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## P R E F A C E .

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OUR little messenger has made itself so many friends in its unobtrusive visits to the fireside and home-circle, that it is scarcely necessary at this day to send it abroad with letters of introduction, or a chart of character. As a lowly minister of spiritual Christianity, it will be received with kindness by the young, and with affection by the aged; to the former a gentle counsellor, to the latter a simple token of respect, and of earnest desire for their happiness.

In the arrangement of this third volume of the "ROSE," we have had before us the difficult task of selection. Probably in some cases we may have erred in our choice; but we have aimed to be less guid-

ed by taste than by judgment, less by mere literary fancies, than by a respect for the differing tastes of readers. We cannot forbear at this time to express our regret at the necessary delay of several articles, which would have done great honor to our annual. We are particularly disappointed that we cannot, in this volume, introduce a new contributor to our readers—Miss L. M. Barker, a lady whose talents and worth are yet to be fully estimated. Owing to its late reception, and its length, her article is unavoidably, and on our part reluctantly, deferred till another year.

And now may Heaven smile upon, and bless our work ; bless those who have contributed so generously to its interest and usefulness ; bless all who are instrumental to its success ; and doubly bless, if any such there be, and according to their need, those who are enemies to its progress, and vilifiers of its name.

Boston, August 1st.











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THE  
ROSE OF SHARON.

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THERIDA.

A TALE OF THE NORTHMEN.

It was the latter part of spring, in the year 1002. A vessel was ploughing along the New England shore, and, as the waters swept languidly the sides of the rude ship, it seemed to keep time to their undulating motion.

The night was calm and clear. The crew were asleep below, all but one, who kept watch on the deck. He was a man of stout frame, with a head a phrenologist might envy, as it combined just those proportions of developement, which unite indomitable strength with great elevation and refinement of character. He gazed ahead in search of land, but his eye, wearied of the restless waste before him, soon wandered to the constellation Bootes. It seemed fallen from its proud height in the heavens, now that it shone

beneath the unfamiliar latitude of a more southern sky, and stranger stars were gleaming in the opposite hemisphere. He was thoughtful. He rose and paced the deck in his excitement. His eye flashed, as he pushed back the luxuriant hair, uncovered from the heat, with the feelings that swayed his spirit. The future rose before him, beautiful in the colorings of his imagination, and he felt powerful to perform the high deeds he meditated.

“ How now, Therida ; why are you not asleep, dearest ? ”

A light, graceful, female figure emerged from below, sprang forward, and grasped the arm of the mariner.

“ What is the matter, love ? ” he asked again, in those tones so full of melody, the out-gushing of the fountains of the heart.

“ O, Thorwald, I have had a dream, and such a dream ! We were standing, you and I, on the brink of a grave. It was not at Heriulfsness, nor yet any place I have seen ; but the air was soft and fragrant, and vines were clambering over the trees, and, while we stood there, a hand, invisible, seemed to force us into it, until, just as we were falling, I awoke. Then sad thoughts of home came over me, and the words of old Gudruna rang in my ears, ‘ *You are going a dark and*

*fearful way!*' I could bear it no longer, and heard your footsteps, and so I came here."

"Why do you think so sadly of Heriulfsness, Therida; do you regret the love you gave the wanderer, and the vows we pledged, while the wind was filling our sails?"

"Never, Thorwald, for one moment; yet I am sometimes sad, without knowing exactly why. Brynhilda laughs at my superstitious fancies, as she calls them, and says, she would have been a more fitting bride for you. Nay, Thorwald; do not think I regret our union. I am only saddened by my dream. I will stay here a little while with you, and forget it; will you let me?"

"Ay, dearest, but wrap this mantle round you," — taking one from his shoulders, and throwing it over her delicate form. "The night is much warmer than our spring nights, but there may be more of disease in the air."

They sat down together on the projecting timbers. Therida still pursued the melancholy train of her thoughts.

"I shall join with Brynhilda to help you away with these fancies, if they last much longer. Besides, Therida, I shall grow jealous, and think you are tired of me; do you not know I shall?"

"Never think *that*, Thorwald, whatever else. Our hearts are one, ours shall be one home, one

grave. Now I will have done with these sad things, and listen to you."

"That is right, Therida. I have stories of another cast for your ear; ay, and your approval too, or they would not be so pleasant to me."

The smile came to the lip of Therida, and her eyes forgot their tears, as she listened to the plans of her high-souled and ambitious husband. He spoke of soon reaching a beautiful land. He would there plant a colony, that should receive the unfortunate and oppressed from all lands. He would found a mighty nation, that should grow and prosper, until it became the admiration of the world. He would hold the reins of government, but he would govern in accordance with the laws of God. He would curb the refractory, and lead the erring into the right, and encourage the penitent. He would establish learning, and build up the worship of the only true God, as taught in the revelation of Jesus Christ; and future times should remember, with pride, the days of Thorwald.

The hours wore away, and, thus discussing the future, they did not deem how rapidly, until another joined them from below.

"Therida, dearest, your sad fancies are all gone; now go, and sleep, for it will soon be morning."

The new comer was a man, shorter and slighter than Thorwald, yet of firmly knit proportions. His head, which was covered only by smooth, light-brown hair, was finely shaped, yet indicating more of refined sensibility, than of those sterner traits that come in, to form the most perfect model of manly excellence. He was one to be loved calmly, gently, with a brotherly affection, but he was not one to enchain the lofty spirit of a high-minded female, to go in the van of conquest, or found an imperishable renown.

“What is the matter with you, Eric, my brother? Have you too had bad dreams?” said Thorwald.

Eric was not his brother, though he loved him, and often called him by the term. It now jarred unpleasantly on his ear.

“No,” said he, “not bad dreams, except waking ones; but I could not sleep, and thought I would relieve you. If you will not let me do that, I will stay and look at the skies.”

“Ay, and think on Brynhilda, the cold and haughty Brynhilda, who would not lose a moment’s sleep if you were to jump into the sea for her! Fie, Eric, fie; wake up from this foolish love-dream; drive it away, and be a *man!*”

“Easier said than done, Thorwald!”

“Not so, Eric; you make no effort. You

should have more self-respect, than to love where it is unreturned. Make one vigorous call upon your pride, and, depend upon it, your love will be gone even before you are aware of it."

"You might do it, Thorwald, for you have strong force of will, but I am different. Thorwald, remember you have your own love-dream. Can you bid *that* away at pleasure?"

"I would not bid it away, dear, gentle Therida! for it is happiness; but, Eric, if it should become a torment and a shame, I could cast it from me without a regret. Therida loves me. Think you I would love her, all good and kind as she is, if she did not? Life has *other* interests than *love*, if we will but open our eyes to see them; and when *that* becomes a dead weight on our energies, it is time it were removed. Try, once more, Eric. Love is too proud to stay long uninvited. Try a little longer; nothing like perseverance. It is success."

"It may be, with you, Thorwald; do not press me on that point. Heaven constituted you for vigorous action, and me for feeling; it may be unmanly and weak; but if I have been made a melancholy dreamer, I must still dream on, for aught I can see."

Thorwald looked at his pale features. "Well, Eric, this blood of the Skalds is a bad material

to help adventurers on their way, whether in love or on the seas. A stout heart and strong resolution go further than sighs and musing. It should have been your fortune to love one as gentle and kind as Therida, and sing soft lays in the summer evenings at our own Heriulfsness, and read wise books by the winter fireside, instead of tossing on these seas for the sake of a proud girl!"

A sound caught the ear of Thorwald, of billows breaking on shore. Land was near.

The first faint beams in the east told that day was also at hand. Slowly, but delightfully, to the eyes of the adventurers, they increased, till the east was blazing with these heralds of the sun. Every motion of the vessel brought nearer the shore so long expected. It seemed like a living thing, proud of its office, and impatient to reach that unknown land.

All hands were soon stirring on deck. They approached an island, and they knew it to be that one first discovered by Leif, in his voyage. Sailing westward, through the strait that cleft it from the mainland, they came where a river poured itself into the sea, and the dwellings of Leifsbuthir rose upon their view.\*

\* Leifsbuthir, or Leif's booths, the dwellings constructed and left by Leif, who was probably the first discoverer of that

“ *Wineland ! Wineland the good !* ” shouted the deep voices of the crew. All was life, and merriment, and hope.

Before night the little colony had established themselves in the vacant dwellings left by their predecessors ; and the ring of the axes of the Northmen once more resounded in the pathless woods, while the cheerful voices of women and children, from the dwellings, spoke the joy of the immigrants at finding a home.

To the eyes of these children of a frozen climate, the new region was the land of Paradise. Vines were climbing up the trees so abundantly, that it justified Leif in calling the country “ *Wineland.* ” Flowers, they had never seen before, sprang up beneath their footsteps ; deer roamed freely in the woods ; and birds of new and more beautiful plumage sang in the stately forests, that fringed the bank of the river. The air was full of fragrance, and even on the grass there was a sweet, delicious dew, that reminded them of the manna of old. They thought they had found the land of rest, and, long before the chant of the pilgrim-fathers startled the wild bird on the shores of the pilgrim-bay, the grateful hymns of the

portion of the New World, now known as Massachusetts and Rhode Island. The date of his voyage is assigned to A. D. 1000 — two years previous to the voyage of Thorwald.



Northmen pealed along the magnificent aisles of that primeval cathedral, and the lonely forests were vocal with the worship of the *One True God*.

In one of the most comfortable tenements of Leifsbuthir, Thorwald had fixed the home of himself and Therida. It was near the river, where the wild rose, and the meek sweet-brier, beautiful as a chastened spirit, leaned over the mirroring water, and the extremest edge of the bank was of a velvet verdure, till it dipped into the placid stream. Was it not Elysium to the eyes of young love? Therida was gay once more. She had forgotten the sad omens of the past. She thought often of her friends at Heriulfsness, but Love and Hope are mighty magicians, and soon scatter the clouds from the mind; and she trained the vines around her door, and taught the prettiest and sweetest of the wild flowers to blossom there; and, in the tall maples that shaded it were congregated the choicest of the woodland orchestra. True, she missed the brilliant aurora of the north in the winter nights; and the moon had a more languid light than when shining over the larches and dwarf pines at Heriulfsness, but the winters were less cold and long, and the flowers came forth earlier, and Thorwald was near; *that* made perpetual spring-time in her heart.

Time wore on. It was the beginning of autumn. The grapes peeped in rich clusters from among the veiling leaves ; — the beautiful tinge of decay was on the maple leaf ; and the soft air was full of pleasing melancholy, like the memories of departed love. It was the hour of sun-setting. A maiden and a youth stood in a little grove, that coquettishly played with the stream, now throwing down, and now withdrawing its graceful shadows. She was taller and more queenlike in her air than Therida, but she had the same proportion of curls, of that most beautiful color, light, golden brown, and something of the same cast of features, though the gentleness of Therida was lost in her sterner aspect. Still she was very beautiful ; a fitting companion for the sea-kings of old, or the Odins, whose heroic deeds caused them to be received after death as the gods of her Scandinavian forefathers. She was no love for the gentle and imaginative Eric ; yet there he was, pleading his unsuccessful suit. Poor youth ! he had been tempted by time and opportunity, to the commission of even a greater folly than loving Brynhilda, that of trying to overcome the indifference of her heart, by laying bare the lacerated and quivering fibres of his own. But his error brought its own punishment, for Brynhilda turned haughtily away, and left

him in the midst of one of his most impassioned appeals.

Eric gazed after her a moment, then passed away in a different direction, with a more salutary feeling of self-respect, and just pride, than he had ever known before.

The autumn and the winter fled. Thorwald was no longer satisfied. Wineland was good, but was there not a better place to plant the infant colony? At any rate, he would sail along the shore, and see. These thoughts at last resolved themselves into determination, and in the ensuing spring the vessel was again rigged for sea, and Leifsbuthir faded in the distance from the eyes of the colonists.

Sailing eastward, they doubled a cape, to which Thorwald gave the name of Kialarness, or Keel-Cape, from a resemblance to the keel of a vessel. Then, there arose a strong gale, which bore them to the southeast until they had no knowledge of their position on the sea; but the stars warned them of a change of latitude. Then came a dead calm. Day after day the sun rose and set on a sleeping ocean. Not a breath went over its surface; — and so clear was it, the monsters of the deep might be seen many fathoms below, gamboling among the submarine forests, or basking on the sand; — and a sun seemed to

come fearfully up to join with the one above, in surrounding the helpless bark, with a burning atmosphere. Provisions grew scarce, water was gone, and the prospect of a miserable death was before the colonists. All of them were not Christians. A few still adhered to the old superstitions of their forefathers. These began to murmur at the perils into which they were led by Thorwald, and to ascribe to the anger of their deities, their situation. "He is a follower of new fancies," said they, "and our gods are offended, because he lays no offering on their altars; it is to him we owe our troubles." But these mutinous voices were hushed, when Thorwald appeared. They loved him, and his lofty bearing commanded their respect.

One day about noon, a startling phenomenon was seen. A dim, gigantic object loomed up in the distance. It seemed a mighty spirit walking on the sea, with his head wrapped in clouds, indistinct, yet fearful. As it slowly, and steadily approached the ship, it became a vast column of moving water, tinged by the sunlight with sublime and awful beauty. The mariners knew it well, and were dismayed. On it swept, — majestic in its strength. A few more furlongs, and destruction was inevitable. Wild cries of despair rose from the feeble, and the firm wore pale

faces. A voice arose from the midst — “It is the *Jötun Ægir*, the god of *Sea-tempest*. Bow down, and worship him, or we perish !” There was a hush among the crew. Some prostrated themselves in the extremity of their terror, and began to call on the *Sea-Jötun* for mercy. Even of those who had so lately been converted to a purer faith, some trembled in uncertainty. Suddenly a sweet, clear, music voice ran through the throng, — “*Fear not, — when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.*”

None knew whence the sound proceeded, save Thorwald. He alone knew the gentle heart that was most unquailing, when danger threatened loudest. Therida stood by his side. But the effect was electric. Every spirit rose involuntarily to meet the result ; but when they looked again, the peril was past. The column had broken at a little distance, and they were saved.

A light wind from the east sprang up, and hope once more visited the mariners. They were making for the land they had left. For several days the breeze increased, and they might soon reach “*Wineland.*” One morning at the north of the rising sun, lay a low, black cloud, with irregular outlines, such as folds the tempest in its wings. Again there came dismay on the crew. Suddenly the wind rose, and the

cloud swept on, like a tremendous monster of the air, enveloping more than half the horizon in gloom. Then it uttered its voice, bidding even the sea to quake with dread, and far down, from among its depths, came up the response of fear. The deep below shuddered at the call of the deep above; and that frail bark, riding so helpless between these solemn powers, what could it do, but perish? It scudded with frightful velocity over the waves, now rising on their mountain tops, now plunging, as it were, into the very abysses of the sea. The cordage was shrieking; the masts were giving way; and the vessel, perfectly unmanageable, was driving on with incalculable speed. The waves broke over the deck, and every moment might be the last. For hours there was a terrible excitement among the crew, and the cry of the women mingled wildly with the storm. The men, many of them, murmured in a suppressed voice. Then a strong cry went forth, "It is the wrath of *Ægir*, the *Jötun* of *Sea-tempest*; he is angry with the Christians! Down with Thorwald!"

It was the voice of the preceding day. A brawny arm hurled a battle axe at Thorwald. It tore the dress of Brynhilda, in its passage. Eric drew her aside, or the missive, designed for Thorwald, would have killed the haughty girl.

“Down with Thorwald,” reiterated the maniac, and rushed forward, with a piece of timber. “Magnus,” shouted Thorwald, “one step further and you are a dead man! Away!” But the maniac heeded him not — Thorwald struck him a blow that felled him to the deck. He essayed to rise, but just at that moment the ship gave a heavy lurch, and he lost his balance, and fell overboard. One shriek of deadly terror burst on the ear; then the waters closed over him forever.

Horror came over all. The superstitious saw in it a judgment on Magnus. The hand of a God was there, and man trembled, and bowed in submission. But danger still was near. The roar of billows breaking on shore, became every moment more distinct. The vessel might soon go to pieces on rocks. The lightning gleamed more fearfully. The shore was soon visible, a low beach of sand. “See, my friends,” said Thorwald, “if we gain that, we are saved; at the rate we have been going for the last twenty-four hours, we shall soon be there.”

He had scarcely spoken, when a heavy sea swept over the deck, carrying every soul into the sea. The next moment the vessel was struck with lightning, and capsized.

But Providence watched over the colonists.



Wives and children clung to their husbands and parents. Eric was a powerful swimmer, and to him, for the second time, the proud Brynhilda owed her life. All reached the shore in safety, after a long and weary struggle.

It was again the barren shore of Kialarness. The vessel was stranded in the shoal water, but the energy of the Northmen soon repaired it for sea, from the wood which grew at a little distance inland. A few weeks saw them again exploring the coast, in search of their site for a colony. The sandy Kialarness faded behind them, and the shores wore the look of their beloved Wineland. At last they neared a beautiful promontory, covered with large forest trees, with vines climbing up, and almost hiding their rough bark, mingling their light green with the sombre foliage of their supporters. They passed so close to it, that every object was distinctly visible, and it seemed but a few yards to the green and flowery bank, where the waves broke lightly on a slip of the whitest sand.

