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No. 7309.84R

1845





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Engraved by Daggett, Hinman & Co from the original. Painting by C. Harding

THE PATR. N.

Yours affecly
J. Mansfield

THE

Religious Souvenir

* 7309. HR
1845



HARTFORD,
S. ANDRUS & SON.

THE

RELIGIOUS SOUVENIR,

FOR MDCCCL.

*7309.849
1845

REPUBLISHED

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EDITED BY

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

HARTFORD.

S. ANDRUS AND SON.

1845.

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PUBLISHERS' ADVERTISEMENT.

CERTAINLY no apology can be necessary for offering to the public, as an Annual for 1845, a republication of the Religious Souvenir for 1840. Such are the merits of this work that, unlike most other Annuals, it should be preserved for those that are to come after us, and not allowed, like the ephemeral publications of the day, to shine its brief hour among us, and then pass into oblivion. But it is superfluous to speak in praise of this work: four years it has now been in the hands of the public, and none have known it but to praise. It bears upon its every page the impress of its gifted Editor, and that is recommendation sufficient to every American lover of religious literature.

Some change has been made in the embellishments of the new edition: eight new engravings have been added, and several of the old ones removed, but the matter, the real substance remains the same.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1839, by
SCOFIELD & VOORHIES,
in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court of the Southern
District of New York.

P R E F A C E.

THE RELIGIOUS SOUVENIR, no longer as a stranger, but as an assured guest, enters those halls where it has so often shared the smile of the fairest, and the regard of the best.

It would faithfully avail itself of this privilege, and be a sunbeam to the brow of sadness, or a "still small voice," breaking the dream of vanity.

Readers and friends, allow it, in its varied communion, to awaken serious and salutary thought, to allure to goodness by high and holy example, to deepen self-knowledge, to confirm Christian faith, and so cheer it with the hope, that this, its seventh visit, may be numbered among the blessed memories of a better land.

L. H. S.

HARTFORD, CONN.

July 16th, 1839.

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RELIGIOUS SOUVENIR.

THE PATROON.

SKETCH OF THE HON. STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER.

BY REV. WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D. D.

It is one of the encouragements of virtue in the present life, that its influence is both diffusive and eternal. The good man, especially the man who is *great* in goodness, though the effect of his labours may seem to himself to be confined within a narrow sphere, is always operating on a mighty scale. Even his most common actions not unfrequently imprint themselves by a benign and indelible power, on the destinies of those whom he will never see, till he meets them at the judgment. And more than this, he has but just begun to live, even on earth, when he dies. The grave, it is true, receives his mortal remains; and his spirit soars rejoicing to its eternal rest; and the eye that hath seen him shall see him

no more. Nevertheless a noble and immortal representative of his spirit is still left among us, in the plans which he originated, in the purposes which he fulfilled, in the characters which he moulded, in every thing which he did to enlighten and to bless his generation. To a superficial observer all this may indeed seem to have passed away; but the good man's influence *cannot* pass away. Already it has incorporated itself with the elements of other immortal minds, and through them will be propagated through generations yet to come; and, instead of being dissipated by time, will move in a deeper channel and with a stronger current, as it descends the track of ages.

As it is the ordinance of Heaven that the virtues of men should survive them, in a grateful and purifying influence, so it is alike due to the memory of the great and good who are gone, and to the best interests of those who come after them, that those who have known "their walk and conversation," should embody in an enduring record those recollections: for though it is impossible that the hallowed fountain of their example should send forth no streamlet after their death, yet it is quite possible that, through the efforts of those who survive, it may be made to flow with increasing force and rapidity. The majestic beauty of virtue is likely to be felt, only in proportion as it is seen; yet, who does not know that the most shining character after a while loses a portion of its lustre, or at least ceases to be contemplated with dis-

tinctness, if viewed only through the medium of vague tradition? With how much more interest should we look at the portrait of a great man of other centuries, if we knew it to have been an original, sketched while the artist's eye rested upon the features which his pencil portrayed, than upon a picture, however splendid, which should have been drawn from any transmitted legend of his form and countenance! Still more impressive must be an original representation of the intellectual or moral character, if rendered with candour and fidelity, than any vague transcript of a stranger, or of an individual separated by the distance of ages from the object that he contemplates.

The preceding remarks are not intended to encourage or even justify the attempt too often made, to exalt mere mediocrity either of intelligence or virtue into a notice which it does not merit. Men who have done good on a small scale while living, will continue to do good in a corresponding scale after they are dead; the influence which they have exerted will still operate through numberless indefinable channels: but if every such man were to have his memoir written, the world would be filled with books which would never be read. Such was not the venerated man whose virtues we here contemplate. It would be an act of treason to posterity, if no permanent record of him should go down from the generation to which he belonged. Such memorials are indeed already in existence, from the pen of the pastor,

whose ministrations he long attended, and from other eloquent divines, and distinguished statesmen, who had opportunities to know his excellences, and power to delineate them. Still this brief sketch has been called for, and it has been a pleasure to prepare it, as it was a privilege to have known him whom it strives to commemorate.

The Hon. Stephen Van Rensselaer, long known by his title of Patroon, was a descendant in the fifth generation from Kilyon Van Rensselaer, the first of the family who came to this country from Holland, and who received from the Dutch government the manor which was called by his name. He was born in the city of New York, Nov. 1, 1764. His father was Stephen Van Rensselaer, and his mother the daughter of Philip Livingston, an eminent patriot, and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. His father dying while he was yet in his childhood, his mother was subsequently married to the Rev. Doctor Westerlo, of Albany, one of the most eminent clergymen of his time in this country. Being herself distinguished for piety, she was of course careful to train up her son in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Often, to his dying day, did he bear most grateful testimony to the benign influence, which, under God, she had exerted in the formation of his character. He received the elements of his education in Albany. The house where he listened to the tender teachings of his mother, is still standing in

North Market street, and will be interesting to posterity. Subsequently he was removed to Elizabethtown, N. J., thence to the Academy at Kingston, where commenced his acquaintance with the great and good Abraham Van Vechten, an acquaintance most affectionately cherished by both, until death separated them. Thence he went to Princeton, where he was placed under the care of Dr. Witherspoon. Having here completed his preparation for college, he became a member of Nassau Hall. But when Princeton and that neighbourhood became the theatre of war, the students were for a time disbanded, and their venerable President accepted a place in the Continental Congress, where he took an active and important part in the scenes of the Revolution. In consequence of this, young Van Rensselaer joined the University at Cambridge; and was graduated there with highly respectable acquirements, in 1782.

Of the public life of the Patroon, the limits of this article oblige us to speak only in brief terms. Suffice it to say, that for about forty years, his talents and influence were directly given, almost without interruption, to the service of his country. He was frequently in the Assembly of his native state, for several years a member of its Senate; and at the age of thirty-one its Lieutenant-Governor. He belonged to the Convention that revised its Constitution; and though he dissented from the majority in respect to some important principles, his good influence was strongly felt in many of the deci-

sions of that body. He was also for several years a member of Congress; and though his voice was never heard in the storm of debate, his conciliatory and dignified manner, his just views of things, and his strong common sense, rendered him an exceedingly useful and valued member. He was zealously devoted both to the cause of internal improvement, and of education; and for many years was President of the Canal Board, and Chancellor of the University of New York. He was early appointed to a high military office in the state, but never engaged in active service, till the period of our last war with Great Britain. Though he belonged to that political party which was understood to be adverse to the policy in which the war originated, he was designated to the important office of Major-General; and notwithstanding the appointment placed him in exceedingly delicate circumstances, he accepted it without hesitation, and within a few days was at his post on our western frontier. Without experience in the business of war, he is said to have discovered the utmost skill and courage in his preparations for encountering the enemy; and while the history of the battle of Queenstown remains, will the record of his military prowess endure.

Mr. Van Rensselaer was first married shortly after reaching his majority, to the daughter of General Philip Schuyler, of revolutionary fame; and by this marriage had three children, one of whom, (General Stephen Van Rensselaer,) still survives. Her death occurred about

the beginning of this century, and he was afterwards married to a daughter of the Hon. William Patterson, a distinguished civilian, and one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. She is the mother of nine children, all of whom survive to mourn with her, for their lamented father. Of this mother and her children we may not speak, because we must not forget the delicacy that is due to the living; but we may bless God that their beloved and departed one was what he was; and that the influence of his character is now most delightfully manifest, where it was most constantly exerted.

Though the character of Mr. Van Rensselaer no doubt received its complexion in a great measure from the peculiar external influences to which it was subjected, yet in its original elements—in the very material out of which it was formed, it may be said to have been singularly favoured by Heaven. Without being distinguished for any of the more bold or dazzling qualities, he was quick in perception and accurate in judgment, possessing in a high degree that most important of all intellectual endowments—common sense. He was also constituted with an instinctive and delicate sense of propriety, with a most amiable and generous sensibility, so that there was not a note of sorrow in the wide scale of human wo, which did not meet with a responsive vibration from some chord strung in his breast. He was also eminently characterized by an

humble opinion of himself, by the absence of all pretension; and those who knew him most intimately would be unable to point to an instance in which he ever did any thing merely for effect. His manners were the simple acting out of his refined and benevolent feelings. They were indeed in the highest degree cultivated, from his having been always familiar with polished and elevated society; but he made every one around him feel at home, and while the humblest were at ease in his presence, the greatest could never approach him but with respect. It would not be presumptuous to challenge the whole present generation for a more beautiful combination of loveliness, and grace, and dignity, than he exhibited.

But it must not be forgotten that this excellent man could never have been what he was, even in his social relations, but for the aid of religion. It was this which acted upon him as an ever-present, all-pervading influence, and which imparted an additional charm to every natural attraction. He made a public profession of his faith while he was yet a young man; and his sincerity was proved by his uniformly devout and exemplary life. In the discharge not only of his social but of his private duties, and especially the duties of the closet, he was most conscientiously faithful and exact. Under such auspices, his Christian character developed itself in fair and goodly proportions, and acquired a vigorous maturity. The last year or two of his life, which was emi-

nently a time of suffering, was also equally a time of self-discipline; and his spirit, which had long been accustomed to devout and holy communion with heavenly things, could now scarcely act with freedom in any other element. Though he was almost constantly subject to the severest bodily pain, not a complaining word ever escaped him. On the contrary, he uniformly evinced the most calm submission to the Divine Will, and while he felt that it would be better for him to depart, was meekly willing to remain so long as God saw best that he should glorify him in suffering. But at length death came for his release; and so silently was the good man enfolded in his cold embrace, that this King of Terrors, or rather this Angel of Mercy had done his work, before the beloved domestic circle had suspected his approach. It was a quiet death-scene; but faith saw resting over it a halo of glory. Amidst all the sobs and tears of sorrowing love, faith heard a voice from heaven saying, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." With characteristic modesty, this venerated man, in the prospect of dissolution, had enjoined upon his family that there should be no useless parade in connexion with his funeral solemnities. This injunction they sacredly observed. There was indeed a crowded assembly in the church where he had been accustomed to worship, to join in the funeral prayer; and there was a procession, such as is rarely ever witnessed, to follow him to his tomb; and a spirit of mourning evidently

pervaded every heart; but there was no ostentation, nothing that would have grieved his chastened spirit, had the whole scene passed before his mortal eye. When the footsteps of the thronging multitude turned back from the door of the sepulchre, it would seem as if on every countenance was imprinted in silent sadness, "When shall we look upon his like again?"

It is hardly necessary to add, that the distinguishing trait in Mr. Van Rensselaer's character was, his fervent, consistent piety. Born heir to a most princely estate, he never knew any other condition than one of unbounded affluence. He was also thrown into the highest circles of society, and always surrounded with that peculiar class of temptations, which are most likely in ordinary cases to prove irresistible. But while the brightest beams of prosperity were pouring upon him their concentrated rays, he not only professed himself a Christian, but maintained through life a vigorous and humble piety. It was a high honour to God's grace that he was thus enabled to stand firm and erect, where so many others have fallen; that when every thing which the world could furnish was at his command, he could still turn his back upon it as a supreme portion, and practically say, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ."

But that for which our departed and venerated friend has been most extensively known, was the almost unparalleled liberality with which he met the various claims

of public and private charity. There is scarcely a great benevolent institution in our land, of which he has not been either an active originator or a munificent patron. And the fountains of private grief which he dried up, the bleeding hearts which he contributed to soothe and comfort, the only record which has been kept of them is in heaven. There let it remain, till it shall be brought forth in the judgment, with that most gracious benediction from the lips of Him who sitteth upon the throne,—“Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.”

ALBANY, N. Y.

THE GREAT AND GOOD.

WRITTEN ON HEARING OF THE DEATH OF THE HON. STEPHEN VAN
RENSELAER.

A BLAST went through the forest,
 And a kingly oak was bow'd,
 Whose root was by the crystal stream,
 Whose crest amid the cloud;
 Yet though above the hillocks proud
 With hundred arms it swept,
 The sweet, blue violet, undismay'd
 Beneath its shadow slept.

It seem'd a guardian spirit,
 And to its ample breast,
 It bade each little timid bird
 Come near, and build a nest,
 And their chirping young it shelter'd,
 With as meek and gentle eye,
 As though it talk'd not with the cloud
 Whose thunders rent the sky.

I said, the tempest smote it,
And its ancient head lies low ;
But throngs still gather where it stood,
And eyes with tears o'erflow,
And there comes a voice of wailing
From mountain and from plain,
"The like of this, our noble tree,
When shall we see again?"

L. H. S.

HARTFORD, CONN.

THE TRANSITION.

BY THE REV. HUGH SMITH, D. D.

THERE are scenes which are transferred so directly from the eye to the mind, and engraven so deeply there, that once beheld, they are never forgotten. By the mere act of its volition the mind can recall them vividly to the eye; nay, they will even unbidden present themselves to its vision. The excitement which they throw into the brief hour or moment of observation, makes it an hour or moment to be remembered. Thus has it proved in regard to the following scene, which, painfully interesting as it was in itself, was heightened in interest by the suddenness with which it succeeded to others of a lighter cast.

I had been for weeks in the heart of the British metropolis, looking upon its remains of "the olden time," and feasting my eyes upon its modern splendour. I had admired the stately dwellings of aspiring opulence and of proud nobility, and watched the fluttering display of taste, beauty, and rank in its magnificent parks. I had

noted the Tower, in which the princely and the noble of other days had sighed in captivity, and tasted "the bitterness of death"—wondered at its colossal St. Paul's, and wandered through its far-famed Abbey, musing on the silent memorials of the honoured dead. I had mingled with and watched the living stream of population, with its ebb and flow, currents and counter-currents, until, like the Persian monarch, I could have wept to think that it was hurrying on to the ocean of eternity. Each day had been a day of excitement, not to be allayed by the brief and dreamy night, until mind and body, morbidly influenced, seemed alike to plead for rest. Curiosity was blunted; the eye was weary of seeing and the ear of hearing. I longed to look upon the repose and the majesty of nature, as a relief from artificial life and action. In this I was gratified. By a transition, so sudden that it seemed like that of enchantment or of magic, I found myself transported to the wildness of a mountain region and the simplicity of rural life. My eye rested upon one of those secluded villages of romantic Switzerland, which hide themselves in her peaceful valleys, adding the cheerfulness of civilized life, and the charm of human sympathies, to the unuttered grandeur of Alpine scenery. It was beautifully situated—resting in quiet contentment and chosen humility at the base of an overhanging mountain, whose summit, capped with eternal snow, was scarcely distinguishable from the white and fleecy clouds

of heaven, as though it looked up to it, with childlike confidence, for protection from the fierce and wintry winds. Bounded on the opposite side by a mountain, less precipitous and less elevated, the valley stretched its lengthened defile of living green, as if seeking a passage through some gorge of the mountains, that it might spread itself into a broad and ample plain.

The first glimpse of this retired village, beautiful as its own lowly and lovely vale, brought with it associations of peace, contentment, felicity, and natural and moral security. It was the very spot where one would have felt safe from the strife of the angry elements, from the gusts of human passion, and from the fiery blasts of temptation. Having "the everlasting hills" for a rampart—defended by "the munition of rocks," it seemed to slumber under the guarding watchfulness of Omnipotence. The hour, too, breathed of repose. The soft and mellow twilight had succeeded the glare of day. Domestic endearment gave its solace, to those who had "been forth unto their work and their labour until the evening." The scene became gradually less and less distinct, in the gathering shades of night. Its own broad disk still concealed, the moon threw upon the snowy summit of the mountain, behind which it had arisen, a sheet of silvery light; which gleamed and sparkled on the opposite height; and stealing down its rugged side, seemed eager to bathe the valley beneath in its trembling flood. That valley, the mean

while, was curtained in the deep shadow of the mountain. But the lights that burned brightly in many a cheerful dwelling, and glittered through the open casements, defined the outline of the village that adorned its bosom. As I looked upon them, fancy pictured to me the scenes and engagements of each separate home and family group—the social evening meal—the prattle of laughing and innocent childhood upon the father's knee—the merry, light-hearted converse of buoyant youth—the staid and chastened enjoyment of maturity and age, and the hallowed offering upon the family altar. Possibly all these came the more instantly and vividly to mind, because an ocean rolled between me and the home of my heart; and because, save for the unlooked-for kindness of strangers, which may never be forgotten, mine would have been the utterly desolate feeling of “the stranger in a strange land.” My eyes filled, and my heart yearned, O, how fondly! towards its own loved ones, as I pictured the happiness which, in that quiet evening hour, reigned in the humble dwellings of that lowly vale. From my post of quiet observation, I watched, until light after light disappeared. All were at length extinguished, except here and there the glimmering of a feeble and shaded taper seemed to tell that maternal love was keeping its “watch of the night” by the cradle of helpless infancy, or anxious affection smoothing the couch of disease, or lending its sorrowing, yet soothing ministry to “the hour of death.” One

solitary light gleamed brightly from the watch-tower of the village steeple—reminding me of that Unclosed Eye, which, from the heights of heaven, keeps its tireless watch over creation, “to whose glance the night is as clear as the day”—yea, “the darkness and the light are both alike.” The low and occasional murmurs that had stolen upon the evening air were now hushed into silence; and it was evident that the village was buried in sleep.

My thoughts were soothed for a moment to the calmness in which nature reposed; but their composure was brief. The sky became wild and frowning; dark and portentous clouds hurried rapidly over its expanse, easting their fitful, boding shadows over the mellow light that still revealed the place of slumbering nature. The moon, just appearing bright and beautiful above the eastern mountain, suddenly buried itself in the thick darkness of the cloud. The gloom deepened, until my eye vainly strove to distinguish objects. A sighing sound came from the mountain, and swelled into a louder strain, as it went sorrowing down the vale. It was soon exchanged for the sharp whistle of the wind, like that which, on the bosom of the deep, is heard hissing through the tightened cordage. This, again, soon passed into the deep roar—the fierce bellowing of the maddened tempest; while, in the pauses of its fury, there stole upon the midnight air strange sounds as of wailing and anguish, which might have disposed even

those of iron nerve, and assured faith, to sad and almost superstitious forebodings. A strange excitement possessed my mind, which was heightened as the alarm-bell, from the village steeple, gave its rapid and unequal strokes. It was evident that the watchman in the watchtower had descried the tokens of approaching danger; for the peals fell quicker and sharper upon the ear. In some of the houses, lights reappeared, and moved hurriedly to and fro, as from chamber to chamber; in others, deep sleep evidently held their inmates in unconsciousness of impending ruin. I anticipated I knew not what; but the horror of undefined evil to that doomed village was upon me. As I listened in breathless anxiety, there was a roar, louder and deeper than the thunder of heaven. A sound as of crushing ruin—as though the mountain had been wrested midway from its base, and hurled bursting over the plain. The peals from the tower were redoubled, as in the agony of mortal terror. A second and a third time, the sound of that crushing ruin was heard, till the earth seemed to tremble beneath me, groaning from its hollow depths. And the bell, was that tolling the knell of death? for it sent forth thick, heavy, and muffled sounds, as if struggling through some obstructing medium. Soon its faint, oppressed breathings died upon the air, and all was silent as the grave.

I longed for the light of day, to terminate this night of uncertainty and horror, to reveal the fate of that

beautiful village ; for I had an undefined conviction that it had perished. Moments were as hours ; and in my impatience, I thought the morning would never come. The cock-crowing faintly heard in the distance, from some of the surrounding hamlets, and cheerily answered and repeated, told me at length that dawn was near. As its trembling light displaced the thick darkness, the outline of the mountain became visible, the curtain of cloud was lifted from their summits, and the gray mist, rising from the valley beneath, was borne away upon the wings of the summer breeze. With the first clear rays of light, I sought out with intense eagerness that hapless village. But I saw it not. Vast masses of snow, irregularly broken, covered the spot where it had stood ! It had perished by an avalanche ! The spire of its church, just rising above the piled snow, mutely told its destruction, marked out the unearthly sepulchre of its buried inhabitants, and pointed, as in hope, to heaven.

For a time I gazed upon the spot in mute horror. A thought of rescue by laborious disinterment, should any of its entombed inhabitants still live, flashed upon my mind. But it was only for an instant. Reflection taught me that those mountains of snow might not be removed by man, until all beneath them should have perished. They that were buried there, might "not awake, nor be raised from their sleep, till the heavens were no more." In sickness of heart, I turned away.

As my eye glanced from this utter desolation, nothing around seemed in unison with sorrow and death. The day was one of brightness; it seemed to rejoice that the storm had spent its fury, and that the fierce winds were chained. The sun glanced merrily from the mountains, which he had burnished with gold. The valley lay calmly reposing in the freshness of a summer's morn. The birds carolled joyfully—the sportive barking of the shepherd's dog was heard in the distance. All creation, calm and gladsome as before, seemed to luxuriate in enjoyment, regardless of the ruin that had been wrought. Striking exemplification of the comparative insignificance of man in the world which he inhabits; of the little heed which is given as he disappears from its busy scene. God “hideth his face from him, and he is troubled. He taketh away his breath, and he is turned to his dust.” Earth, which had opened to receive him, closes over him quickly, as the ocean wave, parted for an instant, ingulfs those who are committed to its depths until that day when “earth and sea shall give up their dead.” I had seen that a town might *perish in a night*, and yet “joy come in the morning,” to waking and reviving nature. The material creation lingers not an instant to drop a tear over its loss. Though men, individual and associate, feel themselves of importance to their age and world, that world scarcely notes their disappearance. God orders and executes his work, in sovereign independence of their vaunted agency.

As I turned a last look upon the shroudlike covering that rested over a scene, so lately instinct with life and happiness, there came to me sickening thoughts of that agony of mortal terror which must have seized those whom the howling of the tempest, or the tolling of the midnight bell had roused from their slumbers, and whom I had seen distractedly hurrying from chamber to chamber. I imagined the sudden gushing forth of the heart's strong affections in that moment of separation by death, or union in death. I seemed to hear the parents, in frantic anguish, calling upon the children, and the children upon the parents—the husband upon the wife, and the wife upon the husband. I thought of the melting away of the very soul through terror—of the concentrated bitterness of death which was pressed into that last brief moment of life—of that “fearful looking for of judgment,” which formed the anticipated bitterness of the second death. Then, too, came the thought of bodies crushed, mangled, bleeding, writhing in pain, yet strong in the tenacity of life—or of lingering death by hunger, and thirst, and crushing pressure, not to be removed; the feeble groan of exhaustion, or the stronger cry of agony unto death, vainly striving to pierce through the mountain mass, and reach the ear and the heart of those who saw the blessed light and breathed the free air of heaven. There was indeed something inexpressibly affecting in the thought of this sudden transition from enjoyment to suffering, from life

to death, from the freedom of the open world to the bondage of an unearthly sepulchre. It is scarcely possible to realize the corporeal change from full vitality to the marble rigidity of death, and the more revolting change of the noisome grave, without a shudder.

But there is more involved in the transition from *world to world*. The greatness of that change to the dislodged spirit itself, who can adequately conceive? Even when anticipated, so that the parting soul, strong in faith and full with eager expectancy, is on the wing for the new experiences and high developments of eternity, yet faint and feeble, even then, must be its forethought compared with the reality. Yet who can picture to himself the overpowering amazement of a soul which, without a thought or a dream of the unutterable change, from the unconsciousness of earthly slumber, *awakes in a world of spirits?* We speak familiarly of "*having a new world opened to us,*" when we discover, or even visit, some country or region that is new to us, when the seals are broken and the clasps unloosed from some yet unopened book of knowledge—when some new spring is made to gush forth for our intellectual or spiritual refreshment, in the pathway of life—when some new principle in science is developed, or some new moral truth established, which opens to us an extended train of thought, and may be followed out to almost illimitable results. But, as we thus sport in figure with the phrase, little do we know what it is in

very truth "*to have a new world opened to us*"—a world into which the fleshly and corruptible body may not enter, to be to us *there* as *here*, the instrument and medium of apprehension, and in which spirit alone can take cognizance of its surrounding state. This un-earthly experience had burst in a moment upon those humble villagers. If, indeed, to them "to live had been Christ, and to die gain," (and such was the instant hope of Christian charity, for the many at least,) *then*, what glorious and "unutterable things" had they not already seen and heard, with the spiritual eye, the spiritual ear? Doubtless, in that mere introduction into the paradise of God, they had learned, and enjoyed, and *lived*, more than in the whole lifetime of earth. None who duly regard the analogies of being, and the hints and declarations of inspiration, can doubt that there is attraction, recognition, and intercourse between departed friends, in their *disembodied* state, not less than when their "corruptible" shall have "put on incorruption, and their risen bodies, fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body," shall be with him in the heavenly world. What "sweet counsel together," and what high communings concerning the world they had left and that which they had entered, must not these have held, so lately united in the fellowship of earth, translated together to the fellowship of the redeemed!

But how fearful this transition to such as might have been surprised in sin! How appalling their first glimpse

of the eternal world—their opening experience of its dread retributions! In their sudden translation, what a comment, written as by the finger of God, might we not read upon that declaration of his word, “when they shall say peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them, and they shall not escape!” Unsuspectingly, trustingly had all the dwellers in that now buried hamlet retired to their rest: some, in their holy confidence of piety, after the prayer of faith—some, in the thoughtless joyousness of youth, to dream the pleasant dreams of innocence, or hope, or love—some to revolve thoughts and plans of evil upon their beds, and to “commune with themselves how they might lay snares.” Not a thought of coming evil mingled with the last adieus, as families separated for the night; nor made more fervent the prayer for protection; and yet, death was at the door: “that night, their souls were required of them,” they all passed to their account, “the righteousness of the righteous upon him, and the wickedness of the wicked upon him.”

Such were the thoughts to which this strangely exciting scene gave rise; some flashing upon me at the moment, with electric rapidity and force; others accompanying its recollection in after and calmer hours. In vain did I seek to dismiss it from the mind, when it had passed from before the eye. For it haunted me by day—it mingled with my nightly dreams—it will be remembered while I live.

And now let not the gentle reader accuse me of presenting fiction as fact, or of needlessly sporting with his feelings, when I frankly state, that all which has now been described was seen, not in the actual reality of nature, but in the consummate delineation of art. Suddenly indeed, "as if by enchantment or magic," but *seemingly* only, had I been transported from the bustle of London, to simple, majestic Switzerland. It was by a dioramic presentation which might be regarded as one of the triumphs of art, that I was made to look upon her bold and beautiful scenery, which stood out in such perfect nature to my eye, that I could as soon almost have doubted my own identity, as *its* truth. Evening was there in its stillness, midnight in its gloom, and the morning again in its freshness; and the whole scene described, passed before me with such terrible distinctness, that feeling responded to it, with instant and gushing force. The illusion was complete. In vain did the convictions of reason struggle against the impression upon the external senses. That impression was irresistible: and I was content, in conscious impotence, to resign myself to a fascination which I could not escape leaving imagination to sketch, and the heart to moralize at will. Often as it has recurred to mind from that time to the present, it has ever brought with it a gush of feeling, a train of sober and profitable meditation. As the secondary bow in the heavens displays all the prismatic colours of the first, although in diminished bright-

ness, so does an exciting scene, when subsequently brought back by reflection, present much of the original outline and colouring, and, happily, without inversion, to the eye.

In the scene described, the secret of its power over the heart was, doubtless, its truth to nature. The artist had embodied facts which had occurred, and which had been described. In that land of the mountain, the valley, and the lake, upon which I had seemed to look, many a lonely cottage, many an humble hamlet had been thus buried beneath Alpine snows; some, leaving neither name nor memorial upon earth—others having their tragic fate transmitted in the local traditions, or the simple ballads of their native glens. Similar instances of disruption and death are cited in history. Cities have been swallowed up as in a moment by the earthquake. Islands have sunk in the depths of the sea. Portions of the solid continent, with their all of life, have been submerged. Sodom perished as in a moment; a Lethean sea rests over its devoted soil. The burning stream of death poured down upon the cities of the Campania, and congealing over their buried glory, sealed them up, as in a mighty sepulchre, to the wonder of the ages that should come after them. Less noted cases, collective and individual, are innumerable. They are among the common things of earthly experience, scarcely heard before they are forgotten. The gallant ship is engulfed in the deep, dashed upon the rocky shore, and the fond

hopes and dreams of all whom she was bearing over the main, of life and joy, and country and home, suddenly give place to the watery grave, to eternity. "Soul, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry," says the prospered worldling to his deceived spirit, and, lo! "that night his soul is required of him." The sleep of nature becomes the sleep of death. In the busy day, the heart that was overcharged with care, or full with pleasure, ceases to throb. There is "a pestilence that walketh in darkness"—"a destruction that wasteth at noon-day." How variously and how vividly does God write out before our eyes the most solemn monition, which I seemed to read in awful distinctness as I looked upon the snow monument of that buried village! "BE YE ALSO READY: FOR IN AN HOUR THAT YE THINK NOT OF, THE SON OF MAN COMETH."

NEW YORK.

THE TELESCOPE; OR, REASON AND
FAITH.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

THEY tell of constellations,
Where stars unnumber'd shine,
In ether's darksome depths conceal'd,
Like diamonds in a mine;
That orbs of burning light are there
Sown thick as flowers appear,
When Spring in living beauty comes
To crown earth's joyous year.

How wonderful the mystery
That Learning's key can ope!
The eye of proud Philosophy
Directs his telescope,
The milky-way is paved with suns,
Reveal'd before his sight;
The Magellanic clouds shine out,
Fair worlds of life and light.

And, O ! what lovely visions
Of clustering stars are seen,
Like fairies in their floating robes
Of crimson, gold, and green ;
Or in that "purple light," whose rays
Seem caught from Love and Youth,
And thus the blissful mansions form
Of Purity and Truth.

But vain may prove this knowledge,
This vaunted light of mind,
To lead the soul in onward search
The Source of Light to find.
O ! many wise astronomers
In doubt and darkness grope ;
You ne'er can learn who form'd the stars,
With Reason's telescope.

But Faith, the angel, bringeth
Her lens of love divine,
Which needeth not the art of man
To polish and refine ;
Which needeth not the scholar's lore,
The science-practised eye ;—
The humblest soul that trusts in God
Hath learn'd to read the sky.

Beyond the constellations,
 Beyond those primal suns
Which seem but diamond points of light,
 Faith's strengthen'd vision runs ;
Or guided by the clew divine,
 Which links the formless clod
To Heaven's blest throne, it reads in all
 The workmanship of God !

Ye Solons of philosophy,
 Look up with trusting eye,
Faith's lens within your telescope,
 So shall ye read the sky,
And trace the glorious Maker's hand,
 And feel, as saith the Word,
That "many mansions" are prepared,
 For those who love the Lord.

BOSTON, *March*, 1839.

THE YOUNG HIGHLANDER.

BY RT. REV. PHILANDER CHASE, D. D.

FORTY years since, the travelling by land, from New York to Albany, was so toilsome and tedious, that many preferred the precarious chance of going in the small sloops up the North river. These slight vessels were so poorly provided, and the winds often so adverse, that more than a week was frequently occupied in the passage. Every tide, however, set them forward a little, even with the wind ahead: so that the voyage was not hopeless. The writer of this remembers, with singular minuteness, a voyage made in this manner, in the year 1798, soon after his ordination. One of its occurrences afforded an example of the power of sympathy, more remarkable than he had, at that time, ever witnessed. May it prove useful to others, as he trusts it has been to him.

The sloop in which he embarked had but few passengers, except a large company of Highlanders, who, in their native dress, had taken their station in the hold,



The Young Highlander.

with the privilege of coming on deck at their pleasure. They spoke only in their own highland tongue, and this circumstance kept them aloof for some time from the cabin passengers. One day, the only individual among them who spoke English at all, addressed the writer in respectful terms, and inquired as to the best mode of getting a livelihood in America. In answering so reasonable a question, made in behalf of so many simple-hearted and efficient men, just arrived in the country, it was evidently necessary to inquire whither they were going, and what had been their occupation. The reply was, that all intended to stop in Albany, with the exception of one, who wished to go to his brother, living on the Merrimack river, in New England. They were informed that this person ought to have gone to his brother by the way of Boston, as Newburyport was the place of his destination. This being reported to the company, they all gathered round the writer, and, through their interpreter, asked many questions; which resulted in the advice, that on their arrival in Albany, they should find some one to address a letter to their countryman on the Merrimack, and await his reply, which would doubtless contain directions as to the best way of joining him. Moreover, he perhaps himself, on hearing that so near a relative had actually arrived, would come in person, and bring him to his home.

