bewitching smile which fascinated and won so many hearts—again I feel her soft breath upon my cheek; and ever and anon, my heart thrills as I seem to hear the surpassing melody of her voice, chanting as from the throne of God, in accents attuned to the harmony of the angel choir, her dying notes, which, years ago, melted in swanlike numbers on my ear—"Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure."

Let those who pursue with avidity the gilded shadows of earth, and lean on their treacherous treasures—let those to whom sorrow is but a name, and who chase with eagerness the phantom pleasure, till it lures to ruin—above all, let those who cling with fondness to the frail beings God has kindly lent them for a little season, vainly believing them perpetually their own possession, listen to a few truths; sad, indeed, but such as we meet in every-day life—such as we must meet, till we are gathered to our final home.

My elder sister had married early in life a man every way worthy of her, and to whom her young affections had been given in confidence and simplicity; even in childhood they had loved, and dared to avow it to each other, and to the world. After passing through his collegiate course in one of the most flourishing of our American institutions, he went to Europe and completed his studies. Immediately on his return, he claimed his youthful sweetheart for a bride, and with the approbation of all friends they were united. Few have commenced married life with brighter prospects, or more brilliant anticipations: but a few sparkling drops in the cup of bliss—a few thornless flowers—a few shining moons, and

joy, with his bright pinions, took his flight for ever, leaving one in wretchedness and wo, to drain to its very dregs the cup of anguish and sorrow. In his mysterious providence, God saw fit to take from her the husband of her youth, the father of her child; and five years from the time when my sister left us a happy bride, she returned to the home of her childhood, sad and sorrowful—a widow—and in that one word, how much of human misery and desolation is summed up. They came; and to the latest period of my life, shall I remember the impression they made upon my young and happy heart. That stricken one—overwhelmed with grief unutterable, which none but a widow's heart can feel—and that gay, beautiful child! My sister's pale, pensive features told but too plainly the workings of the broken heart within. And little Ellen—her dark hair hanging in luxuriant curls over her fair, fat neck; her rosy, dimpled cheeks, and her laughing, black eyes, formed a sad contrast to her sable dress, while in her innocence and mirth she would make the old mansion ring again with her childish laugh, which fell upon my ear like the sweet carol of the birds in spring, when to them, as it was to her, life is new, and bright, and joyous. She came—and I look upon that day as one of the

brightest in the waste of memory, for she brought sunshine to our house, and gladness to our hearts.

Nature had bestowed upon her no common endowments, and these had been skilfully cultured by her judicious mother; and her father, in his latter days, had bestowed much time and attention in leading her young mind, then most susceptible of such impressions, to Heaven and to God. He had taught her to look to Him as her Father, and to Heaven as her home; and his instructions were not useless. Sometimes she would leave her little plays, run to her mother, and putting her arms round her neck, would say—"Don't look so sorry, dear mother; you know my father used to tell us, that although he would not return to us, we should go to him, and we should all be so happy together, in that 'better land,' and never be sick any more, and never have to part again"—then she would kiss away the tears, and dart off to her play, leaving the mourner soothed and comforted, as if an angel had been sent to say—"there's rest for thee in Heaven."

Her use and application of Scripture were wonderful for one of her years, for at this time she had seen but five. One day her mother, on taking her purse, found it nearly empty, and remarked; "Well,

Ellen, I have but little money left, and when that is gone I don't know what we shall do." "Oh, mother!" exclaimed the little prattler, as if Heaven-directed, "the barrel of meal will not waste, nor the cruse of oil fail." At another time, seeing her mother dressing to walk out, she looked at her for some time in silence, and then said; "Mother, in the book which I read the other day, it says, it is no matter how we adorn these perishing bodies, if we only prepare the spirit to meet God." Thus, out of the mouth of this little babe, did He "in whose hands are the hearts of the children of men," see fit to perfect His own praise; and in that young mind implant high and holy thoughts, that He might prepare her to be taken early to Himself. Thus, in her youthful days, was she a blessed and a guiding light, sent to cheer and soothe, for a little season, the bereaved, afflicted one.

Six summers came and went, bringing with them shade and sunshine, grief and gladness. Our Ellen sometimes had her little trials, but for the most part, her life was one unclouded brightness. Her character, as it daily developed itself, unfolded traits of increasing loveliness and piety. During the spring, which welcomed her eleventh birth-day, a friend of my sister's came with her orphan boy, then thirteen,

to pass the summer with us. There was much similarity in the lives of these friends: they had loved as sisters; early in life they had alike married the object of their choice; and alike had seen their hopes and affections withered over an early grave. This was the first time they had met since their widowhood; and although the sadness of each was chastened and comforted by that Blessed Spirit who heals the broken in heart, they had many sorrows still to share, and many sweet anticipations still to participate. When they saw the industry with which Frederick gathered the ripest and richest fruits and berries for Ellen, which she repaid by her sweetest and prettiest flowers, these young mothers could not repress the dear hope, that their own affection might be perpetuated in their offspring; forgetting, even after the sad lessons they had learned, that our destinies are not in our own hands.

I recollect, as if it were but yesterday, an excursion my sister and myself made to a sequestered lake among our mountains. It was one of the wildest and most unfrequented spots in nature. The sun never smiled more sweetly since Creation's morning, than he did on that bright day: the sky was so clear we could almost see into the crystal depths beyond:

the whole air was redolent with the breath of violets and eglantines, scattered on our right hand and on our left, while our own hearts joyfully re-echoed to the gladsomeness of all things around us. We were alone with the children. After a drive of nine miles, the placid waters of the lake lay before us, reflecting on its pure bosom the azure heavens, and the lofty cliffs that towered in lonely grandeur far above it. The children had never been on the water, and as our trusty coachman loosed the fastening of the little skiff and took the oars, their entreaties could not be resisted, and upon the driver's assertion, that he could row a larger boat than that, the tender mothers yielded, and our little voyagers embarked. We heard their merry voices shouting and singing in the buoyancy of youthful mirth, as their light bark glided over the transparent waters.

So entirely had we been absorbed in watching their progress, that a small cloud had arisen, unobserved by us; and when it was too late, we saw it blacken and increase, deepen and descend, till it came within the mountains that encircled us, and hung, as if suspended by the hand of an angry God, in awful majesty and terror over those helpless ones in that frail boat. There was not a breath of air to

ripple the waters, and we seemed shut in to a dark, unknown world, and almost suffocated by the intensity of heat and confinement of the atmosphere. At length there came a glare of red, living flame; so bright, so vivid, it appeared as if the world must be consumed in the withering blaze; and then succeeded utter darkness, accompanied by a long, loud, deep sound, which reverberated from cliff to cliff, as if it would rend those battlements of nature asunder, till the distant sound was overwhelmed by a louder and a longer detonation; and methought the voice of Jehovah himself was denouncing wo and desolation on a guilty world: then followed "a sound as of a rushing, mighty wind"—the waves lashed, and foamed, and beat, as if in their maddened fury they would upturn the very rocks which have there stood in their everlasting strength, since the worlds were made.

It was but a brief space of time, and light once more broke over the darkness of nature: that awful cloud passed away—those rugged rocks basked once more in the bright sunshine, rejoicing that they were not yet doomed to the chaos from whence they came; and, as if the Spirit of that Blessed One, who had once said to the waves, "Peace, be still," had again

descended, those troubled waters were hushed, and sparkling diamonds were glistening over their bright bosom, paying their glad tribute to that glorious orb which makes our earth so beautiful.

But those little ones—and that old man—where were they? There was no boat, no being to be seen; all seemed joyous and happy but our own hearts. And that young mother! What were her emotions in this hour of peril? She did not faint—she did not become weak, but gazed earnestly into the blue depths, as if she would penetrate their centre. The intensity of suspense was at length lost in the certainty of despair, and in her agony she covered her face with both hands, as if to shut out the horrid vision. But in her hour of trial she remembered her Refuge, her Rock—"the God of the widow, and the Father of the fatherless;" and in that moment of utter wretchedness, the widow knelt, and, like a crushed one, her head rested on her bosom. Her heart, no eye but that of Omniscience saw—her petition, no ear but the Highest heard; but He *stooped* to listen, even from his lofty habitation, and in mercy and peace He answered.

In the sweet consciousness that He had preserved her child, she rose, and straining every nerve, she

at last saw an arm above the water. Was it her Ellen? It must be she!—it approaches—nearer and more near. Do her eyes deceive her? No; and once more her heart dies within her. It is the old man, swimming along, and dragging the boat after him. He gains the shore—he knows nothing of the children, and thinks it utterly useless to seek for them: but what can prevent a mother from searching, while life lasts, for the child of her bosom, and that child, the only one? With all the energy of a mother's love, she determines to dare the waves in the pursuit of her beloved. The man, although much exhausted by his exertions, willingly accompanied us, and we set forth on our hopeless adventure. We toiled on and on, but still there was no indication of them. Felix urged us to return, but such language falls uselessly on affection's ear; and he rowed onward. Once and again, the mother stood erect in the boat, and looked around, but looked in vain. At length, as we turned, near a point, her quick eye, with the glance of an eagle, detected something white, fluttering on a small rock, which just rose above the water's surface. Was it the wing of a bird? No, oh no! It was the white handkerchief of her child. Falling back into the seat, and covering her eyes,

she exclaimed, "Row for your life, Felix—row for the life of Ellen." With almost Herculean strength, the kind hearted old man pulled at the oar. Again we ventured to look up; and oh! how the widow's heart leaped for joy. There they were—that fair young boy and girl—both, both saved—on that little rock. Her tender, delicate form rested on his right arm and knee, while he bent over her, and with his left hand was wiping away the cold drops from her pale, sweet face. One pull more—another, and another—they have gained the rock, and the mother clasps her unconscious child.

Frederick was wild with joy. "Now she will wake up again: she has only opened her eyes once. I called her sister Ellen, and all I could think of, but she did not answer: once she opened her eyes and looked at me, and I saw her lips move. I put my ear close to her mouth to hear the words, but the sounds died away, and she fell asleep." We wrapped her in a cloak which we had brought with us, and poured a little wine in her mouth. Once more she opened those dark eyes, and looked around; but again she closed them: her spirit seemed to have been in Heaven, and to shudder when she returned to consciousness, and this sinful world.

We could learn but little from Frederick's account of the manner in which they were saved. When the boat upset they clung to each other, and in the innocence of their hearts, committed themselves to the God of storms. The boy felt the rock as the waves washed them against it, and in attempting to reach it, an unseen hand seemed to bear them on the breast of the wave, and gently lay them on their rocky pillow.

Felix did not remit his efforts, but in a little time we reached the shore, and were soon in our carriage, and rode to the nearest house, where we were enabled to make use of friction and other restoratives, which proved effectual. The evening was mild and tranquil; we reached home in safety, and that night there ascended from many hearts grateful incense to the throne of God; for the lost had been found, and the dead lived again.

For a few days our little Ellen was weak and sick from exhaustion, but youth and natural strength of constitution, soon conquered, and she was again the life and joy of our hearts. All she could remember of the awful scene on the lake were the darkness, the tempest, the embrace of Frederick, and the sullen plunge into the deep, cold water.

Autumn came, and Frederick, with his mother, left us. Time passed on, and few changes occurred in our quiet circle. Ellen grew daily more lovely, and was the pet of the household, and the favourite of all who knew her. She retained her simple, early piety, strengthening and deepening as her mind matured, and her knowledge increased. At length the season arrived when my sister thought it necessary to place her at some school, where she might have greater facilities for improvement, than in our retired village. The day came, and they left us, the mother and daughter, for they would not be separated. It was a sad parting, and for a few days the whole house appeared gloomy and desolate as our own hearts. We heard no longer her light footstep, and the sweet music of her laugh: but our spirits were soon cheered by her letters, which were frequent and sprightly. We learned from others that she was considered the flower of the school—distinguished for her acuteness and quick perceptions. She passed her vacations with us, and as each returned we found her lovelier and better than when we last parted. At last, school days were over. She had worried through the verbs in *Levizac*; had tasted from their very fountain, sweet draughts of

Italian poetry and music ; had toiled through algebra, and demonstrated every problem in Euclid, etc. etc. : in one word, she returned a thorough scholar—pure in heart, and uncontaminated in spirit—noble and elevated in mind—simple and unaffected in manners. Like the glad bird released from its prison-house, she seemed free as the air she breathed, and joyous as the streams of our own mountains. Our time, during the warm weather, was mostly spent in visiting the wild and romantic places which are frequently found in Vermont, where nature has so lavishly bestowed her beauties.

One fine afternoon in September, a small party of us left home to visit a waterfall in the vicinity. We had all been there many times, but had never seen it in high water before. It was a wild spot; in one place the water would come tearing and tumbling through the massive ledges of rock which walled it in on either side; and then, in a wide channel, it would become still and tranquil as an infant sleeping on its mother's bosom. Here, its unity would be broken by a lone, majestic rock which towered above it; and there, it would meet again and boldly, loudly leap over the precipice into the abyss below; then, like the exulting spirit released from its prison,

rise in liquid diamonds and pass away into its native heaven.

Ellen was in more than usually buoyant spirits. Like the young fawn of her native hills, her light step bounded from rock to rock—now catching by the arbor vitæ, which here grows in wild luxuriance, as if its undying life found congeniality in the eternal rush and murmur of the waters. My heart trembled, and every fibre vibrated with emotion, as I feared some brittle twig or treacherous stone might decoy the fairy being (for such she seemed,) into the torrent. But the same unseen, Almighty arm, which had before rescued her from a watery grave, once more preserved her; not that the mother might believe she was *secure* from death, but that He might the more gently take her to His bosom.

It was after sunset when we were seated in our carriage to return. It was a lovely autumnal evening, and the moon shone most sweetly upon us, as, for the last time, our Ellen looked upon her smiling face. That night disease fixed his grasp upon her; and for three weeks we watched and prayed, hoped and feared, till fear gave place to certainty, and we knew that she *must* die. Through the whole, no murmur, no complaint escaped the sufferer; and, as

I observed her gentleness and submission, I almost envied her the security of pardon, the certainty of bliss, which I felt sure were hers. In health she had often lamented the sinfulness of her heart; and now she prayed that her sins might be blotted out, for the sake of the precious Saviour. Once her spirit seemed fluttering on the confines of both worlds: then, as if the fell Destroyer could not execute his dread commission, she looked up and sweetly smiled. As the rays of the evening star shine clearest when it is setting beneath the western wave, so was the smile which then beamed in her dark eye, the brightest that ever kindled there, for it rested upon her youthful lover—and as the last notes of music are the sweetest, so were her dying accents the dearest she ever uttered—“Frederick, meet me in Heaven.” That smile, so sweetly given, told of the love which had glowed in her youthful bosom—and that sentence, so softly murmured, told of enduring affection beyond the grave. At last the fiat went forth, and the spirit, which had been so lovely on earth, was gently, peacefully carried to a brighter world and a Heavenly home. I wiped away one large tear-drop which fell from beneath her long lash. It was the

last she will ever shed—for in Heaven “they weep no more.”

Much as we have lost, and deeply as we have mourned, yet we do rejoice that she is safely garnered up in Heaven: we rejoice that disease can no more reach her, and that she is secure and happy, beside those “still waters” which flow from the throne of God.

For many months did that dying, unearthly smile shine in upon the gloom and darkness of Frederick's soul, to cheer and comfort him—for he knew that her sprit was at rest; and those last words were as a talisman to keep him from the evil that is in the world, until the sweet teachings of the Blessed Spirit instilled into his breast purer and higher motives to a life of holiness. He knew in whom *she* had believed, and he fled to the same Refuge: he knew where *she* had trusted, and he rested on the same “Rock;” and, believing with confidence in the mercy and power of a crucified Redeemer, he faithfully preaches His gospel to a guilty world, waiting patiently for the hour when his ransomed spirit shall “meet in Heaven” the dear one, who, by her death, was instrumental in leading him to the only source of life and love.

And that lone mother—childless and desolate, she wanders on in this cold world, enduring rather than enjoying life. She is not comfortless, for “the God of the widow” is with her, and her mind is “kept in perfect peace by being stayed on Him.” She rejoices that her lamb is thus early, thus sweetly gathered into the eternal fold of the “Good Shepherd.” Knowing that her stewardship is ended, she is thankful that she has been permitted to add an angel to the heavenly host. Although her hopes have been crushed so soon—although the flower which she cultivated so carefully, and which promised to yield such rich fragrance, has been blasted in its early Spring—although she has been obliged to restore the treasure which was lent her for a little season, yet she has abundant satisfaction in the consciousness that she reared the flower to be transplanted to a more genial soil, a more sunny clime—that she polished and refined the priceless gem which was taken from earth to sparkle with unfading lustre in her Saviour’s diadem. She goes about comforting the mourner, and soothing the afflicted; literally a “stranger and sojourner here,” looking forward to that “crown of life” which is prepared for those who “through faith and patience” are enabled to overcome.

Why God has thus, at one stroke, laid low the hopes and anticipations of sixteen years, we do not ask; we only know that these trials are necessary to draw us nearer to Himself; and that "He hath done all things well;" and I am happy in the belief, that as I watched the exit of her spirit from its earthly tabernacle, so she will be the first to welcome my unchained, unfettered soul to the land of spirits; and, with other dear ones, who have fought the same fight—passed through the same dark valley, we shall meet at last—a family in Heaven.

My story is told. It has been a sweet satisfaction to recall the gentleness and piety of the departed. I have not related an idle, fictitious tale, but a few incidents in the life of one at whose name many hearts will thrill, and their pulse beat quick. Although her sojourn here was so brief, she did not live in vain. By the sweet example of her blessed life, and peaceful death, what pious parent but will renew her exertions, and "pray without ceasing," that her own precious jewel may, at the last, be gathered into the garner of the Lord? Does not "His word, which standeth sure," declare, that as a child is early led, so in older years his life will be?

Let not the widowed mother despond, lest the

young immortal which has been committed to her culture, should prove a curse, and an outcast from Heaven. Seeking the guidance and assistance of Him who "took little children in his arms and blessed them," she may mould and fashion the infant mind as she chooses. Let her see to it then, that it is led to "the fountain of living waters," ere it has had time to taste the sweet, but poisonous, draughts of evil. Let her see to it, that before pride and vanity can enter that fair shrine, it is adorned with that "meek and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of God, is of great price." Let her, by precept and example, lead it to seek for those enduring riches which pass not away—for that "treasure in the Heavens," that faileth not: and oh! how unspeakably great will be her reward. Here, on the earth, she may see that child a faithful servant of God, and a blessing to the world; or, if early called to its bright inheritance, with what rapture, in the realms of bliss, will she catch the strain with which that loved one sings the anthem of Redeeming Love.

F.

A NAME.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad.