Thorwald and Therida stood on the deck of the vessel, watching the passing shores — a shadow fell on the spirit of Therida, as she gazed far into a little nook among the trees, where the branches were so thick on the top as to exclude the sun, and throw a softened gloom over the



aspect of the little curtained spot. Even the flowers there looked quiet, as though the angel of peace had touched them with his wing, and constituted them the visible witnesses of his presence. The birds seemed to sing plaintively, and almost mournfully ; and the little squirrel, the graceful plunderer of the woods, glided about like the guardian spirit of the solitude.

“ Surely nothing evil can live there, Therida,” said Thorwald, musingly ; “ it is the very temple of repose, and we will come hither, and build our habitation, and abide for a season, when the colony has become established.”

“ O, Thorwald, that is the very spot of *my dream!* See, away in the midst of those trees, is a dark pit. The grave is already there, open, yawning for us ! ”

“ Nonsense, Therida ; do you not see what you call an open pit is nothing but a mass of shadow, where the foliage will not allow the sunbeams a way ? This is a solemn, as well as lovely place, and we will build a church here, some day. It is just the scene for worship, so calm, and still ; and when we can leave the settlement, we will come here and dwell, and be happy, and grow old — and if it please God here to make our grave, why we shall sleep as sweetly, as in the burial-field at Heriulfsness.

“ There ! ” continued he, “ now we have passed it, and the shores recede inland. Here is a beautiful one — and look ! there are moving objects on the water.”

Those moving objects were canoes filled with natives, who approached, and with friendly signs invited them to land.

It was as beautiful and fertile as the Wineland they had left, and even more so. Wild birds, and gentle animals, were enjoying their little day in the luxuriant forests; and the bays and streams were full of fish. Thorwald decided this was the place for the colony. The axes of the Northmen again rang through the New England woods; and a few rude, yet comfortable dwellings were soon reared.

Therida again trained her vines, and cultivated her flowers, as in the happy times at Leifsbuthir. Eric, also, had found better spirits, for Brynhilda remembered the lessons of the shipwreck, and treated him, at least, kindly; and he would sing to them the old Icelandic legends, and repeat the rhymes of the Skalds in the soft twilight.

The Indians were apparently on the best terms with the strangers. The women and girls brought belts of shell-work and moccasins wrought with feathers to the Northwomen, and Uncas, the brother of the chief of the tribe, was

a frequent guest of Thorwald. He showed him the haunts of the deer, and the fishing-grounds in the neighbourhood, and brought the choicest of his game to Therida.

Every prospect of the colonists looked promising. They had begun to beautify and adorn the buildings they had reared. A church was in progress on the southern declivity of the beautiful promontory; and Christianity seemed about to plant her cross in the lonely wilderness, when events occurred that spread darkness again over the land, and retarded for centuries the glorious march of truth.

The visits of Uncas to the cottage of Thorwald were frequent, and often, at times, when he knew Thorwald was absent. The presents he gave to Therida, and Brynhilda, were always arranged so that the best and prettiest were for Therida; and the savage seemed to have the impression that both were sisters of Thorwald. Therida, unsuspecting, treated him with the open kindness of her nature; but Thorwald secretly kept watch over his movements, though the situation of the colonists naturally made them anxious to be on terms of peace with the red men. He saw that the poor savage had already learned a preference for the beautiful North-flower over the tawny maidens of his tribe, and that danger

was hovering, not only over Therida, but the colony also.

One day in the absence of Thorwald, the chief entered his dwelling. He brought game, feathers, and shells. Therida, as usual, received him kindly.

“Uncas has brought the beautiful Pale-face something that shall make her smile on him. See,” said he, unloading his basket, “how he has remembered her among the hunting grounds.”

Therida thanked him, and took the presents.

“Uncas loves the beautiful Pale-flower ; will she come and dwell in his wigwam ? She shall have maidens to cook her venison, and weave the nets, and string her shells. The Pale-flower shall only smile on Uncas ; and he will bring her the deer, the pheasant, and the salmon. Will she come ? ”

Therida looked with surprise in the face of the chief. Its fierce determination, and an indefinable expression in his eye, alarmed her. She was alone, for Brynhilda and Thorwald were both away, and in the power of a fierce savage, whose moral sense was as rude as his life was wild. But she replied calmly, — “Therida may not dwell in the wigwam of Uncas, though he is a great brave, and a good chief, for the Great Spirit has given her to Thorwald ; and he would

frown if she looked on the face of another ; and perhaps send his thunderbolt to crush them both."

"Uncas has had a dream, and the medicine man has made it plain. It says, the Great Spirit has not given the Pale-flower to the Pale-chief. Why does she speak that which is not true to Uncas ?"

"Therida speaks nothing but the truth. Therida loves the Pale-chief. If she would look on other braves, *he* comes before her and hides them. How then can she look on Uncas ? My brother has many maidens among his people, who can see none but him, more beautiful than Therida."

"Uncas has no light in his wigwam. He walks in darkness amid the hunting grounds: Let the Pale-flower dwell in his wigwam, and he will have sunshine all about him. Uncas has said it ; the Pale-flower *must* dwell with him."

He seized the arm of Therida. Quivering with uncontrollable fear, she shrieked wildly for Thorwald. Suddenly, a blow sent the Indian reeling to the wall, but he quickly recovered himself, and struck at Thorwald with his knife. Thorwald eluded his arm, and, snatching his battle-axe from its resting-place, quickly made the Indian retreat through the open door.

In a few hours, alarm was among the colonists. The Indians had come down upon them, headed by Uncas ; and flames were bursting through some of the dwellings ; and arrows and stones were flying in every direction. The women were placed in one of the safest dwellings ; but the Northwomen were heroines, and would share the peril of their husbands. "Therida," said Thorwald, as he left her, "do not fear for me. Stay here, while you are safe, I shall be unharmed." He waited not for reply, but dashed into the fight. Uncas was everywhere, breathing revenge and blood. His terrific war-whoop rang in the ears of the Northmen like the yell of an infuriated demon ; but the first object of his search was Thorwald. He raged around the field until he encountered him ; — they were separated by the changes of the affray ; — he sought him out again, and sprang upon him with all the vigor of unslaked vengeance.

Therida saw, from her covert, the danger of Thorwald. She rushed toward them.

"Away, Therida ! Back, if you would not see me powerless !" shouted Thorwald. She disappeared from view, but not at a distance ; how could she when Thorwald was in danger ?

The contest was doubtful. Uncas sometimes held the advantage, but only for a few moments

— Thorwald aimed such a blow at the head of the savage that he tottered and fell. Thorwald stood over him with his spear uplifted; — “Go, Uncas,” said he, “I wish not your life; you have been kind to me, and eaten my bread, and my Saviour says, *Blessed are the merciful!* Go, and tell your people we would be their friends, and will do them no harm except in our own defence!” He turned away, but Uncas had not had his revenge. He rushed furiously upon him again, and Thorwald fell beneath his arm. He was recovering himself when Therida sprang wildly between them, regardless of the arrows that were flying around her; regardless of every thing but the danger of Thorwald. As soon as Uncas saw her, he seized the spear that had fallen from Thorwald as he fell; and before Thorwald could arrest his arm, he plunged it deep in the side of Therida. “The Pale-flower shall not dwell in the wigwam of Thorwald!” he exclaimed, as her blood poured itself upon the ground.

What was now the issue of the fight to Thorwald? “Therida! Therida! speak to me once, only once!” But Therida never lifted up her head, though the last gleam of her eyes rested pleasantly on Thorwald, as if thanking him for all the unswerving tenderness of the past. She



never spoke again ; and the soft blue eyes faded, and the white lids curtained them for ever. Her passing away on that field of blood, seemed but the translation of an angel from the tears of earth, to its own congenial skies.

She had not gone a dark or fearful way !

Still the fight raged. The Northmen rushed on Uncas, and he fell beneath their weapons. When the Indians saw their chief cut down, they began to quail, and soon gave up the field.

Thorwald held the inanimate form of Therida, when an arrow struck him in the side, and he fell near the body of the still conscious Uncas. The dying savage opened his glazing eyes ; and, as he saw the fall of Thorwald, deep hate lighted up again their fading fires. “ He will go with *her* to the white man’s heaven, and I shall wander in darkness among the happy hunting grounds ! *I have lost my revenge !* ” he muttered. The shadows of the grave again chased away the malignant expression. The fierce spirit passed.

Grief and death were in the once happy home of Thorwald. On a rude bier, lay the form of Therida, still beautiful with the impress of the soul, that yet lingered on the clay. By the side of the dead, Brynhilda was seated, with her once haughty spirit tamed by suffering. With all the



stern and repulsive traits of her character, her love for Therida had been a redeeming thing. She had left her parents and home, to share her fortunes, and now that beloved sister had gone, — left her, at the bidding of another Power, whose command she might not disobey, — Eric was by her side, as gentle, as kind as ever, and with the tenderness of a brother strove to soothe her affliction.

In another portion of the same apartment, on a low couch, was Thorwald. Since he saw the corpse of Therida laid on its bier, he had scarcely spoken, but lay with his eyes closed in prayer. The fountains of his life were dried away in a two-fold sense. He knew his wound to be mortal, though the skilful in surgery bade him hope. He had done with earthly hope, when Therida departed. His high ambition was quelled, — his energetic spirit enfeebled. Life had passed by him with its interests, and heaven was brought near.

One after another his countrymen gathered around his couch, to see their departing leader. He roused himself to give them his last counsel, and reveal his last wishes, as with a face radiant with faith, he spoke of his approaching change.

“I advise you,” said he, “to prepare immediately for your return; but ye shall first carry

my body to the promontory I thought so beautiful, and there lay Therida and myself to rest, where I once thought to make my home. It may be, my words were prophetic, when I spoke of abiding there *for a season*! Lay me there, and plant a cross at my head, and another at my feet; and call the place Krossanes, (Cape-Cross,) through all future time."

They promised to fulfil his wishes. He spoke his thanks feebly, then lay quite still. Brynhilda and Eric strove to arouse him, but he gave no answer. Whatever might be that mysterious state, that still held the departing spirit, it was most happy. The expression of the face was that of bliss. Does not Death oftentimes lead the soul away from outward things, that it may, in its most hidden cells, commune with itself and with God? And is not that communion most rapturous? So does the countenance of the dying often give assurance; and beautiful and soothing is the thought, that the conqueror comes with lovely visions, and melodious tones, to wrap the spirit in their beatitude, while he unlocks its prison-house, and admits it to its full and perfect fruition!

Thus with Thorwald. He passed so gently from his trance, the beholders could not weep. It were a sin to mourn one so highly favored of

Heaven. The Northmen knelt in holy awe beside the clay, and with one voice lifted up a thanksgiving to God, that He had revealed a better life through the mission of His Son.

They buried Thorwald and Therida, on the peaceful promontory ; and by a strange coincidence, in the very spot that seemed to them so sacred to repose ; and the deep shadow, where the morbid fancy of the beautiful North-flower saw an open pit, fell on their grave.

A few days after their burial, two forms, with hands clasped each in the other, knelt at that mound. The long ringlets of Brynhilda now swept over a brow, whence all pride had fled. Well had it been for her, that baptism of suffering ! It was only when her soul had been buried in the lowest depths of affliction, that the influences of the Dove had descended upon it, and that solemn voice was uttered, that, in pronouncing her well-pleasing in the sight of Heaven, had consecrated all her future life to do the *will of God*.

They had pledged their first vows by that grave ; and Eric knew that the heart of Brynhilda was now his own. The long gloom that had passed over him had also tended to refine and hallow his affection, and bend with it more of the thoughts that belong to immortality, as well

as to teach Brynhilda the worth of constancy, goodness, and truth. When, on their return to Heriulfsness, they renewed, in a public manner, the vows of the wilderness, their future lives bore witness to the value of the lessons revealed there by Him, who orders all events for good.

Soon after the burial of Thorwald, the ship of the Northmen was on a homeward passage ; but they left their best and bravest, in the lone forest, there to slumber till the earth and sea give up their dead. Other expeditions of the Northmen visited New England, but they finally abandoned the idea of colonizing it, and the records of their stay are only found in the writings of Eric, and the rhymes of their ancient Skalds.

Thorwald and Therida slept on their beautiful promontory ; but Time came by, and demolished the memorials of their place of rest. The wooden crosses crumbled, and mingled with the soil. The little mound sank to a level, but the wild bird, and the flowers, and the squirrel, returned annually to enliven the quiet spot. Year after year, the trees shed down the same peculiar shadow, until Time had eaten away their vitality, and made their sepulchre. Long in the future, when the pilgrim with his holy zeal lifted there the hymns of his lofty enthusiasm, he little deemed that Christian dust had hallowed that lonely

shore, and a brother and sister were there laid to sleep in his own glorious faith of a blessed resurrection.

The traditions of the red man kept no hold on their memories. The free, and beautiful creatures of the wild, lived their passing hour above them ; and then, the white man came and reared his dwellings where their forgotten clay was mouldering ; but the eye of the Eternal is still over them ; and it is to man a subject for gratitude, that, however blotted from human records may be the life of the individual, the soul can never be forgotten by Him who created it, the *Everliving God!*

## THE SON OF GOD.

BY T. B. THAYER.

“ Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh.” *Isaiah* xxi. 11, 12.

THE day had passed, and long had light its glorious  
    banner furled,  
And darkness gathered far and wide above the slum-  
    bering world ;  
The awful night had come at last, the midnight of the  
    mind,  
And nations reeled along the earth like drunken men  
    and blind.

Far India's sages long had slept, with all their won-  
    drous lore,  
And voices that had thrilled the world were hushed  
    for evermore ;  
The solemn Magi of the east, the Druids of the west,  
Were gathering their robes around and passing to  
    their rest.

The light that had for ages burned on Egypt's sacred  
    shrines,  
And thrown its glare upon the night in strange and  
    mystic signs,

Had long been growing faint and dim ; and deep and  
dense the gloom  
That slowly settled round the priest, the temple and  
the tomb.

And Greece, with boasted wisdom, still went stum-  
bling on her way,  
Or stood, with taper in her hand, and waited for the  
day ;  
While Rome, with all her giant minds and philosophic  
light,  
Most vainly strove to lift the veil of that tremendous  
night !

\* \* \* \* \*

But hark ! the watchman's cry is heard from Judah's  
holy land, —  
“ The morning star is in the east, the day-dawn is at  
hand,” —  
And loud and clear the shout swells forth along her  
ancient hills,  
And from the Jordan's sacred shore, and every bosom  
thrills.

And lo ! the gates of heaven swing out, and, flashing  
wildly bright,  
Forth from the lifted curtain folds there comes a  
fearful light !  
And from the glorious throne of God the angel forms  
appear,  
And spirit voices, clear and full, come floating on the  
ear :

“ All hail ! the night of death is passed, and passed  
 the early dawn ;  
 The DAY of life and truth has come, THE SON OF  
 GOD IS BORN !  
 Then glory, glory be to God, who lives and reigns on  
 high,  
 And let the song of joy ring out along the earth and  
 sky.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Long years have rolled into the deep and solemn  
 sounding past,  
 And to the hoping, waiting world, the hour hath come  
 at last ;  
 And now there stands on Judah's plains a man of  
 humble mien,  
 But in whose calm and earnest eye the light of  
 heaven is seen.

His thrilling voice is lifted up, and glorious and sub-  
 lime  
 The truths which from his lips break forth, and  
 through all coming time,  
 From land to land, from sea to sea, those mighty  
 truths shall sweep  
 Among the nations of the earth, and wake them from  
 their sleep.

His thrilling voice is lifted up, the throng is pressing  
 nigh,  
 And on their kindling hearts it falls like lightning  
 from the sky,



Till every depth of being stirred with mingled joy  
 and fear,  
 They shout, with deep and earnest cry, "THE SON  
 OF GOD IS HERE!"

And in his wondrous works of power, his miracles of  
 love,  
 Is seen the light, and heard the voice of mercy from  
 above ;  
 The dreary wilderness is glad, and blossoms as the  
 rose,  
 While o'er the desert fresh and green, the cooling  
 water flows.

The deaf rejoice, and shout to hear the dumb break  
 forth and sing,  
 And with their mingled triumph-hymn the hills and  
 valleys ring ;  
 The lame are in their strength renewed, the sick to  
 health restored,  
 And on the midnight of the blind the light of heaven  
 is poured !

And lo ! the dead obey his voice, and from their  
 graves come forth,  
 And with new life they joy again to tread the glad  
 green earth !  
 O wondrous power ! The mighty crowd draw back  
 with reverent fear,  
 And now again that cry breaks out, "THE SON OF  
 GOD IS HERE !"

\* \* \* \* \*

Once more 't is night, 't is doubly night! With savage  
shout and cry,

They lead the victim forth, condemned, on Calvary's  
height to die.

A robe — a reed — a crown of thorns upon his bleed-  
ing brow,

And sneeringly they hail him King, and low in mock-  
ery bow.

They stand upon the fatal spot, Golgotha's frightful  
seat,

And to the bloody cross they nail his quivering hands  
and feet.

A cry of agony and death is sweeping on the blast, —  
'Tis hushed again, — the work is done, — the last  
fierce struggle past!