The advice proved satisfactory, especially to the

young Highlander, who immediately, and with many gesticulations, denoting great earnestness, begged the writer to frame a letter for him to his brother, that it might be in readiness for the post, as soon as they should reach Albany. It may be supposed, that a request so proper in itself, and so patriotically urged, was not disregarded, especially as there was leisure, and the time hung heavy on the protracted passage. Having learned the names and residence of his parents, and heard him feelingly respond to every inquiry about brothers, sisters, and other friends in his native Scotland, the letter was duly prepared, and the young Highlander came to hear it interpreted.

And here the writer cannot but pause, and be deeply affected, as faithful memory brings from far distant years, the countenance and gestures of this very extraordinary person, as he drank in the words, and felt the sentiments of the simple and affectionate epistle of brother to brother. It seems, he thought it more than human that any one could know the feelings of his fraternal bosom, or having no actual acquaintance with the dear objects of his affection, describe them in the same lovely features which his own warm heart portrayed. During the process of interpretation, which was probably done in language far more expressive than any which the writer had used, he would seize his hand and embrace it, then, throwing himself on his knees, burst into tears of grateful astonishment, at hearing

words which represented so exactly what was at that time passing within his own breast.

This was noted at the time as remarkable, but no thought was entertained of the effect which this excess of passion might produce, in case of disappointment. The result will show that our feelings, even those of the tenderest class, need the governing, overruling hand of religion, and the fear of God, to make them subservient to our real good. Like the elements, when governed; they are useful and beautiful; but left to themselves, unsubdued by a holy fear, a devout submission to our heavenly Father's will, they break forth, and with resistless force consume or overwhelm all we hold most dear.

Business detained the writer in Albany, for several weeks. One day, passing the house of a friend, a native of Scotland, he heard the bell of the church to which that friend belonged, tolling a funeral knell. Stepping in, he inquired who of the congregation were dead.

"A young Highlander," was the reply; "he died of mere grief and disappointment."

He then related how he had left the land of his birth to find a brother; had missed the direct route, and come to Albany, instead of going to the Merrimack river, where his brother resided; how some one had written a letter for him to that brother, which he had sent, and long awaited the answer. This ardently de-

sired letter arrived only two days since, but, alas! instead of being the messenger of good news, it bore tidings that his brother had been dead for several months!

“O, sir! this is not all; the poor young man, on hearing that his brother was indeed dead, and that he must never see him more, was so overcome with grief, that he fell dead on the spot. And this is the funeral, which we Scotchmen, who love one another better than you Yankees do, are now called to attend.”

So saying, he left the writer to his own sad reflections. The facts, as here recited, made a deep impression on his mind. During the lapse of many years, they have not ceased to produce very serious meditations on the uncertainty of human life, and, above all, on the duty of holding ourselves bound, as with an oath of fealty, to submit to God's will, in all our plans and expectations of happiness; and never to weave the web of our expected enjoyment with our own hands, and so intensely that, if broken, we shall be left without resource, or plunged into despair. The lesson of submission is taught us in mercy; and it is for our own interest, as well as the dictate of necessity and duty, to say to our Heavenly Father, “*Thy will be done.*”

ROBIN'S NEST, ILLINOIS,

March, 1839.

PILGRIM'S WAY SONG.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

I'M bound to the house of my Father ;
O, draw not my feet from the way,
Nor stop me these wild flowers to gather ;
They droop at my touch, and decay !
I think of the flowers that are blooming
In beauty unfading above ;
The wings of kind angels perfuming,
Who fly down on errands of love.

Of earth's shallow waters the drinking
Is powerless my thirst to allay ;
Their taste is of tears, while we're sinking
Beside them where quicksands betray.
I long from that fount ever-living,
That flows by my Father's own door,
With waters so sweet and life-giving,
To drink, and to thirst never more.

The gold of his bright happy dwelling
 Makes all lower gold to look dim ;
Its treasures all treasures excelling,
 Shine forth and allure me to Him.
The gems of this world I am treading
 In dust, where as pebbles they lie,
To win the rich pearl that is shedding
 Its lustre so pure from on high.

For pains a torn spirit is feeling,
 No balsam from earth it receives !
I go to the tree that hath healing
 To drop in my wounds from its leaves.
A child that is weary with roaming,
 Returning in gladness to see
Its home and its parent, I'm coming—
 My Father, I hasten to Thee !

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

THE DEAD BABE.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEEN.

It rested on her bosom, as it lay
 That morning in its glory—while its laugh
 Rang like some silver summons in the sky,
 And its voice utter'd music that no lips
 But the babe's lip can utter—tuned to joy,
 And chording with a harmony we hear
 From angel tongues, and only in our dreams!

It lay upon her bosom—but its cheek
 Had caught the hue of sculpture—and the ice
 Had melted not upon its marble brow!
 No sunlight flash could break upon its eye,
 No trump upon its ear! They were both seal'd
 Until the thunder call of Judgment! Both
 Until Life's morn and note of jubilee
 Should wake them to its golden gathering!

Dead!—and her mother, in mute agony,
 With lip as colourless—and cheek, and brow
 But that reflection of mortality
 Love catches from the idol it adores,
 Bending above her in that voiceless prayer
 You may heed only in a mother's gaze,
 When she is bow'd above her offspring, call'd
 To the great deep of silence!—She was bow'd,
 And her tears fell upon that forehead pale,
 And mingled with its curl'd and sunlight hair,
 Until it reek'd with sorrow! On her own—
 The brow where yesterday those marble hands
 Had roved in playfulness—upon her own
 The cold drops stood or gather'd—summon'd there.
 Signs of her wo's intensity. Her hand
 Was quivering like the moonlight, mid the hair
 That yesterday was wreathing round the fount
 Of life to which it clung—the mother's fount!
 Home of her bosom's beauty!

At her side

Stood a bright boy, on whom the world had flung
 As yet no shadow—but who now look'd on
 That loveliness of death, as if dark Grief
 For the first moment with its withering wing
 Had swept his young heart over—and a voice

Had told him, in a tone that never broke
Before on his unpractised ear, that earth
Show'd half its joys were frailer than its flowers,
And half its memories register'd in graves!

NEW YORK.

ASKING A BLESSING.

BY CHARLES WEST THOMPSON.

WHAT endless bounties round us lie,
And spread their charms to us in vain!
For we forgetful pass them by,
And all unthankful still remain.

The love that gives that daily bread,
For which our hearts too coldly pray,
That love, which all our lives has led
Our footsteps safe through danger's way—

That love, which ever round us showers,
Like dew, its richest blessings near,
Awakes for us the summer flowers,
And bids the golden grain appear—

That love—how seldom does it raise
One grateful feeling in the breast,
Or stir the ardent song of praise,
For slighted mercies, long possess'd!

A. P. Weston del.



W. H. P. 87
O. Felton Sc.

O! Thou to whom we deeply owe
Each debt of love, each debt of grace,
Who e'en a Saviour didst bestow
In mercy on our ruined race—

Thy blessing, every morn renew'd,
Pour on our hearts, too cold and frail,
And for our base ingratitude
Ne'er let thy loving-kindness fail.

PHILADELPHIA.

MATTY GORE.

BY MISS C. E. SEDGWICK.

“Say rather, all his thoughts now flowing clear,
From a clear fountain flowing, he looks round
And seeks for good ; and finds the good he seeks.”

“WHAT ails you, Matty, to sit moping at that window—are you counting the rain-drops that fall on the pavement ?”

“No, Harry, I was just thinking—that’s all.”

“A penny for your thoughts !”

“I was thinking how dismal it is to live in a city ! How pleasant it is to hear the soft dropping rain on the grass ! and here it is nothing but patter, patter, patter on the dirty pavement ; and, as I looked at the lamps that shed such a dim light through the watery air, and at those blank houses opposite with all their windows closed, I remembered how many times I had gone to our east window in the sitting-room at Fairtown, and seen the lights from Mr. Jessup’s, and widow Allen’s,

and Deacon Milnor's, and fancied I could see the families, and what they were all about, and it seemed as if I could almost hear their voices. To my eye there is no life in these dwellings—they don't look like homes—nothing is right here; the stars don't look as they did through our clear air, and the thunder don't sound half so good as it did at Fairtown!"

"Why, Matty, you get the blues sitting here alone; if you would go to the theatre with me, and to the public balls, and Miss Wright's lectures, you would find something brighter than starlight, and quite as entertaining as Fairtown thunder."

"O! Harry, my dear brother, it is your going to such places that makes me more than all wish we were back in Fairtown. I have heard of many young men who were first drawn aside from the narrow path, by going to those public places where so many bad people go. It is not easy for us, while we are young, Harry, to resist temptation, so it is best to fence ourselves about as well as we can."

"Pray don't preach, Matty."

"I won't, Harry; don't call it preaching; but do let me speak what is so heavy at my heart. I don't like your going to the theatre, but I would rather you would go there every night, than go to hear infidel lectures."

"My dear child, you don't know any thing about it; 'live and let live,' Matty,—you go your way, and let me go mine."

“There is but one way, Harry.”

“That is an old fashioned notion, my dear; in this age of steamboats, and railroads, new ways are opened. Don't look so solemn, Matty, I don't wish to disturb your faith, and so I tell father.”

“O! Harry, that is not what I am afraid of, for I will hold fast that which is good; but disturbed I must be, when I see you and father seeking, as it were, darkness, and avoiding the light that has come into the world. I cannot reason, as the people do who come here and talk with father, and only cloud up the truth; but I feel, and believe.”

Harry, notwithstanding his resolution not to interfere with his sister's faith, could not forbear saying, “A common family division, my dear; ‘the men reason—the women believe.’”

“No, Harry, that is not fair, for we are required to give a reason for the faith that is in us; therefore faith in man or woman must have reason to support it.”

Matty was interrupted by her father's entrance. He looked displeased. This was unusual; for John Gore, though rough, was not irritable or churlish. He thrust the poker into the grate, and, without seeming to know what he was about, poked out every coal of a light, spring fire; and then turning to Matty he asked, “Are we not going to have tea to-night?”

“I understood you, sir, that you were not coming home to tea.”

“Well, I suppose I can change my mind.”

“O, yes, sir,” said Matty, setting herself eagerly about arranging the tea apparatus.

“And if I may, Miss Martha, it’s a privilege I use only on small occasions.” Gore had not called his daughter Martha, half a dozen times in her life. She felt sure she had displeased him, and stopping before him, she said, with all the courage she could summon, “Have I offended you, father?”

“Yes—no—make the tea, will you?”

Matty, pale and trembling, went to the little cupboard for the tea canister, and her brother left the room, whispering, as he went past her, “This storm has blown up from Fairtown, I guess.”

The tea was soon ready, and Matty sat down and poured out cup after cup, which her father swallowed without uttering a word. He rejected the bread and butter which Matty offered, and, in the hope of pleasing him, she set on the table a beefsteak pie. This was an article of food he particularly liked. His wife had excelled in preparing it, and had communicated her skill to Matty. This was the first she had made since their removal from Fairtown.

“Will you take a bit, father?” she asked; “Harry said it tasted just like mother’s.”

“No!” he replied, and then added in a softened voice, “not to-night, Matty”—he hemmed and cleared his throat. “Like mother’s, is it? your mother never

disobeyed me. How long, Miss Martha, have you been keeping up a correspondence with Russel Milnor?"

"Simple truth" was Matty's "utmost skill." "I have had no correspondence with Russel, sir," she replied, "excepting that he has sent his kind remembrance to me, and I, mine to him."

"Then this is his first letter, since we left Fairtown, is it?" and he took a letter from his pocket, and threw it across the table.

"It is, sir," replied Matty, faintly, while her eyes filled and her cheeks glowed with the irrepressible feeling that is awakened in every woman's heart, by the sight of the first love-letter.

"You need not study the outside any longer," resumed her father, and for the first time Matty raised her eyes, that had been downcast and fixed upon the letter, as he added, "I know every thing that is in it—I don't mean the love and nonsense, but the business part—it came in a letter to me. Why don't you break the seal?"

"I *can't*, sir," she answered, and burst into tears. Various feelings struggled in Matty's tender heart. She knew what Russel's letter must contain, the first expression, in words, of a long-cherished affection. She knew that her father had strong prejudices against her lover, and that his prejudices were as rigid as his iron frame. She thought of her mother, and that if she were alive, she would share every feeling with fond

sympathy; but now, in the trials that awaited her, there was no one to whom to look for sympathy; not even Harry; her dear and only brother, for he too had prejudices against Russel. Matty was of the ivy nature, dependence was habitual to her; but there is no strict analogy between a vegetable and rational existence. The weakest human soul is capable of receiving a divine energy, and if it mount heavenward it needs not to grasp an earthly support.

“Hush up your tears, child,” said Gore, “my mind is settled; and you must settle yours, and cry or laugh afterwards, as the case may be. In the first place tell me, how happens it Russel stuck to farming? I thought the Education Society were going to run him over into a minister.”

“Russel was advised to that, sir; but he did not wish to put himself into a dependent situation, and he thought he might serve his Master as acceptably, by being a farmer, as if he were a minister.”

“*Cant!* but, however, there is some sense in it. There may be now and then an *honest* professor *out* of the pulpit; but it’s all hypocrisy where there is a bounty paid. It seems Russel has laid up money enough to buy him a farm in Michigan. He has bought it, and now has the modesty to ask my leave to let you go out and help him take care of it. If you go, mark me! you go contrary to my *wishes* and my *judgment*; but I don’t forbid it. I am not one of their *religious* folks,

who think they have a divine right to lord it over the world. I believe that women, though they are far enough from being fit for it, have a right to independence; and, therefore, you are free to go; but if you go, never come back to my house again—never expect any help from me, be the case what it will; for Russel Milnor's wife's husband will be always the man that I can't abide. I don't set up any right over you. I am an enemy to all arbitrary authority—to father-craft, as well as kingcraft and priestcraft." John was just as honest as others are when, giving way to the impulse of temper and prejudice, they fancy themselves acting in obedience to an established principle.

There had been an old feud between Deacon Milnor and John Gore, which eventuated in a long pending lawsuit. Gore finally gained the suit, and, as is common in country neighbourhoods, the general sympathy was with the losing party, and Gore, alienated from his old friends, transferred his residence from Fairtown to New York, where he still followed successfully the vocation of master-builder. Gore was a strong, though narrow-minded man. He saw clearly, but he looked through a knot-hole. He never had any religious faith, unless the accidental belief of his childhood might be dignified by that name. He had always treated lightly the faith of his wife, a meek

"Traveller between life and death."

He took pride in differing from the strictly religious

community in which he lived, and contracted a very common habit of looking at the abuses of religion, at the dishonour which the bigotries, pretensions, and lapses of its false professors cast upon it, while he was deaf and blind to the testimony, on every side, of its true disciples. After he went to town, he fell in with some clamorous skeptics, and had not the ability, or, alas! the inclination to resist their specious arguments. They were, like Gore, uninstructed men, but they could quote the names of Hobbes and Hume, and Gore's vanity pleased itself with the idea that his preconceived opinions were in accordance with these great mens'. Wo to the ignorant, who are not intrenched in the strongest hold of Christianity, a deep, heart-felt conviction of its truth, resulting from an experience of its adaptation to the wants of humanity!

Gore has hinted his theoretical respect for the "rights of women." He had recently imbibed it from a certain eloquent lecturer, who has done them worse than doubtful service. The truth was, he looked upon the whole sex with a feudal eye; regarding women as liege subjects, if not "born thralls" of their natural lords; and if his new notions forced him to admit that they were *possible* equals, he had never yet doubted they were *actual* inferiors. John Gore's theories had made as yet no apparent difference in his mode of life; his industrious habits were fixed, and the external moralities were second nature to him; but that spiritual work of

subduing the passions, disciplining the temper, and elevating the affections, John had never yet begun.

But while John Gore went on in his old track, the effect of their new associations on his son Harry, was but too obvious. He had cast aside the faith of his boyhood, but he was too much under the dominion of his senses, to adopt practically the theories of virtue inculcated by his new teachers. He had rejected his mother's pious instructions as nursery tales, and in his change of residence he had escaped from the vigilance and restraints of a moral community. He was destined to learn too late, or never to learn, that the only safe liberty for a young person, in the flush of life, is the liberty that follows self-conquest. Harry Gore was just two-and-twenty; handsome, with that frank and gay expression so captivating to young women, and with that manliness, reckless generosity and impulsive ardour, which altogether constitute the "*whole-souled*" character so attractive to young men. With these characteristics this unfortunate young man was introduced by his father to a society of skeptics; and by his young companions plunged into the second or third-rate dissipation of a great city. The character of his career might be foreseen; its sad particulars time alone could disclose.—But we forget that it is not Harry Gore's story we are writing.

We left John Gore producing a miserable perplexity in his daughter's mind, by the annunciation of his

wishes, his judgment, and his will. She saw that, by the terms of his opposition, she might follow her inclination without violating the letter of filial obedience; but the spirit of all her duties governed Matty Gore; and though we think she erred, she believed that in *all circumstances* the precept, "honour your parents," required the surrender of her own wishes to her father's.

Accordingly, when she answered her lover's letter, which she did that sleepless night, while her tears almost blinded her, she made no secret of the state of her affections. She repeated all that had occurred that evening, and concluded by saying, that her duty was implicit submission to her father's wishes.

We have given merely the points of Matty's letter; the essence of such a letter is of too delicate a nature to be imparted.

To these *points* came, immediately, a reply from Russel Milnor, enclosed in a letter to Gore, in which he communicated the purport of that to his daughter. Russel said that he trusted he should be enabled to submit to a known duty, even though it required such a martyrdom as the relinquishment of Matty; but that his view of the case differed totally from her's. "You were twenty-one, the first day of this present month, Matty," he said, "and at that age the law allows men and women, if ever they were capable, to be capable of judging for themselves. If your father alleged any thing against my character, or any thing in my circum-

stances, that formed a reasonable barrier to our union, it would be your duty to acquiesce; but where there is no such reason, I cannot think that parents have a right to control their children. They marry for themselves, not for their parents. In the course of nature they must long survive them. It is, then, their own concern, and they ought to act independently, *according to their light*, that is, according to the dictate of their best judgment, and of *tried affection*. Parents do not enough respect the rights of their children on this subject. They interfere by their wishes, their biases, and their manœuvring. It is an inexpressible happiness when parents approve the choice of their children; but no *right* of theirs to direct or mar this choice. Our affections are amenable to God only, and when He has joined, man should not sunder them. I have not urged my wishes or my love, for beside that you know I should neither expect nor wish it to prevail against your sense of duty; that once settled in your mind, I am sure, wherever the sacrifice may fall, you will act in conformity to it."

Before this letter arrived a sudden and great change had taken place in John Gore's domestic arrangements. He had placed at the head of his household a very pretty and flippant young woman, some months Matty's junior, whom he called his wife. Matty had painful reason to suspect that this marriage was merely one of those fragile, and evanescent ties substituted for the holy one of God's appointment, and advocated by a few

of her father's new associates. Emboldened by that courage which religion alone could inspire in a timid girl, who had grown up in habitual awe of her father; she determined to know from himself the truth; and she took the first occasion, when neither the new Mrs. Gore nor Harry were present, to ask her father, "If he wished her to call his wife, mother?" John's eye fell, and a deeper hue dyed his sanguine cheek, as he answered; "Yes—no—that is to say, just as you like; a name does not signify."

"That name seems to me," replied Matty; "to signify more than all other words;" and while she spoke, the eye that she kept steadfastly fixed on him filled with tears, and his quailed under it; as that of the lower animals is said to do, beneath the intellectual ray of man. "Father," she continued; "it is best to speak plain my meaning; I cannot profane that word mother. Is this person my mother in the eye of the law?"

"The law has nothing to do with the matter, and the gospel less," cried Gore, recovering his usual tone. "She is my wife, according to her view, and my view; and if you don't like her for a mother, you need not make one of her; and that's the end on't."

"O! father, it is not the end," exclaimed Matty; in the earnestness of her feeling, forgetting her habitual quietness, and falling on her knees at his feet. "It is God's law you are violating; O! pray, pray, do not bring this shame on us all! this dishonour and misery

on your old age! O! send her away, sir! Those men that come here, and scoff at all that's good and holy, have been a snare to your soul. Send her away, father, and let us go back to Fairtown; or, lay me down there by mother's grave."

"Hush! Matty, my child; hush!" His voice was softened, and Matty proceeded. "Dear father, God has made misery to follow sin—even in this world—and there is a judgment to come—for the deeds done in the body, we must give account. What signifies all they say? we know, we feel it in ourselves; there is a heaven, and there is a hell."

While Matty was speaking the last words, the door opened and *Mrs. Gore*, flushed with exercise, and the pleasurable excitement of a walk with her young gallant, Harry, entered. Harry divined the meaning of the scene and disappeared; and *Mrs. Gore*, with affected unconcern, echoed in a soft under tone, "Hell! bless my soul, Miss Matty! a big word for a mealy-mouthed young woman."

Matty rose from her knees, and turned on the woman a look so full of sorrow, so beaming with the elevation of a spirit immeasurably above her, that she shrunk away abashed. *Gore* was dimly conscious of a feeling akin to that of a bully, when he is detected by a comrade in an act of cowardice; he rose, and blustered round the room, muttering something of "Matty's nonsense and superstition!"

Poor Matty went to her own little room, and there remained, in tears and prayers, till she was roused by her father's voice calling her. She met him at the head of the stairs. He gave her Russel's letter, saying, "Russel acts above-board; I give him credit for this; it's his mother's blood, not his sneaking father's. I know, mainly, what is in his letter to you, by one he has written to me. He says what I said to you; that you have a *right* to follow your inclinations. I'll hold no woman in bondage. One thing that I said to you when Russel first proposed, I take back; the rest must stand. Circumstances alter cases; and now, if you marry Russel, you will not act against my wishes; but remember, Matty! no person that bears the name of Milnor shall ever enter my doors, or have a penny of my property. I have chosen my way, you are free to choose your's."

There are periods when thoughts pass so rapidly, and the affections will work with such energy, that we seem in brief instants to have lived an age. This was such a moment to Matty. While her father was speaking, the prospect he opened before her, of leaving her wretched home, to live with him who would have made any desert home to her, seemed like a gleam of paradise; and then the thought of leaving her father to wear out his last days in sin and certain misery, closed the gate of happiness against her. "If I could but save him," she said, mentally, "I would relinquish every

earthly hope ; I am weak, but for such a work, there *is* strength that will be made perfect in my weakness." When he had finished speaking, she said in a very low but resolute voice ; "Father, there is something nearer my heart than Russel ; it is that you should do the right thing."

"Stop there, Matty ! you have taken me to task once, and that is once too many. Water won't run up hill ; fathers won't be chidden by their children."

"But once more, father, I beg you to hear me ; but once more."

"No, no !" he cried, but in a gentler voice ; for he was softened ; who could resist that earnest and most sweet countenance ? "No, Matty ! I must follow my light."

"O ! father ; that light is darkness : hear me, I beseech you, in the name of God."

"No, no, Matty ! you are too superstitious ; there is no use."

"In the name of my mother, then."

"You look now like her own self—speak—say quick what you have to say."

"O ! think that it is my mother pleading with you ; think that you are back in those days when you believed in truth, and followed after good. Forgive me, forgive me, sir, but I must speak. I must pray you to repent and return to Him, who is ever ready to receive those who forsake their sins. Send away this bad woman,

father! I will stay with you; I will never, never leave you. I will write to Russel that I have solemnly devoted myself to you. I will do every thing to make your home comfortable and cheerful; it will be neither, with this woman. I will watch over Harry, night and day; I will do all, with God's help, that child and sister can do."

"You have not considered, Matty."

"I have considered, sir; and resolved."

"Well, let me go; let me go; I must consider too;" and he turned from his child, and with faltering steps, and a purpose that now faltered for the first time, retraced his way to his little parlour, while Matty returned to her own room, to strengthen her resolution with prayer; and so strengthened was she by this holy office, that she read Russel's letter with calmness, and sat down to write to him all that had occurred, with a conviction that he would acquiesce in the sacrifice they were to make.

But her generosity was not to have its reward. If Gore had been left alone to the workings of conscience, and the gracious ministry of his awakened affections, he might have been saved; but his evil genius interposed. The woman who had led him away from domestic purity and peace, came in while his countenance was dark and agitated with the stormy conflict of right and wrong. With the quick instincts of her sex, she perceived the nature of his disturbance, and suspected

the source of it. Her youth, beauty and art, soon enabled her to regain her ascendancy over the weak old man, who had nothing to oppose to her but the good feelings that his daughter had awakened. Faith and its securities were gone.

In the course of the morning the following brief note was brought to Matty by the servant girl.

“You’ve been a good child, and serviceable to me, Matty; and I give you the enclosed, (a hundred dollar note.) It is but justice to say I’ve nothing to complain of from you; but we’ve come to the parting point, Matty. It is best we should not have any good byeing. I am going out for the rest of the day. Pack and direct your things, and I will send them after you. You had best go to your aunt’s before night, as I mistrust we should not all sleep well under the same roof.

“Your father, JOHN GORE.”

Poor Matty! this was almost too much for her to bear. Religion even, cannot soothe the anguish that sin inflicts; the sin of those we love. Matty sat for some time stupified; suddenly she was roused by the thought that she might make an appeal to the woman, who seemed to her the personification of evil. She gained admittance to her room. She was dressed gayly, and was arranging some artificial flowers on her hat, preparatory to a walk. She was flurried by the sight of the innocent girl; and she said—the most na-

tural thing to say—looking at Matty's swollen eyes and colourless cheek; "You don't seem well, Miss Matty."

"O! I am not well—I am sick—sick at heart;" and she was obliged to grasp the bed-post against which she stood, for support.

It is useless to enter into the particulars of the conversation that ensued. Every thing that a pure woman and a devoted child could say, Matty urged; every argument of religion, she exhausted in vain.

'There is no harder subject to deal with, than a young woman who has thrown down the bulwarks of religion, and defied the usages of society; not blinded and impelled by the impulses of passion, but a voluntary sacrifice to vanity and selfishness. Matty could not awaken her fears, for she felt secure in her young life; and she could not touch her affections, for their fountains were dried away. Wearied and sick at heart, the poor girl returned to her own room.

A less spiritual being would have been satisfied; would have felt that, having done her filial duty, she was free to indulge the yearnings of her heart. But to this good young person it was not so. She did not act simply with reference to quieting her own conscience. She felt that there must be a most bitter infusion in her cup, while the death of the soul was impending over her father and brother. Her letter to her lover was coloured by her sad feelings. She assented to his plans,

and appointed the time for their meeting; and then reverted to her deep anxieties in a prayer, that she might be patient and never without hope, in the greatest of all tribulations.

After leaving her father's house, she saw her brother repeatedly, but all her efforts to influence him were ineffectual. He did not listen seriously to her entreaties; he did not oppose her arguments with reason; but answered her only with bantering and ridicule; fruits of the lightest, the most hopeless soil.

We resume our story at a period rather more than three years subsequent to Matty's separation from her father. He still occupied the comfortable house in Elm street, in which she had left him; but how changed was its interior! The simplicity, neatness, and precision that, under her regime, had seemed the type of her well-ordered mind, had given place to slatternliness, disorder, and finery. A crazy auction pier-table, with tarnished gilding, occupied the place of the spotless waxed mahogany table with falling leaves, a Fairtown friend. The old family Bible had disappeared, and in its stead was a vase of French flowers, with a cracked shade. The new Mrs. Gore had substituted for the honest, old windsor conveniences which she condemned as "too Presbyterian," defaced and rickety mahogany chairs, that looked as if they had mouldered at a pawnbroker's. Over the mantel-piece had hung,

time out of mind, (for it was an heirloom from Matty's maternal ancestors,) the picture of a tree bearing symbolical fruit, each apple labelled with the name of one of the Christian graces. Its perpetual verdure was preserved by an angel who was watering it, while the evil one stood in the background menacing it with a scythe. This picture, which Matty looked upon with almost a Catholic's love, had been much derided by Gore's new friends; and with a reluctance that he was half ashamed of, he had consented to the substitution of a tarnished chimney mirror.

But John Gore stood at bay, at the next proposed alteration. His fine young lady bought a tawdry French clock, which she insisted would serve for use and ornament too; instead of a faithful old family time-piece.

"The old clock," urged Gore, "is as true as the sun."

"That, my dear love, is of no consequence; we have town-clocks all about us that are regulated by the sun. At Fairtown this horrid old thing might have been useful; but in the city, you know, a clock is chiefly for looks."

"Like every thing else!" muttered John. "They build their houses for looks, and they tumble down over their heads. They buy their furniture for looks; and it warps and snaps, and is good for nothing. They take their wives for looks, and they"——

“My dear, darling husband!”

John Gore suppressed the bitter words that were on his lips, but the tender deprecation of his wife had not the accustomed effect. Either his vanity had lost something of its susceptibility, or his lady (we cannot profane the name of wife) had worn out her poor arts of cajoling. He stood for some moments before the fire, silent, with his hands behind him, as was his wont, when a tempest was gathering; and then burst forth, calling his wife by her unchanged name, as he always did when displeased with her. “I warn you, Angeliky Foot”——

“My dear Mr. Gore, pray say Angelica!”

He merely raised his voice a tone higher, as he resumed. “I warn you, Angeliky Foot, not to sell that clock; it’s the only thing nowadays that keeps me peaceable; it was my father’s; it marked the prayer-time, and the meal-time, and the play-time; when all I knew was to do my duty. It struck the hour for my marriage; it told the hour of my children’s birth. In my Fairtown home, it was true to us, and we were true to that. When my wife died it sounded like a tolling bell. Well it might! well it might! Once, again, it tolled! when Matty passed that threshold! and well it might then too! And now, when all is ajar, and out of time, that still is true. Its old face, as it were, speaks to me; and there are times when its look of quiet, gone-by days, is all that keeps my temper from rising over

bounds. So I warn you, Angeliky Foot, not to say another word of parting with it."

Angelica Foot did not at that time; but at prudent intervals and fortunate moments she resumed the topic, and John Gore at last yielded, as many yield, to whom "carrying the day," seems not worth the trouble of continued resistance. He yielded however only to a compromise. The old clock was removed up stairs, and out of sight, and the "bargain," of what John descriptively designated as "a bit of French trumpery," bought.

Not long after this change was made, John came home one day at his usual time. He was as punctual as the old clock, and had been so rigid in the enforcement of this observance upon Miss Angelica Foot, that she, aware of the importance of keeping on his blind side, had taken care that a domestic should supply her short-comings, and have Gore's meals ready for him, when she, on the pretext of a headache, was lying in bed, or strolling in Broadway, or sitting with a sick friend. On such occasions an alibi might have been proved, by such as saw her taking a drive, far out of town, with Harry Gore!

But, on the morning to which we allude, John came home and found his little parlour looking much like a slattern, when the morning light has dawned upon her coarse and dirty finery. Every thing was out of place. The lamps of the preceding night were still dimly burn-

ing. His eye involuntarily turned towards the clock, to see if he had not mistaken the hour of the day. The pointers as usual were motionless. He muttered a malediction, and proceeded through the unswept entry, down stairs to the little basement room, where he was accustomed to find his meridian meal. There were no signs of it. He went to the kitchen. There was no apparent preparation for dinner. Gore heard voices above, from one of the chambers; he followed the sound and burst most unexpectedly upon his wife, Harry, and two female friends of hers, who had forgotten him and every thing else, in the excitement of preparing for a masquerade ball. In the most innocent circumstances, it is rather provoking to find those whose duty it is to minister to our necessities, occupied with their own pleasures. The masks, ribands, flowers, and finery of all sorts, with which the room was cluttered, operated on Gore's temper as the colour of scarlet does on some enraged animals. His fury broke forth in the most unmeasured expressions. The lady-friends escaped. "What do you here, at this time of day, sir?" he asked, turning fiercely to his son.

"What do I?" he answered, with affected calmness; "why, you know, sir, it's the hour when all regular labourers go home to their meals."

"Regular! I wonder when you have done an hour's work, regular or irregular. I tell you, sir, what I have told you before; that I'll not have you loitering here

with Angeliky Foot, when I am out of the house. 'Children, obey your parents,' is a law that I'll uphold while I have breath."

"Ah, father!" replied Harry, uttering a biting truth, in a manner still gay and careless. "Ah, father, quoting Scripture! You can't expect, sir, your son will wear the yoke you have broken, and trampled under foot." Anxious to be off, before a return blow could be given, he hurried on his surtout while speaking, and in his haste accidentally dropped from it an unsealed letter. The address to himself, caught John Gore's eye. "From Matty!" he exclaimed; "why did you not give me this?"

"I forgot it; it can't be of any consequence; only one of Matty's preachments, I guess." Harry told the truth; he had forgotten it. The poor young man had rejected the high motives to virtue, and its sanctions; and in his present downward course of life, his affections were perishing for lack of nourishment.

The sight of a letter from Matty in the midst of all this discomfort and discord, went to John Gore's heart. He put on his spectacles to read it, but they were soon blurred, and he was obliged to take them off again, and again, to clear them before he could proceed. We must premise that Matty, scrupulous in the performance of her duties, had written to her father at regular intervals since their separation, without receiving or hoping for a return.