GENESIS, xi. 4.

MAKE to thyself a name,
Not with the breath of clay,
Which, like the broken hollow reed,
Doth sigh itself away;
Not with the fame that vaunts
The tyrant on his throne,
And hurls its stigma on the soul
That God vouchsafes to own.

Make to thyself a name,
Not such as wealth can weave,
Whose warp is but a thread of gold
That dazzles to deceive;

Not with the tints of Love
Form out its letters fair;
That scroll within thy hand shall fade,
Like him who plac'd it there.

Make to thyself a name,
Not in the sculptur'd aisle;
The marble oft betrays its trust,
Like Egypt's lofty pile;
But ask of Him who quell'd
Of Death, the victor-strife,
To write it on the blood-bought page
Of everlasting life.

HARTFORD, CONN., 1836.

THE HEIRESS.

SOME few years since, after a long and painful fit of illness, which confined me to my room during the whole winter, I was left in so feeble a state of health that my physicians advised me to spend the summer in travelling, and particularly recommended me to try the effect of the Saratoga waters. My husband having made such arrangements as would enable him to leave his business for a few months, we repaired to those celebrated springs, hoping to be there several weeks in comparative quiet, before the tide of travelling from the South should commence. Unfortunately for this plan, the warm weather set in that season unusually early, and, before I had derived any perceptible benefit from the waters, the throng of visitors became so great, I found that the bustle and excitement necessarily attendant on such a scene, entirely counteracted any improvement which I might

otherwise have hoped to obtain. We therefore quitted this gay scene; and, after wandering some time on the romantic shores of Lake George, selected as our residence for the remainder of the summer, a beautiful village on the Hudson, which, besides its other attractions, possessed, we were informed, the advantage of an unusually good society, having many gentlemen's country seats scattered within a few miles of it. Though our object in fixing upon this lovely spot was retirement, yet we did not wish to live in a state of entire seclusion, which often becomes so irksome to a man accustomed to the active scenes of a city life, and my husband therefore obtained letters to two or three of the most respectable inhabitants of the place; and, among others, to a widow lady, by the the name of Courtney, who had formerly resided in the city of New York, but who, having lost a great part of her property, had retired to this place, where she now resided, with her only daughter, a pretty modest girl of about fifteen, whose education she conducted entirely herself. My husband soon discovered that he had known this lady well when both were children; and she was so much pleased at meeting an old acquaintance, that she consented to receive us into her family, for the short

period we were to remain. She resided in a lovely cottage embowered in fine old trees, and half covered with roses and honeysuckles, which it was Annette's delight to train around the windows, and over the little portico that adorned their rural habitation. The garden was laid out with great taste, and filled with flowers; and into this, one of the windows of my chamber opened, while the other commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country, embracing a wide sweep of the noble river.

In this delightful abode we were settled completely to our liking; and the air was so pure and bracing, that I soon experienced the delightful sensations of returning health. My feverish symptoms disappeared; the blood once more "coursed with delicious coolness through my veins," and my exhausted spirits rose proportionably. I had always been averse to a life of idleness; and, sensible as I was, that a Christian should at all times "live not unto himself, but unto Him that died for him," I began to look out for some way in which to employ my restored strength, for His glory, who had so graciously bestowed the blessing. As my residence in the place was to be short, it appeared to me that I could not devote my extra time and money to a better purpose

than in visiting the cottages of the poor around me, and as far as lay in my power, in feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, and administering, at the same time, to their spiritual necessities. Annette frequently accompanied me in these excursions, and as she was acquainted with most of the poor in the vicinity, from being in the habit of frequently visiting them with her mother, she was able to point out to me the most needy and deserving objects. As we one day emerged from a wood on our way to visit a sick woman, we suddenly found ourselves within a few yards of a young lady, whose appearance was so striking as instantly to rivet my attention. Her figure was somewhat tall, and very elegantly formed, and a pair of soft and expressive hazel eyes gave an air of peculiar sweetness to a face which appeared to me one of the most beautiful I had ever beheld. In passing, I observed her bow to Annette, who returned the salutation. "Who is that," I exclaimed, as soon as we were out of hearing; "I never saw a more perfect face." "It is Miss Melbury," she replied, "the belle of the neighbourhood, and you will not wonder at the admiration she excites when I tell you she is an heiress as well as a beauty. She lives in the large white house where we observed so many

beautiful green-house plants last week." "Are you acquainted with her?" I asked. "Merely enough to enable me to speak in passing," she answered, "but mamma has been in company with her several times, and can tell you more about her." At that moment we found ourselves at the sick woman's door. She was a poor paralytic, whom I had never before seen, the walk to her house being longer than I was accustomed to take. She was quite dependent on charity, and entirely confined to her bed, yet perfectly cheerful, and apparently happy. She said her greatest trial was, that since her last attack, she was unable to hold a book, so that she was now deprived of what had formerly been one of her greatest comforts—the ability to read. "But," said she, "my neighbours are very kind in coming to read to me sometimes; and there is one dear young lady, whom I nursed when she was a baby, who often does so; and she is constantly sending me jellies and custards, and nice little things she thinks I would like, but which I cannot afford to buy." "That is Miss Melbury, I suppose," said Annette; "for I remember you once told me how kind she was to you." "Yes," said the old woman, "and since I have known the blessedness of religion myself, I believe I have never

passed a single day without praying that she may know it too; but poor dear, she has so much to hinder her." "You do not consider her a Christian, then," I said; "I hoped from what you told us, that she might be one." "Oh! madam," she replied, "good and sweet as she is, it would be a miracle of grace indeed if she were to become a Christian without some sort of trouble to wean her from the world; for she is so rich and beautiful that every body admires and flatters her; and her mother and all her relations are gay, worldly people, and lead her away from what is good. I am sure I bless God for not having put me in her place; for if he had, what would have become of my poor soul. It must be very hard, ma'am, when a body has so much to make them love the world, to do what Christ tells us we *must* do if we would be his disciples—to be willing to forsake all that we have, and to deny ourselves, and take up our cross daily, and follow him." I felt the justness of the poor woman's remark, but could not help thinking how few could be found to thank God for sending them sickness, poverty, and pain, instead of health and riches. After reading a portion of scripture, and praying with this patient sufferer, we took our leave, each making her some little present, in

return for which, she pressed our hands warmly, and implored God's richest blessings upon us.

As we sat around the tea-table that evening, Annette and I began to speak of Miss Melbury, and related what the sick woman had told us, of her kind attentions to herself. "I am delighted to hear it," said Mrs. Courtney, "for that young lady has been an object of great interest to me, from the peculiar circumstances in which she is placed, although my acquaintance with her is so slight. I understand from those who know her well, that the charms of her heart and mind are equal to those of her person, for she is said to possess a fine understanding, which has been highly cultivated; and from what you have heard this afternoon, we may be sure her disposition is amiable and affectionate. I wish you could become acquainted with her, my dear Mrs. Howard; but I know not how to accomplish it, as the family have never visited us."

I did feel a strong desire to see more of this young lady, whose appearance had pleased me so much; and my description of her strongly excited my husband's curiosity; but we began to despair of having our wishes gratified, when accident did for us what Mrs. Courtney had been endeavouring, in some way

or other, to effect. On our next visit to the poor paralytic, my husband accompanied us, and on entering the room we had the pleasure of seeing Miss Melbury sitting by the bedside, with the open Bible on a little stand before her. She rose on our entrance, and upon Annette's introducing us, begged us to be seated. There was no false shame about her that made her blush to be caught by strangers, reading the Bible to a poor woman; at the same time that there was a total absence of every thing like display.

It was not a time for ceremony, and the ease and politeness of Miss Melbury's manner banished every thing like reserve, and we soon fell into conversation; in the course of which, I noticed she took frequent occasion to address the invalid. We were quite charmed with her, and when we rose to depart she shook Annette and myself cordially by the hand, saying, she hoped to have the pleasure of calling upon us very soon. "Well," exclaimed Mr. Howard, after we had left the house, "this is the first time in my life that I have not been disappointed in the appearance of a beauty of whom I had heard a great deal beforehand; but really my expectations have been fully answered."

In the course of a day or two a splendid carriage drove up to the gate of Mrs. Courtney's little garden, and in the younger of the two ladies who alighted from it we instantly recognised Miss Melbury. The other lady, whom she introduced as her mother, had nothing about her particularly interesting. She appeared, so far as we could judge from a short interview, to be completely a woman of the world.

In a few days we returned the visit, and Miss Melbury, finding I was passionately fond of flowers, invited us to walk round the grounds, which were laid out with great elegance, and adorned with the choicest trees and plants, from which she gathered a splendid bouquet, which she presented to me on parting.

The next morning brought us a note of invitation to an evening party, for the next week; but, though I felt strongly inclined to cultivate an acquaintance with this fascinating creature, I was too well convinced of the impropriety of a Christian's frequenting such scenes, to allow me to hesitate a moment in declining the invitation. After consulting with my husband, I determined, politely, but candidly, to state as my reason for doing so, that I never went into large companies; for I have found, by experi-

ence, that in this, as in every other case, "honesty is the best policy;" and by pursuing this course I have been saved much trouble and embarrassment.

In the evening of the day on which I had despatched my note, I was surprised to see Mrs. Melbury's carriage again at the garden gate. As I descended the stairs I met the young lady, who said, blushing at the same time; "My dear Mrs. Howard I have come, unknown to my mamma, to endeavour to persuade you to alter your cruel determination. I have made the party expressly for you, and shall be so disappointed if you will not favour us with your company. I did intend it to be a ball, but if you will come I will give this up, and we will have nothing but music and conversation." I told her how much I was flattered by her anxiety for my presence, but that I must again say, that it was contrary to my habits, and even to my principles, to mix in such scenes; "and I know," I added playfully, "you would not have me act in opposition to my principles, even to please you."

"You would not object, I suppose," said she, "to spending an evening with a party of a dozen or twenty persons; and if there is no harm in doing that, I confess I cannot see why it would be wrong

to go where you might meet fifty or a hundred. You surely do not think that the mere circumstance of the number being greater, makes that sinful which would not otherwise be so."

"I am not quite so prejudiced and narrow-minded," said I, smiling, "as that would imply; but what will you think of me if I say that I might possibly object even to your party of twenty."

"Now that is carrying the matter too far," said she; "at that rate we must give up society altogether, and might as well retire at once to convents and monasteries."

"Stop, my dear," I exclaimed; "you are going on too fast. If I were to go to an assembly of an hundred people, I should expect of course to find most of them gay and worldly-minded, if not frivolous; or, to use the language of Scripture, 'Lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God.' Now tell me candidly, if this is not the character of the majority of those whom I should probably meet at your house?"

She acknowledged it might be true of the greater part, but declared there were many exceptions.

"Perhaps so," said I; but in such a scene, is not the general tone of conversation, if conversation it can be called, very trifling—made up of the little

news and chit-chat of the day—and could you give me reasonable expectation of deriving benefit from it in any possible way?”

“But, my dear madam,” said Miss Melbury, without answering my last inquiry, “are we never to mix in society, except for the sake of improvement? May we not sometimes do so for our amusement? I fear, if your rule were to be observed, we must relinquish almost our whole circle of acquaintance, for I cannot say there are many whom I derive much benefit from associating with.”

“You pay your friends a high compliment,” I said; “but, seriously speaking, I know not how a Christian can be at a loss regarding his general line of conduct in this respect, though he may possibly sometimes be embarrassed on particular occasions. Scripture gives us two rules for the regulation of our conduct; and these, if faithfully applied, will solve most, if not all, such difficulties. The first is—‘Whether ye eat or drink, or *whatsoever ye do*, do all to the glory of God;’ and the other—‘*Whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus.*’ Now let us apply these rules to the case before us, and I leave it to you to decide whether, in going to this ball, I could say ‘I am doing

this to the glory of God'—whether I could make the necessary preparations 'in the name of the Lord Jesus.' I see it strikes you as almost profane to use such language, even in argument; but I wished to set the matter in its true light."

Miss Melbury was silent for a moment, and then exclaimed; "you are certainly right, and I see now the impropriety of a professor of religion conforming to these practices; but I, you know, have never made such a profession."

"Ah! my beloved young friend," said I, "do not deceive yourself with this excuse. Was not the law of God given originally to the whole nation of the Jews, whether they wished to obey it or not? Did not Christ die for the whole world? and does he not require that *all*, for whom he shed his blood, should live, not unto themselves, but unto him that died for them? I fear it will not avail you at the great day of account, to say that you never bound yourself to the observance of God's commandments; for when we profess ourselves followers of Christ, we merely ratify an obligation that is already binding upon us; we do not form a new one. Should we not consider a person insane, who, having violated one of the laws of his country, would endeavour to excuse him-

self by saying, that he never bound himself to observe them? and yet the plea is just as good in one case as the other."

"Add no more, I beseech you, dear madam," said Miss Melbury; "after this unfortunate ball is over I will seriously examine the subject; but, until then, it would only make me wretched, for it is impossible for me to avoid it now, as the invitations are all out. But what a visit I have paid, when I meant to stay only a few moments—it is getting very late—so good evening"—and she hastily left the room.

I inwardly thanked God that he had enabled me to be so open and decided in the expression of my sentiments, and prayed earnestly, that the truths which had been uttered, though in so feeble a manner, might be graciously blessed to this interesting young creature.

I saw no more of her until the day after the ball, when, as my husband and I were taking our afternoon walk, she passed us on horseback, accompanied by a gentleman who was generally understood in the neighbourhood to be an accepted lover. I had never seen her look more beautiful—her simple straw hat was thrown back on her head, and showed the pure and lofty brow, around which the dark brown curls

clustered in rich profusion. Her cheek, in which the lily usually predominated over the rose, was suffused with a conscious blush, as she gracefully inclined her head towards us. I sighed as I thought of the old woman's remark on the improbability of her ever becoming a Christian, without affliction of some sort, to wean her heart from the world. I mentioned this to my husband; but while we were speaking on the subject, I saw Miss Melbury's horse without its rider, rushing like lightning towards us. At the first sight of the animal, Mr. Howard flew from my side, and a turn of the road soon hid him from my view. I hastened after him, but by the time I reached the fatal spot he had succeeded in loosening the dress of the young lady, who was completely stunned by the fall. The gentleman who had accompanied her stood by with a distracted air, unable to render the least assistance. I succeeded in making him understand he must go instantly for a physician; and, perceiving that we were providentially very near Miss Melbury's house, I insisted on my husband's allowing me to take his place, while he went to the house to give the alarm, and procure the necessary assistance.

In a short time I saw the servants hurrying towards

the spot, but as Mr. Howard feared the motion of a carriage would be too much for the sufferer, he procured a rude substitute for a litter, on which she was conveyed to the house.

Consciousness had returned in a measure, and when the servants attempted to raise her from the ground she shrieked so violently that I feared she had received some dreadful internal injury. I should have insisted on accompanying her home, but the house-keeper informed me there was not the least necessity for doing so, as there were several ladies staying in the house; and, among others, a sister of Mrs. Melbury, who was very much accustomed to a sick room, and who always knew what was best to be done at such a time. It appeared she had been commissioned to break the sad news to the poor mother.

Early next morning my husband hurried away to learn whether the fair creature, who, at that hour the preceding day, had the promise of a long life of health and prosperity, was yet numbered among the living; and during his absence I employed myself in fervent supplication to God, that if it was his holy will to cut short her earthly career, she might at least be spared until she had made her peace with

Him. While thus engaged, several precious promises were brought home with such power to my soul as to produce a sweet assurance that my prayers were answered. I remember well, that the one which gave me most comfort was this:—"Whatsoever things ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye shall receive them and ye *shall have* them." I had never in my life been enabled to offer up a petition in stronger faith, and this seemed an earnest that God would indeed answer it.

On Mr. Howard's return he informed me he had seen the physician who attended Miss Melbury, and learned from him that there were no hopes of her life, as she had broken several ribs, besides receiving other internal injuries; but that, providentially, her head had escaped, so that though in extreme suffering, she was perfectly sensible. Of the state of her mind he could hear nothing; but as one of the servants informed him the clergyman of the parish had been a long time with his mistress, we were somewhat encouraged, and I proposed that we should walk that afternoon to the clergyman's house, and endeavour to obtain some satisfaction from him. It was a comfort for me to think of the last conversation I had had with her, and to know that in all

probability the prayers of her pious and excellent nurse would be constantly ascending for her.

We were so fortunate as to find the clergyman just returned from a second visit to the interesting sufferer, and I augured favourably from the peace and satisfaction which his countenance exhibited. He informed us, that though always somewhat suspicious of a death-bed repentance, he had here great reason for hope. Miss Melbury had spoken of the conversation we had on the subject of the ball, and said it had haunted her ever since—that even the excitement of music and dancing had not been able to banish it from her mind; and while to others she might have appeared the gayest of the gay, she was in reality wretched, because acting against the dictates of her conscience. She told her pastor she had determined, as soon as the ball was over, to set about a serious examination of the subject which so preyed upon her, and if she should become convinced that it was sinful to partake of the worldly amusements which had before occupied so much of her time, she had firmly resolved, whatever might be the consequences, to give them up altogether. “But alas!” she added, “when the day arrived on which I was to begin this important work, I found the house

full of gay company, and easily persuaded myself to defer it until I should have more leisure and quiet, and God has rightly punished me by cutting me off in my career of folly."

The clergyman said, he found her ideas, on the great subject of justification by faith, far more clear and correct than he had allowed himself to expect; and he accounted for it from her habit of so frequently reading the Scriptures to her nurse, and listening to her comments upon them. Upon the whole, he said he considered there was some reason for hope; but that, unless he should see something more satisfactory, he should think it a very doubtful case.

My husband left me at Mrs. Courtney's door, and then walked on to Mrs. Melbury's to hear the latest intelligence; but was informed by the house-keeper that a great change had taken place soon after the clergyman had left her, and that the physician did not think she could live more than a few hours.— "However," she said, "as I shall be obliged to send one of the men servants by your lodgings early in the morning, I will direct him to stop and let you know if any thing has happened."

It was late when my husband returned, and the mournful tidings he brought effectually banished

sleep from my eyes. My thoughts were, of course, entirely engrossed with the scene which was then going on so near me, and with the awful idea of that eternity into which the immortal spirit was about to enter. Towards morning I fell into a doze, from which I was roused by a loud rap at the door. It was Mrs. Melbury's footman, come to let us know that all was over.