And lo! again the heavens are moved, in horror at  
the sight,

And o'er the shrinking, trembling sun they throw the  
veil of night!

The earth is heaved beneath our feet! the rocks are  
rent in twain!

And from their gaping graves the dead come forth to  
live again!

O, fearful is this deed of blood! and Nature groans  
aloud,

And voices from her solemn depths break on that  
awe-struck crowd,

And roll along the burdened air, in notes of woe and  
pain,  
"THE SON OF GOD, the Anointed One, is crucified  
and slain!"

\* \* \* \* \*

He sleeps within the sepulchre; and, over hill and  
plain,  
The angel of the night has spread his shadowy wings  
again.  
O, will he wake from out that sleep? The world is  
hushed in fear,  
And, half unconscious, waits to see if God will yet  
appear.

The long-expected hour has come, the hour of second  
birth;  
But hark! that voice amid the heavens! that thunder-  
tramp on earth!  
The mountains reel from out their place! the valleys  
quake with fright!  
O God! these, these thy heralds are! Thou comest in  
thy might!

Pale Death turns paler still before thy terrible array,  
And in his hurried flight he casts his broken chains  
away!  
The Grave, betrayed, with trembling hand, unbolts  
its iron door;  
And lo! O God, thy Son comes forth, and lives for  
evermore!

Then peal again the triumph-hymn along the earth  
and sky ;

Sublime the truth that stands revealed, MAN CANNOT  
WHOLLY DIE !

But in the glorious spirit world, redeemed from sin  
and strife,

From God's own hand he shall receive the crown of  
endless life !

## OUR METROPOLIS.

BY J. G. ADAMS.

“ I loved her from my boyhood — she to me  
Was as a fairy city of the heart.”

*Byron.*

LET not the reader suspect me of local partiality, when I select as the theme of my pen the New England metropolis. That there are beauties, splendors, sublimities and glories in many other cities of our freedom's holy land, I know. Let those inspired in favor of them take up the pencil, or “gray-goose quill,” or steel, and write as fearlessly and as freely from the heart as I now write of the “ancient and honorable,” and true; the city of “notions,” if you please, good notions and imperfect ones; the city, too, of intellect, morality, beauty, benevolence, enterprise, and toil; the city of the illustrious dead, of the high-minded and holy living; need I say, BOSTON?

How many interesting and pleasing associations cluster around the name! It speaks to us of the distant past, when what we now behold

had not been dreamed of, save by the far-sighted political astrologer, or "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling." We turn to behold Boston as it was in the beginning of its days. The pen of the honest English historian runneth thus :

"This neck of land is not above four miles in compass, in form almost square, having on the south side, at one corner, a great broad hill, whereon is planted a fort, which can command any ship as she sails into the harbour within the still bay. On the north side is another hill, equal in bigness, whereon stands a windmill. To the northwest is a high mountain, with three little rising hills on the top of it, wherefore it is called the Tramount. From the top of this mountain a man may overlook all the islands which lie within the bay, and descry such ships as are on the sea-coast.

"This town, although it be neither the greatest nor the richest, yet is the most noted and frequented, being the centre of the plantations, where the monthly courts are kept. Here likewise dwells the governour. This place hath very good land, affording rich corn-fields and fruitful gardens, having likewise sweet and pleasant springs."\*

\* William Wood, 1633.

Such was Boston in its infancy. It grew up under the counsel of such men as Johnson, Winthrop, Cotton, and other just ones, whose names will not soon fade out from the page of Christian history. Scenes and changes which we cannot here recount, were taking place in that regular and irregular succession which all "growing empire" must witness, the good, the bad, the weak, the strong, the enterprising leader, the dependent follower, the brave, the generous, and the fair, all mingled in the formation and growth of the young queen settlement of New England; until we hear of it again in the frank words of another English recorder of the times :

"The town is not divided into parishes, yet they have three fair meeting-houses, or churches, which hardly suffice to receive the inhabitants and strangers that come in from all parts. There is also a townhouse built upon pillars, where the merchants may confer : in the chambers above, they hold the monthly courts. Here is the dwelling of the governour [Bellingham]. On the south there is a small but pleasant common, where the gallants, a little before sunset, walk with their marmalet madams as we do in Moorfields, till the nine-o'clock bell rings them home to their respective habitations : when presently

the constables walk the rounds to see good order kept, and to take up loose people.”\*

Not to dwell upon the many matters of interest which transpired from the period just noticed through the succeeding fourscore years, during which period, growth, change, adversity, fire, flood, Indian depredations, and growth again, and injustice, and blind policy, and oppression and tyranny from the Mother home, all took place; and the dwellers within hailing distance of old Tramont, like thousands of others who lived thousands of years before them, learned much wisdom of bitter experience, we come with eager steps to the time when the Colonists have indeed “a name to live” among the submissive of this lower world. England is a parent; yet she has grown unnatural, and her exorbitant demands are questioned by her colonial children. They refuse obedience in the spirit that frowned and thundered against the *Writs of Assistance* when the voice of James Otis started up the minions of royal power and the sons of freedom together to meet in desperate fight, and then to be politically separated for ever. Boston was the rallying point when the great conflict commenced. Here was the massacre, here was the liberty tree, here

\* Josselyn, 1671.



were processions, gatherings, and remonstrances; here was the stamp-act scouted, and the tea thrown overboard. The pile that had been accumulating for many long years was here lighted up; and there went out from it a fire that burned through the land.

Here was Franklin, the wise, the prudent, who in the early day of preparation, advised, planned, and defined the principles of liberty to those who were slow of understanding. Here was Otis, the true, the gigantic soul nurtured by Freedom's own hand, and rejoicing always at her side; pouring forth his words of light and flame into the hearts of thousands; the proscribed of the base and fearful, the beloved and honored of the brave and free. Human power could not enchain his spirit. It was borne upward on the lightning's rapid wing. Here was John Adams, the patriot, the man whose youth and maturity were inseparably wedded to liberty, and whose holy motto ever seemed to be, "Let me die the death of the freeman, and let my last end be like his." Wherever he walked he was in the light. In the Revelator's language, "his feet were as pillars of fire."

"Crowds rose to vengeance while his accents rung,  
And independence thundered from his tongue."

He died in the faith he had honored while living.

“Independence for ever,” were his last words. Here was John Hancock, another pioneer of liberty, the accomplished, the wealthy, the truly noble of nature’s own forming. Honors were before him if he would turn his face and heart from his country ; but he heeded them not. His hand, his heart, his wealth, were all given to do her work. Although a price was set upon his head, he moved not from the course of duty. Heaven had raised him up for the crisis. His name stands first on the great charter of our independence. It was a watchword in many a day or night of darkness and storm in the revolution. It will live for ever. And there was Samuel Adams, the thoughtful, firm, resolute, undaunted ; the quickening spirit of the doubting, or fearful, or inactive ; born for poverty of purse, but for the unsearchable riches of moral and political freedom ; riches above the grasp of the coward, the mercenary, and the willing slave. In the eloquent language of an honored citizen and statesman ; “ As each new measure of arbitrary power was announced from across the Atlantic, or each new act of menace and violence, on the part of the officers of the government or of the army, occurred in Boston, its citizens, oftentimes in astonishment and perplexity, rallied to the sound of his voice in Fanueil Hall ; and there, as

from the crowded gallery or the moderator's chair, he animated, enlightened, fortified, and roused the admiring throng, he seemed to gather them together beneath the ægis of his indomitable spirit, as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings."\*

And here was Warren, the young, the generous and brave, who in the hour of battle, Spartan-like, threw himself between the dead and the living, to fall, and "sleep in glory's brightest bed," and to live wherever, in the wide empire of earth, virtue and liberty are known and revered.

But the time would fail me to tell of the worthy associates of these leaders in the earth's great reform, who truly and in holy faith "wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens." Are they not written on the full pages of the historian, the orator, the statesman? Are they not written in the hearts of the sons of New England, and of the whole American people? Are not their names and their deeds a common inheritance, of

\* Governor Everett's Address at Lexington, 1835.

which we are proud, and which we pray God may be transmitted to the latest posterity ?

The days of the pilgrims, the days of the Revolution are gone. But here is the sacred spot, the venerable cluster, the holy pile, rising and pointing to the heavens. Here is Boston. But she has enlarged her borders ; she has lengthened her cords and strengthened her stakes. She has changed. The great and the good of other days are asleep ; their descendants are awake and in action. The battle of freedom fought, the victory gained, the triumph sounded to earth's remotest shore ; progression has marked the course of our favored nation, and the New England metropolis has gone onward. New spirits have arisen ; they have caught inspiration from the past ; they have looked far into the future ; they have worked, and are now at work manfully for themselves and for posterity.

Many of the old outlines of the place are effaced and obscured, and new objects greet the eye. The round heads of Tramount have disappeared ; Beacon Hill is covered ; the Common is gazed upon from thousands of windows around it ; new streets, lanes, alleys, edifices, numbers, names, localities, all come before us at the bidding of time, that great disposer of men and their works. And here is Boston in eighteen hundred

and forty-two, with its stately blocks and rows, crooked streets, masts, chimneys and steeples pointing through the dusky veil of city smoke to the soft, blue sky ; and above, and looking down upon all, the portly dome of that temple of civil and political service, wherein the chosen guardians of the sovereign people bring together their individual wisdom, light, and truth, for the good of the whole number.

Shall we ascend the dome, and look from it abroad into the city and its environs ? We can only take a running glance. On our right beneath is the City Hall, in the east room of which, said the elder Adams, "the child independence was born." Still further on is the "Cradle of Liberty," old Fanueil. And there is Brattle-Street Church, and King's Chapel, and the New North, and the Old South, and Boylston Hall, and the Melodeon, Masonic Temple, Conservatory, Tremont House, (our Boston "Astor,") the United States Hotel, the great Common, with its sunlight and shade, Park-Street Church, raising its pointed steeple like a sky-sentinel above it ; and on and around are groups on groups of granite and brick and wooden piles, including churches, markets, banks, hotels, asylums, offices and stores "too numerous to particularize," places for the accommodation of the honest

and true-hearted ; and “ last, though not least,” the solid Court House and Jail, terrible in name and presence to evil doers. Railroad depots, and wharves by the score, welcome the footsteps of the ever-moving throng. Our view extends. There is Charlestown, of Bunker Hill and Monumental memory, with Navy-Yard and Mount Pleasant Hospital ; and ship-building Medford ; Chelsea, a fast growing child under the eye of its mother, (the same of East Boston with its Maverick House and steam-ship Landing ;) Cambridge, the honored spot where learning in early day set up its standard, and where the true conservative spirit of New England is still lived and inculcated ; and beyond, passing the mansion hallowed as the head-quarters of Washington in the Revolution, is Mount Auburn, the sweetest, holiest place to visit “ in contemplative frame ” that the subdued heart can find ; and here is pleasant Brookline ; and Dorchester, with its substantial farm houses, and place of shells\* ; Roxbury, with its busy village and rich mansions in beautiful, country-like repose ; and Watertown ; and “ Cattle-Fair ” Brighton, and so on and around wherever the eye can reach. Enough is seen to convince the enlightened cosmopolite,

\* Squantum.

that in his rambles he can find no lovelier spot in the opening spring, languishing summer, or mellow autumn day, than the region round about Boston. And then, the Harbour! A sail to Governor's, Castle, Thompson's, Spectacle, or Deer islands; or a trip to Hingham or Nahant! What pictures, — what realities, — what associations and imaginings!

But the metropolis itself, with its indwellers, sojourners, and lookers-on. O for the pen of the "wizzard of the North" to describe them! Humanity in all its variety is in motion, with such assistance as may be deemed needful in the multitudinous occurrences of active life. The busy and the leisurely are in the streets. The mechanic with his steady pace; the eager looking banker; the merchant, with anxious eye and pleasant countenance; the seaman, with his careless air; the market-man, intent on the disposal of his availables; the country trader, on his yearly, monthly, or weekly mission of business; the politician, reading the news in some public lounging-place; the editor, in moody thought on a thousand matters; the lawyer, seeking good evidence and logical deductions; the clergyman, in secret pursuit of some wanderer who has strayed from duty, or some forsaken soul who has seen "better days"; the physician,



hurrying onward to his sick or dying patient ; the country visitant, taking his first gaze at new and strange things in the emporium of wonder and fashion ; the nodding, shifting, buzzing crowds on 'change ; the venerable corporation directors of State Street ; the mothers, daughters, wives, matrons, and maids, with or without special attendants of the sterner sex, parading Washington, Court, Hanover and Tremont Streets, and the Common, for health, business, vanity, or fun ; the pale and interesting ; the round and ruby ; the white and black, with all the intermediate shades and tints ; some old and artfully bedecked and bedizened, looking ugly to all eyes save their own ; some, young and full of freshness and beauty, both of which gifts are for public exhibition ; some of every age, with modesty of dress and mein, looking exactly like themselves, goodly enough for any eyes to gaze upon ; and so on in all the forms and combinations of human being and invention, such as cities see, — those on foot, and such as have taken the aid of horse, stage, hackney-coach, omnibus, or cab, or other conveyance more or less agreeable and convenient. Such is the picture the streets present.

But this is not all of the picture. Myriads of places and beings are hid from our view. In many a street, in many a dwelling, in many an



apartment, plenty, comfort, joy, and delight are reigning, — bliss unknown to the rough and intrusive world without, — known only in the hallowed social circle and in the upper heaven. And sorrow, and want, and misery, are here. Adversity has her reign, her subjects. Go ask charitable mothers and daughters, the overseers of the poor, the ministers, the physicians; they will tell you of scenes, which, God grant, it may not be the reader's lot to witness, — scenes which have seldom been exceeded in description by the pen of dreamy, frenzied fiction. But enough. Who needs to be informed of the lights and shades of a city life? These are all in our metropolis.

“For life's severest contrasts meet  
For ever in a city street.”

Shall we glance at a few of the great and distinguishing blessings of our city? Here is intellect. Were there no other proof of this statement, the interest on the subject of education would alone speak loudly and clearly of the intellectual strength of Boston. Her schools constitute one of her chief glories. Mind is here at work, — mind which now sends out, and which will continue to send out its invigorating influence into all the complicated interests of our country

and of the world. All have common zeal in the great work of intellectual culture. The professional man, the merchant, the mechanic, all write, speak, and act in the cause of educational reform, — a reform, alas ! strangely neglected in many nooks and corners of our land, but which must yet reach into every department of the great national body, that it may be saved from disease and decay, a reform in which our city will do its duty. And from whence go out abler volumes, reviews, magazines, newspapers, and literary and scientific works of all descriptions ? The press has no rest here. It is our perpetual motion ; and if it occasionally abounds in the trashy and notional, it sends out its full share of the useful, weighty, and profound. And here are living and moving among us, some of the towering heads of the nation. But yesterday we could have pointed to Webster, — and he is still of us ; and now we can name Otises, Channings, Lawrences, Warrens, Choates, Parkers, Quincys, Spragues, with a host of equals who could stand up before kings and counsellors of the earth, and teach them wisdom such as they early and accurately learned in the institutions of American freedom ; men not of “ shallow thought and sham practice,” but men of hard study, with deep and far reaching intellect, warm and ready

speech, integrity and true honor, — men everywhere. Orators we cannot call by name. They come up in files from all our departments of busy life, ready made, and fitted to speak out in the name of freedom, righteousness, and truth. Poets we have by the dozen, although not all Spragues, Danas, and Pierponts ; and Lyceum lecturers, philosophers, reviewers, editors, artists, navigators, literary and scientific projectors, and masters, armed *cap-a-pie* for the intellectual encounter in hard though bloodless strife, or for the full “ feast of reason,” and rich, quiet “ flow of soul.”

Here is enterprise. The sails of Boston whiten every sea. Her sons are abroad on the great globe, taking note of “ all that it inherits,” and applying to their own “ use and behoof,” such as they desire and can honestly demand. In the sunny South they “ buy and sell, and get gain ” ; in the growing West they push into the tide of emigration, and work themselves along to prosperity and wealth. The manufacturing establishments of New England are the result of Boston enterprise ; and so are the railroads that already branch out in various directions ; and the steam-ship line to “ the fast anchored isle ” ; so that, in due time, by means of Boston enterprise, an effectual door will be opened in this our me-

tropolis, through which direct and swift communication may be held by London and Liverpool merchants with the traders of St. Louis, and the trappers of the far, far West. Here are the will and the way to do great and marvellous things, yet, in the world of enterprise and prosperity.

Here is benevolence. From its earliest day, Boston has been distinguished for its munificence towards objects of public interest or charity. When suffering and misfortune have compelled their subjects to ask alms of the people of our city, they have given of their substance promptly and cheerfully. If schools, colleges, churches, or other means of intellectual and moral advancement in different sections of our land need assistance, what more favorable place for soliciting funds than this? Many an honest public beseecher can feel the force of this question; for it has occurred to him before, and he has answered from knowledge with a full heart and a beaming eye, as he invoked God's blessings on the benevolent spirits of the Puritan city. But her charities do not live abroad only. They are at home, and in active operation. Look into our Directories, and read the many names of institutions for the amelioration of weak, suffering humanity. What meaneth this array? Verily, that the hearts and hands of the merciful are here at work in the

name of heaven, and in behalf of its erring and unfortunate children on the earth. If the cold-hearted one would feel, he has only to become acquainted for the first time with the Institution for the Blind, and the Farm School. If these do not move him, he has no soul.