“Fairmount, Michigan, 20th June, 183-

“MY EVER DEAR FATHER.—I think so much of you that I must believe you have not quite forgotten me. O! what a good gift is memory! (“to the good it may be,” thought Gore;) how it peoples the wilderness with dear recollected forms! how it brings to life again the long past pleasures of childhood! the time that was, before any trouble or change had come! How it carries me back to those pleasant Saturday evenings, when every thing, having been done decently and in order, for in every thing mother went after Scripture rule, (Gore looked round on the litter of gauzes and tinsel, and heaved a deep sigh,) Harry and I sat down on our little benches beside her, and learned our Bible lesson for Sunday. They were always got before the clock struck eight; the dear old clock that told the coming on of happy mornings, and peaceful nights. I wonder if it keeps good time yet?

“But, dear father, I sat down, not to write of the past, but to tell you of our present condition; which, thanks to the Giver of all good, has much improved since my last. The failure of crops the first season was a disappointment, and the loss of stock occasioned by low and insufficient feed fell heavy upon us; but we did not murmur. I have *one sorrow* at heart, that always makes worldly troubles seem light; (“Matty’s religion is no sham,” thought Gore;) and Russel says he has received too much good at the hand of the Lord, to mur-

mur at a little evil. Last year we should have done finely, but for Russel's long sickness; but that is past now, and we trust it has done a good work for us, in making us more fully realize the worth of that hope which sustained us, when the world seemed vanishing from us. Now every thing prospers around us. I can almost see the wheat and corn grow; for in this rich soil it does not take the whole summer, as it does at the east, to come to perfection. It seems as if the Almighty had made gardens in this wilderness; and, dear father, I often think that if you and Harry could stand in the door of our little loghouse here at Fairmount, and look over the prairie; all that part of it which is still untouched by the hand of man, that the sight of it would draw you near to Him who created it. Those who live in cities, where nothing but man's hand is seen, may forget God, especially if there be temptation about them, to lure the eye and enchant the ear; as in poor Harry's case; but here, father, with this vastness around us; this stillness—with nothing for the eye to see but the beautiful earth God has created, and the Heavens that declare his glory, His presence is *felt*, and the heart goes out to Him, as naturally as a little child to its parent. O! that you and Harry were here! My little Sybil is now twenty months old. I hardly ever speak her name without thinking of you, for you were the only person I ever heard call mother by that

name; and I am sure, father, I seldom think of you without a prayer in my heart to God for your best good. ("Religion does make children faithful!" thought Gore.) Sybil already speaks quite plain; and in her morning and evening duty she is taught always to remember you, father! I have a little brother for her, just six months old. I should have given him your name, if I had thought it would be pleasing to you, to have your name joined with his father's. Please tell my brother, with my love, that I call him Harry. (An involuntary prayer escaped from John's lips, "The Lord make him another kind of a man!") O, father! what a different feeling I have had for my parents since my children were born! Short-sighted creatures are we indeed, that we must stand just in the places of others, before we can see and feel as they do! Such are now my feelings, that I think, nay, I am sure, I would give up my life freely to have you brought to the faith and love of the gospel; and what is life to that eternal happiness which awaits the humblest followers of Jesus?

"But, dear father! I would not weary you. Pray do not get so tired of my letters that you will not read them; and pray let me beg you, once more, if any great good or great sorrow comes upon you, to let some word of it be sent to your ever affectionate and dutiful daughter, **MATTY.**"

“Good! good! will any good ever come to me?” thought Gore, in the bitterness of his heart; and then a prayer—an aspiration should we not rather call it—rose from the depths of his soul. “O! my child, my child! would that I were altogether such as you are!” This was the first gleam of light.

Time went on; and Gore’s out-of-door life presented its accustomed aspect. His habits of industry were now almost his sole comfort. He was a skilled artisan, and in the busy and flourishing city of New York, his art found ample employment and large reward. His earnings were consumed by his idle son and exacting lady. Gore was generous in his nature, and parted with his money without a regret; but frugal in his own habits, and rational in his views of the uses of money, it irritated him to see it wasted, and worse than wasted. He became reserved in his supplies, and finally, a terrible suspicion having taken possession of his mind, he drove his son from his house, and reminded Angelica Foot that she was but a tenant at will; and that the light bond that united them could be broken at his pleasure. “At my pleasure, too,” thought Angelica. A few evenings after, Gore was on some business in a distant part of the city; he met two persons, veiled and muffled, who struck him, as he passed them, as resembling Harry and Angelica Foot. He stood still to observe them; then followed them a few steps; and then, cursing his own folly, and resolving that if he returned

and found her gone, he would bar his doors forever against her; he resumed his homeward way. She was not in his house. "She will return to me, to-morrow," he said, "as she has done before, and tell me she has been watching with her sick cousin; but I know now, what I then suspected! This surely is from the hand of God; it is fitting I should be punished by the child I led astray."

It was a proof that Gore's conscience was awakened, that he turned from upbraiding others to a crushing consciousness of his own sins. Tears gushed from his eyes; his limbs seemed sinking under him; and he leaned against the mantel-piece for support, when a letter sealed with black, in Matty's hand, caught his eye. A longer interval than usual had passed since he had heard from her. He seized it eagerly.

It was of a date two years later than the one we have already transcribed. It had been written at intervals, "in affliction and anguish of heart; and," as the blistered paper witnessed, "with many tears." It began,

"MY EVER DEAR FATHER.—My last letter to you was written as soon as I could hold a pen, after the birth of my second son, my little Russel. Since then I have not written to you, because I have many misgivings that you have more than trouble enough of your own; and I know further, by what I feel, that there is that in a parent's heart which cannot be torn out of it; and that

however contrary appearances may be, my sorrows would weigh upon you ; though my sorrows are, I fear, far lighter than your own." (" God knows they are, whatever they may be," murmured Gore.) " After Russel's birth I fell into a low fever, which is apt to set in on such occasions, and after I got a little better of that, the doctor said I was threatened with a decline ; and recommended a journey ; and my dear husband, who has always set my health and comfort before every earthly possession, got a trusty woman to take care of our children, and took me down to Buffalo, by the lake, to return by land. The journey was greatly blessed to me, and every thing went as we desired, till, on our way home, we were overtaken by heavy rains, and delayed two weeks. A fatal delay for us. When we arrived at home, we found that the woman left in charge of our children, not being able to overstay the time she had engaged for, had gone and left our little family in the care of a young girl. In consequence of her ignorance and neglect, poor little Harry had taken cold, and was dreadfully ill with an inflammatory rheumatism, and my poor baby seemed pining away. It had pleased God to restore my strength, and I entered upon the care of my children with resolution and hope.

" The low lands were overflowed by the freshet, and the crops much injured. They required my husband's immediate care. He overworked himself, and his fatigue and the stagnant water in the coves brought on a

terrible fever. Six weeks have passed since he took to his bed. The fever is broken; but, O! my dear father, he seems sinking away, and I look for the worst; humbly trusting that God will enable me to bear what he sees fit to lay on me.”

“Ten days have passed, my dear father; God has been merciful to little Harry. He is on his feet again, though still pale and feeble. My dear husband is no better. O! my heart and strength fail me, when I think of what is coming. When Russel sees me drooping, he says, with a sweet smile, ‘stay your heart on God, Matty;’ and I do. O, father! how can those bear life whose hearts are not so stayed?”

“My baby revived after we got home, and seemed to be thriving again; and was a great comfort to his father. When the little creature was sleeping, his father would have the cradle beside his bed. It seemed as if there was something in the sight of such sweet innocence, composing to the spirit. Last week the little fellow had a bad turn again, and two days ago, when he was evidently dying, my husband would have me sit with him, by his bedside. Together we watched his last breathings. O! my dear father, I thought then—I think now—that if you had lost one of us in infancy, you would never have doubted there was another world. The smile of my boy as his closing eye met mine for the last time, might convert a soul to faith in Jesus; for it

was a speaking confirmation of His words, 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.' In that sweet smile there was love that cannot die; light beaming from immortality. We buried him the next day. The doctor was the only friend with us. He dug the grave under an oak tree, a few yards from our bed-room window. My husband selected the spot. He can see it, when he is raised on his bed. It is a trial, father, to a mother, to lay her child out of her arms into the cold earth; but there is in it no bitterness—no fear—no doubt. Believe me, dear father, for while I say it—I am sorely pressed upon—any thing may be borne, but sin and separation from God."

(The letter dropped from Gore's hands; "*That cannot!*" he exclaimed; and in the anguish of his heart he cried aloud.)

"Ten days have passed since my baby's death. My husband is sinking fast. The doctor told us yesterday, that our separation might take place at any moment. When he went out, Russel said, 'This is much hardest for you, Matty. Rest on God's promises. He has never been known to forsake the widow and fatherless that put their trust in Him; we cannot be separated long; we know that we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!' I asked him if he had any directions to give about the children. 'None,' he said, 'none; you will bring them

up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. I have no anxieties for them, Matty; I have for you; but I am trying to cast off this care.' He has given me his advice as to all earthly matters; he seems to have forgot nothing."

"It is over. He died at sunrise this morning; he sat up, supported by the doctor; his last look was on that little green mound under the oak tree, and then at me. I had been alone with him all night. Never, father, did I witness such faith; such peace; such joy; and, I may add, such thought for others. Surely he had drank deep of his Saviour's spirit. Before the children were put to sleep last night, he would have them come and kneel down at the bedside, while he prayed with us for the last time. Father, he remembered you and Harry! O! how he prayed that you might be brought to believe in Jesus; 'the resurrection and the life.' Father, you will! you will! I am too weak to write more, his words are all written on my heart.

"We buried him yesterday. Kind friends came to help us. There was no clergyman; but we had prayers and hymns, and a fitting service; and we laid him there beside the baby, where they will rest together, till this mortal puts on immortality. O! father, what a frightful, fathomless abyss, must the grave be to an unbeliever!"

“Ten days have passed; my strength is a little recruited. Every thing has been done as my husband wished. You know many things have gone against us in a worldly way, since we have been here. I have sold all the personal property except the bed, and a little silver, and other valuables bought with the hundred dollars you gave me, and paid our debt to the doctor, and all other debts. I have fifty dollars over, for my journey to Fairtown. My husband wished me to return there, as I can do nothing here. The land may be something for the children hereafter. I begin my journey to-morrow. The lateness of the season makes it imprudent to delay. I intend taking the steamboat at Detroit. Farewell, dear father, may God have mercy on us all!”

“Amen!—amen!” cried Gore, clasping his hands, while tears poured like rain down his cheeks. It was a sleepless but a blessed night to him. Silence and solitude are powerful enforcements of conscience. Gore had never felt the influence of religion. In his youth he lived more even than most young persons, in the outward world. He judged of causes by their effects. He compared Matty’s course to his own, and to Harry’s. In the midst of disappointments and grievous afflictions, she dwelt in the light of another world; she was borne up by an immortal principle; the fire did not consume her, nor the floods overwhelm her. What was

Harry's condition ; what his own, at this moment ! Like Mackenzie's philosopher, Gore wished he had never doubted ; but, unlike him, he doubted no longer. For the first time since he had come to man's estate, he, that night, bent his knees to his Creator !

The next morning, before going out to his affairs ; he dismissed Angelica's servant, and determined to lock his door, to prevent that bad woman access to his house. He had received the night before two thousand dollars, in payment of a debt, too late to deposit it in the bank ; his first errand out was to go there with it. On opening the desk where he had put the money, he found that it was gone. The desk had been opened by a false key. The loss of the money was no insignificant matter to Gore, but every other feeling was swallowed up in the horror of the belief that Harry was a participator in the robbery. He resolved at once, to keep it secret ; he told it only to one friend. A secret should have but one keeper.

We return to Matty, who was driven, with her two children, in a wagon to Detroit. She passed the night there, before embarking in the steamboat, and was compelled to sleep in a room filled with emigrants ; the women of half a dozen families, Scotch, Irish, and German. When she went to bed, she put her pocket, containing her pocket-book, with her little store of bank notes, under her pillow. Worn out with fatigue, and the watchful nights of many weeks, she slept soundly.

In the morning the pocket-book was gone! Matty, unconscious of her loss, paid her bill from a purse in the pocket of her dress where she had a small sum for present use. Her box, containing her bed, &c., had been left on the wharf with the steamboat baggage; and Matty, knowing little of the ill chances of a traveller, had no further anxiety but to get herself and her children on board. As soon as they had put off, and her weak head, which had reeled with the confusion of the embarkation, had recovered a degree of steadiness, she went to look after her baggage. A trunk, containing her own and her children's apparel was forthcoming, but the box was left behind.

"This is a heavy loss to you, ma'am," said a good-natured man, who had assisted her search. "Yes," said Matty, with a melancholy smile which the man seemed truly to interpret; for he added; "but, Lord bless me, ma'am, I think you have met with greater."

"I guess she has," said little Sybil; "for she has lost father and the baby, and we are all alone!"

"Well, well!" said the man, brushing away a tear; "the greater burden makes the lesser one feel light—that's a comfort, anyhow."

Poor Matty was destined to farther experience of the truth of her comforter's philosophy. It was not long before the crier called out to the passengers from Detroit, to "come to the Captain's office, and pay their passages!" Matty waited till the press was over, and

then went forward. The captain told her the amount, and, taking her little boy in his arms, was addressing a kind word to him, when he perceived the mother turn suddenly very pale.

“My pocket-book is gone,” she said; “I have not a dollar left! What is to become of us?” Her sense of their utter destitution overcame her, and she covered her face with her hands, and sank down on a bench. The children crept into her lap, and put their arms around her. Sybil whispered, “Why, mother! Mother, you always say God will take care of us? won’t he now, mother?”

The captain fixed his eye steadfastly on the poor mother. He was accustomed to every mode of imposition and evasion, but this was truth; he felt assured, and it went to his heart, as warm and generous as any man’s; and, despite his hackneyed life, untouched by cupidity, and incapable of selfish suspicion. His attention was for a moment called off by some applicants at the office; and when it again reverted to Matty, she had wiped away her tears, and said calmly, “You must excuse me, sir; I have been through great fatigue and trouble lately;” her voice faltered, and little Sybil interposed. “She means father and baby are dead, sir.” “I see plainly,” resumed Matty, “there is but one thing to be done; I must be set on shore at the first landing-place.”

“Where were you bound, ma’am?” asked the cap-

tain in a voice that indicated sympathy and respect. Matty told him. He inquired, "if she expected to find friends there."

"It is my native place, sir," she replied; loath to enter into further particulars.

"Then," said the captain, "we must get you there as fast as steamers and canal-boats can take you. You are in no state to be put ashore, my friend, and left to shift for yourself." He called to the chambermaid. "Give this lady No. 15," he said, "and a settee, and see that she has every attention and comfort." Then taking Sybil in his arms, and kissing her, he said; "God does take care of good little children, my dear."

"And so do good men, too!" replied the child, returning his caress. The mother smiled through her tears. It was a smile full of sweetness, peace, and gratitude. She could not speak. The captain understood her. He replaced Sybil in her arms, and turned away. Matty retired to her berth; and there her full heart found utterance without the aid of voice.

Subsequently it occurred to her, that the contents of her box, if recovered, might afford a compensation to the captain, and she told him so. "There is not much of value in the box," she said, "excepting a bed, but it is a very good one."

"I do not doubt it," he replied; "or that I shall recover it; but I shall sleep all the better on my own bed, for thinking you have got yours in safety. Say no

more about it, Mrs. Milnor; it is not every trip, up or down the lake, I have a chance of doing a good turn to a person I respect so much as I do you."

When they arrived at Buffalo, the captain himself attended her to the canal-boat, and got an assurance from its commander that Mrs. Milnor should be forwarded free of expense to Albany; and then giving her a basket, well packed with an ample store of good provisions, he took a kind leave. Subsequently the box, directed and forwarded by the captain, came safely into Matty's possession.

These particulars of the captain's humanity, we should fear, might prove tiresome if they were fictitious; but being true *to the letter*, we would do our part towards cherishing their memory, as one of the moral treasures of our race.

It was not from this benevolent captain alone that Matty experienced kindness. Wherever she needed it, it was extended to her.

She arrived safely at Schenectady. Being much exhausted, she asked leave to remain for an hour in the canal-packet, after the passengers had left it. New arrangements were now to be made. She was to change her mode of travelling, and she dreaded going among the throng, and begging a passage in a rail-road car.

Her delicacy shrunk from this prolonged dependence, and she was half inclined to stop where she was, and seek employment. But her strength was inadequate to

labour, "and surely," she thought; "experience should teach me faith in my fellow-beings, and trust in Him who hath helped me thus far!" She resolved to proceed; when a person, who, like her, was lingering in the packet, asked her if she would like to look at a "New York paper?"

"Thank you—no!" said Matty; who had no very keen appetite for newspapers.

"But there is something quite awful and interesting there," pursued the person, pointing to a heading,

"Farther Disclosures."

Matty took it languidly; but so she did not read, what follows. "A second examination took place yesterday, of Angelica, alias Nancy Foot. She declared that she had not had any special altercation with Gore on the fatal night; nor since the previous morning, when the robbery first got wind. He had shared the money with her, believing it was, as she assured him, her savings from various largesses. It seems that the unfortunate youth, though deeply depraved, was struck with horror at the imputation of having robbed his own father. He said to Nancy, when he heard the police were in search of him, 'It was well there was no hell hereafter; there was enough of it here!' It seems more than probable, that his disbelief in a final retribution, concurring with his present degradation and alarm, impelled him to the horrible act of suicide."

Matty read no farther; the paper dropped from her

hands; she fainted and fell on the floor! The person who gave her the paper had left the cabin. "O! mother has died too!" screamed Sybil, and the little boy cried piteously. At this moment an old man entered the cabin door, and when Matty opened her eyes she found herself in her father's arms.

John Gore has returned to his old home in Fairtown. The waxed table, the old clock, and the Bible are in their accustomed places. But the Bible no longer seems to Gore a mere piece of furniture. He reads it daily, and with the earnest and humble mind befitting him who knows he reads the oracles of the living God. He has but one sorrow, yet that admits no cure; and he never speaks of it. He lives in close friendship with the Milnors, "not having yet forgiven them," he says, with a smile; "but having been forgiven by them!"

Matty now only shows she has suffered by her ready and deep sympathy with all who suffer. Her losses on earth are her treasures in heaven. She is the solace of her old father; the guide and delight of her loving and good children; the example of all worth in her humble neighbourhood; and though "poor, she maketh many rich."

THE BIRTHPLACE OF BEDELL.

BY STEPHEN H. TYNG, D. D.

AMIDST the multitude of travellers who daily pass, on the great thoroughfare, between the cities of New York and Philadelphia, what eye has not been delighted with the beauties of Staten Island? Its winding shores, for some ten miles, skirt the narrow water passage, through which we pass; and every succeeding moment unfolds some new beauties to the admiring observer. There is something perhaps in the partial fatigue with which we are affected, when we first come within view of this lovely island, on our way to New York, which is just sufficient to subdue the eye and mind into a quietness, and desire for repose, but not enough to overcome, or to take away the liveliness of the sensibilities, which are well calculated to prepare us to be happily impressed by the serene and varied appearance of the coast, as it is continuously presented. But I have seldom enjoyed an hour in journeying anywhere, so much as just in this state, and at this spot, seated upon the deck of the boat,

alone amidst many, and resting my eye upon the beautiful objects which seemed to pass before me. The motion is apparently transferred from the boat to the scene; and the whole view becomes like a moving diorama; changing every moment the objects, the relations, and the perspective of the exhibition. The fisherman's cottage with its little spot of cultivation bounding upon the water; the mansion of elegance and wealth adorned for the luxurious repose of the retiring citizen; the tufted heights which mingle with the sky, and form the horizon above; the little village clustering in quietness around the house of God; the fishing craft lying at the beach, basking their white wings in the sun, ready for a projected trip; or hauled up from the water's edge, for renovation and repair; the frail oyster-skiff, which, like some venturesome water bird, thrusts itself under your very feet, and seems to be sometimes almost overwhelmed by the dashing of the swell which the passage of the steamboat makes, as she sweeps along; the thickening villas which have been arrayed with so much taste and beauty, as you approach the northern point; and the opening bay then spreading out so magnificently before you, bearing in the intelligence and the products of every earthly clime; all these succeeding beauties so arrest, and fill, and delight the eye of the traveller, that though he sees them an hundred times, he sees them always with new enjoyment and admiration. How often have I looked upon this

beautiful undulating island, with all its varied scenery, and welcomed the fair vision, and rejoiced in its attractions, as the same hour's journey, an apt illustration of life itself, has brought them to view, and carried them from the sight again.

But attractive to the eye as are all these objects and this scenery, there is for me a charm to the memory and the thoughts, in another fact connected with the place, the power of which surpasses all the influence which outward beauty can exercise upon the eye. Upon this island is the birthplace of a friend, who was dear to me as any brother. No object to my sight is half so lovely, as the cherished memory and image of such a friend, which are treasured in my heart. None of the works of the divine Creator, in the marvels of his hand abroad, glorious as they are; and no cultivation of man in collecting these beauties in their happiest relations, can furnish any thing to my view, to be compared in the glory of its workmanship, with that heavenly operation upon the human character, which enlightens, purifies, elevates, and adorns it, after a higher image than earth has power to present, for the admiration of heaven, and the glory of God. On this fair spot of nature adorned by art, many eyes have gazed, and glistened with admiration. But heavenly and angelic intelligences marked it with deeper interest, as the birthplace of this child of God; and gladly ministered to the succeeding happiness and usefulness of this heir

of salvation, this messenger of mercy to man, who there entered upon his being.

On the 28th of October, 1793, the much loved and honoured BEDELL was born upon this island, within about a mile of Richmond, its chief village. His maternal uncle, the present venerable Bishop of Virginia, was then the minister of God in this place. By him he was received into the church in baptism, as dedicated unto God, who had separated him for himself, and had prepared so important a work for him to do. This uncle had also lived in the cottage, exhibited in the accompanying plate, in which the nephew was born. It is an unnoticed spot, and uninteresting to those who know nothing of the name of Bedell. But to how many souls was the birth of that babe to be an everlasting blessing! How many were to praise God forever, for the gift of him, as a pastor and a friend to them! Small as was this unknown fountain, incalculable blessings have flowed from it to many, who are either rejoicing with him now in the presence of the Lamb, or pressing forward in full assurance of gaining the prize, to lead them to which, he was made the divine instrument. Here his gentle infancy was passed. Here he was taught the precious lessons of kindness, and holiness, and love, which shone in such sweet and commingled beauty in his subsequent years and ministry. Here the mother who gave him birth, and whose affections were so strongly wrapped around her only child, was gathered to the tomb.

But how little does infancy prefigure life? Here his little heart found no foes, met with no conflicts, contended with no opposition. Like some sweet spring flower, he grew beneath a wall of protection from the blast, and knew nothing of the cares and toils which awaited his gentle, yielding spirit, in the years of trial which were before him. His mature life was passed in travelling through a path of care and labour, under a ceaseless burden of weakness and pain. But even this path was bordered for him, by the love of the many to whom God had made him an inestimable blessing, and hedged by a protection which no mortal opposer could pass. Thousands honoured his character while he lived. Thousands mourned for his departure. Thousands will undoubtedly rejoice forever, in his labours of love. The gratitude of many who look upon this "birthplace of Bedell," will rise up to God, who gave him to them; while they say with the writer, "There was born one dear to me as my own soul." They will be ready henceforth to unite with me too, in the exclamation, "Beautiful as this island may be to all, to me, the happiest association with it is, that there is the birthplace of my friend."

PHILADELPHIA,

May, 1839.

THE PASTOR'S RECOVERY.

BY MISS MARY E. LEE.

Joy! our shepherd is restored
To his flock and to his board;
From the sword, that o'er his head
Hung, as by a single thread;
From the tempest, that swept by,
Darkening all Health's sunny sky;
From the open gates, where Death
Stood to catch his parting breath,
He is safe once more, and we
Gladly sing
Grateful praises unto Thee,
God! our King!

Thou wert nigh when drops, like rain,
Fell from an excess of pain;
When the fever's fiery glow
Bow'd his high-toned spirit low;

And his sunk and ashen cheek
 Look'd like marble, without streak;
 Then thy hand, outstretch'd to save,
 Drew him from the darksome grave;
 Therefore for thy mercies' sake,

We will sing
 Grateful praises unto Thee,
 God! our King!

Helper! 'twas on Thee he leant,
 When life's lamp seem'd almost spent;
 When from his illumined eye
 Thought flash'd out, all silently;
 And his white lip breath'd no sound
 To the stricken band around;
 Then thy "still, small voice" was near,
 Quieting each secret fear;
 Therefore, with united voice

We will sing,
 Grateful praises unto Thee,
 God! our King!

Though the one that most could bless
 With her soothing tenderness,
 Far away was doom'd to roam
 From the blessed light of home;
 Still, around his shaded bed,
 Fond love moved with softest tread,

And strong prayer fell, e'en as dew,
From devoted hearts and true;
Hearts, that even now rejoice
As they sing
Grateful praises unto Thee,
God! our King!

CHARLESTON, S. C.





The Seamstress.

THE SEAMSTRESS.

BY MRS. H. BEECHER STOWE.

“Few save the poor feel for the poor ;
 The rich know not how hard
 It is to be of needful food,
 And needful rest debarr'd.

“Their paths are paths of plenteousness ;
 They sleep on silk and down ;
 They never think how heavily
 The weary head lies down.

“They never by the window sit,
 And see the gay pass by ;
 Yet take their weary work again,
 And with a mournful eye.”

L. E. L.

HOWEVER fine and elevated, in a sentimental point of view, may have been the poetry which has emanated from this gifted writer, we think we have never seen any thing from this source, that *ought* to give a better opinion of her, than the little ballad from which the above verses are taken. They show that the accom-

plished authoress possessed, not merely a knowledge of the dreamy, ideal wants of human beings, but of those more pressing and homely ones, which the fastidious and poetical are often the last to appreciate. The sufferings of poverty are not confined to those of the common, squalid, every-day poor, inured to hardships, and ready, with open hand, to receive charity, let it come to them 'as it will. There is another class on whom it presses with a still heavier power. The generous, the decent, the self-respecting, who have struggled with their lot in silence; "bearing all things, hoping all things," and willing to endure all things, rather than breathe a word of complaint; or to acknowledge, even to themselves, that their own efforts will not be sufficient for their own necessities.

Pause with me a while at the door of yonder small room, whose solitary window overlooks a little court below. It is inhabited by a widow and her daughter; dependent entirely on the labours of the needle, and those other slight and precarious resources, which are all that remain to woman, when left to struggle her way through "this bleak world alone." It contains all their small earthly store, and there is scarce an article of its little stock of furniture that has not been thought of, and toiled for, and its price calculated over and over again, before every thing could come square for its purchase. Every article is arranged with the utmost neatness and care; nor is the most costly furniture of a

fashionable parlour more sacredly protected from dust; more sedulously guarded from a scratch or a rub, than is that brightly varnished bureau, and that neat cherry tea-table and bedstead. The floor too, boasted once a carpet, but old Time has been busy with it; picking a hole here, and making a thin place there; and though the old fellow has been followed up by the most indefatigable zeal of darning, the marks of his mischievous fingers are too plain to be mistaken. It is true, a kindly neighbour has given a faded piece of baize, which has been neatly clipped and bound, and spread down over a large and entirely unmanageable hole in front of the fire place; and other places have been repaired with pieces of different colours; and yet, after all, it is evident that the poor carpet is not long for this world. But the best face is put upon every thing. The little cupboard in the corner, that contains a few china cups, and one or two antiquated silver spoons, relics of better days, is arranged with jealous neatness; and the white muslin window curtain, albeit the muslin be old, has been carefully starched and whitened, and smoothly ironed, and put up with exact precision; and on the bureau, covered with a snowy cloth, are arranged a few books, and other memorials of former times; and a faded miniature, which, though it have little about it to interest a stranger, is more precious to the poor widow than every thing besides. Mrs. A—— is seated in her rocking chair supported by a pillow, and busy cutting out

work, while her daughter, a slender, sickly-looking girl, is sitting at the window intent on some fine stitching.

Mrs. A—— was in former days the wife of a prosperous merchant; the mistress of a genteel and commodious house, and the mother of an affectionate family. But evil fortune had followed her with a steadiness, which seemed more like a stern decree of some adverse fate, than the ordinary dealings of a merciful Providence. First came a heavy run of losses in business; then, long and expensive sickness in the family, and the death of children. Then there was the selling of the large house and elegant furniture, to retire to an humbler style of living; and finally the sale of all the property, with a view to quitting the shores of a native country, and commencing life again in a new one. But scarcely had the exiled family found themselves in the ports of a foreign land, when the father was suddenly smitten down by the hand of death, and his solitary grave made in a land of strangers. The widow, brokenhearted and discouraged, had still a wearisome distance before her, ere she could find herself among friends. With her two daughters entirely unattended, and with her finances impoverished by the detention and expenses of sickness, she performed the tedious remainder of the journey.

Arrived at the place of her destination, she found herself not only without immediate resources but consi-

derably in debt to a relative, who had advanced money for her travelling expenses. With silent endurance she met the necessities of her situation. Her daughters, delicately reared, and hitherto carefully educated, were placed out at service; and Mrs. A—— herself sought employment as a nurse. The younger child soon fell sick, and the hard earnings of a mother were all exhausted in the care of her; and though she recovered in part, she was declared by the physician to be the victim of a disease which would never leave her, till it terminated her life. As soon, however, as her daughter was so far restored as not to need her immediate care, Mrs. A—— resumed her laborious employment. Scarcely had she been able in this way to discharge the debts of her journey, and to furnish the small room we have described; when the hand of disease was heavily laid on herself. Too resolute and persevering to give way to the first attacks of pain and weakness, she still continued her fatiguing labours, till her system was entirely prostrated. Thus all possibility of pursuing her business was cut off, and nothing remained but what could be accomplished by her own, and her daughter's dexterity at the needle. It is at such a time as this, that we ask you to look in and see.

Mrs. A—— is sitting up to-day, the first time for a week; and even to-day she is scarcely fit to do so; but she has thought that the month is coming round, and that her rent will soon be due; and even in her feeble-

ness she will stretch every nerve to meet her engagements, with punctilious exactness.

Wearied at length with cutting out and measuring, and drawing threads, she leans back in her chair, and her eye rests on the pale face of her daughter, who has been sitting for two hours past, intent upon her stitching.

“Ellen, my child, your head aches; don’t work so steady.”

“O, no, indeed it don’t ache *much*,” says the poor girl; too conscious of looking very much tired. Poor Nelly! had she remained in the situation in which she was born, she would perhaps now have been skipping about, and enjoying life as other young girls of fifteen do; but now there is no choice of employment for her; no youthful companion; no visiting; no fresh walks in the out-door air. Evening or morning it is all the same; headache, or sideache, ’tis all one. She must hold on with her monotonous, unvarying task; a wearisome thing for a girl of fifteen!

But, see! the door opens, and Mrs. A——’s pale face brightens as her other daughter enters. Mary is a domestic in a neighbouring family, where her faithfulness and kindness of heart, have caused her to be regarded more as a daughter and sister than as a servant.

“Here mother, is your rent money!” she exclaimed; “so do put up your work, and rest a while. I can get enough to pay it next time, before the month comes round again.”

“Dear child! I do wish you ever would think to get any thing for yourself,” replied Mrs. A——. “I can’t consent to use up all your earnings as I have done lately; and all Ellen’s too: you must have a new dress this spring, and that bonnet of yours is not decent any longer.”

“O! as to that, mother, I have fixed over my old blue calico, and you’d be surprised to see how well it looks; and to be sure my best frock is thin, but if I wash it, and darn it, I can make it hold together; and as to my bonnet, Mrs. G—— has given me a riband, and I can get it whitened up, and it will look very well; and so,” she added, “I bought you some wine this afternoon; you know the doctor says you must take wine.”

“Dear child! I want to see you take some comfort of your money yourself.”

“Well, I do take the comfort of it, mother. It’s more comfort to be able to help you, than to wear all the French collars and silk dresses that other girls buy.”

Two months from this dialogue found our little family still more straitened and perplexed. Mrs. A—— had been confined all the time with sickness; and the greater part of Ellen’s time and strength was occupied with attending on her. Very little sewing could the poor child now do, in the broken intervals that remained to her; and the wages of Mary were not only used as

fast as earned, but she had anticipated two months in advance.

Mrs. A—— had been better for a day or two, and had been sitting up, exerting all her strength to finish a set of shirts, which had been sent in to make. “The money for them will just pay our rent,” sighed she; “and if we can do a little more this week”——

“Dear mother, you are so tired,” said Ellen, “do lie down, and not worry any more till I come back.”

Ellen stopped at the door of an elegant house, whose damask and muslin window curtains advertised a fashionable residence.

Mrs. Elmore was sitting in her splendidly furnished parlour; and around her lay various fancy articles, which two young girls were busily unrolling. “What a lovely pink scarf!” said one, throwing it over her neck and skipping before the mirror; “and these pocket handkerchiefs with lace upon them, mother!”

“Well, girls,” replied Mrs. E——, “these pocket-handkerchiefs are positively a shameful piece of extravagance. I wonder you will insist on having such things!”

“La, mamma! everybody has such now; Laura Seymour has half a dozen that cost more than these; and her father is no richer than ours.”

“Well,” said Mrs. Elmore, “rich or no rich, it seems to make very little odds; we don’t seem to have half as much money to spare as we did when we lived in

the little house in Spring street. What with buying new furniture for the whole house, and getting every thing that you girls and boys say you must have, we are rather poorer, if any thing, than we were then."