In the course of the day we received a note of invitation to the funeral—what a contrast to the preceding one. No fear of gay company now. Six o'clock in the evening was the hour fixed upon; and though the day had been a bright and sunny one, just then a heavy cloud rose in the west and obscured the declining sun. The very flowers seemed to mourn, that she, the fairest blossom among them, had disappeared from the earth like a wind that passeth away and cometh not again. The procession of carriages was long indeed, and when we were all assembled around the open grave, the scene became solemn in the extreme. Not a sound was heard but the clergyman's voice, pronouncing the touching and beautiful language of the burial service; but when he came to those affecting words, "we here commit her body to the ground, earth to earth, ashes

to ashes, dust to dust," a general burst of grief was heard on all sides. When the service was concluded, my husband, fearing the agitation of my feelings would be too much for me, hurried me away, merely permitting me to take one last look into the grave, where lay all that now remained on earth of the lovely Miss Melbury.

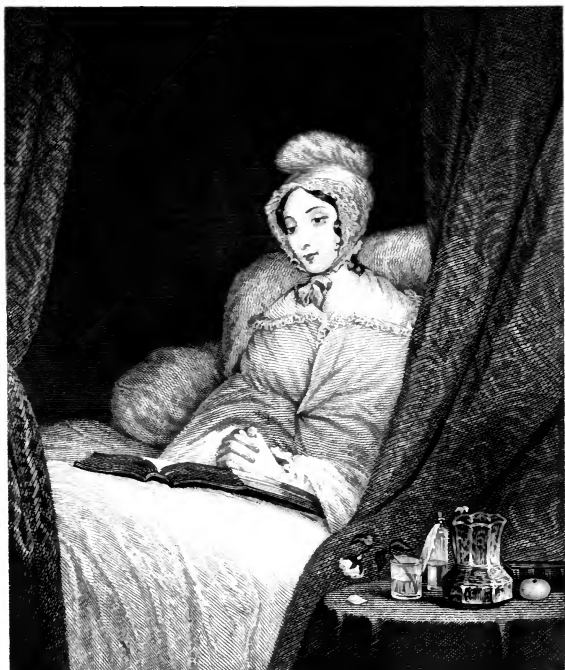
A. C.

RESIGNATION.

It is a piece of that corruption that runneth through human nature, that we naturally prize truth more than goodness, knowledge more than holiness. We think it a gallant thing to be fluttering up to heaven, with our wings of knowledge, and speculation: whereas the highest mystery of a Divine life here, and of perfect happiness hereafter, consisteth in nothing, but *mere obedience to the Divine Will*. Happiness is nothing, but that inward sweet delight, that will arise from the harmonious agreement between our wills and God's will.

CUDWORTH.

ONE pleasant afternoon in spring, an excellent friend was sitting by me, reading the admirable discourse, from which my motto is selected. When he came to the above passage, he paused at some remark of mine, and we were drawn into a long and interesting conversation, on the various modes, by which mankind have been long seeking, and continue to seek, the chief good. At length, Percy remarked, "Depend upon it, my dear friend, Cudworth is cor-



Engraving by J. G. Smith

THE
LADY
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rect in his assertion, that resignation to the will of God, is the true secret of happiness."

I replied, "that I was fully convinced of the duty incumbent on every Christian, of subjecting his will, to that of his Maker, but at the same time expressed my conviction, that as such a habit of mind involved constant, and great sacrifices on our part, so it appeared to me, to be not correctly defined, by the term happiness."

Percy for some moments made no reply, appearing to be revolving some project in his mind; at last he exclaimed, "If you are disposed to walk this afternoon, come with me to visit one, who is a living proof of the truth of my assertion."

I assented, and we were soon engaged in bending our way from the pleasant village in which my friend resided, into the country, by one of the most delightfully green and shaded lanes, that I had ever traversed. The scene was new to me, having only left a few days previous, the dust, and bustle of city life, and I thought nature never appeared more charming: she was clothed with the richness and loveliness of renewed youth: the birds sang blithely in their joy; and every thing on which our eyes rested seemed replete with happiness.

The *tout ensemble* was exciting, and I became animated in its praise, and expressed a wish that my lot had been cast in some such sunny spot. "When our Heavenly Father," replied Percy, "places us in circumstances like these, with health enabling us to take full advantage of them, we should note them among the mercies for which we daily praise Him; while, on the contrary, if He sees fit to deny them to us, we ought to remember that the possession of them is not essential to contentment and peace of mind.

"When you have seen Mary E. I think you will be convinced that we are not necessarily dependent on external circumstances for happiness. She entered upon life with unusually bright anticipations, as her parents were in easy circumstances, and she the possessor of a disposition which was naturally so lovely, as to engage the affections of all who came within the sphere of her attractions. Her mind was of a superior order, and every thought and feeling of her heart was refined; nevertheless, she was the inheritor of a fallen and corrupt nature; and, as such, she needed the renewing and sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit, to prepare her soul for the holiness of Heaven. Though preeminently lovely and engaging, in the eyes of her fellow creatures, the Great

Shepherd and Bishop of souls beheld in Mary a sheep wandering astray from Him, and from true happiness, and in infinite love devised a plan by which she was to be brought safely home to His fold; but the path she was to tread on her journey thither, was to be the same trodden by Apostles and saints, from the commencement of the world—the path of affliction. I have had the privilege of being intimate with her parents from her childhood; and have, therefore, had frequent opportunities of studying her character, as exhibited in the bosom of her family, of which she has been the pride and charm. Some years since, Mr. E. was visited by pecuniary misfortunes; and sorrow succeeded sorrow in a long and dark train.

“Among the afflictions which Mary was called upon to endure at that time, was the relinquishment of her father’s handsome establishment, for the comparatively humble one in which he now resides. To her this trial was peculiarly severe, for she had been, from childhood, exceedingly fond of cultivating flowers; and the home of her early years was adorned with a profusion of those vegetable beauties with which our Heavenly Father has clothed the world for rebellious man. But the previous disci-

pline, in the school of sorrow, to which she had been subjected, had been so overruled for her everlasting good, that when this chastisement was presented to her, severe as it undoubtedly was, she did not once express a murmur. On the contrary, she made unusual efforts to maintain a cheerful tone of feeling, in order that she might soothe and enliven her beloved parents. Last spring she was seized with symptoms of consumption, that fatal disease which has desolated so many happy homes, and transplanted many a lovely flower from an earthly to a heavenly paradise. She was from the first aware of her danger, but exerted herself to a degree beyond her strength, in order to conceal her sufferings from the watchful eyes of maternal love; for her gentle spirit shrunk from inflicting an additional pang on the hearts of her family. Their fears, however, became more and more excited, and they determined to consult an eminent physician in P——.

“ It was a lovely day last June, that Mary left home with her mother and brother, to attend this consultation; and it was a day, the melancholy issue of which, has caused it to be engraved on the hearts of her family, as if in characters of fire. I remained with her father and sisters to cheer and soothe them dur-

ing its long and agonizing hours, which slowly passed away with leaden wings. We sought, indeed, repeatedly, to repose our anxieties in the compassionate bosom of Him who regards his children, when under affliction, even with that tender pity which is manifested by a fond earthly parent towards the son of his love. Our state of suspense was most distressing: at last as the twilight was deepening into the gloom of evening, the sound of distant wheels struck upon our anxious ears; they approached—and now Mary was folded in the arms of her beloved father. For a few moments no one spoke—scarcely breathed. At length she turned to welcome the remaining members of the family, and as she did so, the light of the lamp fell in its full power upon her countenance; and oh! how much was revealed in its calm, angelic, and most lovely smile, though the predominant feeling portrayed there appeared to me to be that of unreserved resignation to what she considered the holy and wise will of God.

“The tea-table was arranged as usual, and we all sat down to it, each seeking to suppress emotions that were struggling for utterance; but, as yet, the silence was unbroken, for hope had vanished from our bosoms; its glimmering light, which had been

rising and sinking alternately through that long day, was now extinguished by the very absence of language; for we knew how prompt our friends would have been in relating any thing with regard to our beloved Mary, that could have been construed into encouragement. You will readily imagine our meal was almost untasted; the amiable and cherished object of our solicitude alone attempted to converse; and she had something tender and appropriate to say to each of us; and the soft glance of her dark gray eye spoke only of pity for us, not for herself.

“ She had stopped to gather a branch of some beautiful flowering shrub for her younger sister, who burst into tears as she received it; for, though a trifling action, it was indicative of the donor’s character, who was always more alive to the enjoyment of others than to her own.

“ She retired early; but before doing so, requested to be left alone in her chamber; and, I doubt not, that night was one of full and close communion with her compassionate Redeemer; for it was no slight struggle for Mary to relinquish existence. Life to her had many charms—she entered with zest into its innocent enjoyments: she was not a misanthrope, anxious to throw it off, as a load too heavy and

cheerless to be borne; on the contrary, she was surrounded by a large circle of warmly attached friends, whose tenderness had thrown a sunshine over her path, and had gilded with radiance her darkest hours."

As Percy pronounced these words, we passed the thicket through which we had been walking, and came in full view of the residence of Mr. E. It was distinguished from the neighbouring farm-houses by the air of superior neatness and elegance which, at a first glance, convinces the intelligent spectator that a refined mind has presided over the simple embellishments of the scene. The lawn was planted with a few beautiful forest trees, and around their trunks, pots of geraniums, myrtles, and roses had been tastefully arranged, as if to cheer, with their mingled charms, the eye of some beloved object.

Percy gently knocked at the door, which was opened by a most gentlemanly and pleasing looking man, evidently advanced in life, and on whose handsome features the lines of sorrow and suffering were to be traced. This was Mr. E.; he welcomed Percy most warmly; and when the latter introduced me as his friend, I too received a most hospitable reception. We were shown into a neat parlour, in

which we found the much loved invalid, seated in a large arm chair, and surrounded by her mother and sisters. She held an open Bible on her lap, but on our entrance, motioned to one of her sisters to remove it. On a mahogany stand, which was placed at her side, I observed a glass containing a beautiful damask rose, which struck me as an appropriate emblem of her for whose gratification it had been plucked. She had once bloomed with the same grace on the parent stalk, and diffused around the fragrance of a holy and pure example; and she was now, like it, fading away from mortal sight. When I first beheld Mary I was disappointed, for I had expected to see a more beautiful face; but this feeling was only of momentary duration, and the longer I was with her the more I was charmed with the almost angelic expression of her countenance.

When I entered, the sight of a stranger threw a flush over her pale cheeks, and gave her a slight air of embarrassment; but as we became interested in religious conversation this disappeared, and I then found that though a casual observer might pass Mary without admiration, yet it was impossible to converse with her with indifference.

During this visit, indeed, I saw comparatively

little into her character, for its extreme beauty, and eminent holiness, were veiled by feminine modesty and Christian humility. Like the fragrant violet, her charms were obscured by the beautiful shade in which she loved to dwell; and to be fully appreciated, they required to be sought for diligently.

When we bade adieu to the family of Mr. E. I was invited to renew my visit, of which permission I was most happy to avail myself; and during the few months that I spent with Percy, for the restoration of my health, I became almost domesticated in the family circle.

Gradually the full beauty of this fair flower was unfolded to my view, and then I was made to feel that Cudworth was indeed right in saying, that "the harmonious agreement of our will with God's will" could ensure happiness even in the midst of severe afflictions.

At times, Mr. E. was completely overwhelmed with the sad spectacle of the sufferings of his beloved child; and, his wife told me, that on such occasions, it was most affecting to see his lovely daughter trying to lead her parent to submission to the will of God.

In one instance, she gently laid her hand on her

father's arm, as he was bending over her in agony of spirit, and in the most persuasive tone she said, "My father, who were those happy beings that the favoured disciple beheld before the throne of God, clothed in white raiment, and with the ensigns of victory in their hands? were they not those who had come out of great tribulation, and had washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb? Surely, then, my father will be reconciled to this preparatory discipline of his child, by the anticipation of her future blessedness."

One stormy and tempestuous day, Percy received a message from Mr. E., informing him that Mary was exceedingly ill; and in the hope, that, by my knowledge of medicine, I might be of some service, we rode out late in the afternoon to his residence; and never shall I cease to be thankful that we went, since I was enabled to mitigate her bodily anguish, and behold in her the triumph of Divine Grace. We found her extended on a couch, her frame almost convulsed with agony; but still, so sustained by an Almighty power, that not a murmur, and scarce a groan, escaped her lips, and we only heard occasionally whispered in a low and tremulous tone, "Not my will, but thine, oh! Lord, be done."

Gradually, by the use of the prescribed remedies, Mary's sufferings abated, and she was able to listen to religious conversation. Mr. E. had been much agitated through the whole evening, and several times expressed the idea of its being most mysterious to him, that his child should be called upon to endure such severe and protracted agonies, when, as he said, in a low and suppressed tone, her spirit seemed already ripe for heaven.

Percy, in reply, dwelt much on the efficacy of afflictions, as means in the hands of God, by which he prepares and educates the souls of his people for Heaven. He reminded him of the great Captain of our salvation, who was emphatically a "man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief."

He dwelt on the case of John the Baptist; he whom the angel Gabriel announced before his birth, "as one who was to be *great* in the sight of the Lord;" and who received from his Lord the high commendation of being called the greatest among those who had, in the long history of the world, been born of mortal parents. And yet, how was this preeminence exhibited to his fellow men, while he sojourned on earth? Was not his career from its commencement marked with privation, and with suffering;

and where did it close, but in a prison, where he became the victim of malicious rage and wanton cruelty.

One part of Percy's conversation left such an impression on my mind that I shall not readily forget it, nor the effect it produced on the feelings of some of Mary's family, and perhaps on her own.

"I wish," he said, "to call your attention to a part of the first Epistle of St. Peter, in which he reminds the ancient believers, that they had come unto God 'as living stones,' and had been 'built up a spiritual house to offer up spiritual sacrifices acceptable to God through Jesus Christ.' Here, you observe, a comparison is drawn between the body of believers and the temple of God.

"In order to enter into the full beauty of this metaphor, we must bear in mind the manner in which the sanctuary of the Jews was constructed, and particularly as it is described in the 1st Kings. 'And the king commanded, and they brought great stones, costly stones, and hewed stones, to lay the foundations of the house.' 'And Solomon's builders, and Hiram's builders did hew them, and the stone squarers: so they prepared timber, and stones to build the house.' 'And the house, when it was in build-

ing, was built of stones, made ready before it was brought thither; so there was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the temple while it was building.'

"There is, as the excellent Leighton remarks, 'a quarry of corrupt nature, and from this are hewed out, by God's own hand, the stones which are to form the heavenly temple. They are dead, indeed, in themselves, and many of them such as men would cast away as worthless, but they are quickened into life by the touch of God.' Behold, then, with the eye of faith, my friends, the temple of the New Jerusalem as it rises yonder, silently, but surely, in its dazzling splendour; and mark the heavenly artificers, who are the host of angelic spirits appointed to 'minister to the heirs of salvation.' So noiselessly do they proceed in their work, that the people of the world note them not. See! that band returning on their errand of mercy, from the distant mountains of this lower world: they bear a brilliant gem to affix on the rising walls, and as they deposit it in its destined place, and cement it to the battlements of the temple by the strong bands of love, they lift up a melodious shout, which is echoed and re-echoed by thousands of seraphs throughout the celestial edifice—'Grace!

grace! unto it'—Zech. iv. 7. Listen while a brother spirit inquires the mode by which these stones have been prepared and polished to such transcendent brightness.

“I saw them,” he says, “once lying as rough and unsightly masses on the mountains. By what means have they attained to such beauty?”

“The ministering angels reply; ‘We were sent to hammer, to prune, and to polish them by inward mortification and outward trials: sometimes, with the sharp two-edged sword of the spirit, we removed the coarse fragments that marred their beauty: then, again, by a series of constant, unremitted operations, applying line upon line, we subdued all that opposed the process of polishing; but follow me and you shall behold our operations.’”

“And now the angelic intelligence flies on the light wings of love, desiring, with holy anxiety, to look more into the mysterious glories of that work of redemption, by which creatures who were ‘dead in trespasses and in sins, are quickened into newness of life, and made heirs of the kingdom of Heaven.’”

“Now they are bending down from their elevated position, and watching their fellow spirits, engaged in their labours of love. They behold certain stones,

round which a host of heavenly artificers are collected, each bearing his appropriate instrument, and labouring most sedulously in their respective turns, to impart additional lustre to these beautiful gems, which already outshone those that surrounded them.

“The inquiring stranger is at a loss to understand this mysterious partiality; he is told that the stones, which are thus peculiarly marked out, are intended to occupy conspicuous positions in the temple of the New Jerusalem, where, to heighten the beauty of the scene, ‘one star is made to differ from another star in glory,’ though in one respect they all resemble each other; the light with which they all shine is but an emanation from one great Fountain of Light.

“While they are thus gazing at these choice jewels of the Lord, these peculiar treasures of His, the finishing touches of beauty are given them, and they have now acquired such matchless lustre, that they are enabled to reflect the image of the Son of Righteousness, unmarred by any disfiguring shadow.”

Here Percy paused, for his young friend had sunk into a gentle slumber, which was an emblem of that spiritual and blessed rest, which the Lord will give finally to all his beloved children.

The father pressed his hand: “Your allegory has

comforted me," he said; "my sainted child is one of these peculiar treasures of the Lord; and if she is to be made perfect through suffering, I must endeavour to think of her, as she will appear, when she is exalted in the temple of God in heaven, and not as she is now, the child of affliction on earth."

The party silently withdrew to their respective apartments, and left the invalid to obtain that rest, which her enfeebled frame so much needed.

When I was alone with Percy, I remarked that "his figurative representation of the training of the just made perfect, could scarcely ever have been more strikingly illustrated, than by the object we had been contemplating for the last few hours; for in the course of my experience, I never beheld a more beautiful instance of childlike, affectionate resignation of the soul to God than Mary exhibited."

"If," he replied, "her character has made so forcible an impression on you, whose opportunities of observation have been comparatively few, what must be the feelings of those who have known her from infancy, when we take a retrospect of her character through the long vista of by past days and years. Besides, in order to measure accurately the depth of her Christian submission, you should have known her in

the freshness and activity of health. Her mind was by nature one of the most active and energetic that I have ever met with, where the character was so completely feminine. She had an instinctive aversion to indolence of body or mind, and was continually the centre of life, joy, and animation to all her family. Of course to a being thus constituted, the struggle must have been proportionately severe, to submit cheerfully to the lassitude, the weakness, and the helplessness of disease; and I cannot forbear giving you an illustration of it. She was one day sitting, amidst a circle of female friends who were engaged with the needle; she regarded them for a long time in silence; at length she remarked with a playful smile, 'you all look so pleasant, at your work, that I can scarce resist the desire to use my needle again, and I believe I must make the trial.' Her work box was brought to her, and placed on her little table: she drew out her working materials, and began to sew. We watched her delicate fingers, attenuated still more by disease, until our feelings became painfully excited by this trifling action, for it marked too plainly, not to be misunderstood, the encroachments of disease. In health we loved to follow her hands, as they moved with graceful celerity over her

work, but now the needle was drawn through at intervals, and as if with a painful effort. A few moments were thus spent, when Mary drew off her thimble, replaced the articles in her work box, and gently pushed it from her. For a short time the lovely serenity of her countenance was obscured, and a strong tinge of melancholy rested upon it. A deep sigh escaped from her gentle breast, which spoke to all our hearts, as if she had said, my day of activity has gone for ever. Her depression affected us instantaneously, and her sigh was echoed back by ours; this recalled her to herself; she looked round upon us as if silently imploring pardon for the pain she had given: her eyes were then raised to Heaven, and they seemed to say, 'Here, too, my Father, thy will be done!' A silent tear or two rolled down her pale cheek, and the struggle, to outward appearance, was over, and the air of calm serenity was restored."