Here is religion. The topic just considered proves this. Other facts declare it. The fathers of Boston were religious men. They came to this spot seeking "freedom to worship God." They found this freedom; and with all their errors of fastidiousness, sectarianism, and proscription, they have bequeathed the spirit of religious toleration to their sons. They taught and defended the right to search the Scriptures for themselves. They transmitted this right to those who came after them; and in the present generation no religious atmosphere is clearer of bigotry and intolerance than that of Boston. Here is almost every variety of religious opinion; but what a prevalence of the spirit of courtesy and good-will! Who knows a Catholic from a Protestant, a Trinitarian from a Unitarian, a Destructionist from a Universalist, in the common rounds and greeting of every-day life, or on many public occasions where ministers and people of all these sects and opinions meet in harmonious action and on common ground? The spirit of the

truth that we are all the offspring of God, and that "in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him," seems here to have found a congenial home. Not that we are free from bigotry and fanaticism. These have their occasional fits, and sometimes their protracted fevers; but the vigorous, intellectual constitution of the community will throw them off, and then will follow the healthful reign of reason and Christian benevolence. As the western world moves on in moral improvement, she will not fail to turn her expectant eyes to our goodly city for wisdom, and counsel, and might; and, if we may judge of the future from the past, she will not be disappointed.

Speaking of our religious blessings, inclines us to allude specially and freely to the intellectual and moral power of our metropolitan pulpit. We do this in view of the fact that public men are public property, — that we are not ashamed to compare our pulpit with that of any other region on our continent, — and that true delineations of the living are quite as appropriate for our annuals as etchings, groupings and colorings, *ad infinitum*, of the high-wrought and teeming genius of imagination.

Shall we note a few of the lights who, from the pulpit's elevation, reflect upon their people

the truth of Heaven, as they have received it. We are in the city of Channing. Here his voice has often been heard,—the true eloquence of his soul often felt; although his labors as pastor have ceased. He still lives in his inward strength, although the “outer man” is small and frail. His name cannot die. His colleague and successor is Mr. Gannett, who has grown old with hard study in the freshness of his days. He is a true man, and his ministrations of the word abound in richness and strength. In King’s Chapel, Rev. Dr. Greenwood is minister; a preacher and writer of sweet and good words. He is a popular man. And so is Dr. Parkman of the New North, and Rev. Dr. Lowell of West Church, Lynde Street, whose sermons are usually so *apropos* with “the times and the seasons,” and withal, so brief. There too, is Hollis-Street Church, with its minister, a tall, ruddy-faced, blue-eyed, bald man, with the silver-gray of nearly sixty on each side of his phrenological developement of the moral powers. Variety is a common spice in his pulpit preparations. When his soul is in his subject, he will command attention and create deep feeling. There is burning within him an unquenchable fire of ardor for truth and righteousness. Had he lived in the times of “Bloody Mary,” he might have gone to the block or the



stake. He would have prayed and smiled in lofty independence beneath the executioner's arm, or within the faggot pile. If he is not always soft and bland, he is faithful to himself, and I doubt not, intends to be to all his people, to the age, and to the world. Old Brattle-Street Church has a minister of high mind and sterling worth, with a grace of delivery, not only pleasing to "ears polite," but impressive to the meditative and devotional hearer.

There is the tall spire of the Old South,—that sacred place once desecrated by an exasperated foe.\* Its dial without speaks to the noisy multitude of time; its dial within, to the silent multitude of eternity. The minister is Rev. Mr. Blagden,—a man of power, firmness, faithfulness. He preaches like one who has a work before him which must be done without faltering; and seems confident that he can perform it. In Bowdoin-Street Church, once the place of Dr. Beecher, is Rev. Mr. Winslow, a man in the prime of life,—of vigorous, active, fruitful mind,—but with bodily powers too feeble, because of too much labor. He is a forcible and impressive speaker. The great metropolis of England has been visited with his eloquence, an eloquence which did

\* The British army during the siege of Boston.



no dishonor to his holy profession and Puritanic name. There is an excellent place of worship at the Odeon, — once the Federal-Street Theatre, — and afterwards the periodical *sanctum sanctorum* of Infidelity. Rev. Mr. Rogers is the minister here. He is young in years, but not in attainments; and if he lives to be old, in the language of the British Lord, “may not be one of that unfortunate number who have grown none the wiser from experience.” At Marlboro’ Chapel there *was* a young minister with thin face and light frame, whose thoughts and words bespoke the student and the ready thinker. His Biblical logic was effectually used in the “showing up” of the “Miller” prophecy. He had ample room (as does his successor) for his oratorical powers, in the Chapel, a spacious and commodious place, with a great congregation.

In Charles-Street Church is Rev. Dr. Sharp, an Englishman, an American, a Christian, with much of prudence and true dignity. He is honored in the denomination to which he belongs, and beloved by all Christian hearts who know him. In Baldwin-Place Church is Rev. Mr. Stow. He stands where once stood the worthy Dr. Baldwin. He is the minister of a great flock, and labors with diligence. He has no music in his voice, — yet there is no small share of it in his

soul. And there too is the catholic Mr. Neale, of the Hanover Street, First Baptist; and the warm, vehement and witty Mr. Colver, of the Free Baptist Church. What an array of good ministers is already before us! But we have not yet named all.

We have here also Rev. Bishop Griswold, whose praise is not confined to the Episcopal, nor to any other Christian Church. The father, friend, counsellor,—he is greeted with joy in his rounds of duty, by the high and the lowly. There is much of the apostle in him. Long may his voice be heard in the favored churches over which he presides. Dr. Stone, of St. Paul's, is another clear light; and so is Rev. Mr. Clinch. These, with their denominational companions in our metropolis, add no small share of lustre to the ministerial constellation in her Zion.

In old School Street stands a neat, firm-looking brick church, in which labors one of the sturdiest and strongest theological pioneers of the day; a deep and careful reasoner,—a speaker who has in his speech the oratory of nature, brought not from the schools, but from the soul. He has no tricks, no catch words, no airs, put on to suit the multitude. He sermonizes with the simplicity and closeness of one who wishes to make every hearer understand that his work is all in

harmony with itself, with the Scriptures, with good sense. He has been persecuted somewhat in his day; but he is too much of a philosopher to mourn about that. He has no doubt of the truth of his opinions, and is always ready to give his reasons for them. He is the worthy parent of many denominational children, who rise up and call him blessed. Such is Rev. Hosea Ballou. Would that all, whether they receive or reject his opinions, possessed his sterling integrity of soul. A co-worker with the last-named gentleman, is Rev. Mr. Streeter, of the church at the corner of Hanover and North Bennett streets. Small in bodily stature, of voluble tongue and uneasy frame, he is ever at work; without the pulpit, in ministries of love among the many who have claims on his sympathy; or in the pulpit, ranging here and there in the gospel field, sometimes doing but an ordinary work, but often gathering the richest fruits and flowers for those who wait on his ministry; or in the vestry meeting, (a place where, "many a time and oft," the strongest powers of our clergymen are called forth,) where his full soul is charged and out-pouring with his gospel theme, and he loses the earth "as a very little thing," and wonders, and expatiates, and glories in the boundlessness of God and his everlasting love. Such, in few

words, is the man and the minister. Although a father, he is young, and he ever will be while he remains in the ministerial work. His spirit is of that genus not easily benumbed with age. Others, the true and faithful in our goodly city, who walk the same theological ground with the teachers just named, might be introduced; but we will not tarry here.

The Romish Church has her representatives in this city of the Protestant pilgrims. Here is Bishop Fenwick, a watchful man, firm in his faith, and true to its interests. His spiritual children venerate and love him. He stands where once stood the humble and holy Cheverus, one of heaven's choice spirits ministering to men below. What proofs, lovely indeed to the Christian, but bewildering and perplexing to the bigot, are often given in the characters and lives of those who disagree in faith and hope, that "pure and undefiled religion before God and the Father" knows no denominational bounds, nor sects, nor covenants and modes of faith, nor names, nor any other distinctions! What thrilling comments on the leading practical truth of heaven to man, that "love is the fulfilling of the law."

It would please me to write of many others, whose names and works are not to be buried with them; true ministers of benevolence, righteous-

ness and peace. I would speak of the zealous ministers of the Wesleyan faith ; of the Swedenborgian, and the Christian ; not forgetting those who faithfully labor and pray for their brethren of the African race. But I must close my description somewhere ; let it be with the sailor's preacher, Rev. Mr. Taylor, of the Bethel, North Square. He is no clerical exquisite ; this we may know from the fact, that he is a highly popular seaman's minister. He deals in all sorts of words and phrases, and with all kinds of gestures ; now causing the big tear to flow, and now the smile to break forth. He was not made for all pulpits, nor for all occasions ; but in preaching to seamen, and looking after their interests, and in giving temperance and charity discourses, no man will command more attention or readier money than he.

Such, in short, is our metropolitan ministry, of clear heads, warm hearts, firm spirits, zealous lives. What then may the people be who support them ; and what may they not hope of the moral influence which they can unitedly exert ? O, if there is any thing for which we should be devoutly thankful, it is that our moral atmosphere is so good ; that here the pulpit may work with the press, not only in the enlargement, but in the purification of mind, and that there is such a

moral force to sustain it. Without this internal stamina, — this animating, invigorating, and attuning virtue, — what would be all the other attractions of which we have spoken, but “sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal”? Righteousness alone exalteth a city or a nation.

But I may have written too much, — and yet I have only rambled within and around my pleasant theme. The reader shall be dismissed with my benediction. Blessings upon thee, city of the silent, honored dead; of the speaking, busy, worthy living; city of proud associations; of toiling, suffering, enduring founders and rearers; god-fathers and god-mothers of religious and political principle and freedom! Long, long be thou prosperous! “Rise, crowned with light,” and pour out thy radiance over land and sea! Let thy strength stand not merely in outward preparation for physical resistance, but in ever-enduring, all-conquering righteousness and truth! Heaven make thee a city of God, even unto the latest generation, — thy walls salvation and thy gates praise!

## THE SPRING WHERE THE WILLOW- TREE GROWS.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

I KNOW a green lane that leads down to a spring,  
Where all the long summer the bob-o'-links sing.  
Across it a willow its long branches throws,  
Beneath whose cool shadows 't is sweet to repose.  
The bright, yellow cowslips grow thick on each side,  
And fresh water-cresses are rocked on its tide.  
Long years have gone by since I sat on that spot,  
A fond, dreamy girl, but 't is not yet forgot!  
O softly and sweetly and gently it flows,  
That spring on whose margin the willow-tree grows!

Ah, well I remember, in life's early day,  
When I cared less, they told me, for work than for  
    play,  
How oft I stole forth, when the birds were at rest,  
And the sun had gone down to his halls of the west,  
And bending my steps to that clear, gushing spring,  
Myself on its brink would in ecstasy fling!  
Then visions, more lovely than words can express,  
In hurrying crowds on my senses would press,

While spirits of beauty before me uprose,  
From the soft-flowing spring where the willow-tree  
grows !

O well I remember how piercing mine eye  
Ever grew, as in rapture I turned to the sky !  
I could trace the bright course of the angels of light,  
And a seraph smiled on me from each star of night !  
While the low hum of insects that dwelt in the limbs  
Waving o'er me, seemed angels soft-breathing their  
hymns !

O the world then, methought, was an Eden of rest,  
Where peace in the heart might be ever a guest !  
When, when will my day-dreams again be like those  
I nursed by that spring where the willow-tree grows !

Come back ! O, come back, blessed days of my youth,  
With all your bright dreams of the world and its  
truth,

When fondly I trusted the lip that could smile,  
A stranger must be to the accents of guile !

Come back ! I am sick of the cares and the strife,  
The heart-wasting burdens of every-day life !

And I pine, O, I pine, for those long-vanished hours,  
When I played in the meadows, and gathered the  
flowers ;

When I hunted the lane for the wild-brier rose,  
Or knelt by the spring where the willow-tree grows !

'T is in vain that I call them ! A shadow is cast  
Alike o'er myself and the days of the past !



I have mixed with a world that has hardened my  
heart!

Youthful friends, one by one, I have witnessed depart!

Some dear ones I cherished, in death are now cold,

And some love me not as they loved me of old!

Yet, ah, those old places once more might I meet,

I could kneel down and kiss e'en the sod at my feet!

For earth has no scenes, methinks, lovely as those

Which smile round the spring where the willow-tree  
grows!

## BARNEY-HILL.

BY H. BALLOU 2D.

OLD Barney-Hill, abrupt and high,  
Stands up against the northeast sky,  
Beyond the stream and valley wild  
I loved so fondly when a child ;  
With ancient forests o'er his base,  
And shrubbery climbing his steep face  
Up to his beetling summit, where  
The trees show dim in middle air.  
Half-way down, and to the right,  
Heaves a rough pasture's wood-backed height ;  
While, left, a forest-ridge comes forth,  
And sweeps round heavily towards the North.

Morning, noon, and evening, still  
I've gazed on thee, old Barney-Hill.  
From my home, that, in the West,  
Fronts thee, on the upland's breast,  
Oft I've seen the seasons change  
Over thy wild and heavy range :  
Autumn, all thy woods o'erspread  
With russet, sere, and flaming red ;  
Winter put his mantle on  
Of snow-crust, glittering in the sun ;

And the young Spring hang out her pride  
Of light-green tassels on thy side,  
And spread her clouds of foliage new  
O'er rocks and ledges peeping through.

When the sun-set threw its veil  
Across the lowland stream and dale,  
Oft I marked its shadow grow  
High and higher towards thy brow,  
And the twilight from thee fade,  
While night came down, with deepening shade,  
Till rose the moon, at length, to pour  
Her silver light the darkness o'er. —  
Or, when the night was wearing gray  
Over the hills and far away,  
I've watched the dawn behind thee rise,  
Brindling all the eastern skies,  
While yet, beneath thy craggy height,  
Cliff, stream, and valley lay in night,  
Sleeping to the breezy sigh  
Of waters murmuring fitfully,  
That, sinking now, now swelling clear,  
Chimed upon the fresh, cool air;  
Till morn, full-risen, threw her ray  
Bright o'er the heavens, and all was day.  
Then, the early note of bird,  
Then, the voice of man, was heard;  
Soon, the fields and woods were ringing,  
With a thousand warblers singing;  
And the countless dew-drops shone,  
Trembling, to the orient sun.

But down in front, before the hills,  
Green-River's youthful current steals  
Through the smooth vale, whose mazy glades  
Run out, amid thick alder-shades,  
To many a nook and circlet green,  
Here partly open, there unseen.  
Bower and tangled copse are there,  
And wild-flowers that perfume the air ;  
A few old trees, of stately rank,  
Extend along the river's bank ;  
While, glimmering through the leafy bound,  
Wood, hill, and upland close around.  
O, scenes of Fancy's earliest dream !  
There, sitting by th' o'ershaded stream,  
I ranged the world of young romance,  
And sought, in vain, fit utterance  
For thoughts that would not be at rest,  
Till in some rustic lay expressed.  
By secret bower, by sunny glade,  
By trees high-arching over-head,  
I mused th' enchanted hours away ;  
And Eden all around me lay.

Years have gone by ; and change has been  
O'er all yon well-remembered scene.  
Where are they now, the young and fair,  
Who met, on summer-evenings, there,  
With glance, and sport, and tuneful strain ?  
Ah ! never there to meet again.  
I see old Barney-Hill, once more, —  
But not as he appeared of yore :

The forest dark, that mantled on  
His swelling base, is open thrown,  
And the young shrubbery changed to trees  
Along his high acclivities ;  
The range of woods, that closed the view  
On th' eastern ridge, is broken through ;  
And from the stream and lowland mead  
Has gone the ancient alder-shade.  
But yet, fond memory traces o'er  
Each feature, as it was before,  
And as 't will ever hallow, still,  
Green-River vale and Barney-Hill.

## RUTH.

“ Go not to glean in another field.”

AN humble task, it seems, to glean  
Those scattered sheaves of grain ;  
But keep thine eye and heart serene ;  
Thy toil is not in vain.

The eye of love is on thee now,  
Thy kinsman's heart is won ;  
Look up and read upon his brow  
Thy destiny begun.

Thou knowest not the glorious race,  
Sweet Ruth, that shall be thine ;  
How many kings thou shalt embrace  
In thy illustrious line.

The fountains of Hebraic song  
Are in thy heart, fair Ruth ;  
Fountains whose tides are deep and strong  
In deathless love and truth.

Forth from those depths shall flow, one day,  
When thou art in thy rest,  
The martial and the sacred lay,  
By David's harp expressed.



THE SHEPHERD

*Shepherd and his flock in a mountain field.*





Such poetry was in thy heart  
 When from thy childhood's home,  
 And from thy *dead* thou didst depart,  
 O'er stranger lands to roam.

To roam in poverty and want,  
 To toil for one lone friend,  
 Who had no boon save *love* to grant,  
 No wealth save *hope* to lend.

Father and mother hast thou left,  
 The gods to which thou knelt ;  
 Of thy dear chosen one bereft,  
 What cared'st thou where thou dwelt ?