"Ma'am, there's Mrs. A——'s girl come home with some sewing," said the servant.

"Show her in," said Mrs. Elmore.

Ellen entered timidly, and handed her bundle of work to Mrs. E——, who forthwith proceeded to a minute scrutiny of the articles; for she prided herself on being very particular as to her sewing; but though the work had been executed by feeble hands and aching eyes, even Mrs. Elmore could detect no fault in it.

"Well, it's very prettily done," said she; "what does your mother charge?" Ellen handed a neatly folded bill which she had drawn for her mother. "I must say I think your mother's prices very high," said Mrs. Elmore, rummaging in her nearly emptied purse; "every thing is getting so dear that one hardly knows how to live." Ellen looked at the fancy articles in the chair, and glanced round the room with an air of innocent astonishment. "Ah!" said Mrs. Elmore, "I dare say it seems to you as if persons in our situation had no need of economy; but for my part, I feel the need of it more and more every day." As she spoke, she handed Ellen the three dollars, which, though it was not one tenth the price of one of the handkerchiefs, was all the money that she and her sick mother could claim in the

world. "There," said she, "tell your mother, that I like her work very much; but don't know that I can afford to employ her, if I can find any one to work cheaper." Now Mrs. Elmore was not a hard-hearted woman, and if Ellen had come as a beggar, to solicit charity for a sick mother, Mrs. Elmore would have fitted out a basket of provisions, and sent a bottle of wine, and a bundle of old clothes, and all the *et cetera* of such occasions; but the sight of a *bill* always aroused all the instinctive sharpness of her business-like education. She never had the dawning of an idea that it was her duty to *pay* anybody any more than she could possibly help; nay, she had an indistinct notion that it was her *duty*, as an economist, to make everybody take as little as she possibly could. When she and her daughters lived in the little house in Spring street, to which she had alluded, they used to spend a greater part of their time at home, and the family sewing was commonly done among themselves. But since they had moved into a large house, and set up a carriage, and addressed themselves to being genteel, the girls found that they had altogether *too much to do*, to attend to their own sewing; much less to perform any for their father and brothers; and their mother found her hands abundantly full in overlooking her large house; in taking care of her expensive furniture, and superintending her increased accession of servants. The sewing therefore was to be *put out*; and Mrs. Elmore felt *it a*

duty, she said, to get it done the cheapest way she could; nevertheless Mrs. Elmore was too notable a lady, and her sons and daughters were altogether too fastidious as to the make and quality of their clothing, to admit of the idea of its being done in any but the most complete and perfect manner. Mrs. Elmore never accused herself of want of charity for the poor; but she had never considered that the best class of the poor are those who never ask charity. She did not consider that by paying liberally, those who were honestly and independently struggling for themselves, she was really doing a greater charity than by giving indiscriminately to a dozen applicants.

“Don’t you think, mother! she says we charge too high for this work;” said Ellen, when she returned. “I’m sure she can’t have thought how much work we put in those shirts; she says she can’t give us any more; she must look out somebody to do it cheaper. I don’t see how it is, that people who live in such houses and have so many beautiful things, can feel that they cannot *afford to pay* for sewing.”

“Well, child! they are more apt to feel so than people who live plainer.”

“Well, I’m sure,” said Ellen, “we can’t afford to spend as much of our time as we have, over those shirts, for less money.”

“Never mind, child,” replied her mother, soothingly; “here is a bundle of work that another lady has sent in,

and if we get it done we shall have enough for our rent, and something over, to buy bread with."

It is needless to carry our readers over all the process of gathering and stitching, necessary for making up six shirts; suffice to say, that on Saturday evening all but one were finished; and Ellen proceeded to carry them home, promising to bring the remaining one on Tuesday morning. The lady examined the work, and gave Ellen the money for it; but on Tuesday, when the child returned with the remaining work, she found her in high ill-humour. Upon a reconsideration of the shirts, she had discovered that in several important respects they differed from the directions that she meant to have given, and supposed she had given, and accordingly she vented her displeasure upon Ellen.

"Why didn't you make the shirts by the pattern I sent you?" said she, sharply.

"We did!" replied Ellen, mildly; "mother measured by the pattern every part, and cut them herself."

"Your mother must be a fool, then, to make such a piece of work. I wish you'd just take them all back and alter them over;" and the lady proceeded with various minute directions, of which neither Ellen nor her mother had till then had any intimation. Unused to such language, the frightened Ellen took up her work and slowly walked homeward. "O! dear me, how my head does ache!" thought she to herself; "and poor mother! she said this morning, she was afraid that one

of her sick turns was coming on, and we have all this work to pull out."

"See here, mother!" said she, as with a discouraged air she entered their little room. "Mrs. R. says we must take out all these bosoms, and take off these collars, and fix them quite another way. She says they are not like the pattern she sent; but she must have forgotten, for here it is; look, mother, exactly as we have made them."

"Well, then, child! go and carry back the pattern, and show her that it is so."

"Indeed, mother; she was so cross to me, and looked at me so, and spoke so about you, that I really don't feel as if I *could* go back."

"I will go for you, then," said the kind Maria Stephens, who had been sitting with Mrs. A—— while Ellen was out. "I will take the pattern and the shirts both back, and tell her the exact truth about it; I'm not afraid of her." Maria Stephens was a tailoress who rented a room on the same floor with Mrs. A——; a cheerful, resolute, go-forward little body; and ready always to give a helping hand to a neighbour in trouble; and she took the shirts and the pattern, and set out resolutely on her mission.

But poor Mrs. A——, though she professed to take a right view of the matter, and was very urgent in showing Ellen why she ought not to distress herself about it, still felt a shivering sense of the hardness and un-

kindness of the world, coming over her. The bitter tears would spring to her eyes in spite of every effort to suppress them, as she stood mournfully gazing on the little faded miniature, which we have before noticed. "When *he* was alive I never knew what trouble or poverty was;" was the thought that constantly passed through her mind; and how many a poor forlorn one has thought the same! Poor Mrs. A—— was confined to her bed for most of that week. The doctor gave absolute directions that she should do nothing, and keep entirely quiet. A direction very sensible indeed in the chamber of ease and competence, but hard to be observed in poverty and want.

Poor Ellen! what pains she took that week, to make her mother easy! How often did she reply to her anxious questions, "that she felt quite well; that her head did not ache *much*;" and various other things in which the child tried to persuade herself she was almost speaking the truth; and during the short snatches of time when her mother was asleep, in the day or evening, she accomplished one or two pieces of plain work, with the price of which she expected to surprise her mother.

It was towards evening, when Ellen took her finished work to the elegant dwelling of Mrs. P——. "I shall get a dollar for this," she said; "enough to buy mother's wine and medicine."

"The work is done very neatly," said Mrs. P——; "and here is some more, I should like to have finished

in the same way." Ellen looked up wishfully, to see if Mrs. P—— was about to pay her for the last work; but Mrs. P—— was merely rummaging a drawer for a pattern, which she put into Ellen's hands; having explained how she wished it fitted, she dismissed her without a word of the expected dollar.

Poor Ellen tried half a dozen times as she was going out, to turn round and ask for it; but she was a diffident girl, and before she could think of any words for the request, she found herself in the street.

Mrs. P—— was an amiable, kind hearted woman, but a woman who was so used to dollars, that she did not know how great an affair a single one might seem to some people. For the same reason, after Ellen had worked incessantly at the new work put into her hands, that she might get the money for all together, she again disappointed her in the payment.

"I'll send the money round to-morrow," said she; when Ellen at length found courage to ask for it; but the morrow came, and Ellen was forgotten; nor was it till after one or two applications more that the small sum was paid.

But these sketches are already long enough, and let us hasten now to close them. Mrs. A—— found liberal friends, who could appreciate her integrity of principle, and her real worth of character; and by their assistance she was raised to see more prosperous days; and she, and the delicate Ellen, and the warm-hearted Mary

were enabled once more to have a home and fireside of their own; and to enjoy something like a return of their former prosperity.

We have written these sketches because we think that there is in general too little consideration on the part of those who give employment to those similarly situated. The giving of employment is a very important branch of charity, inasmuch as it assists that class of the poor who are the most deserving of assistance. It should be looked on in this light; and the arrangements of the family so made, that a sufficient compensation can be given, without the dread of transgressing economy.

It is better to teach our daughters to do without expensive ornaments or fashionable apparel; better even to deny ourselves the pleasure of large donations, or direct subscriptions to public charities, than to curtail the small stipend of the female, whose "candle goeth not out by night;" and who labours diligently with her needle, to earn a subsistence for herself and the helpless dear ones who depend on her exertions.

CINCINNATI, OHIO,
1839.

THE WIDOW.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

“Do not the tears run down the widow’s cheeks? and is not her cry against him that causeth the fatherless to fall?”

THE SON OF SIRACH.

MAN! who pitiest fellow wo,
 Sighest when the stricken sigh,
 In whom sweet compassion’s glow
 Stirs the soul and dims the eye—
 Look upon the widow’s sadness,
 Bid her crush’d heart leap for gladness.

Woman! type of mercy; thou
 Who thyself all feeling art;
 Wearing pity on thy brow,
 And its impulse in thy heart,—
 Hearken to the widow’s groan,
 Weep for her who weeps alone.

Youth! the first in deeds of daring,
Leaving timid age behind,—
Following fortune, yet uncaring
If she slights thee or is kind—
Stop! nor proudly scorn *her* lot
Which thou understandest not.

Maiden! in thy laughing hour,
Dreaming not of future ill;
Yet in whom, with certain power,
Destiny shall work its will—
By thy hopes, that soon must die,
Hear the widow's troubled cry.

THOU! who sorrowedst o'er the bier
Where a widow's son was laid;
At the gate of Nain, hear!
Look and lend thy gracious aid.
God! the counsel came from thee,
"Let thy widows trust in me."

BOSTON, MASS.

FIFTEEN YEARS HENCE.

BY THE REV. JOHN A. CLARK.

“WHEN shall we have the pleasure of seeing you again?” said Mr. Clarmont to his friend and guest, Mr. Graer, just rising from the breakfast table and preparing to take his leave.

“*Fifteen years hence,*” said Mr. Graer, with a tone of voice indicating, that in the mind of the speaker, the brightest anticipations were scattered along the lengthened vista of future years.

“That is a long period to look forward to,” replied Mr. Clarmont.

“O, no!” rejoined his friend and guest; “those years will quickly pass, and I hope to pluck from their fleeting wings, wealth and the means of future enjoyment.”

It was my happiness, the evening preceding the morning upon which this conversation occurred, to reach a sweet village situated upon the banks of one of the numerous lakes that checker and beautify western New York. A letter of introduction which I bore, procured

for me a most hospitable reception in one of the beautiful cottages that stood on the bank of that romantic lake. The proprietor of that cottage was Mr. Clarmont, who was enjoying all the happiness that ease of circumstances, professional distinction, the affection of a devoted and lovely wife, and the charm of a sweet, blooming infant daughter, could impart. Mr. Graer, his early friend, who had spent the preceding evening with him, was on his way with his wife and child to the *far west*. Mr. Graer was of an adventurous turn of mind, full of buoyancy and life; and very sanguine in the belief that he should there accumulate an ample fortune, and lay the foundation for the future distinction of his family. It was this sanguine temperament, and the ardently cherished hopes he had of certainly realizing the bright visions of his own fervid imagination, that prompted him to answer his friend in so confident a tone in relation to what would happen *fifteen years hence*.

The leave-taking of these friends, like all earthly parting scenes, was touching and affecting, even to a stranger. All parties however seemed to be full of the inspiration of hope, and of the expectation of long years of future enjoyment. The mothers, as they gave each other the parting kiss, spoke of the delight with which they and their children would meet *fifteen years hence*.

My stay in this beautiful western village was like that of "the wayfaring man's that tarrieth only for a night." The setting sun of the next day found me far away,

encircled with new objects, and other scenes. Time rolled on. Years passed away. A thousand scenes of joy and sorrow had crossed my path, when I found myself one bright Sabbath morn in a New England village, preparing to go to the house of God. It was a day of sweet and hallowed rest. All harsh and discordant sounds seemed hushed to repose. The church, to which I was repairing, rose before me, a neat Gothic structure, embosomed in a beautiful plantation of trees. The service never sounded more devotional; testimony to "the truth as it is in Jesus" was never borne with more fidelity than by the officiating minister; and the congregation were not dismissed, till invited to gather around the chancel, and commemorate the dying love of Immanuel. As one group after another drew near the sacred table, I saw a form and face advancing thither, that arrested my attention and carried my thoughts back to other years. Though the blightings of sorrow, the lapse of years, and the sobering influence of religion had somewhat altered the peculiar expression of that countenance, I could not mistake it. It was Mr. Graer! He lowly knelt at the altar, and by his side knelt one in appearance and expression, the precise counterpart of Mrs. Clarmont, though evidently some ten years younger than *she* was on the morning upon which these families parted with the expectation of meeting *in fifteen years*. I was surprised to find upon a slight calculation that just fifteen years had elapsed, since that memorable

morning. And had these families indeed met, according to appointment? And under what circumstances? There could be no mistake. This was evidently Mr. Graer; and the young being kneeling at his side, clad in deepest mourning, was Eliza Clarmont; her whom I had seen fifteen years before, as an infant upon her mother's lap! What had transpired within those fifteen years? The tale I subsequently learned, which was as follows:

Mr. Graer went to the far west; but soon found that he was not treading through the Elysian fields, though the external aspect of the country around him was very beautiful. He and his family were obliged to pass through innumerable, and nameless hardships and trials. For many years sickness, disaster, and disappointment followed him at every step. Death plucked away one and another of his children. Poverty stared him in the face; and at times he scarcely knew where to find the next meal. How unlike his bright anticipations was all this! But the beloved partner of his early joys was still left to share his lot, and cheer him on his way. A brighter day at length dawned upon him. His long thwarted enterprises began to succeed. The golden stream now became quick and powerful. Mr. Graer in a few years found himself the possessor of all the wealth and distinction, which his brightest imagining had pictured. But at this moment, when all his earthly hopes seemed on the eve of being realized, there was a

worm gnawing at the root of his happiness. He soon saw it. He soon saw the loved form of her, who had ever been the charm of his home, and had shared with him all his weal and wo, sinking under the blight of a rapid consumption. He waited and watched only a few months, and saw her laid in the silent grave! This event fell like a blight upon all his earthly joys. He determined to make a visit to the east, and was not a little surprised upon reflection to find that it was just *fifteen years* since he emigrated to the west; the period when he expected to return under very different circumstances. When he reached the village, in one of whose beautiful cottages, fifteen years before, he left his early friend, he found there was not one of Mr. Clarmont's family remaining there among the living! Both father and mother had fallen; and their orphan daughter had gone to reside with some distant relatives in a New England village. He determined to see this last relic of his friend's family, and happened there on the Sunday to which I have alluded. Eliza Clarmont on that very day was for the first time coming forward to consecrate herself to the service of her Lord, and to partake of His holy supper. Sorrow also had driven Mr. Graer, the once proud adventurer, to the feet of the same Redeemer. These were now the only remaining individuals whom *fifteen years* had left of those two promising families. As this fact came up vividly before me, I could not but think—What a commentary is

this upon all human anticipations! Perhaps some of our young readers are regaling their imaginations with bright visions of earthly happiness, built upon coming years. Will they not look at this little sketch drawn from facts in actual life, and learn this lesson, that within fifteen years, or a far less period, "the place that now knows them, may know them no more?" and that they only who lay up their treasures in heaven, and build on the everlasting rock, can sit down in security and peace, prepared for every event in the book of a coming Providence.

PHILADELPHIA.

UPLIFTED HANDS.

BY MISS MARY ANN BROWNE.

BEFORE the throne of grace, what bands
Are daily lifting up their hands ;
How many eyes are turning there,
How many lips are moved in prayer !

The hoary-headed sage—the boy,
Elate with dreams of manhood's joy ;
The matron bow'd with earthly care ;
The maiden with unfrosted hair ;

The child, whose little clasp'd hands rest
Lightly against his mother's breast ;
As, kneeling on her knees, he prays,
Following the simple prayer she says ;—

All these uplift their hands—all kneel—
To which wilt Thou thyself reveal ?
Is the child's prayer more innocent
Than that with older feelings blent ?

Not unto them whose worship goes
No farther than these outward shows;
Not to the formalist or proud
Shall answering blessings be allow'd.

To him who kneels in lowliest trust,
Most humbled in the deepest dust;
Yet most exalted in his faith,
Most shielded from the fear of death;

To him Thy presence shall be known,
To him Thy favour shall be shown;
Who brings Thee, knowing what thou art,
Uplifted hands, uplifted heart!

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.





FRANCIS & STIMP

P. 125

THE RUINED FAMILY.

THE RUINED FAMILY.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

“Look not thou upon the wine when it is red.”

PROV. xxxiii. 31.

ONE of the most picturesque spots in the United States, is the little village of Malden. A broad river which irrigates a valley many miles long, and unrivalled for beauty and fertility, makes here so bold a sweep as almost to separate from the main land the green slope on which the village is built. A traveller who should follow the course of the river, would find himself traversing a circuit of perhaps eight miles, while the road which passes through the place is scarcely one mile in length. Large willow trees adorn the margin of the river; dipping their long branches into the waters which nourish their thirsty roots; and elms of magnificent growth half conceal the neat farmhouses of the hamlet; while lofty hills, covered with herbage to their very tops, form the background of the picture. The group-

ing of objects in this landscape is perfect, nor is the colouring less beautiful. The dusky hue of the pine-covered hills, the deep green of the elms, relieved by glimpses of the white cottages which nestle beneath their branches, the delicate foliage of the willows, and the clear blue of the rushing river, giving back a thousand atom-suns from every billow that breaks beneath the morning light, all combine to form a harmony of tint, which far transcends the skill of mortal pencil.

Among the many pretty dwellings which adorned the village was a low-roofed farmhouse, built on the gentle slope of a hill, and so completely embosomed in trees, that, when seen from the distant winding road, it almost seemed suspended, between the green sward and the foliage. This peculiarity in its appearance, together with its sheltered and secluded situation, had obtained for it the fanciful appellation of the Bird's Nest; and never was a title more appropriately bestowed: for at the time when I first beheld it, harmony and love were indeed its gentle inhabitants. I had been spending a few days in the neighbourhood of Malden, and had been much attracted by the beauty of the spot, when my interest was still further heightened by the discovery that the mistress of the Bird's Nest cottage was an early schoolmate and friend. We hastened to renew our early acquaintance; and I was no less pleased than surprised to find the laughing, merry-hearted hoyden of my recollection, transformed into the quiet, gentle wife

and careful mother. I shall never forget the hours I spent in that sweet cottage. Mrs. Morison possessed exceeding beauty of person, and her four children resembled her very strongly; so that when her husband, a fine looking, farmerlike man, took his seat among them, a more perfect family group could scarcely be imagined. I never looked at the sweet face of the mother as she pressed to her bosom her youngest darling, without being involuntarily reminded of Raphael's Madonna. Of Mr. Morison I saw but little, for his daily labours in the field left him so little time to enjoy his domestic pleasures, that I felt they ought to be sacred from the intrusion of a stranger. What I have since learned of his character, and the after fortunes of the family, has been derived from other sources than personal observation.

During three generations the Bird's Nest cottage had been in the possession of the Morison family; and though its inmates had not escaped the misfortunes which ever await humanity—though its doors had been opened for the funeral procession as well as for the bridal—though its chambers had echoed to the moan of bodily suffering and the wail of sorrow, as well as to the ringing laugh of childhood, and the merry song of light-hearted youth, still the spirit of piety dwelt ever within its walls, and faith in the wisdom of Almighty providence had soothed every sorrow and heightened every joy. At the time of his father's death, Frank

Morison had scarcely attained the age of manhood ; but the precepts of that pious father had not been uttered to a regardless ear. Possessed of talents superior to the most of his companions, and an affectionate heart filled with the most generous impulses ; guided, too, by the recollection of his father's noble nature, and by the watchful tenderness of his widowed mother, Frank Morison entered upon the duties of life with the fairest prospect of success. But as the stateliest tree often bears within its bosom the germ of its own destruction, so there was one defect in his character which threatened to neutralize all his higher qualities. This fault was indecision. His good-nature made it almost impossible for him to judge impartially of men and things. Persuasion was an irresistible weapon when exerted against him, and therefore it happened that, notwithstanding his good principles and his deep reverence for religion, his facile and vacillating temper constantly led him into error. Whatever might have been his defects of judgment, he was certainly not deceived in his choice of a wife. The orphan daughter of a country clergyman, she united the natural gift of beauty and the acquired graces of education with the habits of industry and order, so essential to man's household comforts. She loved her husband with a deep and earnest affection, which, while it did not prevent her from seeing his faults, led her upon all occasions to conceal, and at proper seasons to correct them. Her influence

over him was never exerted, except to guard him against himself; and but for the occurrence of circumstances which all her foresight could not prevent, Frank Morison might have gone down to his grave without dreaming of the latent evil which was garnered in his heart. Alas! who of us can say to the transgressor, "stand aside, for I am holier than thou?" who can be sure that he would have resisted the temptation before which his neighbour fell? who may dare assert that he could have touched pitch, and not borne away the defilement of the open sinner?

Twelve years of wedded happiness had glided away so rapidly that, but for the little ones who gathered around his board, Frank Morison would scarcely have realized their number. His mother, enjoying a green old age, still occupied the "ingle nook;" his wife, scarcely less fair than in the days of her girlhood, still ministered to the comfort of all, and diffused her influence among them as gently as the night-dew dispenses freshness. Respected by all his neighbours for his uncompromising integrity; beloved for his yielding, good nature, which, though a failing, still "leaned to virtue's side;" happy in his domestic circle and prosperous in his worldly affairs, Morison felt that God had indeed dealt to him "blessings with a full hand."

Unfortunately for many a family, a tavern, bearing the enticing name of the Farmer's Retreat, was at this time established on the outskirts of the village. The land-

of her old age, when she beheld him thus degraded to the level of the beasts that perish! Many a time had sorrow abode within that cottage, but never before had its inmates sat down with shame as their companion. It was a bitter trial, and the accents of prayer were uttered that night in the voice of agony. When Morison awoke next morning from the deep sleep which had enchained all his faculties, he was overwhelmed with sorrow and remorse. His aching head and languid frame forbade him to seek his healthful task in the fields, and, confined to the seclusion of his own chamber, he had time for reflection, even to madness. If simple penitence could cleanse one from the defilement of evil, Frank Morison would have been pure as the little one that clasped his knees; but, alas! he trusted too much in his own strength, forgetting that the "race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong," and that "by strength shall no man prevail."

What human eye can discern—what human hand portray, the gradual progress of evil in the heart of man? Who can mark the various gradations, from the first transgression, to the crowning sin? the weakness which yields to the guilt of others? the evil propensities which, once gratified, demand a second indulgence? the rapid hardening of the feelings? the dominant selfishness? the oblivion of all social affections? and finally the total abandonment of body and soul to the demon power of the besetting sin? Such a research is like

groping among the festering corpses of the dead, to trace the causes of the pestilence: the very contact is pollution.

It was on a peaceful Sabbath evening, just three years after the scene I have just described, that Frank Morison reaped the first-fruits of his repeated sins. Stretched on the bed of death, lay his aged mother. Heart-sickness and sorrow, had done the work which time delayed to perform. Life was almost extinct, yet her restless eye wandered over the group which gathered round her pillow, as if it found not the object it most sought. There stood Mrs. Morison, pale and emaciated, bearing in her arms a puny infant; while four children, from the thoughtful little girl of twelve years, to the little one of three summers, silently gazed on the beloved countenance of the departing. But he, who should have closed the glazing eye—he, who should have heard the latest whisper of maternal love—the son—was not there. Wildly and sadly did the dying woman call upon her child, while the spirit seemed only lingering in its earthly tenement to bestow on him a blessing. At length he came; with the bloated form, the blood-shot eye, and reeling gait of habitual intemperance, he staggered into the room. His mother's dying blessing fell upon his dull ear and not yet hardened heart, like drops of molten fire; he retired from the chamber of death with all the horrors of an awakened conscience,

and drained the poisoned cup of oblivion, until reason was again overthrown.

The death of his mother removed the only barrier which lay between him and destruction. During her life, the farm and cottage were unalienable; but he had already borrowed money upon it to its full value; so that no sooner was she laid in her grave than his creditors came forward and took immediate possession. The comforts which once belonged to the sweet spot had long since vanished. Every thing that could procure money to purchase selfish gratification had disappeared; and Mrs. Morison prepared to leave her home of happier years, with a calmness almost approaching to despair. With a heavy heart, but an unmoved countenance, she took her babe in her arms, and set out on her melancholy journey towards another shelter. Her half-clothed children bore the little that remained of all their many comforts, while her husband walked on in sullen and dogged silence; or only opened his lips to utter an impatient oath. Once, and only once, did her feelings overpower her. An aged wayfarer, struck with the singular appearance of the little group, paused to question them, and minister to their necessities. While Mrs. Morison lingered, one of the little ones stooped to pluck the wild flowers that grew beside the road. The soothing words of the old man; the sense of her desolate condition, and the utter unconsciousness of her

helpless little ones, struck upon her heart with irresistible force, and she burst into a passion of tears.

“God made the country, and man made the town;” and O! how different do the evils of life appear, when viewed from among the beneficent gifts of Providence or the selfish works of man. The physical frame may suffer as acutely from want, in one place, as in another; but the squalid misery which surrounds poverty in a great city, is certainly not its concomitant in the country. There the poor have at least the free air and light of heaven; the fresh green sward, and the pure waters as they well up from the depths of the earth. But in the haunts of wretchedness which are appropriated to them, among the works of man, even those free gifts of heaven are denied; and surrounded by a thousand luxurious comforts which they cannot buy, the poor learn new lessons of selfishness. A miserable hovel in the suburbs of a neighbouring town was now the abode of the ruined family; and Mrs. Morison sought, by the labour of her hands, to supply the necessities of her famishing children.

In order that he might obtain the means of intoxication, Frank Morison became the attendant upon a tavern in the neighbourhood, and thus, as his wife thought, filled up the measure of his degradation. For many a weary month did the unhappy woman toil, to save her children from starvation. Sometimes weeks would elapse without any tidings of her husband; and he

and drained the poisoned cup of oblivion, until reason was again overthrown.

The death of his mother removed the only barrier which lay between him and destruction. During her life, the farm and cottage were unalienable; but he had already borrowed money upon it to its full value; so that no sooner was she laid in her grave than his creditors came forward and took immediate possession. The comforts which once belonged to the sweet spot had long since vanished. Every thing that could procure money to purchase selfish gratification had disappeared; and Mrs. Morison prepared to leave her home of happier years, with a calmness almost approaching to despair. With a heavy heart, but an unmoved countenance, she took her babe in her arms, and set out on her melancholy journey towards another shelter. Her half-clothed children bore the little that remained of all their many comforts, while her husband walked on in sullen and dogged silence; or only opened his lips to utter an impatient oath. Once, and only once, did her feelings overpower her. An aged wayfarer, struck with the singular appearance of the little group, paused to question them, and minister to their necessities. While Mrs. Morison lingered, one of the little ones stooped to pluck the wild flowers that grew beside the road. The soothing words of the old man; the sense of her desolate condition, and the utter unconsciousness of her

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never came home except to demand her hard earnings, to supply his thirst after the intoxicating draught. The early principles of morality and piety in his heart had been like seed sown by the way-side, which the fowls of the air devoured. Love for his family had long since been forgotten, in selfish gratification and sinful indulgence. His wife had learned to tremble at his approach, and his children, they who were wont to greet his coming with the kiss of innocent affection, now cowered into a corner, terrified at his rough caresses or harsh rebukes.

But the final harvest of sin was not yet gathered in. "He that, being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Mrs. Morison had resigned herself to suffering, and vainly thought that it would be impossible to add fresh bitterness to the cup of shame and sorrow which she was drinking to the dregs; but she was destined to a far greater trial than any she had yet encountered. One dark and stormy night, as she sat lulling to sleep her sick babe, and watching the disturbed slumbers of her hungry children as they tossed restlessly upon their wretched beds, she was startled by her husband's sudden entrance. To her great surprise, he was perfectly sober, but his countenance was frightfully pale, and his eyes glared with a light that seemed almost like insanity. Totally regardless of her anxious inquiries, he flung himself on the bed, beside his children, and slept,

or feigned sleep. But in less than an hour afterwards the room was filled with fierce and angry faces; the voice of indignation aroused him, and he started up to find himself in the midst of the officers of justice, branded as a robber and murderer! Who could have foreseen such a result of one false step? Who would have supposed the mantling cup of pleasure would so soon have been exchanged, for the black and poisoned chalice of guilt?

For six weeks, Morison lay in prison awaiting his trial. When the appointed day arrived, one of his two confederates, and (as it generally happens) by far the most guilty, turned states' evidence, and detailed the whole affair. It appeared that a plan had been concerted by two well known villains, to rob the house of a rich old gentleman, who was known to have always a large sum of money about him. To make sure of their booty, they required another companion, and Morison was selected. They effected an entrance into the house, but met with more resistance than they had expected. A shot was fired, and at the same moment Morison's pistol accidentally went off. The old man was killed, but, whether by the unintentional discharge of Frank's pistol, or the deadly aim of his companion, could never be ascertained. The guilt of the robbery, however, was too evident to admit of a doubt; and the sentence of the court condemned him to solitary imprisonment for one

year, and confinement at hard labour for the remainder of his life.

Debarred from the pernicious stimulants which had been, as it were, the nutriment of his wretched life, he was now fully sensible of the awful reaction, which must ever come upon the shattered nerves and weakened mind of the intemperate. Shut up in utter solitude, with nothing save the Bible to win him from his dreadful recollections, he seemed to take a strange delight in seeking out from its sacred pages all the most fearful denunciations against sinners. The promises of God were to him as idle words; his threatenings were like two-edged swords. This terrible conflict of feeling, "this fearful looking-for of judgment and fiery indignation," were too much for the enfeebled brain of the wretched drunkard. He was removed from the cells of guilt, only to become the tenant of a madhouse. To the ravings of insanity succeeded that quiet and hopeless imbecility, which yields to no human skill. He lingered for more than ten years an *idiot*, and then sunk to death as a child would fall asleep; totally unconscious of the awful change which awaited him. Such was the fate of the affectionate, the kindhearted, but weak-principled Frank Morison; and while we shrink from his errors and his crimes, let us bless God, who has sheltered us from similar temptations, and strengthened us in the hour of need.

Mrs. Morison and her children found, in the far west, a refuge from poverty and disgrace. The prosperity of her later years may remind her sometimes of the happiness of early days; but alas! nothing can obliterate from her mind the remembrance of blighted affections and blasted youth. To her, "sorrow" had indeed been knowledge, and she had learned to say, in the language of the prophet:

"Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the field yield no meat; the flock be cut off from the fold, and there be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

BROOKLYN, L. I.

THE EVENING OF LIFE.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

"At eventide, there shall be light."

HAST thou gaz'd on a lake, when its waters were hush'd,
In the calm of a morning that knew not a storm ?
And mark'd how the bright tints above it that blush'd
Were imag'd below in its beautiful form ?

O ! thus, ere the world hath had magic to mar
Our feelings and thoughts with its turbulent leaven.
Will the mind's cloudless mirror give back from afar
The unearthly effulgence and calmness of heaven !

Yet hopelessly mourn not when such seem to fade :
A period may come, ere the sunset of Time,
When that mirror in tints shall be sweetly array'd,
Yet happier and holier than those of its prime.

As the lake in the morning shone radiantly bright,
With a splendour it caught from the dawning of day,
To the spirit, now dark, may a vista of light,
Be in mercy reveal'd—*which shall not pass away!*

WOODBRIDGE, SUFFOLK COUNTY,
ENGLAND.

THE OLD MAN'S GRAVE.

BY C. W. EVEREST.

* * * * BURIED in pensive reflections, I wandered on, till my varying path led me unconsciously to the village churchyard. The gate was open, seemingly inviting me to enter. A churchyard seldom woos me in vain. But now its peaceful silence pleaded with unwonted power. Its solemn moral whispered soothingly to my heart. I passed within the hallowed precinct. The spirit of the scene accorded with the train of my thoughts, in all save their agitation, which soon subsided at the hushed harmony around me.

I roamed amid the grassy hillocks, while every humble grave at my feet, gave its silent testimony to the sad thoughts of my heart. "And this, then," thought I, "is the common goal to which all mankind are tending! For a little while, they wrestle—they strive. They build high their hopes. They live as if they would live forever. Brethren of one family, they jostle and molest one another. Heirs of eternal life, they grovel in scenes of low debasement. And when the fever and the strife are ended, here they lie! Death has fulfilled

his great commission. They sleep upon one common level. Where is Ambition? Beneath my feet; but its pulse is still. Where is Pride? In the narrow mansion; but its heart is mouldering! Where are Hate and Envy? Beneath these grassy mounds. But the lip which once curled so scornfully is dust, and the eye which coveted another's prosperity hath lost its lustre! Alas! alas! this is the common, the irrevocable doom; to mingle our unheeded dust with the dust of forgotten generations. But man heeds not his destiny. Thoughtless as the worm he treads upon, he sports upon the brink of the pit which yawns wide to receive him!" * * *

A solemn knell came trembling along the evening air, and aroused me from my meditation. I turned, and saw near me a new-made grave. It was waiting an occupant. The knell still sighed, at mournful intervals. I knew that Death had claimed another victim, and that men were performing the last office of kindness to the dead. Soon the funeral procession appeared in sight, with "slow and measured tread." I leaned against a tombstone, and waited its approach. It came within the peaceful enclosure, and pressed around the new-made grave.