Day after day rolled away, and Mary was still spared to us; but we beheld, almost with trembling, the prison walls daily crumbling down which confined her immortal spirit, and we felt that it must soon take its flight from us to its heavenly home, and leave us to mourn its loss.

She was permitted to remain in this state of disci-

pline until what was lovely in life became exalted in death to the matured stature, and ripened beauty of the saints of God; until her soul seemed only to send out its gentle breathings in harmonious accordance to the Divine Will. One only thought had power to disturb the holy serenity of that peaceful breast; and this was the shrinking from witnessing the pang which would rend the hearts of her beloved friends, when they should behold her passing through the valley of the shadow of death; yet, even here, her prayer was for submission.

That drop of bitterness was removed from Mary's cup by her compassionate Redeemer; she bade adieu in the evening to the friends she had loved with such unabated tenderness, and sank to sleep; "but she awoke not from that natural sleep; her holy soul only rose up out of the darkness and torpor of that short slumber into the enlivening light of God's presence. She truly might be said to awake when she first quitted these darksome regions, when she laid aside her cumbersome night veil. She will do so more perfectly in the joyful morning of the resurrection, when mortality shall be swallowed up in life, and all the yet hovering shadows of it shall be found to have vanished and fled away."

“Thou art gone to the grave! and its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long:
But the mild rays of Paradise beam'd on thy waking,
And the sound thou first heard was the seraphim's song.”

M. C.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

BY GEO. W. LIGHT.

The still small voice! the still small voice!
Hear ye not, when the morning breaks
Over the far-off mountains,
And each bird of the woodland wakes,
While its glory spreads o'er the lakes
And the silvery fountains,
A voice in the silent sky,
In the grove's rich melody?—
The spirit of God is nigh!
With the earliest dawn, comes the still small voice!

The still small voice! the still small voice!
Hear ye not, when the sun burns strong,
And the land and the sea are bright,

And the streamlets, that murmur along
Through valleys of bloom and song,
Rejoice in the noon-tide light,
A voice where the sea-winds play,
Where the rivulet glides away?—
The spirit of God doth say,
With the sun's broad blaze, comes the still small voice!

The still small voice! the still small voice!

Hear ye not, when the sun goes down,
With his crimson banner outspread,
And receives his radiant crown,
While the shades of evening frown
Upon his glorious bed,
A voice where the calm clouds lie,
Where the twilight breeze goes by?—
The spirit of God is nigh!
O'er the sunset sea, breathes the still small voice!

The still small voice! the still small voice!

Hear ye not, when the moon beams fall
On the slumbering ocean,
And the stars, at the night spirit's call,
Come forth, and shine over all,
With a tremulous motion,

A voice on the solemn air ?—

'T is nature's evening prayer:

The spirit of God is there !

Through the starlight gloom, comes the still small
voice!

BOSTON.

THE BURIAL.

Hark! the deep, low, minster bell!
Solemnly, slowly, tolls that knell.
Oh! what are ye laying on earth's cold breast?
We have borne a fair child to his dreamless rest:
We are laying him down in the sylvan shade,
The spring's green flowers o'er his tomb will fade;
The autumn bird shall his requiem sing,
Ere to sunnier climes, takes his wild spirit wing:
Like the bird and the flowers was that young boy's
 form,
With beauty and joy in his fresh heart, warm.
We tore him away from his mother's clasp:
With a piercing shriek, she hath loosed her grasp,
Her heart is crushed—but the time shall come,
When a change shall be wrought by that infant's
 tomb—
To the eye that is watching her slumberer there,
 She will kneel in prayer.

Hark! the deep, low, minster bell!
Solemnly, slowly, tolls that knell.
And what new spoil hath the reaper death?
'T is a wife that hath yielded to him her breath:
There was light in her eye, a joy on her brow,
On her lips, sweet song—where are they now?
With a faithful care was her young life nurs'd,
But the silver chord at her heart had burst;
From the earnest love that implored her stay,
She hath passed like a beautiful dream away.
—That mourner stands with a tearless eye,
'T were a joy to him now to draw one sigh:
His brow is wrung and his lip is white,
A change has come o'er him with fearful might—
When the sky and the stars shall their sad look wear,
He will kneel in prayer.

Hark! the deep, low, minster bell!
Solemnly, slowly, tolls that knell.
Ah! why hath that bell such a lingering tone?
A weary old man to his sleep hath gone.
We have borne him away from his silent hearth,
From the hall that once rung with his household
mirth:

He hath long since passed his manhood's prime,
He is gathered to dust in the perfect time;
Like a flake of snow from a wintry sky,
He is fallen to earth all silently.

They are weeping about him, that mourning train—
They ne'er will be blest by his smile again.

They have watched his age—they have loved him
well;

Sorrow is there with her chastening spell—

'Round the marble reared by their pious care,

They will kneel in prayer.

H. L. B.

TRENTON, MAY, 1836.

LITERATURE OF THE BIBLE.

BY PROFESSOR C. D. CLEVELAND.

WE have often wondered that those men of the world, who profess to be men of letters, do not give to the Sacred Volume that attention which, for its mere literary merit, it so eminently deserves. If they are indifferent to its claims to inspiration, why do they not see, and examine, and admire its varied contents as they do the classical remains of antiquity? If they have never known the power of its promises in sustaining, never experienced the efficacy of its consolations in comforting, never felt the influence of its hopes in animating the Christian to discharge faithfully the duties, to endure patiently the trials, and to meet manfully and surmount triumphantly the conflicts and temptations of the world; if they know nothing of all this, and, what is more,

care not to know, why do they not go to the exhaustless fountain, to draw from it examples of all that have made Socrates, and Plato, and Demosthenes, and Livy, and Cicero the admiration of two thousand years? The answer must be given in the words of our Saviour, "they will not come to the light lest their deeds should be reproved?"

There can be but little doubt, however, that if such men would often go to the Bible with but mere literary views, they would often come from it with the sentiment of the officers who were sent to take Jesus—"never man spake like this man." They would feel that more than a human finger was traceable on its every line: that none but an Almighty power could have dictated its sacred pages: that its dignity was the dignity of Him who "alone is worthy:" that its sublimity was the sublimity of Him "who weigheth the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance:" and that its pathos must be attributed to Him alone, who knoweth all the secret workings of the human heart, and what springs to touch, to move to sympathy, to melt with pity, or to awaken love.

Have they been moved by some of the scenes in Euripides; especially at the passionate ejaculations

of the aged Creon over the dead body of his daughter, basely poisoned by the foul enchantress ?

᾿Ω δύστηνε παῖ,

Τίς σ' ᾿ὄδ' ἀτίμως δαιμόνων ἀπώλεσε ;

Τίς τὸν γέροντα τύμβον ὄρφανὸν σέθεν

τίθεισιν ; ᾿Οἶμοι, ξυνθάνοιμί σοι, τέκνον.* ΜΗΔΕΙΑ, 1205.

And will they not find in the mourning of David for Absalom something even of surpassing tenderness ?

“And the king said unto Cushī, ‘Is the young man Absalom safe?’ and Cushī answered, ‘The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is.’

“And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept; and as he went, thus he said, ‘O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom, would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!’”

Are the lamentations of Priam, and Hecuba, and Andromache, upon the death of Hector,† full of heart-touching interest? Is there in all the heathen

* O wretched girl! What deity has thus basely destroyed thee? Who brings the aged man, bereft of thee, to the tomb? Wretched that I am; would that I could die with thee, child!

† Iliad, xxii, 416, 431 and 477. Cowper 485, 494 and 550.

writers a passage of more exquisite beauty and tenderness, than the description of the condition of an orphan, by Andromache, when she paints to herself what will be the fate of her infant son Astyanax, now bereft of his father? * But do not these passages, touching as they really are, sink in comparison with the tender and beautiful lament of David, over the body of Jonathan? With what a lofty tenderness it commences—

“The *beauty of Israel* is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen! Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings: for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away.”

He then tells of their feats in war, and adds this melancholy and touching epitaph:

“*Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided: they were swifter than eagles; they were stronger than lions. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished.*”

Among the affecting stories which the classic writers have left us, perhaps there is no one, on the whole, which affects our sympathetic feelings so

* *Iliad* xxii, 490. Cowper 560.

much as the immortal dialogue of Plato—the *Phaedo*, or *Death of Socrates*—a dialogue which one of the greatest, wisest, and best men of antiquity confesses he could never read without an agony of grief,* and which has indeed, been “embalmed by the tears of all ages.” But how does this compare with the simple and affecting story of Joseph and his brethren—a story which has the stamp of true pathos upon it, that loses none of its tender interest when read the thousandth time.

“And he lifted up his eyes, and saw his brother Benjamin, his mother’s son, and said, ‘Is this your younger brother of whom ye spake unto me?’ And he said, ‘God be gracious unto thee, my son!’ And Joseph made haste; for his bowels did yearn upon his brother: and he sought where to weep; and he entered into his chamber and wept there.”

To quote here, however, would be to transcribe the whole; for there is not a verse of that touching story that does not find its way at once to the heart.

Is the classical scholar in search of instances of filial piety, among his favourite authors? He will find many noble examples, that do honour to human

* *Quid dicam de Socrate? cujus morti illachrymari soleo Platonem legens. Cic. de Nat. Deor. lib. viii.*

nature, and of all of them none more affecting than that recorded by Valerius Maximus, of the Roman daughter. Her mother, a woman of illustrious birth, had been condemned to be strangled, and was delivered over to the gaoler. He, however, struck with pity, could not execute his commands, and resolved to let her die of hunger. The daughter came the next day and requested an interview with her mother: it was granted. For many successive days she came and made the same request, with like success. The gaoler was surprised that his prisoner continued so long without eating. He suspected the daughter—watched her narrowly—and discovered that she had all along been nourishing her mother from her own breast. The fact was communicated to the triumvir, who told it to the prætor. The criminal was pardoned; both mother and daughter were for the rest of their lives maintained at the public expense, and a temple sacred to filial piety was erected near the prison. This is all highly interesting; but can not the classical scholar find in a Book far more accessible than Valerius Maximus, many instances, of much deeper interest. Let him for instance turn to the simple and affecting story of Ruth.

“And Orpah kissed her mother-in-law; *but Ruth clave unto her.* And Ruth said, ‘Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God:—Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, *if aught but death part thee and me.*’ ”

Does the admirer of antiquity wish to find some specimens of animated historical narration? He will find enough in his favourite authors, and will probably turn first to “Livy’s pictured page,” to his celebrated description of the combat between the Horatii and Curiatii, than which neither the Greeks nor Romans can produce any thing more vivid and graphic. But cannot the reader of the Old Testament find something equally well told, in the account of the combat between David and Goliath. So admirable is the description, that you see it all, as upon the canvass. You see the huge Goliath, of “six cubits and a span,” with his “helmet of brass,” and his “coat of mail,” and his “spear like a weaver’s beam,” stalking to and fro between the two hostile lines, “defying the armies of the living God?” And you see the stripling David, “a youth of a ruddy and fair countenance,” going forth modestly, yet fearlessly, in the “name of the Lord of hosts, the God

of the armies of Israel," to meet this "uncircumcised Philistine," who dared to defy the armies of the living God. You see the youthful son of Jesse running to meet the Philistine, with his staff, and his shepherd's bag with "five smooth stones," and his sling. You see him taking a stone from his bag—putting it into his sling, and can almost hear it whizzing through the air. You see the huge "champion Goliath of Gath," tottering and falling "upon his face to the earth." We ask, are there no strong touches of the historic painter's pencil here?

Is eloquence the favourite study? We all know that the names of Demosthenes and Cicero are so much talked of, and have been so much and so justly lauded, that it is almost in bad taste to allude to them. The Olynthiac orations of the Grecian, and the Catiline orations of the Roman orator, may justly be adduced as specimens of bold, fervent, impassioned eloquence. Or if a single passage is sought for, perhaps that celebrated apostrophe of Demosthenes in his Oration for the Crown, where, justifying the unsuccessful battle of Chæronea, he invokes the *manes* of those who had fought and bled at Marathon, and Plataea, and Salamis; an apostrophe which Quinctilian and Longinus unite to extol, and

in whose opinions Hume, in his Essay on Eloquence, fully coincides. "No, my countrymen! It cannot be that you have acted wrong in encountering danger bravely, for the liberty and safety of all Greece! No! By those noble souls of ancient times who fought and bled at Marathon, and Plataea, and Salamis! By all those illustrious sons of Athens, whose remains lie deposited in the public monuments." But is this any loftier, any more fervid eloquence than can be found in the Scriptures? Take, for instance, the celebrated speech of Paul before king Agrippa; a speech of such power, that it extorted from this heathen prince, the friend of the emperor Claudius, the memorable confession, 'almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.' Or read the fifteenth chapter of Paul's first Epistle to the Corinthians, where he addresses them on the subject of the resurrection: can any thing be more lofty, more impassioned? Demosthenes utters an apostrophe to the dead: Paul, with a boldness and fervour unequalled, calls up before him, and apostrophises Death and the Grave themselves.

"O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory? The sting of Death is sin, and the strength of sin is the

law : but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Lastly, is the classical scholar in search of the sublime? He knows that of this he will find specimens in Homer, though our own Milton in sublimity o'ertops all uninspired men, because as we think he invokes, not the muses of Parnassus, but the Muse that "touch'd Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire." But what is Homer, in all his aërial flights, and what is Milton in all his stateliness and loftiness and grandeur, compared with Job, and Isaiah, and Ezekiel, and Habakkuk? Does the admirer of antiquity cite Homer's description of Jupiter and the gods? or that of Neptune,* who makes the mountains and forests tremble under his feet, as he descends from the summits of Samothrace, and hurries him to his home in the deep? Let him do it. The lover of the Bible fears no comparison. He will bring David's sublime song† of thanksgiving for God's deliverance, as an offset to all of sublimity, that Homer ever wrote.

"Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations of heaven moved and shook because he was wroth. He bowed

* Iliad xiii, 18.

† 2 Samuel xxii, 8.

the heavens also and came down : and darkness was under his feet. And he rode upon a cherub and did fly : and he was seen upon the wings of the wind. And he made darkness pavilions round about him, dark waters, and thick clouds of the skies. The Lord thundered from heaven, and the Most High uttered his voice. And he sent out arrows and scattered them ; lightning, and discomfited them. And the channels of the sea appeared, the foundations of the world were discovered at the rebuking of the Lord, at the blast of the breath of his nostrils."

Quite equal to this is the following from Habakkuk,* where he is speaking of God's coming from Teman, when "his glory covered the heavens, and earth was full of his praise."

"Before him went the pestilence, and burning coals went forth at his feet! He stood and measured the earth: he beheld and drove asunder the nations, and the everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual hills did bow: his ways are everlasting. . . . The mountains saw thee and they trembled; the overflowing of the waters passed by: **THE DEEP UTTERED HIS VOICE AND LIFTED UP HIS HANDS ON HIGH.**"

But of all the Old Testament writers, the author of the book of Job takes the lead in point of sublimity. Many of the descriptions in this book have that which Burke, in his *Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful*, has laid down as essential to true gran-

* Chapter iii.

deur and sublimity, namely, a vagueness and indefiniteness which leave room for the imagination to play and roam uncontrolled. Take, for instance, the vision in the fourth chapter, the terrific grandeur of which makes the blood curdle in the very veins.

“ In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me, and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face ; the hair of my flesh stood up ; *it stood still*, BUT I COULD NOT DISCERN THE FORM THEREOF : an image was before my eyes, *there was silence*, and I heard a voice saying, shall mortal man be more just than God ? ”

Or turn to the twenty-eighth chapter, in which may be found passages of equal sublimity.

“ There is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture’s eyes hath not seen. The lion’s whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it. . . . But where shall wisdom be found ? and where is the place of understanding ? *The depth saith, IT IS NOT IN ME ; and the sea saith, IT IS NOT WITH ME. . . . Destruction and death say, WE HAVE HEARD THE FAME THEREOF WITH OUR EARS.* ”

But we must stop. To quote all the passages of beauty, and tenderness, of animated narration, of eloquent appeal, of lofty grandeur and sublimity, would be to quote half the Old Testament.

But is there nothing of kindred character in the New ? Most assuredly. The sublimity of the New Testament, however, is that of thought, and feeling, and action, and character, rather than of narration and description. It is the moral sublime, that is there exhibited in all its perfection. The ancients pictured to themselves a scene of the highest moral sublimity, in "a brave man struggling with the storms of fate;" that is, a man of virtue visited with complicated misfortunes, and bearing them all with fortitude and equanimity. The world, however, in this case, were looking on, to encourage and applaud. But in the great Apostle of the Gentiles, we see a man of spotless virtue, whose whole life was a scene of trial and suffering, in "weariness and painfulness, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness;" and all for what ? for temporal honour or temporal applause ? no—despised and hated of all men, he was sustained only by looking with the eye of faith to "a crown of glory that fadeth not away."

Look, too, at the characters and lives of the other Apostles, simple, plain, unlettered men, going forth in the strength of their risen Saviour, in face of

opposition, and prejudice, and calumny, and torture, to bring down the lofty looks of man; to overthrow the altars and the temples of heathen worship; and to convert the world to the religion of Him who was "despised and rejected of men;" and we ask what scene of greater moral sublimity could be presented? If it were not impious, it would be absurd, to ask, if any thing parallel to this could be found in Classical Literature?

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1836.

A MYSTERY OF THE SEA.

BY THE REV. WALTER COLTON, AUTHOR OF "CONSTANTINOPLE AND ATHENS."

The incident alluded to in the following lines occurred on board the United States ship *Natchez*, when attached to the West India station. We had been lying off Cape Antonio for several days, in a dead calm, when it was proposed by Capt. N——, the gentleman in command, that we should beguile a leisure hour in searching for shells and coral. The drag-net, resembling a heavily leaded rake, was dropped for this purpose, but on lifting it we found, upon the comb, a trophy which we little anticipated, and which immediately reminded us of a tragic circumstance related in the dying confession of the pirate Gibbs.