To thy lone Hebrew mother's shrine  
 Thy youthful feet have trod ;  
 Her people shall be henceforth thine,  
 And thou wilt love *her* God.

The great in wisdom and in song,  
 The bard of deathless fame,  
 A mighty and a warlike throng,  
 Shall rise to bless thy name.

And one, at last, of lowly birth  
 Shall crown thy long increase ;  
 Of lowly birth, yet not of earth ;  
 The glorious PRINCE OF PEACE !

Then go not to another field  
 To glean the golden grain ;  
 Content thee with what this will yield ;  
*Thy toil is not in vain.*

## THE KNITTING SOCIETY.

BY MRS. E. A. BACON.

“ O, IT gives health, vigor, and elasticity to the mind, to descend sometimes from the high regions of intellect and the sublime flights of fancy, into the common atmosphere of every-day life ; or to rest for a while in one of nature’s by-paths, after coming out from the rich gallery of paintings with the mind filled with images of beauty and tints of exquisite hue, and the heart throbbing with emotion from the vivid representations of life by master geniuses ; but doubly gratifying and relieving is it to me to quit the gay and fashionable world, and mingle sympathies with the noble and unsophisticated inhabitants of this little village.” Thus soliloquized young Arthur Temple, the schoolmaster, as his little nag plodded lazily along through the mud on a dull March eve, to the music of the fitful winds playing among the naked branches that had not felt the breath, nor been touched by the robe of the Spring Queen. But the cheerful

lights that gleamed from the windows of the old farm-house in the distance, lighting up the tall poplars along the lane in front, like so many brazen-faced sentinels, cast such a glow of pleasure into his heart, that he well nigh forgot, or the time, the division of day and night, summer and winter, seed time and harvest, for it was all one glorious day to him.

Arthur had been nurtured in the very lap of luxury and fashion, but an active and vigorous mind gave him power to unclasp the gilded chain, and walk forth in the pure light that makes no distinction but mind above mind. It is not always true that "just as the twig is bent the tree is inclined," or the talented son of the rich and fashionable Mrs. Temple would not so cheerfully and readily have entered into the spirit of teaching the young minds of this rustic community. From his early boyhood, when his young limbs were trammelled and his young mind restrained by the nice laws of etiquette, and he had looked enviously on the little, free, careless, bare-footed fellow under his window, trundling his hoop and bounding his ball with merry ringing shouts, until the time he entered college a studious and thoughtful youth, he had spurned the trifling freaks and forms of fashionable life that so enervate the faculties of the mind; and at the risk of

being thought indifferent by his mother and sisters, and odd by their favorite circle, he had ever avoided the resorts of mock-jewelry show and heartless fashion. He knew well the value of the "yellow dross," for it enabled him to procure those mental treasures which enriched him above worldly vanities, by granting him access to the most talented seminaries. He knew its worth, too, in relieving the struggling poor, and aiding the desponding to hope on. But he could not justify the ends for which he saw it expended in the immediate circle of his parent, — to procure gay and costly trappings and spread out luxurious entertainments, to excite admiration and place themselves on a par with the more wealthy; and when, a short time after he had joyfully entered college, he discovered that the increasing demands on his mother's purse rendered it expedient that he should himself procure the means of defraying the expenses of his education, it was no check, nor restraint to his progress in intellectual pursuits to take the charge of a country school. And should it have been a check? for he was not one who looked down on his fellow-beings, however humble or uncultivated, as the vulgar herd; and he entered on his new duties with an ardor amounting almost to the enthusiasm of one who has a great

work to perform. Whenever he met active and inquisitive mind in his pupils, he nurtured and trained it as the germ of future usefulness and greatness; and he found as much pleasure in drawing out their "small experience" as in communing with matured minds.

The school-season was now drawing to a close, and he could not but acknowledge to himself that the time he had passed in the midst of his affectionate and hardy pupils, in mingling in the domestic circle around the cheerful hearth-stones of their frank and honest-hearted parents, — or in lending his aid to increase the joy and refine the tastes of warm-hearted youths of his own age, — or in kneeling with them all at the altar of Sabbath devotion, — had been the happiest and holiest of his life, imparting a purer love for his fellow-beings, his country, and his God.

But while we have been relating Arthur's brief history, he has threaded the lane, passed the last poplar, and now at his journey's end is dismounting from his steed and giving him in charge to the farmer's boy. As the hooded and cloaked forms beginning to approach the house testify that a circle of special importance is gathering here, suppose we enter the door which is cordially thrown open for Arthur, and take a survey of the cheerful

scene. Perhaps we shall discover that some other passion than his love of frank and republican manners had thrown a charm over this sequestered nook.

Ah, here we are in the large, low, old-fashioned, comfortable parlour, scarcely able to lift our eyes, so brilliant is the light imparted from numerous candles in their shining sockets, adding to the brilliancy from the birchen logs that snap and blaze in the huge chimney corner, to the utter discomfort of Aunt Tabithia, whose use of the turkey's limb avails but little in relieving her usually polished and snug hearth from cinders and coals. But she had forgotten her occupation on the entrance of the schoolmaster, who is a particular favorite with the staid matron, and all concern for the neatness of the hearth vanishes for a while in her anxiety to make him comfortably "at home." As she gives him a seat beside the arm-chair of Farmer Willis, her revered father, — whose striped frock and snowy locks offer no remonstrance to his presence among the young, active, and lively group, to whom he is well known and ever welcome, — and while Arthur is engaged with him in conversation, let us take our station at the old man's elbow, and witness the entrance of the comers, and discover what is to be the order of the evening.

Only see what a bevy of bright, glowing, intelligent faces are ushered into the door by little Bess ! With a nod, smile, and curtsey, they take their seats, waiting, it may be, for the prime mover of all. Ah, there comes the presiding genius, I know. See, over her fair, healthful countenance is thrown the charm of intelligence and sweetness, — the angel-gift that beautifies and ennobles woman ; and though she waves no magical wand, the large basket on her arm is equally effective on the group. Only see what life and motion now pervade the late silent assembly, while the general buzz of preparation for business is heard throughout the room. Even Arthur feels its influence, for by the direction in which his eyes are turned, and the mechanical nod with which he repeatedly assents to the farmer's numerous remarks on the crops and the like, one would suppose he was going to enter into the very spirit of their occupation ; however, as the little President only takes from her basket balls of various-hued yarn, through which protrude the long, glistening needles, we can see so little cause for Arthur's intense interest that we are almost inclined to the belief that it is the magnetic influence of the lady's beautiful eyes, rather than that of any needle that attracts him so.

Now they are all supplied with work from the basket, and for a time not a sound is heard but the rattling of the busy steel by nimble fingers, save now and then a half suppressed titter from some of the youngest members and little Bess, who, despite the grave rebukes of Aunt Tabitha and the presence of the schoolmaster, cannot still the overflow of their exuberant spirits. By degrees, however, the timidity wears away, and we soon discover they can make their tongues as busy as the needles. Don't lend an ear to the corner where chatty Ellen sits ready to deal out scandal or hurtful witticisms, unmindful of consequences, so that she may tell the newest story, or display the keenest wit. But we will not stop to deplore it, sad as it is, for it is but as a discord in a full, harmonious choir, telling that one voice has not been trained with the others; it is doubly counterbalanced by the deep interest manifested in the conversation at the other end of the room. Hark! gentle Martha, the vigilant and careful trustee, is giving an account of a wretched, poverty-stricken family, far over the cold hill-side, in one of the by-paths, which she has discovered, and whose wants she has relieved from their generous treasury. No wonder they display uncommon interest and feeling in her recital, for it was rarely that such extreme poverty had a place



among the plentiful and happy homes of the villagers. How briskly now do the needles fly, as though the knitters would do all in their power towards relieving their poor ; and we can hardly feel any more anxiety for the family, particularly because farmer Willis has repeatedly applied his frock sleeve to his eyes and questioned minutely during the recital of their sad case. Certainly you will see his boy with a jag of wood, bag of potatoes, and other needfuls, plodding over the hill, to-morrow ; but I doubt whether he will reach the house before the schoolmaster.

Good Martha has ended her story and comments, and there is another pause. Well, they have something to think of ; but the little President looks as if her active spirit would not allow them to dream long, for she is making an effort to say something. Why, how difficult it is for her to raise her eyes or voice, and even now that she has gained courage, the glance of the one and the sound of the other, are not in the same direction. What a tremulous sweetness there is in her tones as she asks, — “ Will Mr. Temple read to us once more before he leaves us ? ” Do you wonder that Arthur starts as from electricity, and that his lip quivers while he hurriedly searches for his book, and answers “ Certainly.” O, what a good taste he has ! Some of Irving’s

beautiful sketches. Now don't imagine the author's fine thoughts, beautiful imagery, and humorous recitals will lose or waste any of their charms and beauties here. It is not merely the intellectual and refined who appreciate the works of genius. They speak to the universal heart; and Arthur had often thought how doubly blessed were his young auditors, with their lively imaginations and pure hearts, readily sympathizing with the author, above those who every moment are ready to detect some flaw, or criticize some error in composition, like the carping gazer on the pictured scene of Paul preaching in Athens, criticizing stoically a fold in the apostle's robe, utterly unmindful of the religion of the picture.

By the earnestness with which every eye is turned towards the schoolmaster, we opine that they are satisfied he has chosen with the nicest care for their pleasure and improvement. He has commenced, and if at any time you feel a thrill of pleasure, grief, or delight, because of the beautiful thoughts of the writer, glance round the room and you will perceive that your emotions are reciprocated by many a beaming, tearful, or laughing eye. Do not allow yourself to be annoyed by the oft-repeated expressions of "beautiful," "charming," "sublime," with occasional sighs and simpers, that issue from the direction

of Aunt Tabithia's chair. You see they proceed from her ostentatious, though worthy friend Ruthy, who is so fearful that the schoolmaster will not think that she appreciates the excellence of his choice, or the genius of the author, that she takes an opportunity to assure him of it at every period. Her success is doubtful, for Arthur's lip will slightly curl sometimes, particularly when she happens to exclaim in the wrong place.

The clock strikes eight, and frequent interruptions by the opening and shutting of the outer door,—which seemed to be well understood, if we may judge from sly, roguish glances, cast from one another around the room,—warn the schoolmaster that his services can be dispensed with for the present; and, at the nod of Aunt Tabithia, little Bess bounds from her seat and throws open the parlour door. Blushes, nods, and smiles answer to the pleasant salutations of the new comers, who prove to be none other than the gallant and merry village youths, who, one by one, walk in and take the nearest possible seat, save now and then a more daring one, whose quick glance soon discovers where he would be most agreeably situated. There 's Allan, for instance; his bright eyes glistening with fun, and his hands twisted one over the other, as he half smilingly recognises one after another. Where

will he choose his seat? There, by the side of his little sister Fanny; for, to tell the truth, he is very bashful, though he would make you believe otherwise, as he tries to conceal his awkward feelings by joking and laughing at Fanny, as he winds and unwinds her yarn, with an occasional pretence of breaking it.

The conversation now takes a spirited turn, and don't you begin to imagine, by the many keen and sage remarks, that there is much bright intellect that should not be permitted to slumber here? How adroitly Arthur manages the conversation so as to develop each one's peculiar talent! They may truly be grateful to the young master for this entertainment; for when he first came among them, the time which is now occupied in profitable and rational amusement, was the season for unrestrained mirth and hilarity. Some of the more thoughtful had ventured to remonstrate, and endeavoured to check it in his presence, and frequently expressed a fear to him, that he would think them very rude. Perhaps he did; but he thought within himself, it is not for one like me, who has seen days and nights continuously devoted to worthless pleasure, wearing away the health and wasting the energy of the mind, to be too fastidious in his taste, especially when the boisterous amusement is but the occa-

sional unbending of young, buoyant hearts, from sterner duties. However, he set himself to work in right good earnest, to improve them; and, by his persevering efforts to meet them always with a mind prepared for their entertainment, he increased the love and respect they cherished towards him, and, in time, had the satisfaction of witnessing a wonderful change in their deportment and social intercourse.

But we have lost the thread of conversation during this digression. What makes the company so silent and sad? Arthur is telling them of his near departure, and advising them in reference to the future, expressing the warmest gratitude for the kind and affectionate feeling with which they have always regarded him. But see, the full heart of Allan cannot bear it any longer, for by his movements and his whispers to his nearest companion, he is endeavouring to change the subject; but even now that the master has ended, he cannot raise his voice and looks imploringly at Walter, who, more self-possessed than his friend, points to the corner where the old spinet stands and makes a request for music, as he knows many of the maidens have exercised their talent upon it. Aunt Tabithia prided herself on being its sole mistress in her days of youthful glory; but she has gradually relinquish-

ed her claim, and her once prized spinet has become the common property of all the musical amateurs of the village. But why are they so loth to display their skill? "Anna," "Jane," "Hannah," Walter has repeatedly called upon, but they blushinglly whisper, "No." Now he turns to the little President. What a relief to her, for have n't you noticed how her stitches have slipped from her needles, her yarn snarled, snapped, and twisted, ever since the schoolmaster began to speak of leaving the village? How quick she starts to obey, as Walter says, "Come, Laura!" "O yes," she exclaims, holding up her little plump hands, stained with the colored yarn; "I'm such a *blue*, I certainly will." Is n't that beautiful! She has played, "Old Hundred," and "Auld Lang Syne," accompanied by almost every voice. Don't turn a nice, critical ear to the sounds, no more than you would to the untaught strain of a bird. Arthur did not, and, therefore, though he had listened to the exquisite and skilful breathings of song in the gay saloon, his eyes never glistened with a deeper and truer delight, than while listening to these unpretending and heartfelt efforts.

As Laura rises to take her seat again among the knitters, no one thinks of applauding her outwardly, for every thing she executes is done with

such native grace, dignity, and sweetness, that were you ever so much inclined, you would feel it useless to praise or flatter her. Indeed our little President is one of those geniuses you will find in every village, whose person is so very pretty, and motions so graceful, conversation so free and intelligent, and accomplishments so various, that, unless you are very free from aristocratical notions, you will hardly believe that she has not dwelt beyond the confines of the little territory and been benefited by the schools of elegance and refinement. Although Laura is acknowledged to be the fairest and best of daughters, the quickest scholar, the sweetest singer, — in fact, as excelling in whatever she undertakes, — no one seems to regard her with envy, as her sweetness of temper and the activity of her goodness have secured the right and title to pre-eminence. See how unmindful she is of any effect she has produced, as she quietly takes up her knitting on which her brother Allan has been displaying his skill in dropping down stitches during the whole of her absence. Now he will find a substitute, as little Bess is making her appearance with a plentiful dish of round, rosy apples, rivalling her ruddy cheeks; and he is all ready to begin the frolic of tapping Laura's, and roguishly watching for the core, that he may



count the magical number of its charmed black seeds. His example is followed all through the circle, and even little Jane, the schoolmaster's pet, steals to his side, and with a tap of her tiny fingers on his apple, whispers a name. How well Farmer Willis enjoys the new delight caused by his highly praised domestic Yankee fruit ; and as a reward for their reception of it, he has begun to tell Arthur the whole history of its cultivation, — how his great-grandfather brought the seed from Scotland, and where the first tree was planted in the settlement.

But the farmer cannot get through, for only see, his bashful boy, — who had only ventured a peep through the door when ajar during the evening, — is now rushing in, forgetful of strangers, in the greatest consternation. Why, what can be the matter ! see how flushed his face is, and how he trembles as he tries to stammer out something in the farmer's ear. O, doleful enough, the schoolmaster's horse has snapped his bridle and galloped off ! Farmer Willis offers to make a search for him, and volunteers to lend Arthur his nimble Cherry to carry him over his dreary road. But Arthur very composedly assures him the horse knows the road home, and as for himself he can quite as well walk. The plain matter of fact is, Arthur had much rather



the horse would plod home alone than in his company, for it was only to gratify the kindness of his good old host and hostess, who expressed such wonder and concern that he should venture the long, cold journey on foot, that he concluded to take it; and the poor, harmless creature had often risen, like a ghost, during the evening, to disturb his fairy vision of a delicate form at his side, willingly resting her hand on his arm, while he whispers into her listening ear the hopes and fears of a devoted and true lover.

Arthur's preference, — you must have noticed it, — has only been shown to the pretty Laura during the winter by numerous little attentions which his captivated heart could not refrain from; and though the whispers were widely circulated that in this respect the master was very bashful, he himself very well knew the motives which prompted the reserve. He knew the scorn that would be expressed by his fashionable relatives and friends, should they discover his alliance with a rustic girl. For himself, he cared not, as his was no selfish attachment; but he knew the affectionate and confiding heart of Laura would leap to the embrace of all connected with the object of her love, and he feared her noble, trusting spirit, like the beautiful flower nipped by the sudden and keen frost, would be-

come broken and crushed by their repulsiveness. When first his interest became excited, he tried to convince himself that it was simply her republican manners, added to her uncommon thirst for improvement, which caused him to devote so many thoughts to her; and he felt certain he could be happy with the slightest connexion, — as the poet expressed it in his love for the Highland girl, —

“Thy elder brother I would be,  
Thy father, any thing to thee.”