I mingled with the throng unperceived. The coffin was placed on the lowly bier, beside the grave. The inscription upon the tablet told me that the sleeper had fulfilled the term of threescore years and ten. One glance at the mourning group, and at the graves around,

and I needed not to be told that the hoary grandsire of the flock was about to be gathered to his fathers. The coffin was lowered into its silent resting-place. The body was "committed to the ground, earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Then the tears of manhood were poured forth; and the wailing of woman, with the passionate grief of childhood struck my ear. As I gazed down upon the coffin, the inscription of the tablet seemed to forbid the rising tear. My heart swelled with grief for the bereaved mourners; but when I thought upon the dead, I could not mourn. Even the grief of those around me seemed selfish and unkind. The few rites were shortly ended. The turf was placed upon the heaving mould; and, one by one, the throng, with lingering gaze, passed away!

I was alone. I seated myself near the old man's grave, and the scene I had just witnessed passed, like some remembered dream, in review before me. I thought of the grief of the mourners. It was natural, and perhaps proper. Nature will not yield an idol without a pang. I thought of the quiet sleeper who reposed in his humble bed beneath me. I knew him not; but my heart yearned toward him. Fancy painted to me his whitened locks, his furrowed brow, and his tottering form; and I felt that "the clods of the valley" must "be sweet unto him." I lingered till the shades of evening were gathering around, and the cold dew fell heavily upon me, and then, with sad regret, I turned to

depart. Yet once more I paused, again to bless the hallowed bed of the sleeper. Tears of love and sorrow had bedewed the turf above him. But how could I weep? "Yes," thought I, as my steps again sought my own dwelling, "how can I mourn that the old man has composed his weary limbs to rest? How can I mourn that he has laid his aching head where no care can come? He has lived to a good old age. He has stood, as it were, upon the grave of his generation. His memory has lingered with the dead. His heart has dwelt in the tomb. And now, that he himself has passed within its tranquil portal, "in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season," how shall I not rather bid him joy at his release? What could he do but die? When the flame of life has burned low, to the socket; when it trembles painfully at every breath; what can await it, but to expire? Happy, if it hath done its office well! Happy, if it hath not "led to bewilder, nor dazzled to blind!" Happy, if it hath shed a kindly glow in this vale of darkness! For then, it shall be relighted amid the glory of God's own paradise, and "shall shine like the brightness of the firmament," and "as the stars forever and ever!"

NORTH CAROLINA, 1839.

TO BEREAVED PARENTS.

ON THE LOSS OF THREE SONS, THEIR ONLY CHILDREN

WHERE are they?—Bright the fireside glows,
 Fair lamps illumine the peaceful scene,
 And heedless fall the wintry snows,
 Where home's affections flourish green :
 The evening fleets, on pinions meek,
 Up speeds to Heaven the hallow'd prayer,—
 Yet still those blooming boys I seek,
 They are not there!—they are not there!

But where are they?—the favourite seat
 Is vacant, by the parents' side,
 No more are heard those voices sweet,
 Which like a music-tone replied :
 The pencil'd sketch unfinish'd lies,
 The chosen page no longer spread,
 Forever seal'd those beaming eyes,
 And hush'd the light, elastic tread.

Where are they?—Father, thou shalt know,
When a few years their course have sped,
And thou to that glad host shalt go,
For whom a Saviour's blood was shed ;
Where praises from a ransom'd band
Shall circle through the glorious spheres,
To that Unveil'd, Unerring Hand,
That woke and sanctified their tears.

Where are they?—Mother, thou shalt see,
When all thy deeds of love are o'er,
And the sad sons of penury
Partake thy bounteous alms no more :
Then rising to those mansions fair,
From every shade of sorrow free,
The nurslings of thy cradle-care
Shall be an angel-guard for thee.

L. H. S.

HARTFORD, CONN.

FRAGMENTS.

BY REV. TRYON EDWARDS.

THE SAINTS IN HEAVEN.

You have seen, in the morning, the earth covered with the drops of dew; each sparkling in the sun's pure light, and like so many diamonds throwing back to each other, and to every eye, the brilliant hues of the rainbow! Such, in heaven, shall be the company of the saints; each indeed small in himself, but all, like so many polished gems, sparkling with celestial brightness, and reflecting to each other, and to all around, the glories of the Sun of Righteousness!

LIFE A PILGRIMAGE.

Life, I know, has its many joys, but it has also its many sorrows, its many sins. Some have called it an Eden; but if it be an Eden, the serpent is abroad in its bowers, and the flaming sword is ever waving around the boughs on which are clustered some of its rich-

est blessings. But, no! it is rather a pilgrimage, where

Our joys of to-day
Are dashed by our fears of the evil to come—
Where affliction and sorrow but urge us away
From its wearisome course, to a sorrowless home—

in that glorious and blessed world, where that which is bright shall never fade, and that which is beautiful shall never die, and that which is dear shall never be torn from us; where “the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.”

SELF-EXAMINATION.

In the stillness and retirement of the closet, when the world is shut out, and the lonely soul holds communion with its God, how solemn is the work of honest self-examination. Even of those actions which have been externally correct, how few have been prompted by the pure principle of holiness. When we scrutinize the motives of our conduct; when we set aside all that has been done from the force of habit, from self-respect, from love of the world's approbation, or fear of its frown; from regard to visible consistency, or for the sake of satisfying conscience, how little remains, of which we can confidently say,—this has been done from a sincere desire to glorify our Father in heaven. In such an hour, how deeply do we realize our own un-

worthiness! how deeply do we feel, that if we are ever saved, it must be *all of grace*.

SPIRITUAL DARKNESS.

Because you are in darkness, that, of itself, is no proof that you are not a Christian. If a ship be loaded with jewels, that ship may as truly be sailing towards its port, and the jewels as truly be in it *at midnight*, as when the noonday sun is flashing in brightness upon it. And so *you* may be enriched with the treasures of grace, while in the darkness of desertion.

HOLY HABITS.

If, at the moment of your birth, God had sent an angel to be ever with you; to guard you from every moral danger, to warn you against every temptation, to aid and direct you in the way to heaven, it would surely be evidence of his kindness, and of his earnest desire for your salvation. If, at each successive month, he had sent another angel, and another, and another, and so on, through all your life, until finally you were surrounded by a convoy of angels, who should keep you in safety till death, and then bear you on joyous wings to heaven, how would it magnify your obligations to love him, and serve him, and to be saved! And yet he has done more than this. He has given you **HABITS**; and these, by your own choice, and through his grace, may be made more influential for your safety than an ethereal

guard. It is obvious why it is better to pray for yourself, than to have angels pray for you. For the same reason *it is better to be guarded by holy habits, than by holy angels.* Habits, then, may be more than angels to you! Beware, lest by perversion, like angels rejected, they become forever the ministers of wrath and wo to your soul!

THE PATH OF THE JUST.

If you have ever watched with the sick, or the dying, or the dead, you have marked from your solitary chamber the progress of the coming day; now a raven tinge stealing upon the blackness of midnight; then the uncertain shade; then the gray dawn; then the clearness of the breaking morn; and finally the explicit and broad light of opening day.

So, too, you have seen (unless from slothfulness you are a stranger to the brightest garment in which God ever robed the world) the glorious prospect of a fairly rising sun. Now the dawn is breaking; now the rays of light are streaking upward to the skies; now the clouds are fringed with brightness; and now tinged throughout with blushing and golden hues; and these growing deeper, and brighter, and richer, until as in a moment the sun himself appears in full-orbed splendour, "rejoicing like a strong man to run a race." Follow him in his course, and you find it indeed often changing. Now obscured by vapours, now darkened by

the passing cloud, and now shining forth in strength. But still, through every change; through mists, or clouds, or light, he goes onward to the perfect day. *Such is the course of every real Christian! His path is onward and upward.* Sometimes, indeed, he seems to wander, to halt, or tire; scarcely to move, or even to move backward. But, still, *on the whole*, he is advancing; like the sun, ever advancing, though it be through clouds, to the zenith of the perfect day. Notwithstanding his declensions, and errors, and discouragements, he is progressing; not indeed with the flush of joy and the glow of feeling which once brightened his way, but still with a power of principle, and a strength of affection, gained often by those trials to which the young convert is comparatively a stranger. Thus he progresses to the end of his course. And as he ascends the mount, his eye is fixed like the eagle's, and his step acquires a prophet's firmness, and his heart an angel's feeling, and his path becomes brighter and brighter; every one of the virtues, like so many radiant points, pouring in its beams of holy lustre, and all uniting in focal brightness, extending and spreading further and wider, till, like one broad zone of living light, they pave the entire pathway from earth to heaven. And in that path the Christian is walking. He remembers his many wandering steps, and how he traced them back with tears. But his trials are over, and he is fast rising to the glory of heaven, just grasping the crown of right-

eousness that fadeth not away. And now he reaches the gates of light, and as they open before him, we hear the symphonies of angel harps, and the peelings of seraphic anthems, and the full-strung chorus of the redeemed; and with joy do they welcome him to the full perfection of his being; to endless safety; to ever-living, ever-growing joy!

ROCHESTER, N. Y., 1839.

TEACHING THE SCRIPTURES.

BY MISS ANN' C. LYNCH.

CHILD of the thoughtful brow,
 The speaking eye and the confiding look ;
 List to those teachings now,
 And make thy guiding star that blessed book.

If bright thy course of life,
 'Twill shed around thy path a holier ray ;
 If dark with storms and strife,
 'Twill beam like sunlight on thy dreary way.

Come, while around thee clings,
 The joyousness and innocence of birth ;
 Come, ere thy spirit's wings
 Are wet with tears and stained with hues of earth.

Like tendrils of the vine,
 Those deep affections with thy heart inwove,
 Must round some prop entwine ;
 They ask some object for their wealth of love.

And if that object be,
Earthborn and mortal, they will languish still;
There is a vacancy
In woman's heart, that God alone can fill.

PHILADELPHIA,
April, 1839.

F L O W E R S.

THERE is no pursuit which harmonizes more agreeably with feminine grace and purity, than the cultivation of flowers. It combines taste with amusement, health with virtue, and provides an alluring occupation for all gentle, refined, and cultivated minds. A love for flowers appears to be indigenious in the female heart, and among some of our higher classes, threatens to become a *passion*. Our language has no appropriate words, in which to express that species of profound admiration with which the intense votaries of flowers regard their favourites. It is not, of course, divine homage, but yet there seems to be no word so expressive of the emotion and the act, as *adoration*. What loving eyes they turn upon the expanding blossom! How are they absorbed in the contemplation of its beauties! What sighs they utter when its brightness wanes! Although there may be some disproportion in this passionate attachment to a flower, it evinces, nevertheless, a delicate perception of the beautiful, and a sympathy with nature, which, under proper regulation, would exalt the soul to the contem-



Flower Girl.

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plation and love of that beauty which is invisible, transcendant, and underived. Knowledge of the economy and laws of the vegetable kingdom, ennobles the culture of flowers, gives a superior charm to the garden and the greenhouse, the woodland ramble, and the walk by the way-side.

Every one must be convinced that there is a creative and governing power at work in the kingdoms of nature, which none of our senses can perceive:—an intelligence that came before, that lies beyond, and that shines through; directing, according to a perfect plan, the impassive elements into form and order. The wandering thought, too often the slave of the eye, loses sight of this divine agency, and rests upon the beautiful but inert image. Still, in contemplating the vegetable kingdom, there is less danger of this, than in the study of higher systems of organization, or of a mechanism more complex; the objects being of a nature so surpassingly beautiful as to lessen the temptations to materialism, and easily to waft the mind to their great Author. How much mistaken, therefore, are those ascetics, who denounce the cultivation of flowers, as tending to draw the soul from God! No part of the material creation furnishes such striking emblems of that perfection of loveliness, which, perhaps, enters less frequently into our conceptions of the Deity, than his loftier, or more benevolent attributes. Yet, amid these fair and frail symbols of infinite excellence, the well-instructed eye dis-

cerns that chain, so often invisible, which, bright, strong, and electric, binds the expressive emblem to the infinite attribute; making a plant, or landscape, like a pictured transcript of its Maker; until a tree becomes an imbodied hymn, and every efflorescence a song of praise.

If one kind of study, or habit of thought, is more valuable than another, it is that which leads the soul most frequently and devoutly into the presence of the Deity. To this end, all education should be directed; every taste and pursuit consecrated. Guards should be placed around the young susceptibilities, to prevent the pleasing works of God from intercepting, or appropriating, that love and homage which is his due. The science of botany, is sometimes considered by the young as a perplexing labyrinth of dry details, technical terms, and uninteresting distinctions. They are not aware that it is a rich parterre, glowing with all the picturesque beauty of romance, continually expanding the mind with fresh accessions of useful knowledge, and warming the heart with rapturous delight. Gladly would we induce the fair florist not only to *admire* the beautiful thing she has reared, but to examine its structure, observe its economy, and adore its Author. An observing eye, an inquiring mind, and a loving heart, are the incipient materials which, being gracefully blended, and properly cultured, produce excellence of character. Where shall we find a pursuit better calcu-

lated to develope, and educate these traits, than a scientific, devout study of nature?

A thousand mysteries are continually displayed around us, which careless observers never investigate; which, in one sense, they do not see. Nature coyly withholds her truths for a while, in order to stimulate curiosity, and show the value of patient observation. The origin of the embryo, the cause of the ascension and perpendicularity of the stem, the twining of voluble plants, the coiling of tendrils, the stretching forth of the branches towards the light, the tortuous following of the sun, the fall of the leaf, all result from undiscovered principles, and are still shrouded in darkness.

It is a fact replete with interest, that the root, stem, branch, leaf, and flower, of every plant are contained, latent and invisible, in the undeveloped seed, and that every seed germinates the exact counterpart of its parent. Is it not still more wonderful, that the perfected plant may be divided and subdivided, so as to multiply one individual into hundreds, and yet each part will produce a plant of the same kind, partaking even of every peculiarity of the original stock? This would seem to favour the doctrine, that latent germs, minute and innumerable, are diffused amid the vessels and fibres, so as to make a single tree a congeries of trees, a forest in embryo, to be developed or not, as circumstances may aid or obstruct. Time and nature, easily transform almost any portion of a plant into a complete and per-

fectured whole:—if a root is wanting, it shoots downwards; if a stem, it ascends into the air; branches are developed; leaves and flowers appear in due time; it takes an independent stand, and is ready in its turn to become the father of a multitude. Think of the fact, that all the willows in Europe are subdivisions and descendants of *one tree*, brought originally from Asia; and admire the exhaustless fertility of nature, and the power of the Creator, which impress such energy of life, such capacity of reproduction, on each individual of a countless series.

Modern botany has opened a new source of admiration in her elegant doctrine of metamorphoses, showing the numerous transformations, equally surprising and beautiful, which leaves undergo. The buds that shoot from the interior, we know not how, come forth, closely packed and enveloped with imbricated coverings, intended as defences against moisture and frost; but all taking the form of rudimental leaves, and tending through every subsequent change to revert to leaves again. They shoot into branches, or are checked into thorns; they expand into leaves, or effloresce in blossoms, and are capable of being determined by art to the one or the other. The whole flower is a transformed branch, the separate organs, transformed leaves; so that you can easily trace the protean envelopes of a leaf-bud, through all the branches, leaves, floral coverings, central organs, seeds, and fruits. What a metamorphosis! the flat and

minute scale, expanding into a leaf, contracting into a pistil, and swelling into fruit, through all the varieties of nuts, pods, pulps, and berries, and becoming an apple or an orange, with equal facility, under the transforming wand of the great magician, *Nature*.

We err, in bestowing our highest admiration on the more obvious beauties of a plant. The splendid hues, the perfumes so diversified, the forms so graceful and changeful, attract our notice rather than the ulterior uses of the blossom. The supreme end of nature in the manifold arrangements of the flower, is to mature the seed. What strenuous efforts the obedient vegetable makes to fulfil the law of its being! Who can forbear to sympathise with the faithful and laborious organs? How they toil, display their energies, and exhaust their various powers! Then they willingly perish. The design of the Creator is fulfilled, and they are satisfied. In these operations, the greatest beauty and the greatest utility are united. The imperial infant, reposing in his silver cradle, the representative of a great city's wealth and homage, and enriched with the skill of cunning artists, was less brilliantly lodged than the ripening seed, which is nursed in the recesses of the lily's bell, or the violet's cup. The concave petals are gracefully curved around the centre, to reflect their warmth upon the embryo, and to guard it from touch. As the mother folds her nursing to her bosom, shedding upon it the beams of her affectionate eyes, her cheering smiles and soft caresses,

so the instinctive blossom folds her own frail and gentle loveliness around her still more fragile offspring. The warm mantle in which the mother envelopes her treasure, to shield it from every trying variation of temperature, has its counterpart in the care of the vegetable parent, who conceals her charge in a tight vessel from the sun and wind. The plant is indeed a passionless agent, but it reveals the transcendent skill of the Divine hand.

One who has acquired the habit of looking beyond the forms of things, who sees the creative energy in all the varieties of nature, will find a peculiar charm in the task, often so laborious, of following the *Divine plan*, and marshalling the vegetable kingdom into battalions, and companies, according to the analogies which group them together. In order to effect this, it is necessary to reject all those characteristics which are equivocal, varying, unstable; and to fix the mind upon those which are unchangeable and ever present. It is necessary to go beyond *appearance; to reality*. The importance of an organ in classification, is determined by its use in the economy of the plant. That on which the life depends, that which continues it in existence, and that which constitutes its peculiar character, should form the basis of classification, and all other features be subjected to these in due degree. To discover these fundamental points and arrange them according to their affinities, demand an extended system of comparison. Those parts

which nature bestows upon the greatest number of plants, or upon all; those forms which she reproduces and multiplies to the greatest extent; those upon which she lavishes her tenderest care, sheltering them from aggression in recesses and labyrinths, are stamped by her own signet as corner-stones for our fabric. Upon these, therefore, we seize, as far as they are known, and erect upon them the beautiful edifice of botany and vegetable physiology. From this basis we proceed with confidence in the great work of classification. It is thus that the mighty masters of the science, have diligently studied the operations of nature, and have been rewarded by finding her silken clew, and treading thenceforth with a majestic pace in her footsteps. It is a sufficient labour for us to trace their path, to look through their eyes, and admire the beautiful arrangement which they have made of the world of vegetables, as of the world of mankind, into nations, races, classes, families, species, and varieties. The eighty thousand known species, they have gradually reduced to some five or six thousand genera, and these again to a few hundred families, and these to still narrower and more comprehensive limits, each superior rank including all the subordinates, till an elegant display of order and uniformity is produced out of seeming confusion. Thus far we have advanced into broad sunlight upon the sure foundations of science. We find *truth*, and as far as our knowledge extends, cannot but be accurate in arrangement. It is this dis-

covery of truth which makes the details of botany so interesting. The study of externals is ennobled, and the path, however long and homely, can neither be barren or wearisome.

Yet, it must be borne in mind, that hitherto all classification is but an *approximation* to the truth. Could we see clearly into the structure of vegetables, could we gain possession of the thought which the Creator embodied when he gave them existence, we should be able unerringly to estimate their relative value, appreciate their genuine analogies, and class them according to their elementary resemblances. This would be a discovery of His plan, which is not indeed impenetrably concealed from us amid the obscurity of material forms, though we have not yet pierced deeply enough into the secrets of nature, or used the light of a lamp sufficiently pure, to look, except with dim eyes, through the veil.

The obscurity in which nature is sometimes wrapped, supplies a wholesome and agreeable discipline to the soul. The assistance of art seems to have been contemplated in the great schedule of creation. But if there is imperfection, or apparent irregularity, there is no disorder. Wherever there is a seeming defect of order, distrust your knowledge or your senses; suspend your judgment; look deeper; be patient in your researches. You will be sure to find a substratum of proportion and symmetry. Nor are occasional irregularities ever to be considered as *evils*. In the vegetable

kingdom they manifestly tend to the improvement of the species. Art, while she varies the forms of plants, often makes their beauties more intense, and their virtues more available. Who can deem the lovely hybrids of the florist, though often termed vegetable monsters, as encroachments upon the plan of Providence? The changes that are produced by art, science, and labour, are only another way of manifesting the vast resources of the God of nature, who has bestowed such prolific capacities of adaptation upon his works, and furnished them with such a munificent supply of expedients for every contingency.

But the most interesting point of view, in which the vegetable kingdom comes before us, is its peculiar fitness to supply the wants, and promote the welfare of man. Beauty has a twin-sister, *utility*; and in plants, as in other forms of being, they are inseparable. Nature has poured over the simplest principle of life, the charm of exquisite loveliness, and with a divine skill, intimately connected its luxuriance of ornament, with the preservation and multiplication of the species. To this physical benefit, she has superadded a high moral end. That which is so elegant in its structure, so admirable in its symmetry, so exactly adapted to its own uses and aims, is made, either directly or indirectly, to promote the comfort and happiness of man; thus leading us to devout adoration and thanksgiving, both for what it is, and what it is to us. Numerous instances might be

given, to show this ulterior aim of the whole vegetable creation. Fruits and seeds are produced in such abundance, that only a small moiety are needed for the purposes of germination. The redundancy shows that the necessities of animated nature were foreseen, and provision made for their relief. Individual fruits are instances of the same kind forethought. There is more sweetness in the orange, more oil in the olive, more juice in the peach, more pulp in the apple, than the nourishment of the embryo requires. Thus, neither the beauty, nor the fertility of vegetation terminates in itself. Both have reference to man. One nourishes his body, the other harmonizes his soul, by furnishing him with models of material beauty, through which beam some rays of Heaven's loveliness, to lead him to fashion his own soul upon a like principle, and to worship that great Source of beauty, from whom all these graceful conceptions emanate.

Who does not rejoice in the universal verdure of the earth! What a charm it gives to the landscape, what refreshment to the eye; what a supply of nutriment for flocks and herds, and the people of the air! Yet a peculiar conformation in the grasses, indicative of a preconcerted plan, was necessary to produce this effect. They are endowed with an almost unconquerable vitality. They expand under a pressure which would destroy other plants, and revive after the most wasting desolations. They survive even the close nibbling of

sheep; they rejoice when down-trodden; they increase by being consumed; and, through the lavish blessing of the All-Bountiful, multiply and replenish the earth. The care with which the vegetable models were constructed, is also eminently conspicuous in the structure of corn. The stem has no deep-fixed or far-extending root, no bark, no woody fibre, to enable it to support the weight of the grain it is destined to bear. Why do not the heavy laden ears bend the infirm stalk to the ground, and bury it in the earth? How can so slender a plant support this disproportionate product? The necessary stability and strength are imparted to the stalks by a silicious exterior, which protects them like a casing of metal, and which is still farther corroborated by sheaths and knots, that enable them to hold up the harvest which they bear, to the influence of the ripening sun. As another instance of beautiful reciprocity, observe how unconsciously insects bestow benefits upon the flowers which they rifle of their honey. They are indeed only bent on their own gratification, pursuing their instincts, and imbibing pleasure wherever they find it; but they thus form a link between plants, which, being immovably fixed in their positions, could otherwise have no intercourse, and exert no influence on each other. There is nothing without its part to perform in this great family of God; and each, in pursuing its own good, promotes that of others.

The season when fruit trees are in blossom, is one of

hope, promise, and renovation. The heart is in unison with the kindliness of nature. The fragrance that loads the air, the soft petals that are wafted hither and thither, or lie like a shower of foam upon the ground, the tender verdure of the new grass, and the aerial salutations of the season, fill the heart with an overflowing fulness of happiness, and excite a devotion too deep for utterance. The immense quantity of blossoms produced, affords a rich supply against waste; they come from a treasury so profuse, that if sport or accident destroy three parts out of four, there is still a redundancy left. An orchard of apple trees in blossom, on a fine morning, is like an avenue in fairy-land. The slightest breath loosens them. They are so pure and ethereal, that they seem the mere respiration of the trees, fixed and imbodyed by coming in contact with the bland air and the nourishing light. The crab-apple is a sylvan favourite, too little known and admired by floral cultivators. Its blossoms are arranged in beautiful corymbs, and frequently lavished upon the boughs with such wild prodigality, that the tree appears tufted with snow, or like a cone of one immense flower. The fruit is delicately fragrant, and often of so deep a red, that you might deem the boughs had been touched with fire, and were just kindling into flame, or that some enchanter had hung them with clusters of rubies.

In the same rich season let the fair florist pass from the orchard and the garden, into "tangled wood-walks

wild," and she will find rich entertainment for the senses, and lessons of improvement for the heart and mind. Behold that magnificent tulip tree! No man's arms could span half its circumference, and its towering head is erected a hundred feet above the earth. An Indian might hollow from its straight trunk, a canoe that would hold twenty warriors. Observe the foliage; luxuriant, yet peculiar in colour and in form. But in what language shall we speak of the beautiful flowers, that quiver and glow like a flock of tropical birds, all over the boughs of this noble tree! They are numberless, yet each brilliant with the beauty of the garden favourite, which produces but one flower. The bells are striped and spotted with various colours, but the yellow and the crimson are chastened with such indescribable cloud-like tints, that they appear to have been painted and shaded by the varying aspect of the skies, that hang over them, in the showery and sunny months of May and June.

The dog-wood is a still earlier candidate for admiration. In our region it is a small tree, with sparse, angular, and cruciform branches; from the medicinal qualities of the bark it has been called the Northern Cinchona. Its wood is beautiful; so green on the outside, so black in the heart, so white in the interval between the two! Its blossoms render it in early spring the loveliest ornament of the wild; yet, too often are its beauties wasted on the desert air, unseen and inacces-

sible; luxuriating in swamps, or shooting from the clefts of precipitous ledges. At a little distance, it appears covered with a profusion of white roses, without leaves, for the latter have scarcely broken from their winter buds. On a nearer view, the expanded involucre, which looks so much like a corolla, is not white, but tinged with graceful pink and lilac. The small, crowded flowers in the centre, are of a pale orange, and succeeded by clusters of oval berries of a brilliant crimson.

Where is the blossom that has not its peculiar charm, its elegant adaptation, whispering to us the praise of its Creator? The thistle, with its tubular floscules; the delicate laurel, with its elastic stamens; the dahlia, with its radiated florets of every varying hue, forming one nominal blossom, out of a concourse of real flowers; a thousand other plants, blushing and glowing around our feet, and soliciting our attention on every side, show that the mechanism of the vegetable kingdom, though often escaping our attention from the minuteness of its objects, is as varied, as harmonious, and as complicated, as that of animal systems. We acknowledge, however, that the *beauty* of the floral kingdom is its most obvious and striking characteristic, and we have endeavoured to take advantage of this concession, to lead the admirer to the contemplation of that immaterial beauty of which this lower species is an emanation. Fain would we close here; but, having wandered in imagination into

flower-land, we cannot leave it, without noticing a few individuals that stand forth in their beauty, like prominent pictures, in the gallery of nature.

Upon the water-lily poetical epithets have been heaped, as if to stifle it in its own sweetness. It has been called the queen of flowers, the swan of the waters, the lady of the lake, the river nymph, the white rose of the rivulet. It is so graceful, so fragrant, so magnificent, that it justifies them all; this profusion of praise falls below its exquisite loveliness.

The white hyacinth, so often compared to a bride, suggests rather the idea of a pure, passionless vestal; or, at least, a fair, delicate maiden. How modestly it "glinteth forth," its long green leaves enclosing it, like a hedge of spears, or the palisades of a fort. As life and warmth grow strong within its veins, it erects its head, surmounts its guard, and looks around with beautiful feminine dignity.

The Ethiopian lily, is surely the flower of Juno; so majestic, so superbly fair, so queenlike, so solitary! Its new-born leaves coil themselves up, as if they concealed some delicate treasure which they were afraid suddenly to expose to the rude air and light. One is almost inclined to blame the deception, when they slowly expand, and you find nothing within.

What a beautiful specimen of those exquisite forms, into which the breath of nature infuses her most pure and airy essences, is the white rose. Any gentle spirit

of the air might be willing to be imbodied in such a fair efflorescence. Would it not be a pleasing task for a Sylph or a Grace, to inform with intelligence, and preserve from decay, a thing so delicately beautiful?

Who ever pictured to himself any enchanting scene, but he furnished it with a rose? That this flower, so pleasing, should yet be so common, bespeaks a Deity, thoughtful to supply all his children with tokens by which to remember him. Of how many fair and good things is the rose a symbol! Love, joy, beauty, innocence, modesty, youth, grace, refinement, and virtue. What a copious type! These associations are natural; but that the rose should also be the emblem of silence and secrecy, is accidental, and arbitrary; springing from some historical circumstance, like that which made it the token of the rival houses of York and Lancaster.

Never may the love and the cultivation of flowers be disjoined from that study of their structure, and observation of their habits, which inspire a devout admiration of their Creator! Through the veil of these fair symbols may we discern the traces of ineffable beauty! Blessed are those tastes and pursuits, which lead the thoughts away from objects of sense and vulgar enjoyment, from folly and from self, to the study of eternal truth; to the contemplation of immortal perfections, dimly, but truly shadowed forth in these material forms. Flowers have been called stars that glow "*in the green firmament of earth;*" and one of our own poets, heaven-

gifted, but too rarely scattering upon the earth the fire with which he has been endowed, has written an inspired comment on this sweet text, the closing stanzas of which will form our appropriate and graceful conclusion.

“In all places then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

“And with childlike, credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand ;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of the bright and better land.”

F. M. C.

NEW YORK,
March, 1839.

A MOTHER'S LESSONS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

DEAR mother, when I was a child,
 (Alas, how many years ago!)
When I was sportive, gay and wild,
And all the world around me smiled,
 And I had never dreamed of wo—
The fountain sparkled in the light,
The moon was beautiful at night,
As if no heat could parch the one,
 Nor vapour hide the other;
I was thy darling little son,
 And thou my darling mother!
It seemed to me, that all the love
 The earth could hold was less than mine;
Fair as an angel from above
 My mother seemed, and more divine.
The fountain now gleams not so bright,
The moon is oftener veiled from sight;
 For I have learned the sad, sad truth,

That nothing in the earth or sky
Can wear, to manhood's clouded eye,
The hues it wore in youth!

And art thou, too, less dear to me?
Have years consumed my love for thee?

Ah, no! the flame is burning still;
Though from thy side I'm far away,
Within my heart the fervent ray
Has never known a chill.

How I remember well the time—

It seems but yesterday!—when thou
Would'st with a mild, unruffled brow,
Bid me put by my childish rhyme,
And listen to the word of God!

'Twas solemn and yet sweet to hear
Thy voice, impressive, calm and clear,
Read of the land our parents trod.

My Eden was with mother, there;

But still I longed the place to view,
Where, in the midst, surpassing fair
The fatal tree of knowledge grew.

I've tasted of the fruit since then,

And heard the glittering serpent hiss;
O! more than all I've dreamed of bliss
I'd give to be a boy again!

A simple child—like one of those
Of whom my mother said to me,

The Saviour took them on his knee
And bade them in his arms repose.
Alas! I'd yield the greenest crown,
That ever decked a poet's brow,
And dash the loftiest laurels down,
To have the same sweet feelings now!

Dear mother! I may not restore
My guilelessness and goodness more;
But I can read the sacred page
With reverence in my ripened age;
And, calling all thy words to mind,
This truth about my mem'ry bind.

Let good or ill betide.

The light a mother's soul imparts
Will radiate in her children's hearts,
Till all is dark beside!

NEW YORK.

WEEP NOT FOR HER!

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL.D.

WEEP not for her! she hath pass'd, as the breeze,
 Bringing freshness and balm over Araby's sea,
 Which, filled with perfume from the rich incense-trees,
 Hath in it the breath of eternity.
 O! the hearts that bewail her, should joy for her now,
 When her spirit its dwelling of clay hath laid down,
 And the "beauty of holiness" circles her brow,
 With a halo as bright as beatitude's crown;
 Weep not for her!

Rather rejoice!—for her flight to the skies
 In the noon of her beauty, her years, and her worth,
 As the dew-drops of morning to heaven arise,
 All radiant with splendour, too lovely for earth!

Like a bright thought, she came—and as fleetly departed:

An iris of hope will her glad presence be,
When, in dreams, she will point out to earth's broken-hearted

Thy haven of love, Lord! and guide us to Thee.

Weep not for her!

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

“THY WILL BE DONE.”

A MOTHER was kneeling in the soft light of the dying day, by the side of her suffering babe; the deep, low-breathed accents of the father went up in supplication, as if to the very ear of the Eternal. “O! Thou who didst weep at the grave of Lazarus, and dost note every pulsation of the human heart, look down in thy compassion on our helpless child. O! save him for thy mercy’s sake! Whatever else thou withholdest, give us the life of our sweet babe.”

“Amen,” responded the trembling voice of the heart-stricken mother, as she wiped away the cold sweat from his pale forehead. “O! William, I cannot give him up,” she added, “he is so lovely, and then he is our only one; surely your petition will be granted.”