SEARCHING, in idle mood, for some rare shell,
 Along the coral pavements of the sea,
 We drew from some unknown sepulchral cell,
 What to our doubting vision proved to be
 A long and lovely lock of female hair,
 Of auburn hue, and delicately fair.

The ringlet was as soft, and fresh, and flowing,
As if it still were shadowing an eye,
That flash'd with light, and life, and love, showing
No stain or dimness on its glossy dye:
It seemed, as if it had by stealth been taken
From one that slept, and in a breath might waken.

Would that they might awake! but no, the seal,
That death has dimly set, may not be broken,
Although each look and line may long reveal
Of all we worship there some tender token;
And yet we look and love, and half believe,
'T is some delusive dream o'er which we grieve.

O! would that this pale tenant of the cave
Might but one moment reappear to light,
And bless these eyes with that last look she gave,
E'er death had cast its shadowy blight
Upon her radiant features; but, alas!
She lies beyond that boundary none repass.

No more on her will light the smiles of love,
No more the voice of parent, sister, friend,
Or aught of all the accents wont to move
Her heart to gladness, on her dream descend;

No more the breaking morn, or purpling eve,
Or thought of home, her spirit glad or grieve.

Still at her father's hearth the lisping child

Will oft repeat, in sweet unconscious gladness,
Her sister's name, wondering that those, who smil'd

At that lov'd name, now look in silent sadness,
Giving her artless questions no reply,
Except a starting tear, or sudden sigh.

How came she to this solitary grave?

By treachery's wile, or grief, or wan disease,
By gale, or wreck, or pirate's flashing glave?

Where was her home, and who her kindred?—these
Quick melancholy questions ne'er will be
Solved by the incommunicable sea.

A corsair once, while in his dungeon lying,

Awaiting th' executioner, confessed

That on the wave, o'er which our flag was flying,

His deadliest deeds were done—among the rest,
Whose blood had stained this guiltless water,
Was a rich merchant with his lovely daughter.

The latter was so young, so sweetly fair,

It was among the pirate crew agreed

The daughter they at least awhile should spare
The death, to which the father was decreed;
This sentence pass'd, the parent bade a wild
And last adieu to his despairing child.

But fear is ever with the guilty; they
Who thus in melting mood had vowed to spare
This lovely being, feared they might yet pay,
With life, the price of their fraternal care;
Yielding themselves to this unmanly fear,
They doom'd to death one whom they all held dear.

She read her fate in that dejected air,
That meditative melancholy cast
Of countenance, which men will sometimes wear,
When they perceive their destiny is pass'd
To deeds which all their sympathies disown;
'T is nature speaking in an under tone.

Her hour had come, and 'mid the pirate ring
In silent sufferance the victim stood;
Sorrow for her had no new pang to bring,
But, when her eye fell on her father's blood,
She shook, and o'er each lovely feature spread
The pale and pulseless aspect of the dead.

And to the deck she fell, as falls the bird
Smitten on high by some electric stroke,
While through the pirate crew no whispered word
Or rustling hand the breathless silence broke;
But each, with shrinking aspect, ey'd the rest,
As if some sin lay heavy at his breast.

But he, on whom had fallen the evil lot
To deal the death blow, seemed the most dismay'd;
He stood as one revisiting the spot
Where he had some confiding friend betray'd—
One whose unquiet ghost, in piteous plight,
Now slowly rose to his bewildered sight.

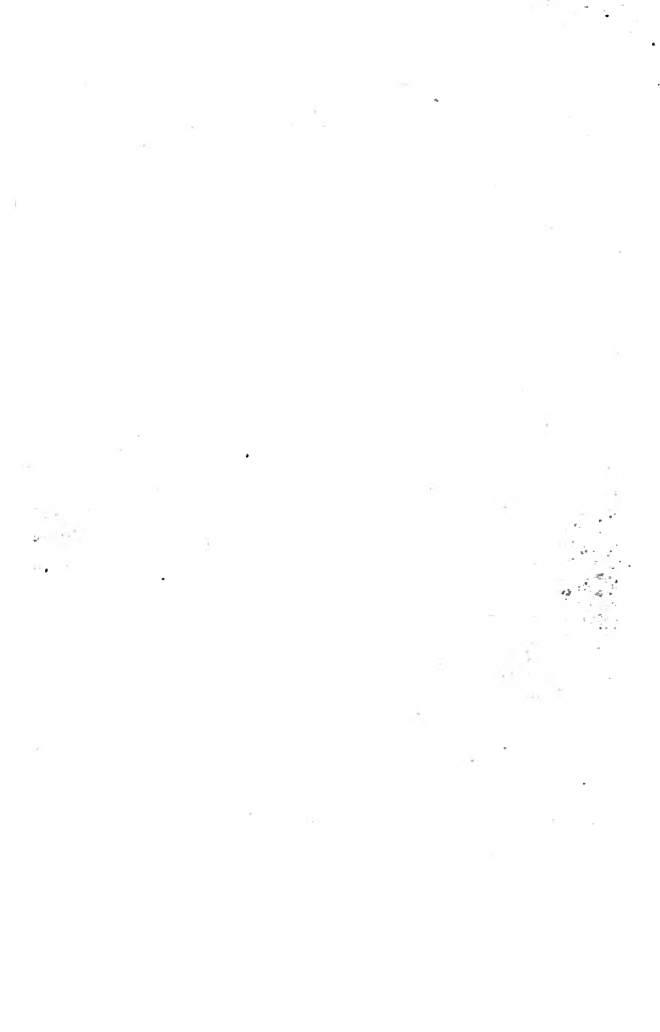
At length, from mid the ring, one whose stern brow
And lofty bearing well bespoke him chief,
Approached the victim, unapproached till now;
'T was not to save, or proffer short relief,
But cast into the sea, ere conscious breath
Might break this swoon, and give a pang to death.

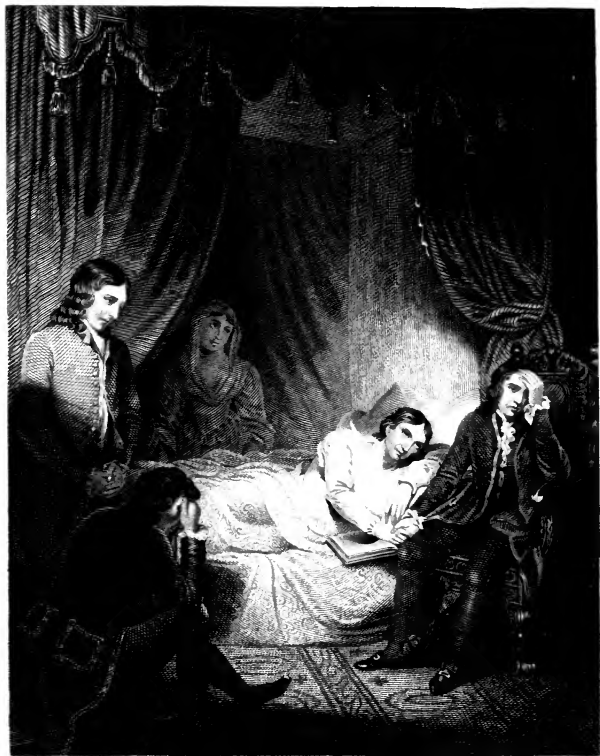
Vain fear, already had her spirit fled;
And as he, gathering, raised her nerveless form,
Pale o'er the pirate's arm, the drooping head
Lay as a lily bent beneath the storm,

While on her features fell the struggling tear
As he consigned her to her watery bier.

Perchance the glossy ringlet, which the sea
Yielded to our deep search, was one that roll'd
O'er that loved form, but this soft mystery
Nor breeze nor breaking wave will e'er unfold;
Still shall this relic, to my latest day,
Near to my heart in fond endearment lay.

And when the last great trump shall thrill the grave,
And earth's unnumbered myriads reappear,
She too will hear the summons 'neath the wave,
That now in silence wraps her sunless bier;
And coming forth, in timid meekness bowed,
Unfold the tongueless secrets of her shroud.





DEATH BED OF ADDISON.

BY THE REV. CALVIN COLTON, AUTHOR OF "FOUR YEARS
IN GREAT BRITAIN, &c.

Lord Warwick was a young man of very irregular life, and, perhaps, of loose opinions. Addison, for whom he did not want respect, had very diligently endeavoured to reclaim him: but his arguments and expostulations had no effect. One experiment, however, remained to be tried. When he found his life near its end, he directed the young lord to be called, and when he desired, with great tenderness, to hear his last injunctions, told him: "*I have sent for you, that you may see how a Christian can die.*"

DR. JOHNSON'S LIFE OF ADDISON.

ON entering Oxford, from London, one of the state-liest and most satisfactory architectural objects that meet the eye is Magdalen tower: and, notwithstanding there are many other beautiful, and some magnificent designs of the same class in that famous city, appertaining to the university, still the eye reverts

with pleasure, and lingers with delight on that more perfect, most finished, and proud thing of Magdalen, which always seems just as it should be. There are many shaded promenades and enchanting gardens at Oxford; but there is one in connection with Magdalen, winding along a pearly stream, overhung with sweet shades, not so beautiful in itself as it is inviting, by reason of its consecrated name—it is “Addison’s Walk.” Magdalen tower is good to behold and to think of; Magdalen chapel, especially, as recently renovated, and with its unrivalled painting of Christ bearing his cross, is not to be forgotten by those who have been admitted there; but “Addison’s Walk,” unpicturesque though it may be, compared with others, is yet hallowed by a name; and, in remembrance of the foot-prints, which he himself was once accustomed to leave behind him, as he strolled along, with book in hand, or meditating his classic strains, Magdalen college may well be proud of the name of Addison.

What made Addison distinguished in life, we do not propose to dwell upon. He was great, but not the greatest. To believe that goodness was allied to his greatness, is far more delightful as a subject of contemplation; to be permitted to cherish the im-

pression, that his virtue was that of a Christian, exalts him still higher, and crowns him with the only unfading glory. We are not uninterested in his story; as the son of a clergyman, we choose to believe that he was the child of prayer. He was, indeed, an ambitious youth—an aspiring man; he attained eminence—eminence in letters and in state; he contracted a high matrimonial connection, which, it is supposed, was not to him most comfortable; it was, perhaps, a thorn and a school for patience and resignation; his thoughts were evidently much on the world; but the anecdote at the head of these remarks, and the scene of his death bed, would seem to intimate, that in the pursuit of letters, and in the cares of state, he found time to think of Heaven. As he approached the period of his dissolution, he could not only contemplate the impending change with composure and firmness, but he seems to have been actuated by the genuine spirit of Christian benevolence—a desire to do good even in death—to point others to Heaven—himself leading the way. He summoned to his bed-side a noble profligate, for whose soul he still cared and cherished hope; and, in the solemnity of the circumstances, in the tenderness of the moment, appealed to a heart which was

too obdurate to be moved by other demonstrations of a similar affection, and said, "Look! mark! you, who would not believe me before, believe me now. A dying man is an honest man; at least you will allow me to be so. I have sent for you, that you may see how a Christian can die."

The death scene of Paul, or that which might be taken as such, was indeed a sublime vision: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; and henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me at that day; and not to me only, but to all them also that love his appearing." But Paul was a different character; his career was different; his office sacred; his pen and soul divinely inspired. He stood on higher ground than ordinary men. His faith was vision—his vision Heaven.

Addison was a man like ourselves. He had imbibed the faith which Paul preached; he had professed it; he had laboured to bring this young Lord Warwick under its influence—to eradicate from his mind the seeds of infidelity—and to imbue him with the doctrine of Christ. Those efforts, in the ordi-

nary relations of life, had failed. He now proposes to address him from a different position.

What and whence is that influence which makes us respect the dying man's word? Though it be a beggar, breathing his last in a ditch, he whispers in our ear as we approach him, and communicates a secret that lay on his conscience, or sends a message to a fellow being, that might have reason to regard it; and then he is gone. If we are convinced of sanity of mind, and right feeling in such a case, we feel the responsibility of the trust—and make haste to execute our charge with conscientious exactness. We fall upon a stranger in the way, who has been overtaken by some sudden and fatal calamity, and has only time and breath to tell us who he is, and to express a wish—and he expires. Could we disregard that wish? A near and dear friend—it may be a parent or a child—a brother or sister—a wife or husband—lies before us on a dying bed. He reaches his hand for ours, and casts his eyes upon us; we understand that he is going to give us his last word. We approach and yield the pledge; and with it we give up our whole souls; we are not our own—all that he says we hear; not a word do we ever forget.

There is a mysterious, divinely constituted power,

connecting this world and the future. We believe, we feel, that though divided now, we shall meet again. We say adieu—farewell—but not as those who have no hope. It is parting for a season.

It is this mysterious society—this connection of the present with the future—of time with eternity—this religious and awful, yet properly cherished, consolatory sentiment, which gives weight and character, and overwhelming power to a last interview, to the dying words of a friend. We feel that God is witness—that Heaven is witness—we imagine that hovering angels, as our consciences, are witnesses of the scene. There is no escaping from its influence; it abides with us for ever; it accompanies us to our own death scene; it goes with us into that eternity, and into that society, of which these impressions are the forebodings and the earnest.

Besides the affection we feel for those who are dear to us, and the anguish of a parting hour, we are filled with a respect—with an awe for that future, into which the spirit of our friend is just ready to launch, and whither we expect to follow, to return no more; and we are pervaded by a secret, undefinable, influential impression—I may add, by an indelible conviction, which the hand of God seems to have

incorporated with our being—that the counsel given by a dying friend, is counsel uttered on the margin, and in the light of two worlds, chastened and corrected by a consideration of the past, and duly charged with solemnity by the aspects of the future. It falls upon our ear in tones and with an authority like a revelation from Heaven—it seems the voice of God.

Such, we may imagine, was the counsel of the dying Addison to the young Lord Warwick, “when,” standing by his bedside, “he (Warwick,) desired, with great tenderness, to hear his last injunction, Addison, told him; *I have sent for you, that you may see how a Christian can die.*”

THE JEW OF MOROCCO.

See Israel's sons by scorpion curses driven,
Outcasts of earth, and reprobate of heaven :
Through the wide world in friendless exile stray,
Remorse and shame, sole comrades of their way,
With dumb despair their country's wrongs behold,
And dead to glory, only burn for gold !
O Thou! their Guide, their Father, and their Lord,
Lov'd for thy mercies, for thy power ador'd !
To Israel's woes a pitying ear ineline,
And raise from earth thy long neglected vine !

HEBER.

ACCURATE observers of the phenomena of the vegetable world have frequently remarked, that, among the vast profusion of leaves which nature puts forth on each returning spring, we may search in vain for any two which perfectly resemble each other, notwithstanding that, sufficient similarity prevails among many, with respect to outline and general appearance, to enable the botanist to distinguish

readily, not only the genera of ash, oak, and maple, but also the several species of each.

When we turn our eyes from the contemplation of this part of creation, to that of the human race, we perceive an analogy existing between them in respect to the fact just noticed. If we extend our observation, from the inhabitants of the icy regions of the north, to those of the burning deserts of the torrid zone; from the ancient nations of the eastern world, to the more youthful ones which people that of the west, we shall not probably be able to discover any two individuals among this vast multitude, who are constituted exactly alike, either physically or intellectually, though certain properties are possessed in common by numbers of them, which separate society into classes, each of which is occupied in its own peculiar pursuits.

We also observe the same state of things extending in a certain degree into a smaller subdivision of the human race, the family of Christian believers, and note its effects. While all who become true disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ are baptized by one Spirit, and exhibit, in a greater or less degree, the features of their common Master, and breathe a spirit of love for all for whom that Saviour came to bleed,

and die; yet we find exhibitions of *peculiar tenderness*, manifested by different Christians, and different bodies of Christians, varying with circumstances, to certain portions of that "field of their Lord, which is the world."

While many are to be seen more particularly engaged in other parts of the vineyard of their Master, a few may, perhaps, find their sympathies most deeply awakened, as they contemplate one portion of it, that was once beautifully verdant, and filled with trees highly esteemed, and loved by the Lord of the vineyard, but which is now overgrown by briars and thorns.

We find from experience that the peculiar bias of each individual leads him to view, with the most marked attention, those objects, in the different scenes through which he passes, which have the most distinct bearing on his favourite subject of contemplation; thus the learned antiquarian will often have his taste for the beauties of nature, so overpowered by the predominant passion of his soul, that he can travel through a country filled with sublime, and picturesque scenery, and yet apparently note it not, so intent is he on collecting the relics of olden time.

When I have travelled in foreign lands, the sub-

ject that first presented itself to my notice, was the position held in them by those, who once bore as their exclusive privilege, the proud title of "the people of God," but who now, alas, have become "a reproach and a by-word among all nations." I have examined with the most lively interest, their eventful history through the long lapse of years which have succeeded the Christian era, and their present circumstances of degradation, and oppression in almost every spot of the globe, excepting our own country. I have read until my blood has curdled within me, the narrative of their sufferings, and of the insults heaped on them by their fellow men, and have beheld in this combination of woes, the most awful, the most appalling, the ever present proof of the truth, and of the justice of Jehovah; and while the sublime attributes of the Deity have been thus inscribed in characters of fire on the history of the Jews, have not the softer features of love, and mercy been also conspicuous? How tenderly does their God appeal to them by his prophets not to destroy themselves, but to return to Him, and He even supplicates them, by every endearing epithet. When the Lord of Glory condescended to stoop from his throne, to take upon Him the garment of mortality,

was it not that of the Jew? and when He looked down on the City of Jerusalem and contemplated the sufferings she was about to bring on herself for her sins, did he not present the most touching, the most sublime instance of sympathy, that of the God of the Universe bathed in tears of compassion, over the sorrows of his rebellious children?

Circumstances, the nature of which, it is not necessary to communicate to my readers, led me sometime since to the coast of Morocco, and I became for a season a resident of one of the towns of that country.

Soon after my arrival in T—, I found myself in its crowded mart, surrounded by Mohammedans, Turks, Christians, and Jews, the latter of whom were marked out by the sable garments which are assigned to them, as a mark of ignominy by their Moorish masters, this colour being held in detestation by the Mohammedans of Morocco.

Notwithstanding the contempt, with which they are regarded, yet by a strange contradiction, owing to their national address, industry and superior intelligence, they have had the trade and manufactures thrown almost entirely into their hands; they are employed as interpreters, they levy the duties on

merchandise, and what appears the most extraordinary, they have the direction of coinage. It is not surprising then, that I should have found the streets of business crowded with Jews.