But, strange to tell, the more he felt the witchery of her society, and the more his attachment increased, the more fastidious he grew in his choice of connexion with her; and this evening, his last opportunity, he had resolved to tell the fair lady what she at least must certainly have dreamed of, that she was the dearest object on earth to him.

The hour hand of the old clock in the corner is nearing the figure ten, and the knitting is returned to the basket, and the happy group are dispersing. Are you not interested enough to follow them to Aunt Tabithia's neat kitchen and bid them good night? See, there is the school-master diligently searching for a hood. He has found it, — how the owner's hands tremble while

she is putting it on! and sure she'll never find the strings to her cloak, so comical, Lucy comes to her aid, and dryly offers to tie her bonnet and lend her a pin, while she provokingly whispers, — "How unfortunate that the horse should run away!"

Indeed this is the climax of their winter's stock of jokes and fun, and they disperse in high glee, all save poor Walter! Alas! for him, poor fellow! the last, faint hope of his heart is now crushed, for, ever since his school days, when he gathered the earliest violets, and sought the ripest and best fruit in summer, and searched diligently for the red ear at husking, and prepared his sled to carry her safely over the snow in winter, until now, Laura had been the sweet angel of all his pleasant dreams. "It is just what I might have expected, — it is not her blame. She always told me I was just like her *brother* Allan to her, — I understand it now," said he sadly to himself, as he wound his lonely way home.

Of the schoolmaster's walk home we can tell but little, for Laura, unlike many sentimental girls, never entertains one with a list of the tender epithets by which she has been addressed; and Allan and Fanny, though they passed near enough for the schoolmaster to hear the exclamation, — "How lucky that bridle was rotten!"

yet did not hear a syllable in return. We know, however, on Laura's return home, her senses seemed very much impaired, as was manifested by her putting salt instead of sugar into her father's herb tea, and placing the hot side of the bowl to his lips, which forced from him the exclamation, — "What in natur ails the gal!" "O, father," said little Fanny, "the schoolmaster's been teaching her Astronomy, Allan says." "The schoolmaster!" said her father, looking dryly into her face, "look out, Laury, for these smooth-tongued college chaps." "Why," added her honest-hearted mother, looking over her spectacles, "no one can think there's any deception in Mr. Temple, — he's a nice young man."

After Arthur's return to college, Laura's frequent visits to the post-office excited great suspicion among the villagers, but they could not discover the secret, as she was never seen with a message in her hand, and some of the wise ones said it was only her intimacy with the postmaster's daughter that brought her there. Arthur in his studious retreat, surrounded with classical associations, manifested the same interest in the letter box. On his return from it one evening, some time after his departure from the village school, he opened eagerly the neatly-folded sheet

and learned that Laura was about to visit the city to attend the nuptials of an early friend, Lucy Ashford, who had spent the most of her young days in Laura's home, and there formed an attachment that long intercourse with the gay world could never break. "Lucy Ashford!" said Arthur to himself. Yes, surely he remembered the name. He had seen the lady often with his sisters, and she was one whose society they eagerly sought. From that time a new passion was awakened, — a desire to become acquainted with the affairs of the fashionable world, to the great satisfaction of his gay sisters, who delightedly read the letter which first revealed his interest in it. "O," said Matilda, the youngest, and his favorite sister, "if we could only persuade him to mingle with us in all our amusements, how much happier we should be, for no one among all our friends seems to love us or care so much for our happiness as Arthur." "And more than that," responded Agnes, "he is handsome and graceful, and if he would cast away his silly notions of society, many would court his acquaintance and we should gain greater celebrity."

Accordingly, as might have been anticipated, Arthur received glowing descriptions of select balls, concerts, levees, and the like. But they were all forgotten when his eager eye rested

upon a few lines treating of Lucy Ashford's splendid wedding, ending with a remark that nearest in her train of bridesmaids, was a small and simply dressed maiden, whom she called "cousin Laura." Agnes and Matilda found no cause to complain of a want of interest in their brother's answers, but they did wonder why he was so much more interested in Lucy Ashford's levee than in scenes they had taken double the pains to describe. "And only think," said Agnes, "he says he is acquainted with her most lovely bridesmaid, and that she is one of nature's truest nobility." "Nobility!" exclaimed Mrs. Temple, "why, who would have thought it of that simply dressed girl! But, perhaps she chose that dress for singularity, and the rich sometimes love to dress plain. You must seek her acquaintance, dears. I'm glad Arthur thinks of those things." "Well," said Matilda, "I shall be pleased for one to become acquainted with her, for though Agnes wondered at her plain dress, I could not keep my eyes from her sweet face long enough to look at it, and I marvelled not when I heard the whisper that she was the most lovely one present."

Arthur had thus almost unconsciously managed the much desired introduction, and in his far-off retreat he learned by frequent messages

from Laura and his sisters that they were growing intimate and attached to each other. To be sure, the pure and free-hearted Laura could not but observe and pity the servitude in which tyrant form and fashion had bound her new friends, but then they were Arthur's sisters, and that could cover a multitude of weaknesses to her fond eyes. Her being greatly in want of some of the essentials of fashionable life, might have been a serious objection to her intimacy with the sisters, were it not for a thousand winning, graceful ways, together with her connexion with the wealthiest and most desirable of their friends, which made them almost forget the deficiencies.

Another year passed, and Arthur became an honorable graduate from college. The dearest wish of his heart, — to employ the talents which God had given him to make wiser, holier, happier his fellow-beings, — seemed now about to be granted him, as he took upon himself the duties of a Christian minister. He possessed a heart and mind fitted for the service, and in all places he was greeted with affection and encouragement. His mother wished he had chosen some other profession, particularly when, soon after, she received an affectionate epistle telling her that for the future his home would be in a retired country village. She sighed to think that her



beautiful Arthur should thus humble himself; but there was one ray of light. He had asked her approval of his contemplated union with Laura Stanley, the intimate friend of the rich and fashionable Lucy Wellman, which approval she readily granted, feeling certain that it would be a desirable match.

It was well that the proud lady and her daughters were prevented by distance and numerous engagements from attending the nuptials, for they might never have recovered from the effects of stooping to enter the low door of Farmer Stanley's old-fashioned domicile. But will you condescend to, gentle friend, who so patiently tarried with them at the knitting circle? I will not disturb your contemplation of the gay scene, which is so much after the style of the knitters, only to ask you to listen to Farmer Stanley's spirited answer to an officious neighbour's remark. "Don't you think it wonderful that Laura should marry such a gentleman?" "Wonderful! no;" said the old man, with his head erect as in olden times on parade, and looking proudly on his sweet daughter at the side of her noble husband; — "She's a blessed creature and good enough to be his wife any day." And plain is it to understand, as he eyes Arthur from head



to foot, that he thinks no one else is good enough for him.

Arthur's quiet and happy home won his gay sisters from their fashionable follies, and his sweet wife, whom they once loved for her connexions, they soon loved for the virtues and graces of her daily life. But it was not till some time had elapsed after his marriage that Arthur ventured to affect his mother's nerves so shockingly as to show her Laura's maiden home,—and this was not till she had manifested a pride in the union, and expressed her delight that he had married one who would do honor to their house. He had persuaded her to accompany him home on a return from business in the city, and as their way lay nearly in the direction of Mr. Stanley's house, he ventured to take the winding road. As they passed the low-roofed, black dwelling, surrounded by implements of husbandry and all the etcetera of a Yankee farmer's household, he smilingly directed her attention to it, saying it was the home of Laura's parents. "Her maiden-home! why, Arthur, did you not say she was one of the true nobility?" "Yes, mother, and has she not proved her claims to that title? O, mother, shake off the fetters you have so long worn, and enjoy the freedom of light. Do not remain in the darkness until death

comes and gloomily tells you your head must lie as low as the meanest serf. Think of the imperishable mind,— of its proper dwelling-place, and of its beautiful clothing.”

## TALE OF AN INVALID.

BY MRS. J. H. SCOTT.

“ We are truly ‘ beings clothed with veils,’ and cannot understand each other ; scarcely, indeed, can we comprehend ourselves. It is very likely, that those we often most envy, are most to be pitied, while those we most pity, are most to be envied.” *Letter.*

I SCARCE can tell how many years  
I 've lain within this darkened room,  
Now buoyed with hopes, now sad with fears,—  
The living tenant of a tomb.  
But when disease first laid his hand,  
With palsying touch, upon my brow,  
I had a babe that scarce could stand,—  
He wears the look of manhood now.

Slowly the first few years dragged on  
Their lengthened seasons ; and, to me,  
It seemed their round would ne'er be done,  
Nor changed their dull monotony.  
I saw not, then, the chastening rod,  
Which now my lips so joyous kiss,  
Nor raised one feeble prayer to God  
To mitigate my wretchedness.

My friends forsook me, one by one,  
They who had said they loved me well ;

They wearied of my endless moan,  
And pity ceased their hearts to swell.  
Why should it not? I could no more  
Their worldly interests promote ;  
They knew my little day was o'er,  
And took of me no further note.

Even those by ties of blood allied,  
At length grew careless of my fate ;  
They seldom came to my bedside,  
And, lastly, left me desolate.  
Months, years went by, and my weak gaze  
Scarce rested on a human face,  
Save those who fed life's feeble blaze,  
And kept, for gold, their tedious place.

My life was one unvarying reign  
Of gloomy days, and gloomier nights ;  
Of hours of sorrow, hours of pain,  
Without one taste of earth's delights.  
Without one single thought of heaven,  
Without one effort to subdue  
My stubborn heart, that should have given  
Its trust to God when life was new.

I heard the voices of the gay,  
And mourned the world that I had lost ;  
My soul grew darker day by day ;  
Like a poor vessel tempest-tossed,  
When storm-clouds sweep across the sky,  
And masts are gone, and shoals are nigh,  
No guide, no star, no hope had I,  
And only wished that I might die.

Such might have been my state e'en now,  
Had not all-seeking mercy shone  
Across my path, and bade me bow  
A humble suppliant at its throne.  
There came one morn, — it was in May  
They told me, and I felt the air,  
The first I 'd felt for many a day,  
Kiss balmily my brow of care. —

There came a laughing child to me, —  
Wherefore, I never asked, nor knew ;  
But her blue eyes suppressed their glee,  
As their quick glances o'er me flew.  
She oped a little testament,  
And softly leaned against my bed ;  
I felt she was an angel, sent  
To raise the sinner from the dead.

And never yet, to mortal ear,  
Came sweeter sounds than then to mine,  
From those young lips that whispered clear  
The lessons of The Book Divine.  
I wept, I sobbed, — for backward rolled  
The long and blotted scroll of years,  
And from my heart, sin's serpent-fold  
Uncoiled beneath those scorching tears.

God gave me back, in that blest hour,  
My childhood's fresh and trusting love,  
And to my fainting soul, the power  
Of fixing all its hopes above.  
The burdens which so long had weighed  
My sinking spirit to the dust,

At the Redeemer's feet were laid,  
And I was numbered with the just.

O ye gay worldlings, who so oft  
In haste past my barred window steal,  
Would that ye found your beds as soft  
As mine, with all its thorns, doth feel!  
I know ye. In your festering hearts  
Writhes the blind worm that never dies ;  
Till sin, with scorpion train, departs,  
And heaven its healing balm applies.

I know ye. Waste no thoughts on me ;  
This dark room is an Eden now ;  
The blossoms of life's fragrant tree  
Fall sweetly on my fevered brow.  
I have blest thoughts even when my form  
Is writhing in the grasp of pain ;  
I hear *Him* whisper through the storm,  
" My child thou sufferest not in vain ! "

Through the dark watches of the night,  
When guilt on seas of blood is tost,  
I walk in heaven's unshadowed light,  
And clasp again the loved and lost.  
And e'er above my couch doth bend,  
(Husband and brother, *all* to me,)  
With melting eye the Sinner's Friend, —  
O worldlings, need I pitied be ?

## THE IDEAL OF A TRUE LIFE.

A FRAGMENT OF AN UNWRITTEN LECTURE.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

THERE is, even on this side the grave, a haven where the storms of life break not, or are felt but in gentle undulations of the unrippled and mirroring waters,—an oasis, not *in* the desert, but beyond it, — a rest, profound and blissful as that of the soldier returned for ever from the dangers, the hardships and turmoil of War, to the bosom of that dear domestic circle, whose blessings he never prized at half their worth till he lost them.

This haven, this oasis, this rest, is a serene and hale Old Age. The tired traveller has abandoned the dusty, crowded, and jostling highway of life, for one of its shadiest and least noted by-lanes. The din of traffic and of worldly strife has no longer magic for his ear,—the myriad footfall on the city's stony walks, is but noise or nothing to him now. He has run his race of toil, or trade, or ambition. His day's work is accomplished,

and he has come home to enjoy, tranquil and unharassed, the splendor of the sunset, the milder glories of late evening. Ask not whether he has or has not been successful, according to the vulgar standard of success. What matters it now whether the multitude has dragged his chariot, rending the air with idolizing acclamations, or howled like wolves on his track, as he fled by night, from the fury of those he had wasted his vigor to serve. What avails it that broad lands have rewarded his toil, or that all has, at the last moment, been stricken from his grasp? Ask not whether he brings into retirement the wealth of the Indies or the poverty of a bankrupt, — whether his couch be of down or rushes, — his dwelling a hut or a mansion. He has lived to little purpose indeed, if he has not long since realized that Wealth and Renown are not the true ends of exertion, nor their absence the conclusive proof of ill-fortune. Whoever seeks to know if his career has been prosperous and brightening from its outset to its close, — if the evening of his days shall be genial and blissful, — should ask not for broad acres, or towering edifices, or laden coffers. Perverted Old Age may grasp these with the unyielding clutch of insanity; but they add to his cares and anxieties, not to his enjoyments. Ask



rather, — Has he mastered and harmonized his erring passions? — Has he lived a True Life?

A True Life! — of how many lives does each hour knell the conclusion! and how few of them are true ones! The poor child of shame, and sin, and crime, who terminates her earthly being in the clouded morning of her scarce budded, yet blighted existence, — the desperate felon whose blood is shed by the community, as the dread penalty of its violated law, — the miserable debauchee, who totters down to his loathsome grave in the spring time of his years, but the fulness of his festering iniquities, — these, the world valiantly affirms, have not lived true lives! Fearless and righteous world! how profound, how discriminating are thy judgments! But the base idolater of self, who devotes all his moments, his energies, his thoughts, to schemes which begin and end in personal advantage, — the grasper of gold, and lands, and tenements, — the devotee of pleasure, — the man of ignoble and sinister ambition, — the woman of frivolity, extravagance and fashion, — the idler, the gambler, the voluptuary, — on all these and their myriad compeers, while borne on the crest of the advancing billow, how gentle is the reproof, how charitable the judgment of the world! Nay, — is not even our dead Christianity, which picks its way so daintily,

cautiously, and inoffensively through the midst of slave-holding and drunkard-making, and National faith-breaking, — which regards with gentle rebuke, and is regarded with amiable toleration by some of the foremost vices of the times, — is it not too often oblivious of its paramount duty to teach men how to live worthily and nobly? Are there not thousands to whom its inculcations, so far as duties to Man are concerned, are substantially negative in their character? — who are fortified by its teachings, in the belief that to do good is a casualty and not a frame of being, — who are taught by it to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, when they thrust themselves upon the charity of portly affluence, but as an irksome duty, for which they should be rewarded, rather than a blessed privilege for which they should be profoundly grateful? Of the millions now weekly listening to the ministrations of the Christian pulpit, how many are clearly, vividly impressed with the great truth, that each, in his own sphere, should live for Mankind, as Christ did, for the redemption, instruction, and exaltation of the race, — and, that the power to do this in his proper sphere, abides equally with the humblest as the highest? How many centuries more will be required to teach, even the religious world, so called, the full meaning of the term CHRISTIAN?

A true life must be simple in all its elements. Animated by one grand and ennobling impulse, all lesser aspirations find their proper places in harmonious subservience. Simplicity in taste, in appetite, in habits of life, with a corresponding indifference to worldly honors and aggrandizement, is the natural result of the predominance of a divine and unselfish idea. Under the guidance of such a sentiment, Virtue is not an effort, but a law of nature, like gravitation. It is Vice alone that seems unaccountable, — monstrous, — well nigh miraculous. Purity is felt to be as necessary to the mind as health to the body, and its absence alike, the inevitable source of pain.

A true life must be calm. A life imperfectly directed, is made wretched through distraction. We give up our youth to excitement, and wonder that a decrepit old age steals upon us so soon. We wear out our energies in strife for gold or fame, and then wonder alike at the cost and the worthlessness of the meed. “Is not the life more than meat?” Ay, truly! but how few have practically, consistently, so regarded it? And little as it is regarded by the imperfectly virtuous, how much less by the vicious and the worldling! What a chaos of struggling emotions is exhibited by the lives of the multitude? How like to the wars of the infuriated animalculæ in a

magnified drop of water, is the strife constantly waged in each little mind! How Sloth is jostled by Gluttony, and Pride wrestled with by Avarice, and Ostentation bearded by Meanness! The soul which is not large enough for the indwelling of one virtue, affords lodgment, and scope, and arena for a hundred vices. But their warfare cannot be indulged with impunity. Agitation and wretchedness are the inevitable consequences, in the midst of which, the flame of life burns flaringly and swiftly to its close.