The unconscious infant lay motionless in its cradle; its little bosom heaved with the faint breath of life; its tiny fingers were half hid beneath its golden hair, while the sweet smile that played around its fevered lips, seemed to respond to the whispering of angels, as if they were already welcoming the freed spirit to the land

of light. The father and mother gazed upon it with an intensity that none but a parent's heart can feel. Gradually the smile relaxed—the hand fell down upon its bosom—the throbbing of the heart became more tranquil—a moisture diffused itself over the skin, and a sweet sleep fell upon it, clothing it as with a mantle.

Long and quietly it slumbered; and when the eye opened, and the lip moved, its cherub face seemed irradiated with unearthly intelligence and purity. Day after day, and night after night, the father and mother watched their boy, as he was slowly restored to health and activity. God spared him, and he grew up in loveliness, the pride of his parents. Pestilence stalked abroad. Death laid low the young and the beautiful. Still their child, as if by some talismanic spell, was preserved, and the fond mother thanked God in her heart, that he yet lived to comfort her.

* * * * *

Time passed on. Again the mother bent over him; a blighted blasted being. The cherub smile of infantine innocence had given place to the intensity of remorse, and the sternness of despair. The fair boy had grown to manhood. He had gone forth into the world. He had mingled with the giddy throng that pursue the syren pleasure, till they find too late that with her, joy is but a name, and hope a phantom; that she leads to sorrow and to death. Her contaminating, withering influence overmastered him, and he went onward till the poison-

ous mildew of guilt settled on his soul, and wasted his existence.

“Let me curse God and die,” said the wretched sufferer.

“O! that thou hadst died in the calmness and sweetness of thy childhood,” murmured the self-accusing mother.

Again, the father knelt by the bedside of his son, and his voice once more went up in prayer. “Whatsoever thou givest or withholdest, enable us to say sincerely, *Thy will be done.*”

“Amen,” clearly articulated the mother, and the Angel of Death took the spirit of the hopeless to the bar of God.

F.

THE GOSPEL INVITATION.

BY WILLIAM JAMES HAMERSLEY.

“Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.”

ISAIAH

For us, for us, the crystal fountain gleams,
 Whose pure and healing waters calmly flow,
 And image forth the fair and blessed beams,
 Which light the path that leads from sin and wo;
 While the DOVE hovers o'er the sacred scene,
 Where peace that passeth knowledge dwells serene.

Faint, weary traveller on life's changeful road,
 Bending to earth the weak and selfish eye,
 As if forever there was thine abode,
 And not the regions of eternity;
 Hie to that fountain, flowing ever free,
 And strength, and hope, and joy shall come to thee.

Ah! did they know, who, wrapp'd in worldly cares,
 Consume in worldly works life's fleeting hour,

CHRIST PREACHING ON THE MOUNT.



The high and holy joy that might be theirs,
Whether the sunbeams smile, or storm-clouds lower;
Would they to scenes of earth still fondly cling,
Where hopes once fair and bright, lie withering?

Would passion's slave still wear his fiery chain,
Nor strive to cast the dreadful fetters off?
Would flatter'd beauty still be weak and vain,
And pride, though half-convinced, rebel and scoff?
Would low desires enthral th' undying soul,
When it might rise beyond their dark control?

Then how shall erring man escape the snare
That subtle foes have laid with sinful art?
How to that fountain of all peace repair,
And drink, till unknown joy shall fill his heart?
Behold, thou caviller! radiant at thy side,
FAITH points the way, and seeks to be thy guide.

“Ho, every one that thirsteth,” let the sound
Strike every ear, and sink in every heart;
Let the free summons reach earth's farthest bound,
Till godless nations from their gloom shall start;
Blest sound! “Ho, every one that thirsteth,” ho!
For all mankind salvation's waters flow!

HARTFORD, CONN.

DIVINE LOVE.

BY THE LATE REV. EDMUND DORR GRIFFIN.

CHRISTIANS, upon whom the grace of God hath shed its sanctifying power, is there not a principle within your breasts, a still, small voice, whispering that "God is love?" Is not this love the source of all your earthly blessings, the origin of your redemption, the everlasting fountain of your felicity in heaven?

But remember, that God demands an answering affection. Can any dwell upon the love of God, and remain unmoved? Not do we thus reward our earthly friends. Dishonoured forever, were the child who should not love a parent. Justly despised the man, who should be ungrateful to an earthly benefactor. Are we not pleased even with the mute affection of the animal creation? Would we not condemn the very brute that should turn and rend the hand that fed him?

Love to God is the vital, the animating principle of the Christian. If it languishes, he droops. If it be extinguished, his spiritual existence must end. True,

the path of the righteous is steep : it must needs be so, since it leads to heaven. But let the contemplation of that heaven cheer and animate your drooping spirits. Think of the crown of glory with which Divine love will there encircle your brow, of the song of praise with which it will inspire your tongue, of the blessed interchange of affection between you and your Creator forever.

NEW YORK.

SOLILOQUY, AT A BROTHER'S GRAVE.

BY MISS S. F. BATES.

AND is thy spirit, brother, here,
 Hovering beside thy clay ?
 If I talk with thee, canst thou hear ?
 Canst see each burning, bitter tear
 That's fallen for thee, to-day ?

Say, dost thou know that on thy grave
 Are blooming flowers, "wild flowers ?"
 And that thy sister's hand hath brought
 Those, which thy young heart loved, and thought
 The pride of Flora's bowers ?

O ! tell me, brother, if thou art
 Above all earthly wo ?
 And if the majesty of Heaven
 Permits the blest to meet, at even,
 Their sisters here below ?

Tell me, what friends now walk with thee
In realms of joy and light?
What secrets are to thee reveal'd?
Dark mysteries from us conceal'd;
What dost thou learn to-night?

Could I but hear one angel strain
From thy rich, full-toned lyre,
Quick would my earth-bound spirit soar
On wings of music to adore,
And to thy heaven aspire.

NORTH BROOKFIELD, MASS.

THE WISDOM FROM ABOVE.

BY MISS A. C. PRATT.

“The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits.”

How beautiful that streamlet, as it winds
 Through yonder valley! No rude breath disturbs
 Its mirror-like repose. Silent and calm
 It moves along, laving the mountain's base,
 And adding richness to the verdant plain:
 Its crystal surface heaven's bright image bears;
 That lovely azure, and those sunlit clouds
 Which seem the very breath of purity;
 While here and there, like diamonds scattered o'er,
 Refulgent rays in all their glory shine.

How soft the breeze that comes at summer eve!
 We see—we hear it not, yet o'er the cheek
 Is felt its grateful touch. The languid blood
 Starts up afresh, and the whole frame revives.

And dews in silent night! how they distil
Upon the earth! no murmur—not a sound
Tells of their coming; yet, when morning dawns,
Field, hill, and slope, and lawn are cover'd o'er;
Flowers that had wither'd in the noonday sun,
Waken anew, all fresh and beautiful,
As if just issued from the Artist's hand!
While every leaf and blade seem offering up
Their humble meed, for renovated life.

Thus gentle is all influence divine!
The mighty God appear'd not in that blast
Which rent the mountain-top, and clave to dust
The adamantine rock; nor in the fire,
Or earthquake's hollow roar; but 'twas a voice,
A "still, small voice" that made the seer bow down,
And, trembling, hide himself within the cave.
In that calm hour his spirit was subdued
By sweet communion with the Holy One.
And so the heart by heavenly wisdom sway'd,
Is ever peaceful; tuned to harmony
Mid earthly discord; breathing out pure love
And holy feeling—yea, its joy is love—
Its blissful song, "Glory to God on high!
Peace and good-will to all who dwell on earth."
Rivers of life flow from a fount thus pure,
Such as make glad the city of our God;
And fruits abound, like those in Paradise.

Hail, hallow'd gift! descending from above
To still the tempest, calm the troubled sea,
And scatter all the dismal clouds of sin;
Purchase of Jesus' blood! all hail to thee!
And hallelujahs to His name be given,
Who paid the wondrous price. Let seraphs join
The ransom'd throng, to swell a note of praise,
Resounding onward through eternity.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

AUTUMN EVENING.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

“And Isaac went out in the field to meditate at eventide.”

Go forth at morning's birth,
When the glad sun, exulting in his might,
Comes from the dusky-curtain'd tents of night,
Shedding his gifts of beauty o'er the earth;
When sounds of busy life are on the air,
And men awake to labour or to care;
Then hie thee forth,—go out amid thy kind,
Thy daily tasks to do, thy harvest sheaves to bind.

Go forth at noontide hour,
Beneath the heat and burden of the day
Pursue the toils that mark thine onward way,
Nor murmur if thou miss morn's dewy flower!
Where'er the footsteps of mankind are found
Thou mayst behold some spot of hallow'd ground,
Where virtue blossoms, even as the rose
Though sharp and stinging thorns the beauteous bud
enclose.

Go forth at eventide,
When sounds of toil no more the soft air fill,
When e'en the hum of insect hosts is still,
And the bird's song on sunset's breeze has died ;
Go forth, as did the patriarch of old,
Discourse with thine own thoughts, to man untold,
Fathom thy spirit's hidden depths, and learn
The mysteries of life, the fires that inly burn.

Go forth at eventide,
The eventide of autumn, when the trees
Yield their frail honours to the passing breeze,
And woodland paths with fallen leaves are dyed ;
When the pale sun his western lustre shrouds
In gorgeous draperies of golden clouds ;
Then wander forth, mid beauty in decay
To meditate alone,—alone to watch and pray.

Go forth at eventide,
Commune with thine own bosom and be still ;
Check the wild impulses of wayward will,
And learn the nothingness of human pride ;
Morn is the time to act, noon to endure ;
But, O ! if thou wouldst keep thy spirit pure,
Turn from the beaten path by worldlings trod—
Go forth at eventide, in heart to walk with God.

O! IF WHEN EARTHLY ILLS ARE O'ER

BY C. W. EVEREST.

O! IF when earthly ills are o'er,
 And every wo that wounds the breast,
 The spirit, for some peaceful shore,
 May joyful plume its pinion blest,
 And, leaving earth's lone vale of night,
 Seek out some home divinely fair—
 And, mid elysian realms of light,
 Repose in deathless glory there :

O! what are all the griefs and sighs,
 Which vex our troubled bosoms here!
 And why, when thoughts of death arise,
 So oft will swell th'ungrateful tear?
 Hush'd be the cares our fears create,
 Ne'er be our hearts by terror riven,
 If death unlock the golden gate
 Which guards the eternal joys of heaven.

THE TRUMPET.

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN, U. S. A.

FIERCE tempter to the field of death,
Rude arbiter of glee!
What charm, O, trumpet! sways thy breath,
That man so doats on thee?
And the trumpet answer'd on the blast,
With its wild and wildering tone—
I bind the present to the past,
With a magic all my own.

There's a charm that lives for the vine-clad bower,
And one for the sparkling wine,
And one for the lute of a queenly power;
But a stronger spell is mine.
I speak to the ear of restless love,
And his burning eye grows dim,
As he turns away from the trysting grove,
Where the maiden waits for him.

The battle stirreth at my word
Its elements of fear;
Leaps from its sheath the restless sword,
Flashes the potent spear.

The war-drum rolls a wilder call,
And the bristling columns form,
Red streams the death-flag from the wall,
Rattles the leaden storm.

My voice is o'er the sleeping seas,
And on the surging shore,
I sing upon the rustling breeze,
And I speak where tempests roar.
The squadron bark knows not her own,
Till she hears my signal blast,
And the wrecker watcheth for my tone,
As he bows by the bending mast.

Well did they heed my daring call,
In the city of the plain,
When rush'd the foemen from the wall,
As it crumbled o'er the slain.
But a fearful tone I yet shall wind,
To the ear of earthful trust,
When I tear apart the chains that bind
The sleeper to the dust.

CATSKILL MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

BY COL. JOHN TRUMBULL.

I ROSE very early, and saw from the portico of the Mountain House the grandest and most singular optical illusion that can be imagined.

The sky was clear, except that a light line of clouds hung along the eastern horizon, and threatened to conceal the sun at his rising.

All the country at the foot of the mountains lay clear to the view, as far as the river. The river itself stretched like a beautiful silvery riband before us; and the country beyond, for a few miles, was entirely visible, unobscured in all this space by fog, or cloud, or vapour. Then rose suddenly, what seemed an immense wall of ice, like the boundary of a vast glacier, stretching far as the eye could reach from north to south, at the distance of a few miles from the river, and extending to the eastern horizon, in one immeasurable expanse. The surface was white, level, and smooth, except that in some places appeared slight broken ridges, as if the frozen

surface of the ocean had been disturbed by some mighty tempest, but again arrested in its heavings by the resistless force of Polar frost.

The colour of all this vast surface was exquisitely fine. The ice seemed to have been recently veiled and beautified by a slight covering of the purest snow. In the direction of the approaching sun, all was a clear, cold white, fading, as it receded from the source of light, into a pallid, leaden, death-like shadow, which made the soul shudder with the awful idea, that nature herself lay there dead, wrapped in her last impenetrable shroud.

Slowly the sun arose; the clouds which threatened to obscure his appearance shrank away from the approach of his presence, like menials from the throne of a monarch; and sky, and earth, and mimic frozen ocean blazed in the splendour of his effulgence.

The awful vision lay so still and undisturbed, that it was almost impossible to doubt its reality; as the sun rose the few ridges of apparent icebergs became tinged with rose colour; but remained apparently immovable, increasing the deception, while yet they seemed to announce a hope, at least, that nature would yet awake to renovated life.

During more than two hours this splendid scene seemed not to vary, except when some cloud intercepted the direct rays of the sun, and gave new beauty and new seeming reality to the mighty pageant. At length, slight changes of surface began to appear; and towards

the north the semblance of a chasm burst on the view; opening gradually to a wide, and awful, and immeasurable extent; still, however, concealing the earth, and conveying the perfect impression, that a vast field of ice was gradually separating from the mass by force of the ocean currents. Slowly this chasm expanded: others began to appear; the ridges assumed new forms; the wall of ice slowly advanced towards the river; gradually concealed it from view; encroached upon the nearer country, and at length rolled in irregular masses towards the foot of the mountain; at times concealing, and again revealing to view, the fields and buildings which lay below.

At length the chasm was dissolved by the increasing heat of the sun. The mist rolled up the side of the mountain in heavy masses, until, at eight o'clock, we breakfasted amid the unpleasant reality of a dense fog; and all the sublimities of the early morning melted, like the baseless fabric of a vision, into thin air.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

THE QUAKERESS BRIDE.

BY MRS. E. C. STEDMAN.

O ! NOT in the halls of the noble and proud,
 Where fashion assembles her glittering crowd ;
 Where all is in beauty and splendour array'd,
 Were the nuptials perform'd of the meek Quaker maid.

Nor yet in the temple those rites which she took,
 By the altar, the mitre-crown'd bishop and book ;
 Where oft in her jewels doth stand the fair bride,
 To whisper those vows which through life shall abide.

The building was humble, yet sacred to Him
 Before whom the pomp of religion is dim ;
 Whose presence is not to the temple confined,
 But dwells with the contrite and lowly of mind.

'Twas there, all unveil'd, save by modesty, stood
 The Quakeress bride, in her pure satin hood ;
 Her charms unadorn'd by the garland or gem,
 Yet fair as the lily just pluck'd from its stem.

A tear glisten'd bright, in her dark shaded eye,
And her bosom half utter'd a tremulous sigh,
As the hand she had pledged was confidently given,
And the low murmur'd accents recorded in heaven.

I've been at the bridal, where wealth spread the board ;
Where the sparkling red wine in rich goblets was
pour'd ;
Where the priest in his surplice from ritual read,
And the solemn response was impressively said.

I've seen the fond sire in his thin locks of gray,
Give the pride of his heart to the bridegroom away ;
While he brush'd the big tear from his deep furrow'd
cheek,
And bow'd the assent which his lips might not speak :

But in all the array of the costlier scene,
Naught seem'd to my eye so sincere in its mien,
No language so fully the heart to resign,
As the Quakeress bride's—“ *Until death I am thine.*”

CEDAR BROOK, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

THE INFANT BAPTIST.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

CHILD, among the honied flowers,
Passing life's bright morning hours ;
Playing in the silver rills,
Where they bathe Judea's hills ;
Looking with an earnest eye,
As the birds flit lightly by ;
Infant of the joyous heart,
Canst thou tell me who thou art ?

Thou whose little hand in play,
Hurls the clustered grapes away ;
While thou lov'st to watch the bee,
Or to win a lamb to thee,
And to view the fleecy flock
Resting by the shadowy rock,
Dost thou know, mild, beauteous boy,
What thine errand—whence thy joy ?

Thou art sent, thou blessed one,
As the dawn before the sun,
Ushering in His healing light,
To the realms of death and night!
'Twas thy name that Gabriel spoke
By the altar, while the smoke
From thy father's incense roll'd,
When thy coming he foretold.

Heaven's pure innocence is now
Seal'd upon thy peaceful brow!
God's own Spirit filleth thee,
Sainted babe, for thou art he,
Who before his Lamb shall go,
Crying, that the world may know
He hath life to give the dead,
In the blood he comes to shed!

Though from nature wild and rude,
Come thy raiment, rest, and food,
Angels will their vigils keep
Nightly o'er thy desert sleep;
Through the wilderness by day,
They will point and guard the way,
Till to Israel thou appear,
Showing heaven's mild kingdom near.

High and glorious then, the part
For thine eye, and hand, and heart!
When thy feet on Jordan's side
Feel the waters as they glide,
Thou the Son of God shalt see,
Come to be baptized of thee—
Hear him named, and see the Dove
Resting on him from above!

NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

SELF-DECEPTION.

BY MRS. ELLIS,

Formerly Miss Stickney, author of "Pictures of Private Life."

IN observing the moral conduct of mankind, we are forcibly struck with the influence of self-deception upon well-meaning individuals, who believe themselves incapable of deliberately and designedly doing wrong.

The following familiar instances will serve to show the power of inclination, in warping the judgment and misleading the will.

In a beautiful suburban villa, situated in one of the southern counties of England, an amiable and respectable family had lately come to reside, with the intention of indulging themselves in all the delights of the country, never enjoyed with such real appetite as on first escaping from the restraints of city life. The family was wealthy, and not only numerous in the members of its own body, but, like most families whose wealth has been acquired, not inherited, it had branches beyond count; some old, withered, and infirm; others young,

fruitful, and luxuriant; but all deriving some degree of nourishment from the main stem: and now that the root was transplanted into a soil so fertile of enjoyment, the family of the Fairfields, with the company attracted to their table, was almost as numerous and as busy as a colony of bees.

At a short distance from their residence stood another villa of larger dimensions, and ornamented with more extensive grounds. There dwelt that "excellent and distinguished man," Sir Charles Belamy, member for the county of ——, whose politics were of the precise shade which had marked the family of Fairfield, from time immemorial. It was consequently a great object to please this excellent man, and to do as he did, so far as circumstances would permit; because his acquaintance was likely to be so advantageous to the young people, his table was so well ordered, and Mrs. Fairfield wished so much to learn how to regulate her lesser establishment, by what she saw of Lady Belamy's.

There was, however, one point of difference between them. Mrs. Fairfield's had hitherto been considered rather a religious family. They wished above all things to set a good example to their poor neighbours in the country, and for this reason had determined to pay strict attention to the observance of the Sabbath.

Both families had long been agreed upon an excursion to the ruins of an abbey, situated within the boundary of a neighbouring estate, and, as the public were ex-

cluded on Sundays, Sir Charles Belamy, who had the liberty of admission at all times, declared that Sunday should be the day of the excursion—in short, he would go on no other. And, though Mr. Fairfield, in the midst of his family, thought it right to remonstrate, Sir Charles turned hastily away, saying he might take his prayer-book and read in the aisles of the old abbey.

What was to be done, became the universal query. The children were the first to speak; and, in the simplicity of their hearts, they wished papa would go, for they knew no reason why he should not, having never been taught that any other duty belonged to the Sabbath, than to go to church, to sing a hymn, and to wear a better frock; and as two out of the three duties could be fulfilled in the abbey grounds, they repeated many times, how much they wished papa would go.

By degrees the spirit of discussion on this momentous subject crept upward; and a girl of twelve thought her father could not be doing wrong, while following the example of the county member, and perhaps her father thought so too. Miss Ellen, also, was of the same opinion, and said she had no wish to be better than Lady Belamy, and thought if they refused to go, it would be like reproaching those who had shown them such invariable kindness. At which remark, Mr. Fairfield exchanged a look of much meaning with his wife, and they both left the room for a more private consultation.

The oldest daughter now spoke freely, and observed how much more congenial to religious feeling was the retirement of a sequestered valley, with solemn and stately ruins all around them, than the spectacle of a mixed and moving congregation in a village church. Aunt Amy, to whom a frolic was never ill-timed, declared it to be the highest duty to recommend religion to young people, by making the Sabbath a day of innocent enjoyment. Aunt Morgan, an officer's widow, professed she had never been able to control her feelings in a church since the death of her poor husband; and that it would really be a relief to her to read his favourite sermon, and weep over it unseen. Uncle James thought it always best to do as other people did. He had no wish to be eccentric, and still less to set himself up for a pattern of perfection; and uncle Samuel, the most impracticable of the party, after withstanding the temptation for some time, at last recollected that the lanes around the abbey were the frequent resort of gipsies, and pleasing himself with the idea of reading the Bible to them, he thought he might thus fulfil one of the duties of the Sabbath, without sacrificing his share of its enjoyment.

In the mean time the heads of the family were laying the weight of their separate conclusions together, and persuading themselves and each other that they were doing, from just and good motives, what they were in reality doing from inclination.

Mrs. Fairfield was professedly a woman of *principle*. She always acted upon a plan, and therefore, her system being inviolate, she invariably believed herself to be right. But like many other *professors*, she forgot that there are bad principles, as well as good; and rules "more honoured in the breach than the observance."

Mr. Fairfield was a man of unquestionable authority, concise in his delivery, and strict in adhering to his first determinations. Whatever were the reasons upon which he acted, he never told them; but looked weighty, and concluded that his reasons would be thought so too. It was sufficient for his inferiors, and these were in his opinion a very numerous class, that he said a thing *should be*. If he himself willed it, there could be no doubt of its being right.

Fortified by this unassailable dignity, he now declared, before his family, his intention of acceding to Sir Charles Belamy's proposal, and Mrs. Fairfield supported his authority upon the principle of never dissenting from her lord.

No sooner was this decision made known, than smiles beamed forth from every countenance, in grateful acknowledgment, that all were happy to have the weight of responsibility taken off themselves; for, whether the thing was right or wrong, they had now nothing to do with it. It was their duty to conform, and in the present instance they were but too well pleased to make that duty paramount.

The Sabbath morning dawned upon a scene of bustle and confusion. Servants and children were stirring early, for all appeared sensible of the importance of being clearly out of the way, before the time of divine service; but the necessity of preparing for various wants, and appetites as various, in short for a long day of pleasure, gave rise to many angry looks, impatient answers, unkind reproaches, and troubled thoughts, but ill according with the peaceful character of a day of rest.

Glad were the anxious party, when, at last, on turning away from the public road, they lost sight of the clergyman's window; for, bright as the day was, and pleasant as the landscape looked, smiling around them, there hung about their hearts a secret consciousness that they were not doing right; that they were in fact infringing upon a good old rule; and that if they were not breaking the Sabbath by the commission of any actual vice, they were not keeping nor intending to keep it holy.

When a number of individuals of different tastes and habits allow themselves the liberty of violating any established law, each in the manner he likes best, we then see the virtue of adhering to the *letter* of the law; because each having taken a different license, the circle of wrong becomes alarmingly widened. The party we have described had no deliberate intention of doing any thing directly at variance with the *spirit* of the Sab-

bath, but they had agreed to disregard the *letter*, and as a natural consequence they interpreted the spirit according to their separate and various views.

In the first place, the younger children, believing that the country was made for romping, and that to spend a day in the country, was, in other words, to spend a day of racing and rioting, flew off in different directions, like birds let loose from a cage; while the older girls, who believed that the country was made for idleness, did nothing, until they wished they had something to do.

Miss Fairfield's great object in visiting the abbey, had been to make drawings of the varied and romantic views which presented themselves on every hand; and, although she had not been daring enough to bring her portfolio, she stood with admiring and observant eye, marking the broken arches, the depth of shadow slumbering beneath, and the fanciful festoons of ivy which hung over the massive pillars, and garnished the mouldering ruin, with bright wreaths of alternate green and gold, as they crept into the dark fissures of the stone, or glittered in the sunshine of a cloudless summer's day.

The young lady, who was so attentively noting all this for the purpose of marking it out upon paper the next morning, was at last startled from her revery by Sir Charles Belamy asking her, why she stood musing there so long, and musing only; why she did not take her pencil and begin to draw.

“Shocking!” exclaimed Miss Fairfield, “you know this is Sunday.”

“Now, tell me,” rejoined her companion, “whether you were not making an *ideal* picture of that beautiful arch?”

“I was,” replied the young lady, smiling.

“Then why,” again asked Sir Charles, “not apply your pencil to tracing out your thoughts, that, if they be wrong, you may the sooner get rid of them. O! you have no paper. Here is a sheet of mine. You shall sit down beside me on this bank, where we shall be free from all interruption.”

Miss Fairfield was easily prevailed upon to do what was most agreeable to her, and in a short time the two artists were as busy as if they had never heard of the Sabbath being a day of rest.

In the mean time Aunt Amy and Lady Belamy, two spirits of sprightly character, had found, in exploring the ruins, a most charming echo. They were both musical, and first they tried a solemn air in harmony with the place and time; but they were neither of them well skilled in sacred music, and Lady Belamy thought there could be no harm in a serious, sentimental *composition*, she would not call it a *song*. From this they went on to others, less serious, and more sentimental; until at last the aisles of the old abbey rung with lays as loud and light as ever echoed through the festive hall.

Mrs. Morgan had seated herself in a shady and se-

questered spot, while in her hand she held a book whose leaves were carefully folded down at the sermon of her late husband's choice, and faithfully and diligently she read for some time, until her attention was strangely attracted by a pile of books, kindly placed near her by Lady Belamy; and, much as she enjoyed her solitary musings upon the one loved sermon, the temptation just to look at the other books became irresistible. They were not by any means a fit selection for the Sabbath; but to open, was not to read them. So she opened more, and looked longer, until from serious poetry she turned to sad; and finding it in unison with the tone of her own feelings, at last plunged into Lord Byron's Corsair, and forgot the sermon and the Sabbath in the loves of Conrad and Medora.

Uncle James was all the while trifling, first with one party and then with another, thinking no harm, and congratulating himself upon his unbounded charity; while uncle Samuel, never satisfied with the negative merit of doing no harm, was diligently pursuing his plan of doing good. In anxious search of stragglers from the wandering tribe, he traced with hurried step the intricate paths and shady lanes around the abbey; but, finding no symptoms of gipsy location, still hurried on, until he lost sight of the abbey, and the surrounding woods; and even his recollection of the bearings of certain objects which had marked his course became confused and indistinct. Tormented with a new anxiety, he

would gladly have retraced his steps, but found no one of whom to ask which was the readiest way to rejoin his friends, except an idle cow-boy, who mischievously directed him to pursue an opposite route; and again he toiled on, impatient, weary, and disappointed, beneath the blaze of a noonday sun.

Mrs. Fairfield, the woman of principle and system, always over solicitous about the right adjustment of the means of corporeal enjoyment, was fully occupied in contending with her own servants and those of Sir Charles Belamy, about the best situation for dining, and the best method of placing the numerous viands prepared for their repast. It was impossible to make the men glide to and fro with that methodical alacrity which marked their movements at home, for their dubious way led over briars and nettles, and their precarious footing was upon loose heaps of mouldering stone, half-covered with deceitful moss and slippery weeds, amongst which more than one stout valet fell prostrate; while his companions, convulsed with laughter, neither heard nor heeded the sharp reproofs of their mistress, whose impatience was fast warming into rage.

At last, with much labour, fretfulness, and irritation, an elegant collation was made ready. But where were the guests? The children had to be hunted down and caught. Lady Belamy and Aunt Amy were detected by their singing. Mrs. Morgan was surprised in the

last scene in the Giaour; and a worthy old butler, who had never known a Sunday spent in this manner before, came suddenly upon Sir Charles and Miss Fairfield, as they sat before their separate drawings, too busily employed to hear the sound of approaching feet.

Still, Uncle Samuel was missing; and, what was more important, Mr. Fairfield was nowhere to be found. Anxiety and disappointment cast a shade over every countenance, on beholding the tempting viands and hearing Mrs. Fairfield insist upon their not being touched except in the presence of her husband. It was one of her *principles* always to wait for him; and consequently the most willing, or perhaps the most hungry, set off in different directions upon a pursuit, which promised to be without end. At last one of the servants found his master asleep in a damp niche of the ruin, and when roused to a knowledge of the pleasure awaiting him, he felt bewildered, cold, and strange, and altogether unable to enjoy it.

Those who had gone in search of him, were now missing, and it was therefore agreed not to wait for any one, but for each to enjoy what they could, securing it whenever it should fall in their way. Nor was the party ever again united, until the dews of the evening drove them to their place of appointed rendezvous, a little village inn; where, on arriving, they found with consternation and dismay, that their servants, taking ad-

vantage of their situation, had indulged so freely in what *they* called enjoyment, as to be almost incapacitated for driving them home.

Besides the delay occasioned by the mismanagement of the servants, Uncle Samuel had not yet arrived, nor could any one give the least information about what course he had taken, or where he was likely to be found. A whole hour was thus spent in anxious anticipation, and fruitless conjecture, not unmingled with reproaches implied and expressed; for when a number of weary persons have nothing to do but wait in a place they do not like, they are apt to grow uncivil to each other, and to blame those who are guiltless of having been accessory to their detention.

Sir Charles Belamy and his lady had prudently driven away immediately from the Abbey; and gladly would the rest of the party have followed their example, but that their servants neglected to obey the repeated orders sent for the carriages; and here were the whole family of the Fairfields, late on the Sabbath evening, at a little village inn; their servants intoxicated, and themselves wearing every appearance of dissatisfaction, weariness, and disorder.

At last Uncle Samuel appeared, dispirited and forlorn; mortified at the defeat of his plans, and angry with himself and every one else, because he had done no positive good.

Thus had the day of anticipated happiness been spent.

It was a calm moonlight evening as the party rode silently home; and, as they marked with feelings too deep for utterance, the quiet and repose of the different villages through which they passed, or caught the distant sound of the Sabbath evening hymn, they thought, with secret but sincere compunction, how blessed, for a people and a nation, is that rule, by which one day in seven is set apart for worship and for rest.

LONDON.

CHRISTIAN HOPE.

WRITTEN ON READING A BEAUTIFUL POEM, BUT DEFICIENT IN THE
DOCTRINES OF THE GOSPEL.

BY THE REV. T. H. GALLAUDET.

SWEET Harp of Hope, whose melodies delight
Th' enraptured ear like song of seraphim;
When thou dost sing the parting spirit's flight,
How solemn and sublime thy requiem-hymn.

But, ah! one heavenly strain thou wantest still,
And has that strain ne'er won thy master's heart?
Heard from the sacred top of Zion's hill?
Apollo's lute such notes could ne'er impart.

It warbled never from Parnassus' height,
Nor to the Roman lyre its music lent;
Judea's shepherds, tending flocks by night,
First heard its sweet and soothing ravishment.

'Twas sung by angels, and it told of One
Who came from heaven our sinful world to bless;
Th' Almighty Father's everlasting Son,
Jesus the Saviour, man of lowliness.

'This strain, though faintly caught and feebly sung,
In pealing anthem, or in softer psalm,
Hath oft been heard from rapt Devotion's tongue,
Shedding o'er pious breasts a holy calm.

And round the Eternal's light-encircled throne,
Endless shall rise its choral symphony,
From golden harps of heaven-instructed tone,
And sweetest voice of angel minstrelsy.

Such strain, enchanting Harp! thou wantest still;
O! were thy master taught its rapturous note,
Hope's brightest visions would his bosom fill,
And sweeter music through his numbers float.

Then when he sung of life's expiring day,
How Hope alone can cheer it, Faith illumine;
That *Hope* would rest on *Christ*, its only stay,
That *Faith* to Heaven look upward from *his tomb*.

THE SAVIOUR'S VOICE.

BY S. DRYDEN PHELPS.

"Peace, be still."

THE winds are fierce, the storm is loud,
The frightful waves roll swift and high,
Above, a dark and threatening cloud
Obscures the azure-vaulted sky.

A barque is on the foaming deep,
And terror fills the seaman's breast;
But Jesus now is wrapped in sleep,
For he hath laid him down to rest.

In vain they strive against the storm,
To guide the vessel safe to shore;
Yet fearful of impending harm,
They now the Saviour's aid implore.

Then rising from his lowly bed,
The raging winds obey his will ;
And o'er the sea a calm is spread,
At the blest mandate, "Peace, be still."

Like seamen on the ocean's tide,
Bound to a far and foreign clime,
O'er life's rough sea we swiftly glide,
And pass beyond the verge of time.

Though storms may rage, and hearts be sad,
And hope give way to grief and fear ;
Still this one thought should make us glad,
The Saviour, though he sleep, is near.

Should even the darkest tempest rise,
Presaging gloom, and threatening ill ;
How soon 'twill vanish from our skies,
When Jesus speaketh, "Peace, be still."