One old man particularly arrested my attention: his form was tall and muscular, his beard long and white; and in his full dark eye, and strongly marked features, I thought I could read no common character. There was a deep and settled sadness on his brow, which interested me deeply, and this feeling strengthened, the longer I regarded him. Imagination was soon busy in conjecturing the cause of this evident depression of spirits. Was it merely the sorrow of the Israelite mourning over his desolate Zion, or was it caused by the pressure of domestic affliction?

On inquiry, I was informed that Simeon Ben Oliel had been but eight or nine years in Morocco. That previously he had resided in Germany, and was acquainted with most of the European languages.

Pleased to learn that a channel of communication was open between us, I approached the aged Jew, and made some remarks connected with business. He raised his dark eye and gave me a penetrating glance, as if he wished to read my motives in thus

addressing him, and then in a concise manner answered my interrogatories. I made several other attempts to draw him into conversation, but in vain; there was a dignified reserve of manner which checked all further intercourse, and I returned disappointed to my own residence.

Some days elapsed before I was able to hear any thing more of Simeon Ben Oliel, though I made many inquiries about him.

Early in the following week, I sat out with my friend the American Consul to explore some ruins in the neighbourhood of T—, which had attracted the attention of classical scholars. We were mounted on mules, and on account of the heat of the weather, had selected an early hour for the commencement of our ride. Soon after the sun rose the weather became close and sultry, causing us to welcome with avidity, the shade of every graceful and spreading palm that lay in our narrow and sandy path. We had not travelled far, before my companion directed my attention to an approaching figure, who, when we drew nearer, we perceived was a Jew from his black dress. He was apparently suffering like ourselves from the heat and dust, for we observ-

ed him draw up his mule under the shade of a luxuriant date palm, and wipe his brow repeatedly.

When we were near enough to discern his features, I discovered to my great delight that it was Simeon Ben Oliel, and Mr. S— at my request stopped awhile under the same tree to rest our mules.

The Jew on our approach was about to withdraw, when I laid my hand on his bridle, and requested him in a friendly tone to remain, adding, "You appear, my friend, like us, to be suffering from heat and exhaustion."

With a painful expression of countenance, and in a somewhat hurried tone of voice, he replied, "Suffering and hardship are the allotted portion of the children of Israel in the land of their exile." As he spoke, I observed him draw the loose sleeve of his dark garment over his brow, for a moment—and then all was externally calm.

My sympathy was roused, and I said mildly, "May I, though a stranger, be permitted to inquire what grief thus preys upon you? I do not ask from idle curiosity, but from a sincere desire to alleviate your distress: though strangers, we are nevertheless brethren, children of one Great Parent."

Again he fixed upon me a most penetrating glance,

but the expression was no longer stern, and he said with some emotion, "Stranger, forgive my coldness, but the accents of kindness from the lips of a Christian are new to my ears. I thank you for your expressions of sympathy, but no human arm can bring comfort to my soul—Israel's God can alone help me—and His ear seems closed to my cry:—all His waves and His storms are passing over me: morning, noon, and at night do I pray towards the holy city, and yet no relief appears—no! all is dark! all is dreary to my soul!"

His manner affected us both, for feeling awakens feeling, as the notes of sorrow pass from one child of affliction to another: when his paroxysm of grief was abated, I ventured to inquire into its cause. In a few words, broken occasionally by emotion, he gave us a short narrative of his life. He was a native of Bavaria: had married a beautiful Jewish maiden to whom he was tenderly attached. After his marriage he had been exposed to many persecutions on account of his religion, had been stripped of much of his property, and obliged to fly from city to city. When Germany became the seat of war, exorbitant demands were made upon him, his house was unceremoniously seized by the enemy, and his be-

loved Rebecca was subjected to privation and suffering. Consumption, brought on by exposure to inclement weather, fastened upon his lovely wife, and the desire of his eyes was thus taken from him. Child after child had followed the dearer mother, until now, but one remained, his Benoni, the son of his old age. "And he too," said the old man with violent emotion, "he too, like the flower of the field, is passing away, and I shall be left childless."

He was unable to proceed, but covering his head, with his black mantle, he leaned forward on his mule, and for a time we heard nothing but the short convulsive sob, and saw only the agitation of the thick folds of the covering that concealed his countenance.

How could we console him? Alas! the "blessed gospel which hath brought life and immortality to light," was to him a sealed volume! The bright beams, which the Son of Righteousness, at his rising, had cast over the dark valley of death, had never enlightened his soul!

I know not how long a time had passed in painful silence, rendering us unmindful of approaching footsteps, when our attention was suddenly and painfully recalled to the scene before us.

A Moorish youth, apparently not more than fourteen years of age, whose swarthy countenance was flushed as if by recent excitement, had drawn near, without our perceiving him, and now, in a surly manner, ordered the Jew to dismount and yield him his mule. The old man absorbed in grief, heeded him not, at first, when the boy becoming exasperated struck him with his club, and repeated in a more insolent tone the command for him to dismount; at the same time sending forth a volley of Moorish oaths.

Roused by indignation, I was about to seize the stripling, who was thus wantonly insulting the hoary head, and that too, when bowed down by grief, but Mr. S— arrested me, and Ben Oliel placing his hand over my lips said quickly in German, “Forbear, you can do me no good, and may cause your own destruction; for my sake at least forbear.”

The last argument was unanswerable, but I could not repress my feelings, when the young Moor with many taunts, seated himself on the mule, and rode away, leaving the aged and afflicted Jew to make his way on foot to T—, through the heat and dust, for no intreaties on my part could induce him to mount my animal.

When the young Moor was out of hearing Simeon Ben Olijel turned to me and said, "I might have lost my life, had I but raised my hand to strike that strippling." And then he added in a tone of bitterness, "The followers of Mohammed may enter the synagogues of our people; ah! and may even taunt our Rabbins when engaged in their holy duties, and yet we dare not speak! Their very outcasts may cover us with mud, they may spit in our faces, they may cast us to the ground, and who comes forward to redress the unhappy Israelite? No; he must bear his woes unpitied. But it will not be always thus; our Messiah will come, the scattered tribes shall be restored to the land of our fathers, and our holy and beautiful city shall rise in new splendour, and our enemies shall be crushed under our feet."

As I marked the momentary flush of exultation, pass over that countenance so lately pale with anguish, I could not repress a deep sigh at his blind delusion, and breathed a short and fervent prayer, that the time may hasten quickly on, when the Lord will fulfil his precious promise, and "pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace, and of supplication; when they shall look on Him whom they have pierced,

and they shall mourn for Him as one mourneth for his only son, and shall be in bitterness for him, as one that is in bitterness for his first born."

Before we separated the Jew gave us his direction in T—, and we promised to call upon him on the following day. He then returned to his own house, and we pursued our original purpose of exploring the ruins of ancient times, but my feelings of interest had been turned into another channel, and I returned to T— absorbed in a train of reflections, connected with the singular history of the Jewish nation, and the striking confirmation of the predictions of prophecy respecting them, which had that morning been presented to my notice. The result of my meditation was, that I became more than ever convinced of the duty resting on Christians, of presenting their spiritual necessities, constantly in prayer to the Father of Mercies.

One Protestant church, indeed, with beautiful propriety of feeling, selects the day which, by her regulations, is set apart as commemorative of the death of the Redeemer of mankind, to call upon her children throughout the world, in the language of her Liturgy, to unite their supplications for "all Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics: that God would take

from them, all ignorance, hardness of heart, and contempt of his word; that they may all be brought home by our Blessed Lord to His flock, and all be made one fold under one Shepherd." The Jews are here placed as the first subjects of our petitions, and it is certainly natural and proper. What should we say to her, who, being in the full enjoyment of the blessings and privileges of her father's house, should turn a deaf ear to her elder sister's sorrows, when she had by her sins forfeited her place in that beloved dwelling, and was cast forth a wanderer in the wilderness of this world? Would it not be more consonant with our feelings, could we see the younger one, using every opportunity to present her sister's case to the ears of her parent, intreating that the wanderer, having been justly punished, might be reinstated in her former privileges?

On the morrow I sat out with my friend to search for the residence of our Jewish acquaintance, and after some time succeeded in our errand.

In the town of T— the unhappy Israelites have a separate quarter assigned them, as is the case in some of the German cities, and a large iron gate, closes them in at night from the society of their fellow men.

We passed this entrance, and were soon picking our way up the narrow and dark street which was without a side path; the lower stories were thrown considerably further back than the upper, which projected so far as nearly to touch each other. Many of the fronts of the lower stories, looked like large open windows and the interior of the shops were thus thrown open to our notice, wherein a variety of articles were presented to attract the eyes of passengers.

As our object was to seek the young Jewish invalid, and not to traffic, we scarce threw a glance at the gorgeous silks, and splendid carpets, displayed on every side, and we did not pause until we reached the entrance of Simeon Ben Oliel's dwelling. Like the other Jewish residences we had passed, it was dark and uninviting in its external appearance, for their occupants have been taught by painful experience, how dangerous it is by any display of wealth, (except in the wares of their shops,) to excite the cupidity of their cruel masters, there being no difficulty in Moorish ideas in stepping from the desire of an object, when in possession of a Jew, to its full enjoyment in their own persons.

We presented Ben Oliel's card to an intelligent Jewish domestic, who informed us that our visit had been expected, some time that day, and we were by him ushered into the apartment of Benoni Ben Oliel.

It was large and airy, and appeared to have been furnished by parental love, earnestly desirous to gratify the object of its affections. One side was only separated by a delicate network of iron, from a beautiful verandah, filled with trees of the lemon, orange, and citron, whose rich foliage threw a softened light over the room, while a profusion of the most rare, and delicate plants, which were tastefully arranged in pots, exhaled a sweet perfume through the air.

A divan, covered with the richest velvet, extended in the Turkish style round a great part of the apartment, and on it supported by cushions lay the object for whom all this sedulous care had been exerted. When we gazed on his youthful form, and beheld in his flushed and hectic cheek, and unearthly brilliancy of eye, the signet of death, we saw too plainly the cause of the elder Ben Oliel's grief. His breathing was short and laboured, and every few moments a hollow cough agitated his frame, but as each paroxysm passed over, the eye of filial love was bent

on his parent, who was seated on a Persian carpet by the side of his child, apparently absorbed by a train of melancholy reflections. Our entrance roused him, and he received us with the most marked kindness. Two domestics soon appeared, one presented coffee to us, and the other bore a silver waiter filled with conserves of various kinds.

We prolonged our visit to a greater length than we should have done on an occasion of mere ceremony, and so great was the interest excited in our breasts by the youthful sufferer, that we departed reluctantly, though with a cordial invitation from our host, that we should renew our visits as often as convenient to ourselves. Benoni seconded his father's request still more powerfully, by the affectionate appeal of his eye, and the warm pressure of his hand, and as I bent over him in making my adieu, he said in a low, but expressive tone, "Oh! sir, you cannot come too often, or too soon, for my glass of life is nearly drawn to a close." As I gazed on the peaceful expression of his beautiful countenance, I longed to read what was passing within, in order to know on what foundation the youthful Jew was reposing his eternal hopes. Oh! how I wished to preach to him "Christ the resurrection and the life," but I

knew that was not the season, and left him with the sweet hope, that a time might present itself when I could do so more profitably.

Day after day found me at Benoni's side, until I became so intimate in the family that I passed in and out without ceremony. And still I had not yet had an opportunity of accomplishing my object, for the invalid was always attended either by his father, or his confidential Jewish domestic, and I feared to excite their religious jealousies prematurely. But Benoni's case pressed heavily upon me, and I sought continually to present him in prayer at the throne of Grace.

It was about three weeks, after my first visit, when I found myself once more at the door of Simeon Ben Oliel's dwelling, and soon after in the apartment of his son. The first glance alarmed me, for I saw that Benoni's features bore the marks of violent agitation, his cheek was of a deeper hue, and his eyes wet with tears, were fixed on his father, who, seated at his side, seemed stupified with grief. Neither noticed me, and the affectionate domestic looked anxiously first at one, and then at the other, as if to read an explanation of the scene. "Something," he whispered me, "has happened; my master is not wont to be thus

dead in grief." Approaching the elder Ben Oliel most respectfully, the faithful attendant kissed his passive hand, and in the excitement of his feelings, forgetting my presence, he inquired earnestly what had thus agitated him. The father at last roused to consciousness began to rend his hair and beard, as if in agony, and then exclaimed in the accents of lamentation, "Benoni! Benoni! well hast thou been named the son of my sorrow! my son! my son! oh, that thou shouldst turn apostate to the faith of thy fathers!" and then throwing himself on the ground, he sent up an "exceeding great, and bitter cry."

The servant, horror-struck, looked from one master to the other in silent anguish, till at length, no longer able to endure it, he caught hold of the hem of Benoni's garment, saying, "It cannot, it must not be so."

Filled with surprise at the scene, I turned to Benoni, and beheld with dismay the sight which was there presented. The eyes, so lately sparkling with unnatural splendour, were closed; the flush had passed away from his cheek, and his brow was pale as the marble statue; his hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, and for a moment I thought the gentle spirit had fled its earthly tenement.

I motioned to the servant to remove his aged master; he understood me and withdrew, but quickly returned with several of his companions, who gently and quietly removed Simeon Ben Oliel from the side of his son, while they were both in a state of unconsciousness. Thinking this was no moment for hesitation, I dipped a cup of water from the fountain which was flowing into a marble basin of dazzling whiteness, in one corner of the apartment, and which, by its soft rippling on ordinary occasions, invited repose. After bathing the temples of Benoni for a few moments, he slowly revived; and as soon as consciousness was restored, looked round anxiously for his parent. I understood the glance, and gently told him, that his father would be better soon, and had been removed from the apartment by my orders.

The young man sighed deeply, and grasping my hand, whispered, "the fearful struggle is over—the dreaded secret is revealed—I have acknowledged Jesus as my Lord and my God."

The father could scarcely have been more startled; mine, indeed, were emotions of joy, of thankfulness; but the discovery was so unexpected that I gazed at the speaker for a moment in silence, fearing this expression, which had so delighted me, might have

been only owing to feverish excitement. The confession of his faith, as a Christian, was then repeated in a few words indeed; but they were such as could not be misunderstood. When I realised that the object of my desires was indeed accomplished, I could not, for a time, repress my emotion; my feelings were reciprocated, and we wept together in silence.

At Benoni's earnest request, I withdrew to make inquiries after the health of his father, who, I found, had quickly revived after his removal, and was then under the influence of a powerful anodyne administered by his attendants.

Whether the domestics were so displeased at the disclosure of Benoni's sentiments, as to lose, for a time, their extreme interest in him, or whether it arose from other circumstances, I know not; but I was allowed to remain several hours alone with my young friend, from whom I drew gradually the history of his conversion to the Christian faith.

He informed me that he had been sent to Germany by his father, about two years previous, when his health began to decline, in hopes that his native air would restore his strength and spirits. He had resided the greater part of his time with a wealthy aunt, at Frankfort, whose house was the resort of the

principal Jewish literati of the city. By the conversation of some of these, his faith in revelation became so shaken that he was, at times, driven almost to infidelity.

He described himself as being, at that time, most wretched, seeing life receding from him, and yet having no hope beyond it. In this state of mind he walked forth one evening, and becoming faint and exhausted, stopped at a petty restorateur's to obtain some refreshment. The kind hearted wife of the restorateur invited him into her little parlour, and urged him to repose himself upon the sofa. "I suppose," said Benoni, "my youth and weak condition inspired her with pity, for she began to administer consolation: she spoke to me, with simple pathos, of Him who, she said, 'came to this world to comfort all that mourn.' Ashamed for a while to acknowledge that I was a Jew, I let her proceed, till she gradually and plainly laid open the Christian system to my mind. I could not but admire its singular appropriateness to my condition; but still, all the prejudices of the natural man, and the Jew, rose in opposition to this religion, and when I was able to walk I left my kind hearted hostess, with many thanks for her kindness, but in determined rebellion to Christianity.

“An impression had, however, been made on me, which I could not shake off by any effort: the words of this unlettered, but pious Christian, would continually return to my recollection, especially during the sleepless hours of the night, and I soon felt an earnest desire to possess a copy of that Gospel which she had found so precious; and yet I feared to awaken suspicion among my Jewish relatives. In pursuance of my purpose I sought again and again the residence of my humble friend, who, I discovered, was a Moravian, both in name and spirit. After some time, finding what were the principles of this worthy couple, I disclosed the secret of my religion; but the only effect was to increase their tender concern for my spiritual welfare. Through them I procured a copy of the New Testament, which I literally devoured in secret, so delightfully did its contents harmonize with my state of feelings. By the urgent entreaties of the restorateur and his wife, I was, after much opposition, arising from my natural pride of character, persuaded to have an interview with their pastor, who was truly a disciple of the Lord Jesus. By the blessing of God on his prayers, and patient instructions, my prejudices were all overcome, and my understanding was perfectly convinced, though

my heart for a long time remained unchanged. Week after week passed away, and yet found me growing weaker in body, but stronger in my Christian convictions.

“My relations were becoming somewhat suspicious, and I determined to return to Morocco, giving, as my ostensible object, the earnest desire I felt, since my case was pronounced hopeless, to die in the arms of my beloved parent. This was deemed perfectly natural, and I accordingly was permitted to return home, accompanied by my faithful domestic.

“I pass over my voyage, and the agitating scenes which followed; suffice it to say, that when I beheld the grief of my aged parent, and his strong and unabated Jewish prejudices, I shrunk from inflicting on him the dreadful additional pang of thinking his child, the only wreck of his hopes, had renounced the faith of his fathers.

“Three months have elapsed since my return, and yet my secret has been labouring in my breast; for I have shrunk, perhaps with criminal fear, from dying under the malediction of my father, an outcast from his bosom, alone, and unattended.

“My body has sympathised with the conflicts of my soul, and has grown fearfully weak—the last two

or three days had convinced me, however, that the hour of my departure is near; and, as I have stood on the threshold of eternity, I have felt that I must make a desperate effort for the salvation of my beloved parent. This morning found me unrefreshed with sleep, and weak in body, but decided in purpose. I have confessed myself a Christian, and have received a father's curse."

Benoni had given me this simple narrative, not as I have related it, in one continued series, but at considerable intervals, and with a voice at times almost inarticulate with emotion; and, when he closed, his agony was extreme. I did all that I could to comfort him by conversation of a soothing kind, and by repeating texts of Scripture. After a long time he became more tranquil, and grasping my hand with fervor, feebly articulated: "Oh! pray for me—pray with me—my dear, kind friend: deny me not this favour, which my soul thirsts for, that of mingling the voice of prayer with one who believes in the Saviour, who acknowledges the same Master!"