A true life must be genial and joyous. Tell me not, pale anchorite, of your ceaseless vigils, your fastings, your scourgings. These are fit offerings to Moloch, not to Our Father. The man who is not happy in the path he has chosen, may be very sure he has chosen amiss, or is self-deceived. But not merely happier, — he should be kinder, gentler, and more elastic in spirits, as well as firmer and truer. “I love God and little children,” says a German poet. The good are ever attracted and made happier by the presence of the innocent and lovely. And he who finds his religion adverse to, or a restraint upon the truly innocent pleasures and gayeties of life, so that the latter do not interfere with and jar upon its sublimer objects, — may well doubt whether he has indeed “learned of Jesus.”

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## NIGHT STUDIES OF THE ARTIST.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

Allan Cunningham, in his work on "Painters and Sculptors," has beautifully pictured the life and character of Blake, the poet, painter, and engraver. The following poem was suggested by some peculiar traits of his genius. He seemed to have lived in a twofold character. Through the day he toiled as others toil, though upon wild subjects borrowed from the visions of the night. But his nights were spent in converse with the olden dead, — with Homer, Dante, and Milton, and even with spirits of a different element, sacred and profane. He would wander to the sea-shore at close of day, and gather a multitude of these visions around him, many of whom he transferred to the canvass and the graver. His wife attended him, shared his enthusiasm, and believed in his visions. His death scene has been pictured by one,\* whose touch not only electrified but actually glorified every theme upon which she chose to exercise her art. The name of the wife in the following poem is borrowed from her.

THEY come! the glorious of old, the fair,  
Trooping around me on the shadowy air!  
All hail! ye spirit-friends, ye laurel-crowned!  
Dante, Corinna, with your wild, profound,  
And soul-fraught eyes, All hail! All hail!  
And you, ye dim, old sages, grave and pale,

\* "The Painter's Last Work," by Mrs. Hemans.

With costly thought o'erburdened, and ye bold  
And warlike heroes, glorified of old!  
Gather around me, for the day is spent,  
And night for our communing has been sent.

She speaks, that fair one with the golden hair  
Streaming about her radiant eyes! — there! there!  
Heard'st thou not that tone of piercing love  
From those half-parted lips? The wreath they wove  
For her resplendent brow is changed to light —  
A blazing halo, so intensely bright,  
My eyes are pained with glory! Heard'st thou not  
Her music tones of sadness, where the thought  
Of her deep soul was spoken, so profoundly sweet,  
So mournfully intense, so painfully replete  
With human passion? — But she fades away;  
Farewell, thou beautiful, thou blest! Decay  
Can never come to thee; *immortal*, thou!  
And thou, O Dante of the peerless brow;  
Must thou, too, leave me? Can the glorious spell  
Keep thee no longer here? — Alas, farewell!  
Thou, too, art gone; but still the radiant throngs  
Surround me, with their low, delirious songs,  
And harp-like whisperings; and a princely crowd  
Of buried kings, grim, shadowy, and proud,  
Gather before me. Wallace, thou art here,  
Thou giant warrior of the sword and spear;  
And thou, sweet Mariamne's murderous lord,  
King of the prostrate race, whose ancient sword  
Was mighty over Gibeon, where the sun  
Was stayed in his proud march, and Aijalon  
Withheld the vagrant moon.

That warlike head,  
 With its fierce majesty ! and the bold tread  
 Deigned from that spurning foot ! Why art *thou* here,  
 O haughty Lucifer ? And you, ye sere  
 And withered wierds ? Avaunt ! Go, seek the grave  
 Where the grim ghosts of witches madly rave !  
 Yet stay ! Upon my graver I will trace  
 Some shadowy lineaments of each wild face,  
 So horrible and ghastly ! Let them writhe  
 In their mad torture ! I will fix their lithe  
 And lurid forms on canvass, that the world  
 May know what mysteries are darkly furled  
 In the abyss of shadows !

They are gone !  
 Hush ! Heard'st thou not a low, subduing tone,  
 Sweeter than woman's accents ? How it fills  
 The solemn air of night ! The tempest stills  
 Its rage, and the bright stars of heaven shine forth,  
 Heralds of this strange voice which thrills the earth !  
*It is the voice of God !* I am alone  
 With Him ! The shadowy ones are gone.  
 Why should they linger when *His* form is near ?  
 O Infinite ! So musically clear,  
 So thrillingly intense, so soft and pure,  
 Scarce can my ear the melody endure  
 Of thy redeeming tones ! Ancient of Days,  
 Shall the strong power of my adoring gaze,  
 The lofty inspiration of my art,  
 The wild, deep frenzy of my burning heart ;  
 Its gorgeous passion and its imagery,  
 Its bold conceptions hesitate to try

Their mightiest works on Thee? O let them shade  
Some faint resemblance of thy form, all made  
Of light and glory, drooping o'er me here  
So lovingly! Blest Father, linger near.  
Thou art all beautiful, and glorious Art  
Can find the portraiture of what the heart  
Has vainly yearned for elsewhere, in thy bright,  
And far-exceeding loveliness. The light  
Which gathers round thy being is intense,  
Yet can I gaze undazzled, and commence  
My task, even while Thou, O God, art here.  
'T is done! The canvass glows with beauty; clear  
And exquisite the outline, luminous the air,  
The expression rich with beautiful, and rare,  
And glorious Divinity, creating thought  
In visible magnificence. How fraught  
With the mysterious, and wild and strong!  
Here will I pour my soul in burning song,  
And music her electric links shall wind  
'Mid the sublimer shadowing of the mind.  
'T is a redeeming triumph when the soul  
Can spurn the fetters of this life's control,  
And shadow forth the Infinite! Bow down  
Proud soul, to Him who sets the victor's crown  
Upon thy royal brow, and fills its shrine  
With inspirations radiantly divine.

Gone! Gone! The last bright form has flown,  
And I am with the solemn sea alone!  
The mournful dashing of the surge,—how clear  
Comes its wild murmur to my haunted ear!



O I am faint! Beloved, let me lean  
My head upon thy breast. This morning scene  
Is soothing, but the visions of the night  
Were glorious as heaven!— They're gone; the light  
Of sober day brings loveliness and peace.  
Yet think not I would have these gatherings cease!  
O no! The gentle spirits crowned of old,  
The sons of song, the giant-like and bold,  
Kings and unconquered spirits, and the High  
And Holy One are with me there. But I  
Am wearied with the glory of the scene.  
O there is peace in this! The sky, serene  
In its soft dreamy hue, the lonely sea  
Murmuring its deep and plaintive melody,  
And the fair earth, with night's sweet tears impearled,  
Make up a tamer, but a *peaceful* world.

Come to our cottage, love. How sweetly there  
The rosetrees bloom! How the soft scented air  
Plays round its shaded trellisses, and floats  
Through our own quiet rooms. The woodlark's notes,  
The sweetest in the choir of earth, awake  
Our happy spirits to the day, and make  
Our morning hymn of praise. The mellow beams  
Of the rich sun shine gently on the streams  
That murmur there, and thy pure, faithful love  
Smiles on me ever! See that snow-white dove  
Fluttering about the overhanging eaves  
Of our sweet home, and 'mid the jasmine leaves;  
Teresa, 't is an emblem of thy heart;  
So pure, so gently spiritlike thou art!

So dost thou hover round me, to the shrines  
Of my fond heart retreating, as the dove  
Flees to the covert of those fragrant vines!  
Blest am I in my art ; but in thy love  
Gentle Teresa, there is richer bliss  
Than human heart e'er felt in *less* than this !

## THE GREEK MAIDEN.

BY MISS M. A. DODD.

MORE than seventeen hundred years ago, the same sun which now gilds our vales and mountains shone down on the favorite city of the goddess Athenæ, the home of science and of art, and its declining rays lingered brightly around a group which were gathered together upon the Hill of Mars. At that place, and hour, a pilgrim from another land stood slightly elevated above the crowd, upon the marble steps of one of those beautiful buildings, whose ruins, still remaining, show a perfection of architecture that we cannot imitate or excel; and which shame our colder zeal, by proving that the ancient Greeks erected in honor of their heathen deities such temples as have never been dedicated to the Christian's God. The sage paused with uplifted hand, ere he addressed the crowd, and gazed for a moment from that elevated spot, over the proud and beautiful city, glorious even in its decline; for the days of its greatness and splendor had long since de-

parted, and the once free and republican Athens had become subject to the all-conquering sway of imperial Rome. Before him, on a rocky mount, were the magnificent buildings of the Acropolis; the Parthenon, dedicated to Minerva, the protectress of the city, and the temple of Neptune, the ruler of the sea. Below was the splendid edifice erected to Olympian Jove, with its columns, half a mile in extent, of white and glittering marble; and countless monuments and statues, which the skill of Phidias and Praxiteles, the immortal masters of sculpture, had wrought into seeming life from the marbles of Pentelicus and Paros. His eye wandered to the plain beneath, where two bright rivers, the Ilissus and Cephissus, mingled their waters together, and along their banks were the gardens and olive-groves of the Gymnasia, where Socrates, Plato, Zeno, and Epicurus, had each lectured to their different schools of philosophy. Beyond, and around, far as the eye could see, lay a region of enchanting beauty; soft vales sleeping in shade; bright lakes reflecting the azure heaven above them; purple mountains stretching far off in the glowing west, and nearer, their summits crowned with the waning sunlight, rose rough Pentelicus, and flowery Hymettus. He whose eyes thus took in, as it were at a glance, the whole of that lovely

landscape, was one endowed with a deep perception of the beautiful; but unlike those around him, who peopled with deities the woods, the valleys, and the streams, he saw in nature the manifestation of the wisdom, power, and love, of *one* forming and overruling God. He had travelled far, and suffered much; he had hungered and thirsted; he had been imprisoned and scourged, and his life had often been endangered both on land and on the sea; but he faltered not, he failed not in his mission; neither hesitated, upon any fitting occasion, to lift up his voice in defence of a faith both new and despised. He was not tall of stature, nor commanding in appearance; but his countenance was noble and intelligent; his manner fearless, for he had spoken before kings and princes; and his gestures were impressive, and his language eloquent. His large eyes kindled and dilated with the fire of intelligence and enthusiasm, and his deep, melodious voice reached every ear in that mixed assembly.

“Brethren! Athenians! ye are seekers after novelty, and have called me hither to preach a new doctrine, of which as yet little has been heard; but the word is nigh you, for as I sought to number your numerous deities I found an altar dedicated to the Unknown God, and this God, whom ye ignorantly worship, I now declare unto

you. He has made the world and every thing therein, he knoweth the end from the beginning, his all-seeing eye is ever over us, and we owe our life, and breath, and all things, to his exceeding love ; therefore he dwelleth not in temples to be worshipped with outward ceremonies, neither can a statue convey to the mind any idea of the invisible and omniscient God. Though there are many nations, kingdoms, and people, he has made all of one blood, all are brethren ; even as one of your own poets has said, ‘ we are his offspring ’ : therefore we ought not to think he is like unto gold or silver, however cunningly graven, neither should we bow down to idols which our own hands have made ; but we must worship our Father with a spiritual worship, and if we seek after him, we shall find that he is not far from any one of us. Ye have been left in ignorance of these great truths, but the God of Heaven has sent his Son as a witness and a sacrifice, to declare his love, and to bring life and immortality to light. Ye have heard how Jesus suffered on the cross, was buried and rose again, and in this he hath given assurance unto all of the resurrection from the dead. Now therefore, I beseech ye, O Athenians ! to forsake your idolatrous worship, and give the homage of your hearts to the one living and true God ! ”

The crowd heard with wonder the words of the Apostle. A few unbelieving Jews turned away from the speaker and the place; but the common people gave a glad attention, and even the philosophers allowed themselves to be interested by the stranger's discourse. The cynic scowled upon the speaker, and his mind was too full of doubt to receive any thing beside; the Stoic, wrapped up in his own coldness and indifference, listened with scornful and obstinate unbelief; while the Platonist, though unconvinced of its truth, seemed pleased with the beauty of the doctrine, and listened throughout with rapt and eager attention.

The Apostle spread out his hands to pronounce a parting benediction, when two females came forward and knelt upon the steps at his feet; and a murmur of admiration arose from the multitude as they whispered one to another, "It is the noble Damaris, and Theora, the daughter of the proud Demetrius; will they bow themselves to the way-worn pilgrim as they would before the statue of a god?"

Damaris, the elder of the two, was one upon whom had been rightly bestowed the appellation of noble, for the seal of lofty thought was stamped upon her high, white brow, and the purity of her soul might be read in her deep expressive eyes.

Her long purple robe fell in rich folds over the white marble, as she knelt on the step of the temple and thus addressed the stranger.

“ Priest of a new religion ! Thy words sound strange to our ears, but they seem to be uttered with the voice of inspiration, and they enter deep into the heart. Though our time-honored and cherished faith is completely set at nought by this new revelation, we are given in its stead one which carries with it the stamp of truth, which convinces by strong appeals to the mind, and which touches the heart with its beautiful simplicity. Pilgrim, I would fain hear more of the doctrine thou teachest, but thou art weary, and the eventide should bring thee refreshment and rest. If we meet no more, know that thy words have not been spoken in vain ; for one heart at least shall be made an altar where incense and praise may be offered to the no longer unknown God. Theora, we will crave the blessing of the holy man and then depart.”

“ Bless us, father,” said the fair and youthful Theora, “ bless us in the name of the living God ! ” The sage laid his hands upon the head of each, saying, “ May the God of Heaven bless you, noble lady, and gentle maiden ; may he watch over and keep you, in trial and temptations, may you never again turn back to the



worship of vain idols ; and may your names be registered among those belonging to the kingdom." Then Paul gathered up his garments and departed from among them.

Many eyes followed the forms of Damaris and Theora as they turned away and descended the hill. At a short distance before them a number of Athenian youths were returning from the Academy, but they seemed to be in neither a very grave nor philosophic mood. " Ah ! " said one, " what have we lost by being kept so long at that stupid lecture ? See yonder crowd dispersing from Mars' Hill ! and there goes the Nazarene, as I live ! he must have been speaking to the people : I regret that I was not there to hear him, for it would at least have been " something new. " Ha ! Theon, gentle steps are approaching. It is the queenlike Damaris, who unites so many perfections, we may say with truth she has the beauty of Venus, the air of Juno, and the wisdom of Minerva. Beside her is your own Theora, fairest of the daughters of Athens. To what shall I compare her ? Phidias has not given her copy in marble, Appelles has painted none so lovely as she. Theon, I envy you the happiness of being brother to so rare a maid, and yet methinks I would not wish to call her sister ; at least, not until I had been denied giving her a dearer name."

“Hush, Menander, she will hear you,” interrupted Theon, “and she is too young to have her head or her heart filled with such thoughts. Pass you onward with the others while I turn back to attend my sister and her companion,” then addressing the two who now met them, he added, “how fares the lady Damaris? and why do I find her, with my timid Theora, out at evening among such a motley crowd?”

“Ah, Theon, you are an ungallant knight thus to inquire the cause which gives you the happiness of protecting two belated females on their way home. We went with our votive garlands to the temple of Minerva, and came suddenly among an assemblage who were listening to the words of a holy man, a prophet of the Unknown God. Charmed with his eloquence we paused upon the hill; we heard his message, we believed in its truth, and a new divinity has received the worship of our hearts. Would that you too, Theon, might have heard his words, for he spoke with knowledge and with power.”