How sweet the comfort of that voice,
When to the humble soul 'tis given ;
To bid the wavering heart rejoice,
And guide the pilgrim on to heaven !



R Hinshelwood Del' at St

THE BLIND PASTOR.

THE BLIND PASTOR.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

“Low was our pretty cot ; our tallest rose-tree
 Peep’d at the chamber window. We could hear
 At silent noon, and eve, and early dawn
 The sea’s faint murmur. In the open air
 Our myrtles blossom’d, and across the porch
 Thick honeysuckles twined ; the landscape round
 Was green and woody, and refreshed the eye.
 It was a spot which you might aptly call
 The valley of seclusion.”

As the day dawned, a voice of earnest prayer arose in the blind pastor’s dwelling. The pious man had risen earlier than was his habit, and was kneeling by his bedside. His face was bowed to his clasped hands, and the morning wind came through the casement and scattered his gray hairs over the pillow lightly, and with a playful touch, as if it loved to trifle about the brow of that good old man. At first, his petition was breathed in earnest and half-smothered whispers ; but at length it gushed up to his lips in words of sweet and broken ten-

derness. The thin hands were clasped more earnestly; his high forehead was lifted towards heaven, while tears stole from his sightless eyes, and fell with a steady dropping on the snowy bed-linen.

“O, Father!” he said, raising his hands in the earnestness of his appeal, while his trembling voice became sweet with pathos; “O, Father! thou knowest how dear that child has been to thy servant; how hard it is to give up the pet lamb of a little flock, and see her laid in the bosom of another. Father, thy holy word was made a more precious music by her voice. When these ears heard it, blindness and age were forgotten. But now she goeth forth into a wide, sinful world. O, God! thou knowest how faithfully thy servant has striven that his children might not weave their love between his heart and thee. Watch over this, my gentle one. O! lead her not into temptation, but deliver her from evil; for thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, forever and ever. Amen!”

As the old minister finished his prayer, a soft smile beamed on his face, and the thin lashes quivered over his darkened eyes as they still remained lifted to heaven. A moment and his head drooped gently forward, and drawing a deep breath, he continued on his knees, motionless, and as one suddenly overtaken by a sweet sleep. He arose, tranquil, and full of a holy faith, for he trusted that his prayer would be answered.

A thin partition only divided the pastor's sleeping

apartment from that which his daughters had occupied since their infancy. The two fair girls were resting together on the same pillow; their white arms interlaced, and the breath mingling on their red and parted lips, like rich incense. They had evidently been restless during the night, for the linen was damp beneath their cheeks, as if it had been wept upon, and a flood of bright hair had broken loose from the pure muslin which should have confined it, and lay, an intermingled mass of rich wavy gold and chestnut brown, over the pillow. It was a touching sight; the two lovely girls sleeping together, locked in the sweet sisterly embrace, which they indulged in the more clingingly, because even in sleep they felt it to be the last.

As the old man's prayer became audible, Hannah, the eldest of the two beautiful girls, gently arose, and removing the white arms which enclosed her neck, bent fondly over her slumbering sister. The saintly voice, as it rose and fell in the earnestness of supplication, thrilled the heart of the daughter; tears rushed to her eyes, and with her small, tremulous fingers she raised the clustering locks from the forehead of the sleeper, and looked down upon that sweet face with anxious and touching fondness, as a mother might gaze upon her babe before sending it to be cherished in the bosom of a stranger. When the prayer was finished, she pressed her lips softly to the slumberer's brow, and a low, sweet amen broke from them. Then, with a burst of sorrow

which she strove vainly to repress, she sank back upon the pillow and wept.

The eyes of the younger sister still remained closed ; but a pearly moisture glittered on the thick silken lashes, the delicate colour faded from her round cheek, and her mouth became tremulous like the rose-bud when a honey bee is busy at its heart. She strove for a moment to force back her tears, and then flung herself, in utter abandonment, upon her sister's bosom.

“ Sister—O, sister !” burst spontaneously from both ; and they clung in an embrace, weeping and striving to comfort each other.

“ Come, I must get up now,” said Hannah, putting back her sister's arms and generously checking her own grief ; “ our father is awake.”

“ I know he is ; but do not go yet, not quite yet ; keep your arms about me a few minutes longer. O, Hannah ! remember it is the last morning we shall be together ; how you will miss me in this dear little room, you and my poor father.” Clara buried her face in her sister's bosom, as she ceased speaking, and sobbed aloud.

With a strong effort the generous-hearted Hannah checked her own emotions, and strove to reassure her companion.

“ How useless all this is, Clara ; how foolish : you will always be coming to see us ; there, there, cheer up, love, Russell will be here before we are half-ready for him.”

There was a music in that name which thrilled to the young girl's heart, and sent a colour to her cheek, delicate as that which blushes away its life in the heart of a wild rose; a beautiful sunshine broke into her large blue eyes, and the tears lay heavily on her lashes without dropping.

"Let me rest a moment," she murmured, turning her flushed cheek to the pillow, as if ashamed that the innocent beating of her heart should be witnessed, even by her sister. "I shall never love any room as I love this; never, never."

Hannah dressed herself hurriedly, and threw up the window sash; her heart was full, and she was obliged to employ herself, to keep from weeping again. A robin, which had been chirping on the bough of an old apple tree that swept across the window, rose suddenly from his nest, and a gush of sweet air, laden with a cloud of apple blossoms, filled the chamber. Hannah smiled faintly as the rosy flakes floated over her, and settled amid the delicate folds of a snowy dress, which fell across a chair near the window.

"See, sister, see!" she exclaimed, in a voice that would tremble spite of her effort at cheerfulness; "our robin has sent you in a present of sweet apple-blossoms; look, your wedding dress is covered with them; they are dropping all over your hair and the pillow. Here he is again! the dear, little rogue, brimful of music, perched among the wet leaves with his head turned on

one side ; there, there, how he is singing. Is not this a serenade for your wedding-day ?”

Clara drew her hand from underneath her cheek as the strain of bird-music filled the room. She looked up with a sweet, earnest expression of countenance, which rendered her face lovely beyond description.

“I wish he had not sung,” she said ; “his song is cheerful, but it makes me very sad. It will be many, many mornings before I hear it again ; but, Hannah, come here a moment.”

“No, Clara, no ! do not let us talk any more ; we only make each other sorrowful ; we should be happy to-day.” As she spoke, the affectionate girl crept to the bedside, and with Clara’s hand nestled in both hers, bent lovingly over her recumbent form.

“It is not altogether that I am leaving home, which distresses me,” said the bride, in a low voice, looking trustfully into her sister’s face. “Did you hear our father, Hannah ? My heart trembled within me as he prayed, for I feel that I shall be led into temptation.”

“And this fear will be your safeguard ; remember, ‘God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.’”

“I know it ; but, O, Hannah ! I love too strongly. Am I not to leave my father, sister, and home, for the sake of the chosen one ? What if some day I am called upon to forsake my God also ? When this thought is uppermost, I almost tremble to feel how very, very dear Russell is to me. Hannah, promise me one thing.”

“What could I refuse you on this day!”

“Every night, Hannah, when you kneel down here in our little room, entreat God that your sister may allow no loved shadow to fall between her heart and its Judge. Pray that she may be delivered from evil.”

Hannah bent her mild, thoughtful eyes almost reproachfully on her sister as she answered; “It needs no promise, Clara, I *could* not forget you in my prayers.”

“I know, I know you could not!” exclaimed the agitated girl, overcome by a flood of tender recollections. “But, O! if you or father could be with us where we are going!”

“You will always be in our thoughts,” said Hannah, in a low, troubled voice; “morning and night, and all the day long; the birds, the flowers, nay, the very grass we have trod together will whisper of you continually. But you, Clara, when removed from all these sweet associations, will not you forget? When your voice is called upon for other than the dear service of reading the word of God to a poor blind father, will it not sometimes neglect to read? When you have neither parent nor sister to kneel by your side in the gorgeous home to which you are going, will not the prayer also pass from your mind? Religion seems natural here in the solitude of the country; but when wealth and splendour take the place of the simple and innocent things that surround us; when the brooding love of a kind father no

longer protects you; when your board is sought by the gifted and the dangerous; and your ear is lent to the soft speech of the flatterer, then, my sister, can you by watchfulness and prayer guard the purity of your own heart? I know that it will be tempted; the very affection which wins you from us will forever be at variance with the humble lessons which we have learned from our father."

"O, Hannah! how can you say this? Has not Russell told me again and again, that he loves me but the more for my religion?"

Hannah smiled faintly at the earnestness with which these questions were put. "I would not pain you on this day, my sister," she said, calmly; "Russell may love you, as he says, for the pure trusting piety which he thinks so beautiful in woman, because it lends a softness and charm to her character which is gratifying to all men of true taste; but does he reverence religion for its own sake; not from the charm it flings about a beloved object, but from a feeling that it is beautiful and holy in itself, a godlike principle, ennobling to the lofty heart of man, as well as to the more gentle nature of woman? Here, in the tranquillity of a country life, where every breath that stirs the green leaves and every flower that opens to the sunshine bring pure and chastened thoughts, he may know sympathy for the gentle feelings which make our happiness; but in *his* world other wishes will arise. Russell is an ambitious man;

he will not always content himself with the simple home qualities which he now thinks so loveable. He has been taught in a prouder school ; the wild rose may attract him here, but when once transplanted to his own parterre, he will expect it to kindle and shine as a star that men may gaze at and envy. I fear for your strength, my sister."

"O ! that I had some monitor, something to warn me of my danger."

Hannah turned thoughtfully to her dressing table, and took from one of its drawers a hair bracelet, linked and clasped with virgin gold. As she fastened it round her sister's arm, she looked seriously, nay, almost solemnly upon her.

"It is the hair of your only parent, mingled with that of your sister," she said, impressively. "Let this be your monitor ; whenever you feel its pressure on your arm, remember our father's prayer. It will be to you a solemn melody, a blessing and a safeguard."

Clara bent reverently over the bracelet ; her tears fell thickly and lay like bright gems among the threads of solemn gray woven with the rich brown of her sister's hair. She made no promise, but her face became eloquent with a holy resolution ; and after a few moments she arose tranquilly, and proceeded to dress herself in her bridal attire. The apple-blossoms still blushed amid its folds, like a swarm of rosy insects slumbering amid the transparency of a summer cloud.

When the sisters left their chamber and went out in search of the good pastor, they found him coming up from a little grassy hollow near the cottage, where he had been gathering lilies-of-the-valley for his daughter's bridal chaplet. A smile was on his lips, and he wreathed the pure blossoms as he walked slowly towards the house. When the light footsteps of his children gave their pleasant sound from the turf, he lifted his sightless eyes, and smiled still more benignly upon them.

“So you are ready, my children,” he said, placing the half-woven chaplet in a basket which hung on his arm, filled with the long, green leaves and the pearl-like blossoms he had gathered. “It is a pleasant morning, let us go to ‘the seat.’ Hannah must help her old, blind father weave his bridal gift, and little Clara will read to him once more.”

They went together—the blind pastor and his children—to a seat on the green sward in front of their dwelling; for years those fair sisters had read to their infirm parent, morning and evening, on that spot. From their lips he had received the passages of holy writ which on the Sabbath became subjects of solemn discourse to his congregation. There each week they had repeated the hymns necessary to the service, that he might learn them by heart, and give them regularly out from the pulpit. It had been a sweet task; the holy chain of habit which had linked one day with another

from their childhood, and now they sat down to perform it, perchance, *for the last time.*

It was indeed a lovely morning; the sunbeam came twinkling softly among the wet leaves, and wove its silvery light with the mist floating up from the bosom of a broad meadow, which swept greenly from the cottage down to a tributary stream, glancing through the graceful elms and the rich undergrowth which lined its banks. The honeysuckles that draped the cottage were just unfolding their crimson urns, and the small white clover tops sprinkling the turf everywhere around, like a shower of snow-flakes melting amid the grass, mingled their soft spicy odour with the breath of the old apple tree, and with the bird-song that still gushed from its heavy boughs.

The good pastor sat down and commenced his task. The bridesmaid sat at his feet, apparently absorbed by the lilies she selected from the basket, but her long eyelashes were heavy with unshed tears, and her little hand shook as she held the flowers up for her father's use.

"Go, Hannah, bring me a white riband, it will be finished then."

The old man's face continued tranquil, but his voice faltered and his fingers began to tremble among the flowers as he spoke; for the bride had drawn close to him, and her low sobbing breath went to his heart.

"Be comforted, my child," he said, fondly drawing her to his bosom, as he felt her arm about his neck.

“We shall not love you the less when away; be steadfast in good, and you have nothing to fear.”

Clara felt by the heaving of her father's bosom how powerfully he struggled for composure. She saw the selfishness of abandoning herself to regret at parting, and arose from his arms pale, but with no visible agitation. When Hannah came with the riband, the bride sunk on her knees, and bowed her head reverently before him. The old man wove the bridal garland among her ringlets, tied the riband carefully as Hannah directed, and when all was done he arose, laid both hands on her head, and blessed her.

“Now, my child, read to me,” said the good man, sinking back to his seat and passing his hand over his sightless eyes, “I would hear your voice once more.”

Clara arose from her knees, opened the Bible and began to read; but her voice was tremulous, and more than once so faint as scarcely to be heard. She was regaining something of composure, when she looked up with a start that sent the blood glowing to her before pale cheek. Two young men, the one a handsome fashionable person richly dressed, as befitted the occasion; the other, remarkable for his stately bearing and for a haughty intellectual style of countenance, had approached unseen, by a path which led along the meadow wall, and stood within a few paces of the little group. Hannah mentioned their approach to her father, and quietly taking the Bible from her sister's lap, bore

it into the house, where she returned in a few minutes with a veil flung over her head, and with another in her hand, which she arranged over the bridal attire of her trembling sister. After a few brief words of greeting, the pastor put on his hat, and, taking up his staff, gave his hand to Hannah, and the group moved along the path which led from the cottage to the village church.

Hannah was right in her estimation of James Russell's character. He was both a haughty and an ambitious man; unaccustomed to contradiction, flattered, rich, and spoiled. Yet had he many lofty and redeeming qualities, united to a degree of grace and suavity, well calculated to win the confidence of an amiable and unworldly family, like that of the blind pastor. A year previous to the time of our story, by one of those thousand chances which happen to men who live but to amuse themselves, he had spent the summer months in the village where the blind pastor ministered. Like most men of highly cultivated and imaginative intellect, he loved natural scenery, and the rich, park-like beauty of the neighbourhood awoke in his heart a degree of religious feeling, which, as a principle or a sentiment, lives in almost every educated mind. It seems unnatural not to attend divine worship in the country, where the Sabbath is indeed a day of rest, and where nature lies tranquil and undisturbed by the hand of the husbandman, or by the voice of the reveller. Russell visited the church; his taste was gratified by the quiet simpli-

city of the sermon; his reverence and sympathy excited by the age and infirmity of the preacher. It was the father, not the daughters, beautiful as they were, which induced the young man to seek the pastor's cottage. His visit to the neighbourhood was prolonged till autumn; twice during the winter it was repeated, and when summer came again, Russell returned to claim a bride who had given him her young heart without one thought of his wealth, or of those advantages for which he had been courted and flattered almost out of all belief in disinterested affection. But, with all his selfishness, he loved the simple-hearted girl who was to become the sharer of his proud home. If a doubt would sometimes occur, that her exceeding purity and quick perception of right and wrong might unfit her for the society and station to which his marriage would introduce her, he silenced all apprehension by the usual lordly argument of, "O! if she loves me, she will soon become every thing I wish;" and thus a matter, which was to be one almost of life and death with the innocent girl, was settled by her future husband.

The blind pastor had consented to his daughter's marriage, not from any worldly feeling; his carelessness of wealth and deep paternal love forbade that; but from a conviction that the affections of every human heart should be unshackled by any authority; save that of conscience and judgment. He had by example and precept taught his children a love of truth and of goodness

in all its forms. In establishing sound principles and in strengthening their moral and intellectual being, he had performed a parent's duty. The rest he conscientiously left with themselves, and with their God.

Before our bridal party returned from the church, a handsome travelling carriage came slowly through the meadow, which it had entered by a set of bars leading to the highway, and drew up in front of the cottage. The driver sat snapping his whip at the blue flies that came buzzing about in the sunshine; while his noble horses tossed their heads, and stamped impatiently among the delicate white clover that studded the grass beneath their hoofs. A footman lounged idly by the door, swaying a branch, which he had broken from one of the trees, heavy with green cherries, to and fro before the pastor's dog, which lay guarding the door-step, and which, now and then, evinced a knowledge of his charge by a slight growl, when the man attempted to enter; or by a good-natured snap at the cherry branch, when it came too near his nose. The footman, who was an English servant, had decked his silver hat-band with a knot of white ribands in honour of his master's wedding, at which the coachman, a down-east Yankee, found occasion for sundry dry jokes and insinuations, which his companion received with the lofty disdain of a man who could quote authority for his taste. When the wedding party approached the house again, the coachman drew himself up stiffly in his seat, and conde-

scended to a moment's truce with the flies. The English servant took off his hat, while the dog shook himself and walked slowly forward to meet his master.

There was a few moments delay while Clara changed her dress. Then the steps were let down with a flourish, and with her sister's farewell kiss on her cheek, and her father's blessing warm at her heart, she entered her husband's carriage. So long as the turf gave back a sound from the retreating wheels, the old pastor stood on the door-step where his daughter had left him; but, when all grew still again, he went sorrowfully into the house. Hannah gazed through her tears till the last gleam of her sister's white veil was lost behind the elm trees; then she went to her solitary chamber and wept.

It was long before Clara became accustomed to her new home. The transition from a dwelling, quiet and secluded as a wild bird's nest, to one of the most splendid mansions in the vicinity of New York, at first almost bewildered her. Every thing was changed, even to her place and hours of devotion. It seemed impossible to compose her mind in the richly decorated dressing-room, which supplied the place of that humble chamber where she and her sister had prayed together. Russell had purchased an expensive pew in the most fashionable church of her persuasion; but even in the house of God her mind was confused by the splendour with which she was surrounded. Often, when resting in a seat cush-

ioned with velvet, and carpeted, as it were, with living flowers, when the sound of elaborately turned sentiments reached her from a pulpit rich with mahogany and damask, or the swelling music of the organ pealed through the heavy dome, would she close her eyes and think of the plain old church at home, the choir of village singers, the worn Bible, and the faded cushion on which her father leaned—the venerable, good father, whose voice had become woven as it were with every religious thought of her soul. When thoughts like these came thronging to her heart, it was filled with a yearning tenderness which had something of sorrow and regret mingled with it; tears would start to her eyes, and fall like raindrops among the gilded leaves and heavy embossments of her prayer-book; for at such times she was alone in a brilliant crowd; her husband never attended her to church; and the word of God seemed unfamiliar, when repeated by the lips of a stranger.

During the first months of his union, Russell seemed pleased that his young wife preserved the chaste and graceful simplicity of her country habits, in the lordly dwelling of which he had made her the mistress; but, as old associations gradually resumed their empire over his ambitious nature, he became dissatisfied with the sameness and tranquillity of her life. It was not enough that she received his friends and performed the duties of her station with the elegance and dignity of a purely

bred gentlewoman; to gratify his vanity, she must assume a station in the world of fashion, become a belle, and a leader in those circles, where her beauty and talent would excite admiration and envy.

Clara was young, and devotedly attached to her husband; but a principle of true religion, which shrunk from the very appearance of evil, guarded her integrity. She was distrustful of her own powers of resistance, when once surrounded by the fascinations of society, such as her husband moved in. She feared his great influence over her heart, and mildly, nay, almost humbly, persisted in a resolution to maintain a private Christian walk, such as befitted her profession. As months wore on, Russell's haughty nature was aroused by this continued opposition to his wishes. At first he had supposed her scruples to arise from the timidity and self-distrust of an inexperienced girl, too soft-tempered and yielding for resolute determination on any subject. He was disappointed and angry with his truly self-devoted wife; a sense of estrangement rose up between them; and before Clara became a mother, she had learned to look on the father of her child with fear. She did not love him the less; her heart never ceased to beat quicker at his approach; but there was pain mingled with its throbbings, a nervous dread of giving offence, which almost destroyed the natural cheerfulness and elegance of manner which had been her greatest attraction. Russell soon learned to look on his wife as a stubborn

and self-willed bigot, who had no right to expect tenderness from a husband whose strongest wishes she was resolute in contradicting. It was not in his nature to deal absolute harshness on a creature so timid and humble, in pursuing the course which she believed to be right; but there is a kind of spiritual tyranny more cruel even than personal violence; a subtle, keen method of making the best affections and most refined feelings of the heart a torment. The very love we bestow on another may be taught to blossom in his keeping, with a beauty and perfume which returns to the giver, laden with a more holy wealth from appreciation; or it may be turned back upon the heart environed with thorns that sting the more sharply, because our most sensitive feelings give them point. Russell manifested his resentment by that kind of negative abuse which is scarcely perceptible, save to the victim. He became careless and studiously neglectful of those thousand trifles which make up the great whole of a true woman's happiness. Her wishes were never contradicted, and yet were seldom complied with. He found a degree of pleasure in keeping the daughter separate from her only parent; who, as her instructor, shared in his unjust resentment. Whenever Clara expressed a desire to visit her father, some ready excuse was always found to prevent it, and at the end of four years she was the mother of two children who had never looked into the face of their maternal grandfather.

About this time a change came over Russell. Hitherto his aristocratic pride had regulated his intercourse with the world; he had been a fashionable man, but by no means a dissipated one. Now he became irritable and restless when at home, and would often be absent weeks together, without explanation or excuse, that might alleviate the anxiety of his wife. She had been early accustomed to neglect, and, woman-like, loved on; hoping and believing that her patience and forbearance would in time awaken better feelings in his heart; but now she became utterly hopeless. Indifference, abuse, any thing is preferable to the absence of a beloved object. Clara's fortitude drooped beneath the trials of her position; she began to doubt the wisdom of her own actions; to ponder on other means of winning her estranged husband back to his home again. One day, in his absence, she entered the library and took up a half-written letter, which he had forgotten on the table. In the restlessness of an unquiet spirit, she began to read, scarcely conscious of the act. Her worst suspicions were confirmed; her husband had become a dinner-giver at hotels, an amateur on the turf, and a frequenter of gambling tables. The letter seemed to be an answer to one of advice which he had received from a friend in the country.

“Why should you blame me, that I have chosen to myself new associates and pursuits?” it said. “The obstinate bigotry of my wife has driven me to it. As a married man, I was cast into shadow in those circles

where I had once been greeted as an idol. How could I accept the hospitality of others, when my own door was closed against half the world? If I have sunk to unworthy associations, the blame lies on a woman whom I once loved, and whom I could still love.—”

Clara read no more, but sat down, folded her arms on the table, and remained motionless as a statue. It was a moment of dreadful trial; for years she had pursued a rigid course of duty, and what was the effect? Her faith was shaken; and her pure heart recoiled when she thought what her husband had become; was she to drive him on to deeper excess? “No, no!” she exclaimed, starting to her feet; “let me die rather than see him degraded; a drunkard, a gambler! Father of mercies, teach me how to act, for I am sorely tempted!”

As Clara arose, it happened that she stood directly before a tall mirror; a smile of mingled sadness and triumph passed over her face as she gazed on the image reflected therein; it flashed back upon her with a richer beauty than even her girlhood had known. The fair ringlets had thickened into more glossy abundance. Intellect had matured the loveliness of that white forehead. Her eyes still retained the deep purplish blue of the violet, and her form was rounded and more gracefully developed.

“No, it is not too late, he will love me again!”

These words had scarcely passed the young wife’s lips when her husband’s carriage swept to the door.

“Did Mr. Russell go into the garden?” she inquired, a moment after, of a servant whom she met in the hall.

“No, madam, I saw him turn into the little study.”

Clara turned away to conceal the tears which sprung to her eyes on the mention of that little room. She had exhausted her womanly skill in decorating it for his use. A drawing of the home cottage hung over the mantelpiece; his favourite books were collected on the rosewood tables, and her own needlework glowed on the chair cushions and couches. In the early part of their union it was used as a kind of sitting-room, where they had spent many a happy morning; but of late it had been almost deserted. Clara had sometimes gone there to weep over the past; but for many, many long months Russell had not entered it.

When Clara entered the study, her husband was sitting in the recess of a large window opening into a balcony which overlooked the garden. He bowed slightly as his wife entered, and placed herself on the couch by his side, and without farther notice of her presence turned his eyes again to a cage of Java sparrows which surmounted a stand of plants on the balcony. Clara felt his coldness, and her small hand trembled as she laid it on his arm.

“I am glad you have returned,” she said, “for I want you to make out the list of invitations for a little party I intend to give.”

Russell started, and looked earnestly in her face.

“What! you, Clara, you give a party! upon my honour I begin to doubt if I am awake. If you are really in earnest, I am sure it would delight me to collect a little good society about us just now. Give me a pen, and I will make out the list. We will have no crowd, no coarse eating and drinking; but plenty of flowers and music, not in the house, though; it prevents conversation; but out in the garden from the white rose thicket to the great chestnut. What are you trembling at?” he continued, as Clara gave him the pen. “This comes of a country education, I believe, after all; it is more the fright of receiving company than any thing else that has made you obstinate so long. Don’t get nervous: I will attend to every thing; you have only to dress well and look pretty. I will drive down to Marquand’s, and select you a set of diamonds: I have never given you any thing of that sort, but you shall have them this very day.”

Without once dreaming of the struggle going on in the heart of his young wife, Russell gave her the list, pressed her hand to his lips, and entered his carriage again, to give orders about the diamonds.

A shower of prismatic light broke from two magnificent chandeliers over the rich drapery, the divans and pictures in James Russell’s drawing-room. A range of windows, draped with rare exotics, opened upon the garden, where a few star-like lamps shed a subdued light among the shrubbery, enough to reveal the dewy

masses of foliage without taking the appearance of an illumination. A strain of soft music now and then swelled up from the depths of the garden, and came with a sweet indistinctness to the house, where a crowd of distinguished guests were assembling.

Russell's great wish was accomplished. His wife stood before him, surrounded by the *élite* both of the fashionable and the literary world; brilliant, self-possessed, and beautiful beyond comparison, even with the most lovely woman present. His gift, a set of princely diamonds, flashed in her hair. The rich damask in her cheeks almost required the subduing tint of her azure satin robe, and a restless light wavered in her eyes. O! how unlike the soft expression that usually brooded there! Her dress, her manner, every thing was in keeping with the scene; but spite of his gratified vanity there was an unquiet feeling at her husband's heart, when he saw those eyes grow brighter, and that sweet mouth dimple to the flattering homage lavished upon her. Thoughts of her pure, gentle loveliness on their wedding-day; of her simple white dress and the wreath of lilies, crowded to his mind with painful contrast; he was dissatisfied with her, and angry with himself, for not all her brilliant spirits could conceal that she was striving to please him by a violation of her own pure principles.

With Clara all was novelty, excitement, and inquietude. She had taken the first step in wrong, and would

gladly have driven the consciousness of it from her heart. The night deepened. The last lingering group took their leave, and she looked anxiously about the magnificent and deserted rooms for him to whom she sacrificed her Christian integrity. He was not there.

Eagerly, and as one who dreads to be alone, Clara entered her chamber. A small alabaster lamp stood on the dressing table, pure and snowy, like an Ethiopian lily, brimming with sunshine. Anxious to drown all thought in sleep, she went hastily towards the table, that she might see to unknot the silken cord that bound her waist. She had scarcely reached the lamp when a paleness like that of death spread over her face; for just where its light fell strongest, that little bracelet of her sister's and father's hair lay gleaming before her eyes. On that bracelet she had promised solemnly before the most high God to keep her soul spotless, to watch and pray that she might not be led into temptation. She was there with the glow of vanity yet warm at her heart; and in three days she had not once bowed the knee to God. As a link broken from the chain which was to guide her to heaven, the bracelet lay before her degraded, she scarce remembered how, from her arm, and flung carelessly amid the common ornaments of her dressing table. She put forth her hand, took up the bracelet reverently from where it lay, and sunk to her knees. At first her lips uttered no sound save the low broken sobs of a contrite heart; but at length words of

thrilling, nay, almost of agonizing supplication filled that solitary chamber; tears gushed like rain-drops from her eyes, and her small hands clasped and wound themselves together convulsively. At this moment the door opened, and Russell stepped a pace into the room. He started on seeing his wife kneeling there in agony of spirit, with the light streaming full on her pale upturned face, and on the jewels that flashed with unseemly brightness in her hair. As the words of her appeal came to his ear, his face was troubled, and he stood utterly motionless until her voice died away in broken sighs. Then he turned, and cautiously leaving the room, descended to the garden. His heart was powerfully agitated by the scenes of the evening. Never, till he saw his gentle, pure-hearted wife striving to win his love, by appearing what she was not, did he know how dearly he prized the very qualities which he had been so long striving to destroy. Thoughts of his injustice toward her were becoming urgent on his feelings, when he entered the chamber, and heard her pray for strength to leave him, her husband, who was so cruelly tempting her from the path of duty; strength to give him up, that she might return home before her blind love should turn away her heart utterly from its God.

After a half hour Russell returned to the chamber; Clara was sitting by the table, her face was very pale, and tears had drank all the brilliancy from her eyes.

She arose on his entrance, and came forward.

“James,” she said in a low, husky voice, “I must go back to my father; this life is wearing all good from my heart. I know that you cannot love me as I am, and to be what you wish I must sacrifice my own soul. ‘Tomorrow, I must go; you will let me take the children?’” Her voice broke as she asked this question, and she looked in his face with a beseeching earnestness that would have melted a heart of marble.

Tears started to the eyes of that proud man; his bosom heaved and his haughty lip trembled with emotion.

“Yes, you shall go,” he said, with a burst of regretful feeling, folding the anxious creature to his heart, “but not alone, my poor wife; our children shall bear you company, and your husband, if you can forgive the cruel wrong he has done you!” He felt her arms tighten about his neck, and a faint sob died upon her lips. The reaction was too much; she had fainted on his bosom.

Three weeks after the scene we have just described, a happy group were enjoying the cool of the afternoon on the piazza of the blind pastor’s cottage. The good man had bared his forehead to the bland air, and Hannah allowed the Bible to lie open in her lap, while Clara Russell knelt by his side, and told him all the trials of her married life, her present happiness, and the generous reformation of her husband. “O, father, it was a great

trial," she said; "I know to many there would be no wrong, even in a professor of religion, to give a party for a husband's pleasure; but with me, it was the first step in a path of dissipation. But for the blessed remembrance of your prayer, father, I might have gone on from one scene of gayety to another, till my whole heart had yielded itself to worldly pleasures."

"It is the first step that counts, my child," murmured the old man, pressing her hand affectionately. Clara looked fondly in his face, and after a few moments' silence Hannah began to read. Just then two rosy children came round the house, and, with a merry laugh, clambered up the back of their grandfather's seat.

"O, grandpa," said the eldest, striving to subdue his voice to a whisper, "father has given us *such* a walk down by the river, among the elm trees, and in the hollow, where lilies-of-the-valley grow; we picked a whole lot of them, and father and I are going to make a wreath for mother."

"Hush, hush!" said the pastor, kindly; "your Aunt Hannah is reading."

The children made an effort to subdue their bright faces to a serious expression; while the house-dog, lying at a little distance, turned his large intelligent eyes from them to his master's hat, which stood upon the floor; and thus was the happy family grouped, when Russell, returned from a long walk, which he had

pursued after his children left him. He paused to gaze on the sweet picture of affection; felt his whole nature overflowing with a higher joy, than he had ever known in the height of revelry, or the halls of fashion.

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July, 1839.

B A B E ' S R E Q U I E M .

BY LIEUT. G. W. PATTEN, U. S. A.

BABY, sleep!—serenely closing
 Droops thine eyelids' raven fringe,
 Death, upon thy cheek reposing
 Sternly blanch'd its vermil tinge,
 Though no father's voice may bless thee,
 No fond mother's arm caress thee,
 Never more shall grief distress thee.
 Baby, sleep!

Baby, sleep!—in peace reclining
 Gently rests thy lowly head,
 Angel-faces brightly shining
 Smile above thy cradle-bed ;
 Of the eye, that weeps at waking ;
 Of the heart that fills to breaking,
 Thou shalt never know the aching.
 Baby, sleep!

Baby, sleep!—no morn of sorrow,
Rises o'er thy night of pain;
Bright, though distant, is the morrow
When thy lip shall glow again:
Till the hour when tombs are rending;
Till the just to joy ascending
Raise hosannas never-ending,
Baby, sleep!

HOUR OF PRAYER, IN A COLLEGE.

BY THOMAS P. TYLER.

THE effect of college life upon religious character is a point of immense importance. An impression exists, that pious feeling is almost necessarily dampened by the collegiate course. Have we not sometimes seen a career like the following pursued? A young man leaves his parental home, his mind filled with holy purposes, with high resolves, determined to walk firmly in the path of duty, happy in the consciousness of pure intentions, and the favour of his God. Too soon, alas, the glow of early feeling passes away, and ere the baccalaureate wreath graces his brow, coldness, frivolity, and self-reproach accompany the mere name of Christian.