He placed in my hand a small copy of the Greek Testament, and pointed to the 1 Cor. chap. x., saying: "Read that precious chapter to me. While studying it in secret, and praying over it, the gloom

has passed away from the grave, and all is now bright beyond it. I view the valley of the shadow of death but as a narrow passage, which is to conduct me into the extended blessedness of eternity. Yes," he said, with holy fervor, "I know whom I have believed, and I am persuaded He will keep what I have committed to Him against that great day." I obeyed Benoni's request, and when I departed, I had the satisfaction of leaving him in a gentle slumber.

When I returned on the following day, I had the happiness of finding that the tenderness of the father had so far overcome the prejudices of the Jew, in Simeon Ben Oliel, that he had withdrawn the withering curse from the head of the gentle Benoni; and the only change I could perceive in him was, that his manner was more reserved, and deeply depressed, and that despair seemed written more strongly on his features.

I was now summoned by imperious business from T—, for a fortnight, and parted from the aged Jew and his son with deep emotion, as I thought, in all probability, this was to be my last interview on earth with one, so lately known, indeed, but who was so

endeared to my heart. His last words were full of Christian hope, and strong in faith.

When I returned to T—, Benoni Ben Oliel had ceased to be an inhabitant of this lower world.

* * * * *

It was on a bright and beautiful morning, some weeks subsequent to this sad event, that I was seated on the beach of T—, watching a vessel that was about to sail up the Levant. There was no bustle of merchandise hurrying into her; no men of business appeared on the quay; but a solemn and almost funeral group were there collected. I heard the voice of lamentation and wo—I saw the warm embrace of friends—I heard farewell for ever, in this life, pronounced by parents and children! by brothers and sisters!

It was the vessel which annually sails with Jewish pilgrims from the Barbary States to Jerusalem. Those who, from the advance of old age, feel death to be not far distant, or those who, in earlier life, receive a more speedy summons to the tomb, are earnestly desirous to breathe their last faint breath in sight of their beloved Jerusalem, and have their bodies deposited, for their last resting places, among the rocks which line the desolate valley of Jehosha-

phat, through which are to pass, at the last great day, the great concourse of risen believers, to the judgment seat of God, according to the popular tradition of the Jews of the East at the present day.

I need not say how touching the scene, I was contemplating, was to a person possessed of ordinary sensibility. My heart at least was deeply impressed, was greatly agitated, and the more so as I beheld leaning over the poop of the vessel, with folded arms, and anguish depicted on every feature, Simeon Ben Oliel; his right arm grasped the vessel—his left clasped the Bible of his beloved, his lamented child.

The anchor was up-heaved, the sails were unfurled—Ben Oliel gave me his last silent salute—and then the vessel parted with her keel the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and soon the form of the aged Jew was lost for ever to my sight, and the ship which bore him away became as a dark speck in the horizon.

M. C.

IMPROMPTU.

BY D. H. HOWARD.

"He fleeth also as a shadow."

Life is fleeing like the morning shadow ;—
Fast the current glideth to the ocean,
Whence there's no returning :—O, remember
There is no retracing of life's journey.
Ye have seen the shadow passing over,
Of a cloud, upon the noon-day landscape :
No where rested it on hill or valley ;—
So we rest not in our onward journey.
As upon a rapid river's current
Borne along, we fain would stop to gather
Bright flowers from the stream-side, and would linger
In the cool shade of the groves—so life is.
But the cloud that passes o'er the heavens,

And the river silently doth water
All the meadow, whose bright bloom will bless it.
So let earth bless us for living on it.
Pass not from life as the vapour passeth,
That the noon-beam dries up in mid-heaven,
But be rather like the summer rain-cloud.
And, though where you tread your footsteps stay not,
As you hasten your last days to number,
Let not those you leave behind forget you,
Let your memory in your deeds be blessed.

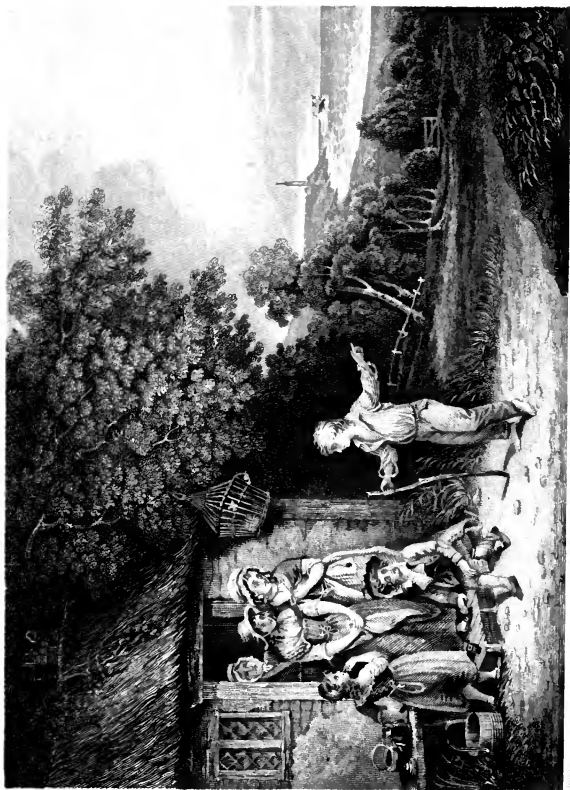
BOSTON.

THE SHIPWRECKED SAILOR BOY
RELATING HIS STORY.

BY W. G. CLARK.

CHILD of the Ocean! thou comest to tell
Of the dangers that thee and thy bark befel:
Of the wild tornado's awful sweep,
Whose rude voice wailed o'er the shadowy deep.
Thou comest to speak of the turbulent wave—
Of thy joyful escape from a yawning grave:
Thy lip is parched, and thy cheek is pale—
Sailor boy, sailor boy! tell us thy tale!

“ I come, with the sea-foam yet salt on my brow,
From the desolate deck, and the broken prow:
In my ear is the creak of the shivered mast,
And the sail's shrill quiver, when torn by the blast:





The shrieks of the dying my heart impress,
Sent up through the midnight loneliness:—
I feel the rush of the mountain surge,
Whence the hands of the sinking in vain emerge.

“ I come from yon restless and bounding main,
From a scene of death, of despair, and pain;
I have seen true hearts in the wave go down,
Richer than jewels of high renown;
Richer, in love, than the sea-washed gold,
Where the coral shines over wealth untold:
Where the pearl and the ruby unvalued lie,
Shut, by the deep, from the glorious sky.

“ One evening, the sun, in the ominous West,
Sank in blood-red clouds to his place of rest:
His pavilion around him was crimson and black,
Where the lightnings ran in their fiery track;
There were lurid shadows along the deep,
Where the winds had folded their wings to sleep—
And the calm which engenders the storm was there,
Heavy and thick in the motionless air.

“ Then came the tempest!—and piping loud,
The hurricane howled in the ragged shroud—

The mast like a reed by its force was bent,
As through gloom and darkness we onward went—
The dash of the billows, the shrieks of fear,
The prayers of the lost ones yet haunt mine ear—
But they passed away, like a zephyr's breath,
To the still and remorseless caves of death.

“ Morn came at last—and ye see the wreck,
In the hazy distance a desolate speck ;
There the sign of distress has been hung and lost,
And hands toward Heaven imploringly toss'd ;
And the God who heareth and answereth prayer,
Hushed the angry waters that bounded there ;
Yet destruction to all but *me* befel—
I alone am left, the sad tale to tell !”

PHILADELPHIA.

ASPIRATIONS.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither—
And see the children sport upon the shore
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

WORDSWORTH.

THE purer and more elevated aspirations of the soul are among the most pleasing tokens of native excellence, and the brightest emblems of after growth. It need not be said that sadness is ever generated beneath their glowing and beautiful wings. Mark the aspirations after human approval and influence over others, which, in their abuse, have been denominated *ambition*. Though of all human regrets, that of him unable, by the most impassioned contempla-

tion, to embody his conceptions, to satisfy his intellectual conscience, be the most dignified and pure—who shall say that it is not a keen, melting, and often unconsolated sorrow? Innumerable and touching associations cluster around it, in many bosoms, so that it cannot be, even in the view of the worldling, an isolated and selfish grief. “I feel,” will the thoughtful one say, “I feel that were the images, sentiments and ideas, which throng the temple of my soul and make it rich with inspiration, worthily imparted—a reflex tide of unbounded satisfaction would pour in upon me.” The superficial may behold nothing here but cold and selfish calculation. True, the spring and end of this stream of joy are in the individual—but through what channels does it course, and what intervening waters swell and animate its flow?

While the mere exercise of the highest powers resident in human nature gladdens the heart of their possessor, it is the contemplation of the results of his efforts, with reference to his fellow-beings, which actually engenders a deep and holy happiness. “How many minds (might the soliloquy continue) will awaken, how many glorious thoughts arise, how many of fancy’s fires loom up, and how many

bosoms throb with noble delight through the far-spreading influence of my single agency! while the cheering gratulations of friendship, the ready sympathy of kindred, and the proud greetings of country, will, like the firmament, beam sweetly on the pathway of my life, and drop gentle and fertilizing tears upon my last resting place!" Connected then, as is the desire of the truly poetic or philosophical aspirant even for human approbation, with the social and domestic affections, who can deny to it an alliance with the impulses of love and philanthropy?

But, in a period of general intelligence and consequently of sentiment, the legitimate, and therefore disappointed, aspirations of men, require solace rather than vindication.

It is exceedingly and mournfully usual for those on whom Nature and Truth are dawning—and the opening of life's day is the time of ingenuous aspirations—to confound their inability to prototype the *beau ideal* within, with general incapacity. Reasoning upon individual consciousness, in this as in most instances, leads to wrong conclusions and practical evil. Baffled effort disgusts, or misinterpreted experience indurates. For "it is an undoubted fact in human nature, that the sense of impossibility

quenches all will." The stern realities of life interpose, and the work is finished. The youthful and enthusiastic aspirant is transformed into the *sensible* seeker after external advantage, or the active and acute denizen of the busy or the gay world. Happy indeed if the degeneracy stop here.

The principle, upon which the executing falls thus habitually and widely short of the conceiving power, is the same which Christianity designates as the cause of all human disappointment. It is the appointed means and direct occasion of *growth*.

So much, then, for the philosophy of our unrealizable aspirations. But there is yet another source of consolation, derived from another principle or fact of man's spiritual constitution. I refer to the truth that the process of improvement is, to a considerable extent, *insensible*. The changes of inward nature, like those of our physical form, are far more perceptible to others than to ourselves. Our thoughts are so much and so wholly occupied with retrospections, anticipations and immediate interests, that we seldom mark the present point of being with reference either to the future or the past, and hence but dimly discern the nature and extent of our course. We may, indeed, recal periods when our knowledge and men-

tal power were more limited, and look forward to the time when they shall be yet more extensive and exalted than at present. But how confused our sense of the different gradations of spiritual self-existence, and how like the vagaries of a dream the memory of all that has promoted its preservation and expansion! The most introspective of men cannot confidently point out the prominent agencies by which his development has been effected; so like the unfelt devotion of Nature, is the ministry of education in its deepest sense. Its most obvious *effects* are the only clear evidences which reveal its mighty operations even to the subject of them.

And this truth, let me repeat it, is truly beneficent in its influences. Happy is it, that we are alike unaware of the precise altitude we may have attained, either in the moral or intellectual world. In this ignorance there is indeed bliss. No adequate basis is now afforded for unworthy depression or self-complacency. "Press on" is the only distinct direction which can be deduced after generalizing the teachings of experience. How clear and constant the monition!

There is then a definite and most sacred purpose, as well as a thrilling and symbolic beauty in the

aspirations of the soul. They are not the sickly offspring of weak romance, but arise with added fervency and fulness from the strong and pure in spirit. Let them, then, be conscientiously and religiously cherished. From the deep and bright bounding waters alone do the mists come out, and gorgeously refract the light of heaven, and that bosom must be indeed ice-bound whence proceed no far reaching desires and glorious conceptions.

BOSTON.

THE GRAVE.

BY MISS S. S. CAHOON.

There is a calm for those that weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie—and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

MONTGOMERY.

Oh! wherefore is it that we shrink—
Why comes there such a gloom
Over our spirits, when we think
Upon the quiet tomb?

A calm, unbroken, holy peace
Abides within its breast;
“The wicked there from troubling cease,
And there the weary *rest*.”

Let not the yew or cypress fling
Their gloomy shadows round,
But from the grave let flow'rets spring,
And verdure deck the ground.

'T is thence the ransom'd soul departs
To seek a happier sphere,
Where holier love shall bind the hearts
That death had sever'd here.

Why weep we then? where is the *faith*
Of those who have profess'd
Beyond the shadowy vale of death,
Alone, to look for rest?

Why mourn, in agony and fear,
Affection's broken ties?
Which could not, unless sever'd *here*,
Unite above the skies.

Though "no device nor work be found
In the grave's" darksome breast,
Why should we bring such horror round
That hallow'd place of rest!

Let not Affection o'er the spot
Sit brooding in despair;
The spirit of the dead dwells not
In dust and darkness there!

Long ere upon the unconscious breast
We, weeping, place the sod,
The soul hath enter'd into rest,
And lives anew to God.

The hapless heathen well may shrink
And infidels despond,
Who, hovering on the grave's dark brink,
Discern no hope beyond;

But shall the *Christian* grieve to lay
Sin's weary burden down,
And soar through death's dark vale away
To an immortal crown?

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE MUSICIAN'S LAST HOUR.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

THE good old man lay dying. Soft and cool
Played the light summer breeze among the leaves
Of a deep-foliaged tree, that cast its shade
Into the window of his quiet room.
It made a rustling whisper, like the hush
Of a fond mother o'er her sleeping babe:
And all were still—yet many friends were there,
Who oft had hung, enchanted, on the sounds
Flowing from those pale lips, springing like thought
Beneath the touch of those thin, stirless fingers.
He slept—how calm! and oh! methinks he dreamed!
He dreamed of starry music—of the spheres
Making rich harmony—of seraph harps
Thrilling and trembling to the heavenly plumes

That fanned their golden wires. He heard the song
Of Cherubim, symphonious, faint, and low;
For soft he smiled, and seemed intent to hear—
He heard the choir of angels, loud and full,
Pouring a flood of music; for he stirred
With restless fervor, and his eyelids rose.
'T was but the breeze, disquieting his slumber—
Throwing the branches of the leafy tree
Against the lattice—freshening as the ray
Of sunset deepened. Its first, low-sounding tones
Had mingled with his fancy, and he dreamed
Of gentle cadence: when it louder swelled
He heard the angel-chorus and awoke!

Turning his feeble gaze upon the forms
That stood around, subdued to breathless awe,
He seemed to seek for some dear countenance.
The inquiring look was answered—for a girl,
As lovely as the Seraph of his dream,
With voice as charming, to his pillow leaned
And sobbed—"What wilt thou with me, oh! my
father?"

"I'm dying, Ella, dying! play an air
Upon thy harp—its chords I would hear thrill
With the deep music which I taught and loved,

And still love next to thee, mine own, and Heaven!"
The maiden went, and, with a faltering step,
Approached her harp. She lightly touched the
strings,

Prelusive to some strain, as sad and solemn
As the lone swan's first but last warbled song.
Sudden the old man rose. His dim eye lightened;
His hands he threw, as if in rapid flight,
Across the chords, and clearly spoke—"Not so!
Not so! my daughter—not a mournful tune:
For I would triumph over Death, and soar
Victorious as a Conqueror to his throne!
Be it a *martial air!*"

The maiden paused
A moment only; for strange courage flashed
O'er her bright brow—and Inspiration, caught
From her great father's spirit, gave her power
To sweep the chords with firm and brilliant hand.
She played a Triumph, such as Miriam sung,
When Israel's rescued armies passed the sea!

The sunset's latest beam streamed broadly in
Upon the old man's couch. His visage shone
As if the portals of the sky were thrown

Apart before his way. The harp still flung
Majestic music on his raptured ear;
And, with the utterance of a mighty strain,
He fell upon his pillow—and was still!
His soul had floated on that wave of sound
To Heaven!

BOSTON, JULY, 1836.

ELEGIAC STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF BISHOP WHITE.

BY WILLIS G. CLARK.

FROM the watch-tower of Zion a Soldier is gone,
Whose shield in the sunbeams of righteousness
shone;

Whose mild, warning voice among multitudes fell—
Who loved of the glories of Heaven to tell.

He has gone to enjoy them!—where age is unknown,
Where Sin has no dwelling, and Pain has no throne;
Rewarded with recompense rich, he is blest,
In the land of delight—in a mansion of rest.

He has fought the good fight—he has finished the
faith—

He has burst from the thralldom of sorrow and death;

From sickness, from weeping, from funeral hours,
 He hath soared to the region of sunshine and flow-
 ers ;

And his eyes, unbeckoned, are gazing abroad
 On the river of life, and the city of God ;
 On scenes which no pencil or pen can portray—
 Where the splendours of Heaven unceasingly play.

Shall we mourn for the Patriarch who feared not the
 tomb,

That his spirit is blest with the absence of gloom ?
 That he totters no more on the verge of the grave—
 That he leans upon One who is mighty to save ?
 Whose smile cheered the pathway he tremblingly
 trod,

To the beautiful gates of the palace of God,
 Whose arm was his stay, as triumphant he rose,
 To rejoice in the realms of eternal repose.

Ah, no! could we see the bright waters that shine,
 'Neath the fair tree of life with its fruitage divine ;
 Could we hear the sweet anthems that gladden the
 air,

And tell that the Ransomed are glorified there,

We should sorrow no more ; but for those that remain,

Whose garments are washed in the blood of the slain,
We should hail the loved promise of God, in his word—

Thrice blest are the dying, who die in the Lord !

PHILADELPHIA.

DEATH OF AN INFANT SISTER.

Death found strange beauty on that cherub brow
And dashed it out.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

'T WAS midnight, and the pale and wasted lamp
Gleamed wanly through the chamber, suiting well
That scene of sorrow, watchfulness, and pain.
Hushed were the many quivering parted lips
That hung o'er that low couch. The sufferer lay
With deep-flushed cheek and full dark eye, whose lid
Would open fitfully, with that wild glance,
As though the wandering mind dwelt in strange
scenes.—

The breath was hurried, and its grating sound
Gave to the listening heart, that icy thrill
We feel, when all we dread is certainty.
There was no hope—the Spoiler's seal was there

And yet the group that darkly gathered round,
With gentlest offices, had still fond thoughts
They dared not shape in words. Each sought to
 trace,
On her wrung brow, some blest and sudden change,
For, oh! it was a fearful thing to feel
That living, beating heart should soon be stilled.

She had been happy. Life to her was now
As a new gift. The gay and sunny earth,
The cloud with varying hues, the delicate flower
All spoke to her of joy. Her lisping words
Were of their glory and their brilliancy,
And questioned of their cause. 'T is ever thus;
Nature is beautiful to the young heart.
Her short fresh life was as the autumn bird's,
That bursts to voice a moment and is hushed.
We had been watchers long. The hours had passed
Unheeded by. The fevered cheek had paled,
And a cold damp stood on her livid brow.—
That sharp and gurgling sound had slowly grown
Fainter and fainter—till at last it ceased.—
The heart appalled stood still—then flashed the
 thought,
It might be sleep; and with a silence, deep

As though the beating pulse of life was stopped,
To listen, low we bent to catch her breath—
'T was gone!—

Then came the deep and 'whelming gush
Of agony. The mother's plaintive moan—
The father's bowed and closely shaded face—
And the loud, wild, and unrestrained flow
Of children's tears.—

We knelt around her bed
Joining in solemn prayer. Our parent spoke
Of us his living ones—of that calm spot,
Where we that form beloved might hope to meet—
Where no bereavement more would rend the heart—
'Till, soothed, we rose and touched with our white
lips
Her clay-cold brow, and left her with her God.

H. L. B.

TRENTON.

THE EARLY DEAD WHO SLEEP IN
JESUS.

Oh! mourn not o'er the grave,
Weep not around the bier
Of those, whom God doth save
From pain and sorrow here.
Praise Him for these, thy loved, thine own,
From earth to Heaven so quickly flown.

Ere sin's deceitful snares
Could lead their feet astray,
Ere earth's corroding cares
Could plant, with thorns, their way,
They found that bright, that blissful shore,
Where sin and death can harm no more.

With a fair, cloudless brow,
An eye undimmed by wo,

Meekly in death to bow,
No withering blight to know ;
This was their Father's kind decree,
Gently to set their spirits free.

They dwell amid the throng,
That Jesus' praises sing,
They swell the blessed song,
With which Heaven's arches ring.
There, robed in white, with harps of gold,
They drink of bliss unknown, untold.

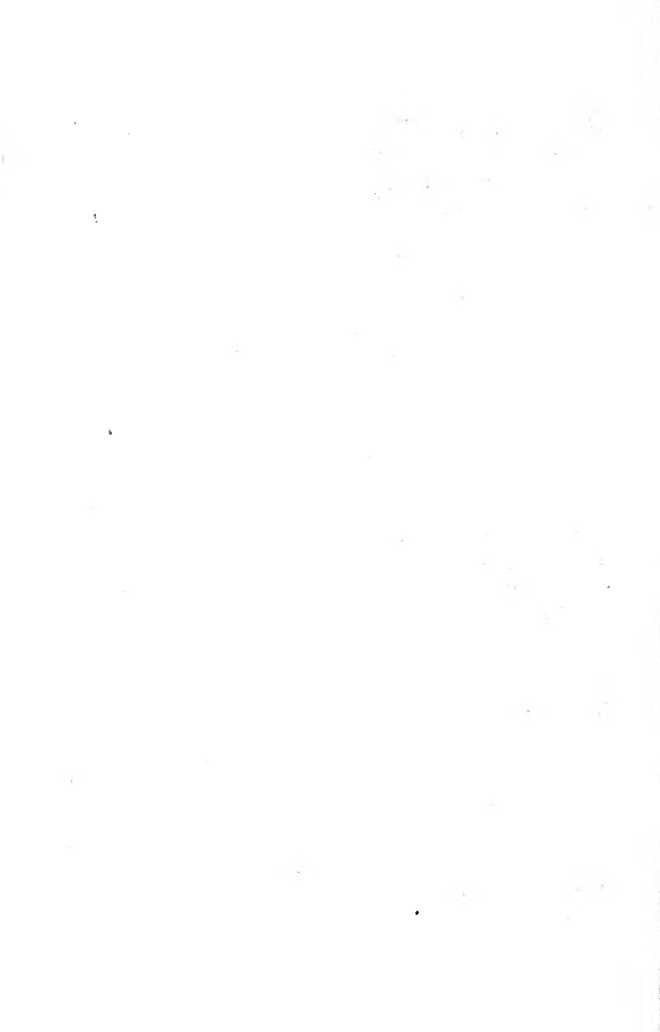
Though sad thy lonely heart,
And desolate thy hearth,
Though all thy joys depart,
Wish them not back to earth,
Thy pain, thy grief, thy fears to bear,
Man's bitter cup of wo to share.

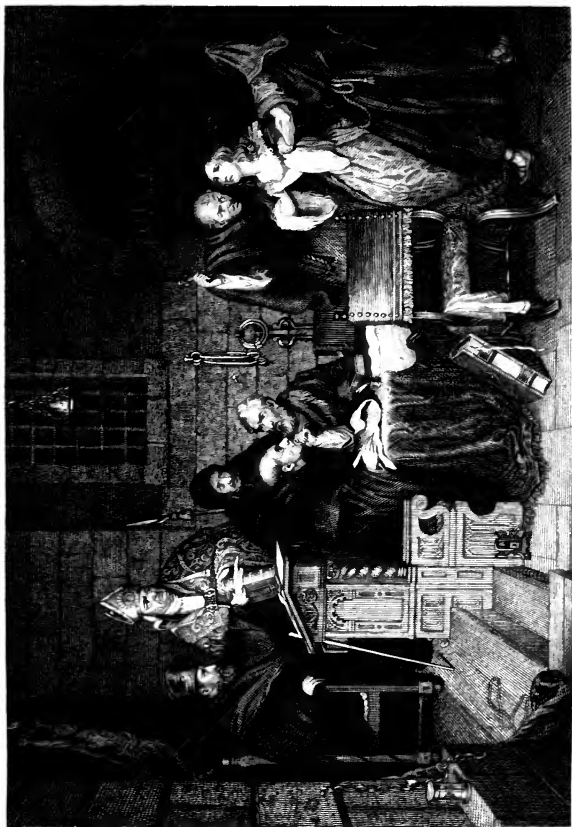
Though each fair, gentle form
No more thy steps may meet,
No more, like music borne,
Their voices now may greet ;
Yet, still unseen by mortals here,
Perchance the loved, the lost are near.

Then calm thy troubled breast,
And raise thine eye to Heaven,
A sure, eternal rest,
May to thy soul be given.
Thou mayst thy Saviour's presence see,
And with his saints for ever be.

Oh! mourn not for the dead,
Whose race is quickly run ;
Praise Him, who, captive led
Death, and the victory won,
By which, alone, when life is o'er
Ye yet may meet on happier shore.

C.





THE TRIBUNAL OF THE INQUI- SITION.

BY WILLIS G. CLARK.

THOU hast stern judges, maiden! yet thine eye,
In sweet solicitude, is heavenward cast,
Whence help alone can come. So, to the hills,
The everlasting hills, where Zion's throne
Arose in majesty, the Tried of old
Sought for their sole deliverer. Thus do thou!
Thou, on whose anxious forehead lines of care
Pass like the cloud-shade o'er a wreath of snow.
Trust thou in God, distressed one! and thy heart,
Filled with a holy courage, shall be blest
With that rapt sense of peace which martyrs know.
Trust thou in God! and if thy soul hath felt
His presence ever, and thy heart his love,

Thou shalt be ransomed!—though unnumbered walls
Of brass and adamant should hem thee round.

The just by faith shall live. If thou art pure,
Repose thy soul upon a Saviour's word,
Nor fear what man can do. So, when the hours
Of thy dark thraldom end, a child of light,
To bliss translated, thou mayst join the throng
Of sainted spirits robed in shining white,
Who walk in beauty with the sinless Lamb.

PHILADELPHIA.

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

BY REV. WALTER COLTON, AUTHOR OF "CONSTANTINOPLE
AND ATHENS."

THE change that has come upon nature—the blight of its vernal beauty, the falling of the leaves, the departure of the birds, and the plaint of the rivulet, struggling with the icy chain of winter, speak a moral to man. They remind him of the time when he too must undergo a fearful change; when the light of his countenance will be darkened, the elastic energies of his limbs be relaxed, and his frame, pulseless and cold, be consigned to its couch of clay. Nor will he come up from his sepulchre to share the renewing influences of the year: the flowers may again garland the earth, the liberated streams exultingly shout in their courses, and the birds return to their renovated bowers, but *he* will ever remain in

the dark and silent prison of his grave. Remembrance may go there and number over his virtues, but the whisper will not reach his ear; affection may go there to linger and to weep, but he will know it not; they, whom he has left here among the living, may go down on the breathless hearse to join him, but there will be no greeting, no question, no reply; there is no voice, nor any that can answer, in the grave; nothing stirs there, save the worm, fretting the shroud, or the nail falling through the coffin's decay.

And is this the end, the all of man? the gloomy catastrophe in which terminate for ever his existence and his hopes? Is there no renovation for him, no awakening time when he shall bloom again? Yes, the long, leafless winter of his grave passed, he will come forth in the verdure of an imperishable life, a stranger to change, decay, and death. No outward disasters can reach him more. The monuments he has reared may crumble, the mountains on which he has roamed may fall into the valleys, and the planets be shaken from their spheres, but their ruin will not invade the repose or terror of his condition. His portion will be a felicity which no event can heighten, or a despair which nothing can relieve

Death is therefore invested, not only with the terrors of the grave, but with all the solemnity which can be given it by ages of happiness or wo. Widely different, however, are the aspects which this mysterious event unfolds, as it presents itself to one unenlightened by revelation, and to one who is familiar with that volume in which life and immortality are brought to light.

A heathen, indeed, discovers, in the event of death, an extinction of animal life. He perceives that the warm companion of his heart is now cold, that the colour has left his cheek, and the pulse is still. He fixes his eye on that brow where passion, pain, and pleasure were once expressed, but it is now changeless as marble. He presses those pale lips, where the fervid pledges of affection were given and received, but an icy chill drives back the life from his. He speaks, he calls to his companion, but there is no answer—he would rouse him from his deep slumber, but he moves only a mass of clay—he weeps, he wails, and commits his fond friend to the dust. But oh! the grave! it is indeed to him the prison-house of death. He sees there the being who sympathised with his sufferings, relieved his distress, and filled his heart with hope and gladness, now

helpless, and a prey to the worm, beyond the reach of his assiduities, and beyond even a perception of his grief. Of the scenes upon the other side of the grave, he knows nothing. He may conjecture that the spirit of his friend has escaped the body, but whither it has gone, and what are its pleasures or its pains, he cannot tell. He may imagine till imagination tires; he may conjecture till conjecture fails, but he can find nothing certain, nothing on which a wounded spirit can stay itself; all the future is wrapped in clouds and thick darkness. Death is, therefore, to him the most appalling catastrophe to which Omnipotence can subject a mortal.

To a man enlightened by revelation, death wears a less terrific aspect. He regards it as an event which indeed terminates animal existence, but which transmits the undying spirit to the retributions of eternity. He knows that the spirit of his deceased friend is not annihilated, that it does not slumber in the grave, that it is not capriciously confined in some frightful cavern, that it is not borne upon the howling tempest, but that it has passed into a state of rewards and penalties, where the character of its future existence is determined by the conduct of the man in this life. Here is certainty instead of con-

jecture—indestructible faith instead of vague possibility—immortal life instead of an endless, dreamless sleep. A lisping child, with the Bible in his hands, can instruct a Plato respecting his soul. The conceptions of this sublime philosopher are vagaries, when compared with the truths, which the Bible places within the comprehension of the simplest mind. It is no wonder that the heathen are terrified at death—they know nothing beyond it; every ray of light that twinkles on that dark valley emanates from the Bible; and, but for this precious revelation, we might be wasting our energies in endless conjecture, or fastening our faith to a shapeless phantasy. A man who can look on the grave, and then on his Bible, without an emotion of gratitude to God, evinces a moral apathy, at which the very dead might murmur their shuddering remonstrance.

Death, with the fearful realities that follow, comes, not only upon the aged in the midst of their sorrows, but upon the youth in the midst of his burning hopes, and upon infancy in the midst of its prattling gladness. The warm precincts of life are assailed in every quarter by this indefatigable destroyer; breach after breach is made, till the destructive passes of the enemy enter at every point. There is no se-

curity for us in the secrecy of the bed-chamber, the cheerfulness of the fireside, or the sanctity of the hallowed altar. He enters the prison of ignominy, and carries off the chained culprit; he invades the palace of royalty, and strikes down the sceptred monarch; he enters the ring of the rabble, and carries away the jovial subject of the vulgar shout; he creeps to the silent cloister of the student, and science weeps her favourite gone; he comes to the house of mourning, and wraps it in deeper weeds; he knocks at the hall of nuptial mirth, and carries off the bridegroom and the bride. There is with him no respect of persons, age, or condition. The bloom of beauty withers at his approach, and the laurels of fame are blasted by his breath. He is the conqueror of all, and we must soon swell the lists of his pale realm.

But why should I speak of what may be, or must be? Let me look at what has been. There are many seats at the social hearth now vacant, that were once filled with those whom we loved and revered. Their eye was ranging the deep vista of years that opened before them, when suddenly a shaft from an unseen quiver pierced their hearts. They cast a look of imploring helplessness around them and expired. They looked upon a long resplendent day of joyous

reality, when the bright orb of their being was quenched for ever. Scarce could they utter one parting admonition, one fond farewell, when they were chilled in death. They had deep affections, burning hopes, warm, mantling sympathies, but all have passed to the extinguishing night of the grave. You remember with what alacrity they trod the field and the grove, how energetic was their footstep along the rushing shore of that giant stream. The grove shall still murmur in the ear of romantic youth, the wave still rush by the entranced beholder, but it will not be *their* ear, upon which the stirred forest shall pour its wild numbers; it will not be *their* eye, that shall be held in fixed attraction upon the majestic wave. They are in that realm where no footstep falls, no torrent's voice or echoing wood is ever heard, and where the silence can be broken only by the thunders of the last trump.

Yes, we have left them, where they must ever more remain, in awful exile from the circle of our friendship, and the home of their fathers. We may look from our windows to the hill and wave, and watch for their coming till expectation faints; but they come not again! Spring shall return with its buds of promise, summer with its purpling fruits,

autumn with its golden harvests, but the parent, the brother, the sister, come not again! There is no returning circle through the grave. The halls where they met us with their smiles, the walks where they cheered us with their companionship, the temple where they worshipped God, will know them no more. We may go abroad into the world, meet with a thousand familiar faces, but not theirs. We may hear a thousand familiar voices, but the tones of theirs will greet us no more! And oh! the fireside of their homes, and the gloomy hearth, strewn with withered hopes and blighted expectations! There stands a father in speechless grief; there weeps a mother the tears of a mother's agony; and there the young sister, unacquainted with death, still expects her brother's return. But the clods of the valley are over him, and the rayless night of the grave curtains the deep couch of his repose. Bleeding affection cannot call him thence, nor weeping fondness soften the pillow of his rest. He waits that resurrection when mortality shall be dressed in undying life, and the deathless spirit be wrapped in an imperishable vesture.

If these are dead, if they have perished in the morning and vigour of life, who is safe? Who can stand over the pale fragments of so much strength

and presume on the future? who can certify himself of another year, or even day? The shaft which pierced their hearts will not have sped its force till it reaches ours: stand, therefore, in your place, and watch, for ye know not when the enemy cometh. It may be at midnight, it may be in the morning, it may be at noon-day, or in the quietude of evening. Watch, therefore, lest, coming suddenly, he find you sleeping—not that natural sleep, in which fatigue seeks repose, but that spiritual sleep which precedes eternal death. The sentinel, that sleeps upon his post, betrays his country, and forfeits his life; but there is a moral slumber, in which man betrays his Maker, and forfeits his soul. No human pity is in reserve for him, who has the means of saving his life, and will not put them in requisition; and the compassion, even of God, will not reach his case, who has been his own destroyer. Were all the powers of darkness leagued against the future happiness of one human being, they were less to be dreaded than the man's own insensibility.

Hear, then, the warnings of your deceased companion; recall the dying admonitions of those who fell in the spring time of life; stand again amid their faded forms, and catch the last accents of their departing spirits—hear them beseeching you to pre-

pare for death, extending their pulseless hands, and with glassy eyes imploring you not to procrastinate, to be doing with your might what your hands find to do! Shall their last words be forgotten? shall their convulsive entreaties be disregarded? shall they have perished in the morning of their days without one salutary lesson upon your heart? will you wrap them in the windingsheet and shroud, and not think of your own last hour? will you hear their coffins rumble down their untimely graves, and think not of your own latter end? will you cast aside those weeds of wo, and be the same gay and thoughtless beings you were before? shall the dying and the dead of your own bosoms have no active remembrance? Oh! that I could gather up all their last words, and pour them in one condensed shower upon your hearts. You could not resist the united energy of these convulsive appeals, unless you were insensible as the marble that covers their mortal remains. If there is any thing startling in their deaths, any thing dear in their memories, any thing precious in an eternal union with their sainted spirits, hear the voice that is speaking from their graves—"be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."

Where now are those holier purposes which you formed at the bedside of your dying companions? where are the solemn promises with which you appeased their imploring solicitude? have you redeemed the awful pledge in which they died? have their hovering spirits witnessed your fidelity? or have you deceived and disappointed their yearning trust? Oh! could the incommunicable veil be rent, would not their sacred complaints descend upon you? would not their righteous reproaches plant thorns in the pillow of your repose. Go, deceive the living, trifle with the confidence of fondness and affection, but perform those vows which the departed spirit has presented in the court of Heaven. You cannot escape with impunity; a failure will aggravate even the terrors of the second death. The deepest pang may be awakened by a betrayal of that trust, which engrossed the last solicitude of the dying.

If you have treacherously neglected these vows, let me urge you to their immediate performance. You are under responsibilities of the most fearful character; your promises are registered in Heaven, and angels wait for their fulfilment. You cannot recede; your course is onward, or ruin; every moment is big with happiness or wo; every action

touches a string that will vibrate on your pleasure or pain, when the tears and smiles of earth are over. A mighty work is on your hands, and you must accomplish it; consequences are pending, vast as Heaven—terrible as hell; and the time is short—once passed, like the sweeping stream, it never returns. The hour lingers not upon the dial; the ebbing sands are hurrying down your life-glass; the character of your being will soon be unalterably decided; your appalling apprehensions may burst upon you in immediate reality. No after regrets or exertions can save you; the seal of death can never be broken; as the grave receives you so will a remediless eternity. Awake, then, from this false security, this blind presumption. Break the ties which bind you to this world; dissolve the guilty spells which fasten you to its vanities; renounce its idol gods; abandon its coveted possessions; let all that earth can proffer or promise perish, but let not the high interests of the soul sink in ruinous procrastination. Ere another sun go down you may find a grave sunk across your path; beyond that grave you cannot go, and the character, which you carry with you down into its silent recesses, you carry with you to the judgment seat of Christ.