This unfortunate result is made by many excellent people an objection to college life. Such should reflect that this is only one of the many points of analogy, between our miniature world within these walls, and the great world without. The same argument, therefore, if valid, would prove that the Maker of the earth has not

fitted it for a theatre of moral discipline; for surely Christianity, and even natural religion, must be denied, or it must be admitted that multitudes of mankind are either endangered, or ruined by the trial.

Let me not be understood to say that the light of piety is always dimmed; or that it refuses to shed its softening and cheering influence around the path of science, where the young student treads. How many, when about to bid farewell to academic shades, find remembrance resting with peculiar pleasure on an hour like this.

When the labour of the day is over, and evening has brought its scene of varied pleasure; when the tramp of hasting footsteps is heard in the halls, and the tide of merriment flows on unbroken; in striking contrast to all this, a group may often be seen whose countenances betoken a gathering for better purposes. "The quiet room seems like a temple," and those who are wont to meet in the stirring arena of literary strife or mirthful companionship, there kneel in social devotion, lifting the warm heart to the Source of knowledge, and the Fountain of joy. Often, in such an hour, the chill of worldliness passes away, the purer elements regain their influence, and peace, "not as the world giveth," descends into the soul.

THE FIRE BY NIGHT.

“Earth may not pay the debt;—your record is on high.”

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

“My own sweet baby, my darling boy!” said Elizabeth Conway, to the infant that was sporting in her arms. “Where is thy father now?” And, as if the question had called up a train of melancholy thoughts, she continued in a low murmur to herself:—

“O! why did he choose such a perilous profession; or why did this foolish, loving heart so easily yield to the persuasions of one, whose calling would keep it continually anxious, lest he should find his grave in the deep ocean!”

But the carolling of her babe, which, to the mother’s ear, is sweeter than the note of the nightingale, beguiled her from her musing; and she returned to that mysterious communion, which nature has established between the young infant and its tender nurse. She speaks to him, she smiles upon him, she kisses him. It is enough. “He feels that he is beloved, and he loves.”

It seems as if the new soul recognised another, and said to it, "I know thee."

"Thy father was a sly one, boy," continued Elizabeth, waving her head with slow and graceful movement, and talking to her child in the peculiar and endearing manner, which none but mothers know, and none but babies comprehend. "He wooed and won me, ere I was aware of his intention. And here I am, alone, with none but thee, my blessed one, my little sailor-boy! Wilt thou be a sailor too, my child?"

And the child replied, with that warbling expression of satisfaction and delight, and the little joyous cry—the only language of the infant—as if he understood the question.

Elizabeth folded him in her arms. Thoughts of the innocent past, of her early childhood, of her affectionate and pious parents, of the simple pleasures of their unadorned, but happy home,—like flowers faded, but still fragrant,—were brought by memory, and laid upon the altar of her heart. And she then tortured her imagination, to picture the present, with her husband.

"Perhaps—perhaps"—whispered fear, "the waves may at this very moment be closing over him, while the spirits of the deep sing his requiem, and prepare his bed among their pearly chambers. Perhaps he is even now sending a last thought towards his wife and darling son." And the remembrance of his tenderness, caused hers to overflow, through its natural channels.

“But I do wrong to feed such fancies!” murmured she; though her voice fell unheeded on the ear of the now sleeping infant. “The same merciful Providence that watches over me, is alike careful for my husband. Blessed be the religion which brings such comfort and healing in its influences! Blessed be the Lord, who has early taught me to place all my dependence upon Him!”

Thus saying, she deposited her little charge upon its bed, and then offered her nightly orisons to God; commending it and herself to His protection; and asking Him to give His angels watch over her husband. This done, she looked out upon the frosty atmosphere, and upon the stars which seemed crowding the pearly depths, in their mystery and silence, with augmented splendour; gave one sigh to the thought of her far-off sailor; and laid herself beside her boy, with a sweet consciousness that “the Lord was her shepherd, therefore could she lack nothing.”

Elizabeth Conway was in humble life, but her mind was superior to her station. Born and educated in the country, where the artificial distinctions of the fashionable world, are chiefly merged in the laws of kindness and social feeling; the inelegancies of the rustic had been smoothed and polished, by intercourse with the more refined; and having an aptitude for the pleasures of sentiment, she had loved solitude more than society, and books more than conversation. Her parents, though

they could teach her little else, had instructed her in the most important of all knowledge, the knowledge of God; and she had grown up with the Bible for her companion; that best of all books for the intellect, as well as the heart; and in the belief that God was about her bed, and about her path.

Such a nature was easily disposed to love. She was wooed and won by the frank, generous, affectionate, and manly bearing of a young sailor; who transplanted her from the free air, green earth, and shady groves of the country, to one of the densest and noisiest parts of the city of New York.

But the guileless conscience and confiding spirit may sleep anywhere; and the slumbers of the youthful mother were as soft and peaceful, as those of the young infant who was pillowed upon her bosom. Happier, and far more honoured than the halls of profligate splendour, and princely wickedness, angels inhabited her humble dwelling, and now watched over her defenceless hours; while fancy, touched by the magic wand of rest and slumber, brought before her the husband of her waking thoughts. She saw his look of happiness; she listened to his language of affection; and felt the pressure of his warm embrace, as it encircled her and her little one. Happy dreamer! the joys of the first paradise are around thee! But an earthly lot is thine, and thou must waken to the anxieties and sorrows of our fallen nature.

Hark! to that fearful cry! It comes borne upon the wings of night, with a thrilling and portentous sound. A single voice, as if it issued from the caverns of the earth, sends forth a deep and startling note, that rises to the heavens with its appalling import. Again—and again. It is echoed and re-echoed. Another has caught it—and another—and it courses through the streets of the slumbering city with its ill-omened tidings. “Fire! fire!” the cry which has beggared thousands.

Elizabeth pressed her baby closer to her bosom, and listened intently, till the sounds should pass by her. But they thickened, and came nearer. And now they were increased by the rattling of the engines, the clamour of the bells, and the tumultuous and horrid din of the reckless and profane.

She endeavoured to still her beating heart, and sleep; but an agony of apprehension had seized upon her: wherefore, she knew not; for since she had left her peaceful home in the country, for the confusion of a city, such fearful wakings were not uncommon. But she was now alone with her helpless charge; the wind whistled mournfully about the casement; her husband was afar off upon the treacherous ocean; and it was the witching hour, when darkness and superstition combine to torture and oppress the timid fancy.

The clock struck one. Will the morning never come? Her spirits sunk. Her pulses almost ceased to beat, as she listened to the multifarious cries without, and the

thunder of the falling ruins. Her sense of hearing had become painfully acute. Every nerve in her system seemed to have acquired a double sensitiveness. She could endure it no longer. She rose, hurried on her garments, and threw open the shutters. The whole city was illuminated by the tremendous conflagration. The air was filled with burning fragments, which fell in showers even before her own dwelling.

Elizabeth felt the helplessness of her situation. Her friends were far off. Her husband—where was he? She stood, and looked out upon the terrific and appalling night. The stars, one by one, faded away before the unnatural and lurid glare. Volumes of smoke, rolling up into the heavens, concealed their pure glory behind an impervious curtain; and universal nature seemed to be covered by the pall of desolation. Upon the ear came the sounds of lamentation, and mourning, and woe, mingled with oaths and imprecations; and crash after crash, telling with fearful certainty the victory of the tremendous and destructive element.

With a perturbed and agitated spirit did the lonely one watch these midnight horrors. An occasional ejaculation trembled upon her lips to Almighty God, for endurance and protection; while the mother's heart still turned with anxious solicitude towards her helpless babe, the object of her deepest and fondest care, who slumbered on, in unconscious security and ignorance.

The din increased—the tumult thickened—the porten-

tous sounds came nearer—the light grew more vivid—the roar of the raging element became distinctly audible. Nature was wound up to a pitch of unendurable intensity, and Elizabeth descended from her chamber, and rushed forth into the street.

The night was piercing cold; but she felt it not. She pressed forward, not knowing with what intent. The angel of destruction was abroad. Vast masses of building were as stubble, to feed the flame; and gigantic structures vanished with as much ease as the child's house, built of cards. Streets were desolated—noble edifices destroyed—the mercantile city was in ruins. The imagination of the wanderer was disordered, and she fancied that the day of the Lord had come, “as a thief in the night, when the elements should be dissolved with fervent heat; and the earth, with the works that are therein, should be burned up.”

Almost maddened by the scene, she ran to and fro, not knowing whither. But Providence had not deserted her. A female clasping a wailing infant, brushed closely by. Reason resumed its empire in a moment. The responsive chord was touched. The maternal heart, true to the voice of nature, obeyed its sacred impulse. Her baby! where was her baby? With the speed of the affrighted fawn, she fled to her dwelling. It was in flames. She shrieked—she cried for mercy.

“O, save my child! O! God of heaven, save, save my child!”

A stranger heard the cry :—he rushed to her—

“Where? where?”

She pointed to the chamber. He stayed not a moment.

“Back! back!” vociferated the multitude. “Are you mad? Come back! come back!”

“It is too late. Your life will pay the forfeit!” exclaimed even the bold and adventurous firemen.

But the prayers of the mother were ringing in his ears; the burning child was before his eyes; the thought of his God was in his heart; and he passed onward, and disappeared amidst the devouring element.

A burst of admiration rose from the crowd. Every thought and sensation in the mother’s heart was swallowed up, in that moment of intense anxiety and doubt. A solemn pause—the hush of deep solitude, and breathless expectation, pervaded the throng of witnesses.

The flames raged on. Could life be within their encircling and destructive grasp! The eyes of all were strained through the burning mass, to catch but the faintest outline of a human form. But no! Expectation sickens—hope grows faint. Hark! to that crash! the roof falls in. O! for one moment more!

’Tis he! ’tis he! the stranger!

He had passed unscathed among the burning ruins, directed by Him, who gave his life for us, saying: “As I have loved you, do ye also love one another.” He heard the blithe note of the little one, who was lying on its bed, animated and delighted by the brightness of the

elements, which was working its destruction. He seized it—he rushed through the blackened, crumbling walls. Forcing his way to the agonized mother, he threw wide his mantle.

There lay the babe, encircled by his arm.

Her soul is in her eyes, as she gazes on it, and on its deliverer.

“My God! my God! thou hast not forsaken me!”

She seizes her child—she covers it with kisses—the fountain of her tears is broken up,—her heart melts in gratitude and joy.

Deep emotion restrained the plaudits of the multitude. Onward they pressed, to look at the man who had performed this act of noble daring. But he had silently disappeared, to banquet on that sweet charity which is “twice blessed,” which “seeketh not her own,” and desireth only the reward which cometh from God.

P. H. E.

KLOPSTOCK.

BY THE REV. GEORGE BURGESS.

THE old Saxon town of Quedlinburg, near the foot of the Hartz mountains, is not without its attractions for the traveller. Its white towers, glistening across the plain, call up at once the thought of its peculiar history, as the site of that renowned abbey, the heads of which were often princesses by birth, and always held a seat, by right of lordship, amongst the states of the empire. But he who knows little of all this, will still find a familiar name upon a monument, which stands in the public park, amongst the trees. It was erected by the citizens of Quedlinburg, in remembrance that Klopstock was their townsman.

As the stranger acquires a riper acquaintance with the people and the language of the land, he learns a profounder reverence for no other name amongst all which have adorned its literature. Germany had scarcely a

literature before the appearance of the Messiah; and Klopstock has still the praise, that, of all the poets of the world, he gave the strongest impulse to his national muse; he ventured, not unsuccessfully, on the loftiest themes; he sang, with most of fervency and rapture; he approached in imagination nearest to the gates of the New Jerusalem.

If the same traveller, when he is about to embark from the hospitable German shore, should pass, without the ramparts of Hamburg, along the shores of the Elbe, and through the beautiful linden-walk of Altona, he will pause to notice the burial-place, where Klopstock sleeps with both his consorts; his own sublime verse declaring upon the stones, their common hope of a resurrection unto life. "Seed sown by God, to ripen for the harvest."

No translation can give a just idea of Klopstock. His noble hexameters, and the rich variety of his lyric measures, can never be represented in English; and it is much if our cooler and less sentimental temperament can sympathize with the exuberance of his emotions. The following ode is the close of his Messiah. As the original verse could not be transferred into our language, its irregularity has been poorly imitated, without its melody.

TO THE REDEEMER.

I HOPED it, Lord, to Thee! and I have sung
The song of thy new covenant, Lamb of God!
Run is the awful race; and 'Thou
My trembling footsteps hast forgiven!

Begin the harp's first sound,
Warm, wing'd, eternal praise!
Begin, begin, my heart is streaming o'er:
I weep for bliss!

Reward I crave not; rich reward was mine,
In angel raptures, when of thee I sang;
The swelling of the soul,
Down to the depths of her primeval power;

The inmost being shaken all, till heaven
And earth were far away;
And flew the storm no more, in feeling soft,
That, like the spring's young breathing, whisper'd life.

He knows not all my thanks,
On whom scarce dawns it yet,
That when the soul in strong emotion's tide
Pours all its fulness forth, speech can but falter slow.

Reward is mine, reward ! for I have seen
The Christian's gushing tear ;
And into the far future dare I look,
E'en heavenly tears to see !

In human raptures, too. From thee in vain
Hide I my heart with strong aspiring fill'd.
Loud in the youth it beat ; and in the man
Still beat it, but more calm.

Where'er a virtue is, where'er a praise,
Think on those things ! This flame my guide I chose !
High onward waves the holy flame, and lights
Ambition's better path !

This, this was still my guard, that human joys
With their enchantments lull'd me not to sleep :
This waked me oft to turn
Back to those angel joys !

They waked me, too, with loud, clear, silver tones,
With ravish'd memory of the holy hours,
Themselves, themselves, those angel joys,
With harp and clarion, with the thunder's call !

I stand at the goal, at the goal ! and feel where I stand,
In all my quaking spirit ! So (I speak,

Human, of things divine,) so shall it be,
Brethren of Him who died, and rose! in the first hour
of heaven.

Up to this goal hast thou,
My Lord and God!
By more than one sad grave
Led me, with mighty arm!

Thou gavest me health, gavest courage and resolve,
While death's dark perils hover'd nigh!
And if I saw those frightful forms unknown,
They harm'd not me, for Thou wert still my Shield!

They fled away! and I have sung
The song of thy new covenant, Lamb of God!
Run is the awful race!
I hoped it, Lord, to Thee!

HARTFORD, CONN.

T H E S T O R M .

DARKNESS lay cradled on a cloud,
 And thunders rock'd his forked car ;
 The mighty fields of air he plough'd,
 And stirr'd their silent depths to war.

Then' horror peal'd in accents drear,
 And rearing high a sable crest,
 O'er heaven's pure azure, calm and clear,
 Spread the broad wing and veil'd its rest.

Up rose the storm ! Its cohorts wild
 Bore forth Jehovah's awful frown,
 While cloud on cloud, majestic piled,
 Would seem another world to drown.

Still o'er its edge, one moment glow'd
 A trembling coronet of light,
 Till angry swell'd the battling flood,
 And roll'd dark billows o'er its flight.



R. Westall R.A. Pinx.

The Storm

P. 268.

Engraved by W. L. Wilson

Loud thunders echoing through the vault,
Were music to the lofty mind;
And every mystic chord of thought
Was touch'd with grandeur undefined.

Deep, deep within earth's startled caves,
Flash'd the red lightning's fiery wing;
And still the wild storm swept the waves,
Like a dread banner of our King.

Our King! how potent is his voice,
Which calmly ruled that tempest's might,
And bade again the sun rejoice,
All glorious, in his path of light.

C. J. C.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

I N D U S T R Y.

A vision of Time I saw :—an aged king
 Sustain'd on eagle wing ;
 Slow and majestic was his lofty flight :
 His bosom to the view
 Seem'd wet with silver dew :—

The dust that from his plumage fell was bright,
 And shone like gold, even on a ground of light.

O! catch the dust, and thou shalt feel the dew
 Freshening thy bosom too.
 Thou in bright pathways shalt pass on sublime,
 Eternity before,
 Unfolds its golden door :—

That dust will purchase an eternal prime—
 Time-savers are they all who reach that glorious
 clime.

O, Time, vicegerent dread ! I hear thee say,
 Work, work with me to-day !

My willing heart obeys its godlike friend.
Fain would I still, like thee,
Wing upward, forward, free :
Keep step with thine, until my life shall end :—
Then fearless drop thy forelock, and ascend.

F. M. C.

NEW YORK.

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VISIT TO NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

THE character and history of the North American Indians have long furnished a theme of speculation and interest. Their bravery, generosity, and magnanimity, in peace, have excited admiration; while their vengeful passions, and savage cruelty in war, have created apprehension and distrust. Deprived of their possessions, driven like hunted deer before the advancing whites, their wrongs and persecutions have called forth indignation and sympathy. Yet these cannot arrest the tide which is hastening to overwhelm them, or control the destiny which seems devoting them to destruction. From earliest infancy, the name of Indian was to me a name of fear. Indeed, so sternly were the bloody scenes of savage warfare impressed upon my young imagination, that the tomahawk and scalping-knife seemed to be part and parcel of the Indian character; so that when, sometimes, a wanderer from the forest crossed my path, I involuntarily shrunk from him, as if expecting to feel the death-dealing weapon.



Indians first sight of a Steamboat.

A temporary residence at Green Bay, a few winters since, placed me in the midst of them; and my antipathies were not lessened by the contact. Individuals of various tribes, habited in their peculiar costumes,—occasionally neat and fanciful, but more generally grotesque and disgusting,—met my view. The warlike Winnebago, with blood-red mantle, painted visage, and lofty form; the civilized Brothertown, clad like one of us, and speaking our dialect; the Oneida, and Stockbridge, with their long coats, wampum belts, and jewelled ears; the wild Menominee, in his squalidness and poverty, were all seen stalking about like so many dark automata.

Within a circuit of thirty or forty miles, were three missionary establishments, devoted to the instruction of this singular and interesting race.

Anxious to observe their character in some of its more gentle and attractive forms, and desirous to know from personal observation something of its progress, in at least the externals of Christianity, I resolved to associate with the red man in the worship of that Being, who has “made of one blood all nations who dwell upon the earth.”

The church-going bell was just announcing the hour of assemblage, when we drove into their little settlement; and mingled with the dusky forms and wild costumes of its inhabitants, as they wound their way, silently and singly, to the consecrated temple. It was

a rude edifice, so loosely put together, that the wintry wind came cold and chilly upon us between the frequent apertures, and sent forth, now and then, such low, musical sounds, as seemed befitting the forest church, and forest worshippers. One after another, with moccasined feet and noiseless step, the Indians collected in their house of prayer. They came as if on an errand of grave import; from the aged chief, whose silver locks were bound about by a many-coloured shawl, to the pretty young matron with her beaded hose, and embroidered mantle, bearing upon her back the young papoose.

The services were in the Oneida tongue, and responded to with great apparent devotion by the kneeling suppliants. The anthems were chanted without a discordant note. The multitude of voices melted together into one tide of harmony and praise. The Scriptures and sermon were read in English, and interpreted with great fluency, and in a clear and sonorous voice to the natives, by one of their own brethren.

At the proper time, two infants were brought forward to baptism, attended solely by their mothers; one was young and pretty, with a soft, pensive expression. I scrutinized her closely, for the scene was to me full of novelty and interest. Her small feet were covered with moccasins tastefully flowered with the porcupine quill, the skirt of her dress was fancifully embroidered at the bottom with blue and scarlet riband, edged with white beads. Partly covering this, and her arms and neck,

was a light chintz tunic; and thrown over her head, extending nearly to the floor, and enveloping almost her whole form in its graceful folds, was a dark broadcloth blanket, of the finest texture and richest gloss. Her child was laid upon a small flat board, its little body bound closely to it, from shoulders to feet, by tight bandages, giving it precisely the form of a mummy. Extending from side to side of this board, was a semi-circular handle, passing over the bust of the infant; and under its head, six fancy silk handkerchiefs, of gorgeous hues, were unfolded one after another, and suffered to fall like drapery over the upper part of this Indian cradle. The other disciple at the baptismal font was less youthful, and less fancifully apparelled. Both listened with apparent interest to the questions addressed them by the minister, and bowed their heads, as they assumed the solemn vows.

Most affecting was the baptismal sacrament at this time, when those, whom I had always thought of as having minds even more darkened than their faces, who seemed emphatically "afar off" from the light and blessings of the gospel, were "brought nigh by the blood of Christ."

Then followed the celebration of that most solemn and interesting rite, the sacramental supper of our Lord. The services were in the Indian tongue, and "alms and oblations" were offered with no illiberal hand.

Kneeling before the table of a crucified Redeemer, the

merciless and blood-thirsty savage forgot his cruel, vengeful nature, in that of the meek and graceful disciple.

Group followed group, until they numbered seventy. Among them were two women, bending beneath the age and sorrow of a hundred years. Neither were able to bow the knee, but one stood, and the other sat, to receive the consecrated bread, which they could with difficulty retain in their trembling grasp.

The whole scene was full of instruction and delight. Shall not the outcast sons of the forest sit with us in heavenly places? Are we not all "one in Christ Jesus."

The third missionary station is at Winnebago lake, about thirty-five miles from Green Bay, among the Stockbridge Indians. It is Presbyterian, under the care of the American Board. I felt desirous of seeing that too, and accordingly determined to visit it. The winters in this climate are singularly mild for its latitude, about 44° north; and sometimes bring a succession of weather, bright, soft, and exhilarating. It was a beautiful day in January when we commenced our journey. For the first fifteen miles our road lay upon Fox river, over a flooring of frost, as beautiful as it was substantial. For the remaining twenty, we travelled through the primeval forest. Not a habitation was to be seen in all the distance. Tall trees on each side of us, like majestic sentinels, guarded our path. They are much more lofty

and magnificent here than in New England; and as the lordly oaks rise hundreds of feet above you, overshadowing your way, and seeming to cut you off from all intercourse with created intelligences, you look around in vain for some pause to the illimitable extent, or some outlet to its oppressive solitude. The sense of grandeur and sublimity is almost painful.

It was nightfall before we reached the mission-house, where we purposed to encroach upon the hospitality of strangers, and pass the night, in default of a public inn. The missionary was absent, but we were kindly received by the teacher of the school, and his amiable family.

On the following morning we found ourselves sufficiently refreshed to prosecute the object of our journey.

That this might be done with the more satisfaction to ourselves, we called on some of the principal families in their own dwellings. These are scattered about amid the pathless wild, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from each other. They are built of logs compactly laid together, the interstices being filled with mud, to exclude the wintry air. In the centre of one side is a wall of stone about four feet broad, against which is built an immense wood-fire. A hole in the roof serves as an outlet for the smoke; and suspended from it, are two chains for the convenience of cooking. Each dwelling contains but one apartment, which is usually furnished with a bed, table, chairs, a little crockery, and a few implements for preparing food.

Our first visit was to the venerable Matoxen, the oldest chief of the nation. A smile of benignity and gratification lighted up his features, as he extended the hand, and gave us the voice of welcome in intelligible English. He then brought forward his wife and another female bowed with age, to give us kindly pantomimic greeting; for they knew no language save their native tongue. His conversation was pleasant and intelligent. He spoke with cheerfulness of the home he had left six years since, in New York, and of the probability of another removal beyond the Mississippi.

He told us of a tradition existing among their tribe, of a book highly venerated, which had been handed down from generation to generation, and was in their possession when they dwelt in Stockbridge, Massachusetts; but all knowledge of the language in which it was written having passed away, and it being incomprehensible to their nation, it was at length buried in the grave of their oldest chief. Many years after, fragments of it were accidentally disinterred, and upon being exhibited to a missionary among them, it was found to contain paragraphs of the Genèsis and Exodus of a Hebrew Bible. Imagination has probably favoured this tradition, as it doubtless is an attractive hypothesis with the more intelligent Indians, that they are descendants of the once favoured children of God, the ancient Israel. And as I looked upon the tall form of the venerable chief, his white locks falling over his shoulders in not

ungraceful carelessness, I involuntarily recalled the lost splendour and power of that remarkable people, and sighed at the contrasted picture.

Passing through deep snows, we entered the cabin of another chief. We found his wife alone, apparently engaged in reading the word of God. It was an affecting spectacle to see one of those whom from our earliest infancy we have regarded with terror, and who have been always shadowed forth to fancy wielding the tomahawk, bending meekly over the gospel of love. I stretched out my hand to the aged woman, to give her the grasp of Christian fellowship.

Her husband soon entered, and received us with a benevolent welcome. He spoke in imperfect English, but with a pious spirit. He said the most of their tribe were communicants in the church, and were in the habit of daily family prayer.

After visiting three or four other habitations, my dislike of the Indian character gave place to sympathy and affection. I found it possessing great simplicity and kindness; and, as far as I could judge from so superficial a survey, integrity also. A female expressed to my companion her surprise at the condescension of such a visit; and the tear glistened in her eye, at the answer, "God is no respecter of persons."

On our way back to the mission we called at the small church, in which the principal school is taught, and which numbered seventy-two pupils. We heard many

of them read and spell with facility and correctness, and their copy-books exhibited writing of great neatness and beauty.

The teacher showed us an immense folio Bible in two volumes, with an inscription on the first page, purporting it to be "the pious gift of the Rev. Dr. Francis Ayscough, clerk of the closet, to his Royal Highness Frederic Prince of Wales, for the use of the congregation at or near Housatonic, in the vast wilderness part of New England, who are at present under the voluntary care and instruction of the learned and religious Mr. John Sargeant: and is to remain to the successors of those Indians, from generation to generation as a testimony of the said doctor's great regard for the salvation of their souls." It is signed "Thomas Coram," and dated at London, 1745.

Since this Bible came into their possession, the "vast wilderness" has become a cultivated and populous region; but the poor red-browed people have been driven from place to place, until the fainting remnant can only find a permanent abode beyond the Mississippi.

Some years since, a clergyman, who had been in this region of country, gave a description, during a visit to England, of the ancient and well-preserved Bible, which he had found among our natives. This description being translated into German, met the eye of the aged Prince of Hesse, who caused twelve splendid Bibles to

be sent to the Stockbridge Indians, one of which contained the following inscription.

“ Charles, Landgrave of Hesse, Field Marshal, General, and Stadtholder to his Majesty the King of Denmark, of the Dutchies of Sleswig and Holstein, Pres. of the Bible Societies of both dutchies, to his Christian Brethren the Stockbridge Indians, Fox river, sends greeting :

“ Dear Brothers in Jesus Christ, our Lord God and Saviour; I send you in His holy name these twelve Bibles, which I beg you to accept as a proof of the brotherly interest which I so warmly take in your timely and eternal welfare.

“ I beg you always to keep this Bible, in remembrance of me your friend and brother in Jesus Christ, and when you find an occasion to give in His holy name to other friendly tribes a Bible, which can lead them to the blessing of the knowledge of Jesus Christ, to the glory of His Almighty Father, I beg you to distribute the remainder in my name.

“ CHARLES, L. OF HESSE.”

“ *Louisenland by Sleswig, Aug. 3d, 1835.*”

Night found us again in our hospitable shelter at the mission-house, anxious to see still another variety of the aboriginal character. The next morning, we continued our course, towards the territory of the Brothertown Indians.

The forests assumed a still more gigantic and lofty

aspect as we journeyed west. As we approached the settlement, we wound our sinuous course among over-arching trees, the path indicated only by a single trail. Above, and around us, and as far as the eye could penetrate, was the immeasurable forest. The huge trunks standing singly in uniform and regular succession, looked like pillars to some vast cathedral ; while the interlacing and graceful branches, stripped of their foliage, were grouped in more beautiful symmetry than may be seen in human architecture. Arch after arch, moulded in Gothic forms, rested upon the massy columns in grand perspective ; and the light snow which had fallen during the night, wore the semblance of wreathed and graceful ornaments, upon their beautiful entablatures. The sun touched the frost-work of the forest with a thousand brilliant and sparkling hues ; grouping the coruscations, like the tremulous glow of a thousand pendant chandelier. The eye wandered with astonishment through the avenues and colonnades of this grand and imposing scenery, this magnificent temple built by nature, and consecrated to the God of nature. As we pursued our way through its devious windings, I could not wonder that the Indian so loves his home upon the primitive and untortured earth.

The Brothertowns seem to have made greater advances in the useful arts than the other tribes we had visited and to be more nearly allied to the whites in dress, manners, and complexion. They have lost their

native language, and speak our own only. They like their present location, in a fertile soil, well wooded and watered; and are fully determined to remain there. They are willing to be peaceful citizens of the United States, and as such, think government have neither the will nor the power to send them from their territory.

A school is taught in the nation by a lovely, fair-haired, blue-eyed, American damsel, who has left home and friends to dwell among these forest-brethren, and instruct their children. We saw no other white in the settlement; and she is a boarder in an Indian household, and abandons herself wholly to the sweet charity of doing good. Her school consists of about forty of both sexes, some of whom were as large as herself. She had on a pair of men's boots, by the help of which she had, with much zeal and perseverance, succeeded in wading through half a mile of deep snows, between her lodgings and school-house. We listened to a short but satisfactory examination of her pupils, and then called for a few moments upon the family with whom she is domesticated. They occupy a comfortable tenement, with a regular chimney, a flight of stairs, and a small apartment partitioned off, for the accommodation of the pious and self-devoted teacher.

On our return to the Stockbridge mission-house, we stopped once more at their little church, to attend a concert. They were singing in full chorus when we entered. The men, with their coloured hose wrought

tastefully with beads, and their blanket coats tied about with the wampum belt; the women, with their ornamented moccasins, and white blankets placed under the beaver hat, and flowing over the neck and shoulders, enveloping almost the whole form; with their papoose infants bound upon wooden cradles, formed altogether a striking and picturesque group.

Their musical powers had been considerably cultivated. The chorister, one of their own nation, modulated his voice, and gave the lead to theirs, with the pitch-pipe, and kept accurate time for them, while they sang many hymns, or parts of hymns in English, with great harmony and sweetness.

Among them was one, relating to the former glory and beauty of the city of the Lord, and the love which he bore His chosen people, contrasted with their present melancholy thralldom. Mournfully and thrillingly rang out the melody,—

“Jerusalem! Jerusalem! enthroned once on high,
Thou favour'd home of God on earth; thou heaven below the sky;
Now brought to bondage with thy sons, a blighting curse to see,
Jerusalem! Jerusalem! our tears shall flow for thee.”

Identifying the musicians with the theme of their music, the notes fell upon my ear and heart with gushing tenderness. I remembered the first captivity, when by the waters of Babylon the erring and chastened exiles sat down and wept. Their forsaken harps, once

echoing the music of Zion, now hidden among the foliage of the bending willow, uttered only plaintive and fitful moans, as it was swept by the breezes of the idolaters' land. A song, and "melody in their heaviness," was requested of them; but the neglected strings responded no longer to the touch of the sorrowing minstrels. "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" Ah! were these, dark children of the forest, descendants of that peculiar people?

The music ceased, and a letter was read by the American teacher, giving an account of the death by casualty of one of their number, while at a distance from home. A neighbour of the deceased rose to speak. Deep sobs at first choked his utterance, and big tears rolled over his swarthy features. He covered his face with his hands, and yielded to the strong emotion that oppressed him. Then, mastering his spirit, he discoursed on the melancholy theme, in the deep, guttural tones of his native dialect. He spoke with occasional pauses, like one sorrowing for a brother; and at the conclusion of his speech, bowed his head, and abandoned himself to the current of grief.

Deep solemnity pervaded the assembly. Then the aged Matoxen, the white-haired chief, who loved his Saviour, arose and spoke briefly to the people. When he ceased, another native, as if from an impulse which it was impossible to control, threw himself upon his knees, and poured forth a prayer, which seemed to quiet

and subdue the perturbed spirits of his brethren, and guide them into the holiest channels.

And these, thought I, are the savage North American Indians! This is their sternness, their stoicism. This emancipation from the thralldom of ignorance, this listening to the voice from on high, this tearful sensibility, this melody of soul, I had not expected to witness. God turn our hearts towards our red brethren, and strengthen us to lead them unto Him!

P. H. E.

ADMISSION OF THE BROTHERTOWN
INDIANS AS AMERICAN CITIZENS.

'Tis well, my glorious country,
 Blest birthplace of the free;
 In history's stainless annal
 This shall be told of thee,
 Mid all thy faults and lapses
 Which tongues of discord swell;
 This act of justice to the weak
 Shall be remember'd well.

Give us your hand, red brother,
 Here in our father-land,
 Where erst the leaf-thatch'd wigwam rose,
 Your fairer homes shall stand;
 Where erst your vagrant arrow
 The bounding red-deer stay'd,
 There shall your golden harvests gleam,
 Along the grassy glade.

Give us your hand, red brother,
The night of wo is past;
If wrongs are rankling in your breast,
Go, strew them on the blast,
Our country's lordly banner
In guardian folds shall sweep,
The egis of her equal laws,
Protect your children's sleep.

Where erst the war-dance circled
Around the council-fire;
Your song of liberty may swell,
Your eloquence aspire.
But richer gifts we proffer
Than freedom's priceless gem;
Our Saviour, and our home in heaven,
Red brother—turn to them!

All hail, our dearest country!
Should gathering clouds deform
Thy mountain tops and fruitful vales,
Be just, and brave the storm;
So shall yon alphabet of stars,
A constellation bright,
Print thy proud name amid the skies,
In characters of light.

L. H. S.

1934 1 1 1935