“The gods forbid! Damaris, I would not have stopped to hear the heresy of a Nazarene. Stern, fanatical, and cold-hearted, they deny themselves all pleasure; and seek to overthrow our altars, and rob our deities of every honor. They would banish the Lares and Penates from the family

circle, the Fauns and Dryads from the woods, and the Naiads from the streams; and Helicon and Aganippe, Parnassus and Castalia, would no longer be haunted by the Nine. They would silence our oracles; they would take the thunderbolt from Jove, the bow from Diana, and the torch from Vesta, and deny to Neptune and Amphitrite the sovereignty of the seas. I will not be told that this is a false religion. I will offer sacrifices, and pour out libations to the gods, that they may send me happiness ere Atropos severs the thread of life; for all beyond the grave is a dream of the poets, and I have no faith in Tartarus or Elysium. But here is your mansion, Damaris, and your favorite slave stands ready to receive you. If we must part now, may the time fly quickly till we meet again; may your dreams to-night be pleasant, and may Somnus strew with poppies your couch of repose." Damaris entered the dwelling before them, and the youth and maiden passed on. The full moon had risen above the hills, and was now flooding with its light the long streets of Athens. White temples and columns gleamed out from the dark green olive-trees, and marble statues bent over glittering fountains; for the architect's skill, and the sculptor's art, seemed to have attained their highest excellence in adorning that fair city with

works of perfect beauty, till the very ground was holy where genius had won so many triumphs. But Phidias himself, with his matchless skill, had never chiselled forms so perfect, as those which moved in the glow of life, through the soft and quiet moonlight. They were different, and yet the same ; twin stars united in feeling and affection from the hour which gave them birth ; a sad hour to Demetrius, their father, for the mother was taken away, and her children left. Though the form of one was more slightly and delicately moulded than that of the other, they were equal in height, and their every feature was the same. The classic head, set so proudly on the graceful neck and shoulders ; the high brow ; the Grecian nose and chiselled lips ; the dark blue eyes, and hair of sunny brown ; were seen without the slightest shade of difference in either. The tunic of Theon was white, and over it he wore a purple mantle ; his sandals also were purple, bound with a silver cord. Theora's tunic was white also, fastened closely around her waist with a broad zone, and falling in waving folds to her feet. Over it was a shorter robe of scarlet, trimmed with golden fringe, and her sandals of the same color were laced with gold. While the hair of Theon was left flowing in long curls over his shoulders, that of Theora was confined in glossy braids above

her forehead, where a rare gem was fastened which flashed back every color of light ; and golden grasshoppers, emblematic among the Athenians of their having sprung from the earth, were also disposed among the silky braids, and gleamed through the long veil which descended to the hem of her tunic. They proceeded for a short time in silence, for each felt that something had occurred to mar the harmony of thought and feeling they had ever before enjoyed ; but Theon now clasped his sister's hand, and looking into her soft eyes, exclaimed, " Is it so, Theora ? Has a false and deceiving prophet poisoned your mind with heresy against our country's and our father's gods ? "

" Could you have heard him, Theon, you would not thus contemptuously allude to the holy man who spoke so eloquently of the one, living, and true God. Blame me not for the conviction which his words forced upon me ; for I feel as though a coal of fire from the altar of this new divinity had touched my heart, causing it to burn with a holy love, and filling it with a desire to seek after heavenly wisdom. He told us of a resurrection, and an immortal life beyond the grave ; which, like yourself, I had before thought but a dream of the poets, and which even they had denied to woman ; but O, Theon, have you

never felt a longing after immortality, a thirst for the hidden springs of knowledge, a desire for something which earth cannot give, a mysterious and undefined hope of a brighter, a happier, a holier hereafter? Have you not felt how dreadful was the thought, that the light within us must go out for ever, that all our far-reaching hopes must remain unsatisfied, that all our high aspirations were but a mockery, and that the grave, the worm, and the dust were to be the end of our destiny? If you have not thus felt, you cannot know the darkness of despair, nor imagine the joy of hope, which a ray of light, from the Heaven above us, has infused into my soul. Could that light dawn upon the heart of my brother also, I should be blest indeed."

"Now by Diana! whose silver bow in yonder sky has been changed to a bright, round shield, I wish the tongue of the deceitful Nazarene had been dumb, ere he wiled my sister from her childhood's faith. You surely will not join this set of fanatics; you will not let it be known in Athens, that you contemn and forsake the worship of her gods! Think of the scorn which would follow you; think of the danger you would incur; for are they not a despised and persecuted people? and above all, think of our father's displeasure. O Theora! we have lived in each

other's sympathy, our faith, our pursuits, our pleasures, have been the same; can coldness ever come between us? can we exist and not think alike? Meditate upon it to-night, sweet sister; do not rashly set aside what the customs of our fathers have rendered holy; do not hastily adopt the opinions of a stranger; and may Minerva give you wisdom to abide by the right."

They entered the pillared vestibule of a stately dwelling, and seeking separate apartments, were left with their thoughts alone.

Time hurried onward, and again the moon was smiling over lovely Athens, when a group assembled to perform the holy rite of baptism in the waters of the Ilissus. Damaris and Theora were there; the good seed sown by the apostle had ripened in their hearts, and they went forth from the worship of vain idols, and gave themselves to the true God. Damaris had no close ties to sever; she was independent and alone; and, save the censure of the world, and her own pride of heart, she had nothing to combat. But with Theora the struggle had been great. Fearful to experience was the anger of her father, and strong the pleadings of her brother's affection. With pain she had seen him gradually forsaking her society, to mingle with the dissipated Epicurean youth, till he no longer made her the



companion of his walks and studies, nor read with her the beautiful productions of their own historians, orators, and poets; and they no more became entranced together over the pure and sublime lines of Sophocles, and the pathetic tragedies of Euripides. But in her solitude she studied the written gospels. She knew that the Saviour had said, his religion should bring discord into the family circle, dividing the loved; and she prayed to be strengthened till the end, resolving, with a woman's faith and devotion, through all perils to follow the Lamb.

They were a faithful few, that company of true believers, who now stood together by the river's side. A gray-haired man led Damaris first down into the water, while the rest looked on with tears, tears of joy, for a soul's redemption; and when he led Theora forth from the sparkling waves, the holy dove seemed to have descended upon her, so angelic was her appearance, so heavenly the light which irradiated her countenance. The baptism was over, the silver-haired old man had pronounced a benediction, and the little assembly were preparing to depart; when a band of Roman soldiers, sent by Nero to seize all Christians found performing any ceremonies connected with their faith, made the helpless group their unresisting prisoners. They



were hurried directly to Rome, and there, in different prisons, at the mercy of a tyrant, they suffered for conscience' sake. Some were starved, and others met death in the arena, but Theora knew not yet what might be her fate. Three days had passed, and she was alone in her gloomy cell. She thought of her pleasant home, of her father's care, and her brother's love, and wondered if they could or would use any means to save her. The door of her cell opened, and a young female slave, an African, entered, and, kneeling at her feet, presented a roll of rose-colored parchment, fastened with a tress of ebon hair. Theora unfolded it, and read with throbbing heart an epistle in elegant Latin, which we thus translate.

## VETURIA TO THEORA.

“ My Theora is in prison and I cannot fly to her, but I will comfort her by writing, though in defiance of my father's express command to the contrary, and at the risk of the emperor's displeasure. Alas for Rome ! when her children and subjects are persecuted by their rulers ; when her noble citizens stand daily in fear for their lives ; and when the claims of friendship must be disregarded at the pleasure of a tyrant. I know

all, my Theora, and your danger is even greater than you imagine. You are thinking of death ; but there is a fate which would be worse than death, and that fate may be yours, should Nero look upon your transcendent beauty. It is to save you from such a destiny, that I have set danger to myself at defiance, and provided means to bring about your release. The Centurion, Fabius, will to-morrow night be sent with the soldiers under his command to Athens, on some military duty, and I have bribed him with the promise of a kiss, to take you in a disguise which I will send, under his protection. The slave, who brings this scroll, is possessed of some necromantic influence over the keeper of your prison, and at her command, the bolts will be left unfastened and the prisoner may go free.

“They say that the young men of Athens bring flowery garlands to your father’s threshold, which are all unheeded by the vestal Theora ; but think me not unmaidenly if I purchase your freedom with a kiss. I have been betrothed to the centurion by my father, and you may judge that I am not lavish in my favors by the price he is willing to pay ; for his life might be the forfeit should our plot be discovered. But it will not ; do not fear it, and do not think my heroism greater than it is in exposing my knight to dan-

ger. I care not for Fabius. His death would affect me no more than that of any other person, except that it would release me from the consummation of a hateful marriage.

“I have sent ink and a stylus; write on the outside of the parchment, and return it by the slave. Farewell, my Theora. We shall meet in Athens.

“Ever your own,

“VETURIA.”

Theora took the stylus, and in fair Greek characters rapidly wrote the following reply.

THEORA TO VETURIA.

“Alas! is it from a prison that I must address my Veturia? Yes, such is the fortune of life, such the vicissitudes to which we are daily exposed; and to what an all-wise, and all-ruling Power may order, whether it seemeth to be good or evil, we should ever strive to be resigned. I would not that the life of a fellow-being should be put in jeopardy to save my own, and I fear your love for me has led you to make light of the danger the centurion may incur. Let me die, Veturia, without involving others in my fate. I *could die*, not willingly perhaps, though I trust

firmly ; but to be the minion of the Emperor were indeed far worse than death. Had not your words filled my heart with this fear, I would not allow any one to expose himself to peril in my behalf ; but O save me from the power of Nero ! let me return to my father and my home ! My friend Damaris was made a prisoner also, and I know not what may have been her fate ; she has relatives in Rome, but perhaps none have interested themselves in her favor, and I cannot close this without beseeching Veturia to befriend her. Your letter has thrown a rosy light, the light of hope, around my gloomy cell ; may the time be not far distant when in the olive gardens of my beloved Athens I can pour out to you the gratitude of my heart.

“ May the God of Heaven bless my own Veturia, and send her that peace which he has given to

“ THEORA.”

The plan of escape was admirably contrived, and in a well arranged disguise Theora was conveyed safely to Athens, by Fabius and his faithful band of soldiers. Damaris followed her soon after, and no evil consequences ensued to those who had been instrumental in procuring their liberty, for the fickle Nero had forgotten their

seizure in some new plan of cruelty or debauchery. Passing over a year which followed, we come to the closing scene in Theora's short history.

By the side of a bright stream in the beautiful Vale of Tempe, the most lovely spot on earth, reposed a maiden pale as the lilies upon the surface of the water, and near her were an anxious group of relatives and friends. The arm of a young man was fondly encircling her waist, and her head rested on his shoulder for support which he seemed scarce able to afford, for his cheek was as colorless as her own. Over her bent one whose life had passed its prime, though age had not yet silvered his locks, nor left its mark upon his form or features, and at her feet, each clasping a shrunken hand, knelt a dark-haired Roman girl, and a beautiful stately woman. Beneath them was a carpet of the softest and most exquisite verdure; the silver stream ran winding and singing on its way through bowers of the chestnut, the olive, the myrtle, and the vine; rare flowers there flourished in spontaneous profusion; fragrant lilies kissed the waves, and roses which rivalled those of Pæstum bloomed everywhere around. The sunlight rested on towering Olympus, famed in Grecian story; soft, white clouds were sailing over the azure of the

sky ; gay birds and butterflies were flitting round them ; and among the flowers was heard the continuous humming of the summer bees. But they heeded none of these beauties ; they had come to find health for the fair young girl in that delicious vale, but the search was vain, and they knew that she must die.

“ Look up, my Theora ! let me once more behold thy beaming glance of love which is veiled by those drooping eyelids ! Must I see thee die ? Alas ! I now feel that longing for another life concerning which you once questioned me, and I know that I shall soon follow you to the realms of shade. Live, my sister, that our days of confidence and happiness may return again, and O forgive me for all the pain which my conduct has caused you to suffer. Speak, Theora, speak to me once more, and say that I am forgiven.”

“ Theon, my brother, I have nothing now to forgive. Your displeasure and coldness made me wretched at the time, but it is past, and remembered no more. We could not see eye to eye, for a light had dawned upon my mind which left yours in darkness ; but the darkness shall be dispelled : the Redeemer is ready to number you among the children of the kingdom, and we shall yet meet where death can never come to sever

us again. Damaris, to you I need not offer consolation, — we have drank of the waters of life together, — our treasure is in heaven. It was in the damp of that Roman prison from which you, my Veturia, released me, that I imbibed the poison of this wasting disease. Veturia, you love me! listen to my dying words! The gods of Greece and Rome, though many, are powerless to save. They are but fabled beings, — their history is a lie. There is but one God, the author and ruler of all things, He whom the Christian worships. This written scroll will teach you more than I can now unfold, — study it, Veturia, and you too, my father, and beloved brother, study the truth, and it shall sustain you in suffering and death. The world is fading before me, and the light of a glorious morning dawns upon my vision, — father, brother, friends, we shall be made immortal, — farewell.”

A light, such as had illumined her features when she came forth from the water, on the eve of baptism, now shone over her countenance, as she fixed her gaze for a few moments upon the face of each beloved friend; then it faded slowly and her eyes closed to open on earth no more; but a seraph smile which told of happiness and peace, remained sleeping on her pale, cold cheek.

Thus passed away the life of the Greek maiden ; and though wild beasts had not been suffered to tear her limbs in the arena ; though she perished not by fire, nor by the sword, she was no less a martyr to her belief in Jesus ; and how many more, like her, were faithful unto death, whose histories have never been recorded, and whose names, even, remain unknown.

Theon did not long survive his sister ; the dissipation of which he had in former years been guilty, and the grief that followed, brought him to an early grave ; but not till he had embraced the religion of Christ, and become an advocate of its truth.

Demetrius, and Veturia, both lived to see many made converts to this new faith ; and the name of Damaris, long loved among the people of Athens because of the deeds of charity which she performed, has been handed down to our own day recorded in the Acts of the Apostles.



## DEATH OF MURRAY.

BY MRS. L. J. B. CASE.

“ During the last day of his life, his right hand was constantly in motion, and when any one approached, whatever might be the question, the answer was ready. *To Him shall the gathering of the People be, and his rest shall be glorious, GLORIOUS, GLORIOUS!*”

COME to this room! See, Death is here! With calm  
and solemn mien,  
He stands beside the sufferer's bed, by him alone  
unseen;  
Nay, fear him not, he has no frown, but dreaming  
beauty lies  
In the deep quiet of his brow, and in his hazy eyes.

He is no spectre fierce and grim, with stern, unpity-  
ing dart,  
But softly lays a gentle hand upon the beating heart;  
And the pulses slowly wane away, the purple life-  
tides cease,  
Till o'er each faintly quivering nerve, there falls  
serenest peace.

He touches the dim eye, and lo! the light of earth is  
    past ;  
But from the future, glorious scenes are thronging  
    thick and fast,  
Visions that toned the prophet's lyre to such trium-  
    phant strains  
Their deathless echoes hallow yet Judea's arid plains.

He breathes upon the lip, and hark! that voice so  
    faint and low,  
Is full and strong with holy hope and exultation now,  
And rushing floods of faith sublime, burst from that  
    feeble tongue,  
On which, for long and weary years, the chains of  
    clay have hung.

Thou weepest; thou should'st *freely* weep, for earth  
    is suffering loss,  
A noble soul is passing now, — a soldier of the cross,  
Who, with his conscience-armour on, the path of duty  
    trod,  
And when the war-cry wildly rose, heard but the  
    voice of God.

Ay, weep! for virtue, genius, truth are passing from  
    thee now,  
And fervid eloquence, whose power the strong, fierce  
    will could bow,  
Could tame the vulture-heart of sin to purity and love,  
And lift the dim, grief-blinded eye, to happier worlds  
    above.

But look once more, — Thy tears are done! — Thou  
    seest the grave's pale king  
But breaks the spirit's prison-bars, unbinds the fet-  
    tered wing,  
And gives the slumbering intellect, that long in  
    shadows lay,  
The glorious freedom of the skies, heaven's bright,  
    perpetual day.

And thou hast put new courage on to meet earth's  
    coming strife,  
And thou wilt walk in holy calm the stormy land of  
    life,  
And meekly lift the thankful heart to him who holds  
    thy breath,  
That in His own appointed time He sends His angel,  
    Death.

## THE HIGHLANDS.

BEAUTIFUL Highlands! Where the waters lave  
Your cloven feet the nodding wild flower grows ;  
There smiles the image of red the marsh-rose  
In the blue mirror of the singing wave,  
And there the violet makes its early grave ;  
There, too, the cowslip peeps above the snows ;  
But on your summits sits wild majesty,  
And throws her mantle o'er your rock-ribbed sides ;  
And the proud river, in her wandering tides,  
Makes pictures of your gorgeous drapery ;  
We gaze on you with wonder and with pride,  
And a high place 'mid earth's sublimest things  
Is set apart for you. Here shall ye still abide,  
When every sun-bright land her richest tribute  
brings.

S. C. E.



W. H. Bartlett

VIEW OF BOSTON FROM BULL HILL

From Bull Hill

W. H. Bartlett



## BURNS.

BY A. B. GROSH.

EMMET desired that his epitaph should not be written, until Ireland, in whose cause he yielded up his life as a rebel, was free from foreign rule. There was wisdom in this plaintive yet trustful request. It appealed to the present, to spare his memory the stigma which prejudice and ignorance might impress upon his motives and actions; and to the future, to remember him, and do him justice, when his principles and his deeds could be seen in the better and purer light which his country's freedom and happiness would shed upon them. It had been well, perhaps, for the world's estimate of the moral and social character of Burns, had no memoir of him been published until now. For dark clouds of religious and political prejudices gathered thick and fast around his great name, as his sun hastened to its setting in tears and gloom, that are only now being uplifted and dispersed. Those who suffered his great mind to be employed in the petty and toilsome drudgeries of the excise, and deemed the

scanty salary of his office a sufficient reward for the glory he was shedding around his country, his age, and his race, could not, probably, but excuse themselves by depreciating him ; and as the world would not undervalue the poet, the character of the man was made the sacrifice. The aristocracy among whom he rose up in despite of every unfavorable circumstance, until his towering intellect dwarfed in the comparison their puny honors of birth, — and the haughty officials of hereditary rule, who felt that “the guinea stamp” of royalty could not make base metal equal to the pure mass of native ore, — could not but eagerly seize on some excuse for their conduct. Indeed, those who could attempt to imprison his soul, and crush his noble heart, by commands “to act, not think,” were incapable of understanding the world-wide feelings and the heaven-aspiring thoughts of the peasant bard, whose mind revelled in throbbing desires of freedom and happiness for the universe.

But, after all that has passed, it is instructive and gratifying, — though the wisdom and the pleasure come to us in heart-saddening tones, — to look back and see the noble generosity of the sons of genius, removing cloud after cloud from his fame, until it appears in its real glory, and in its light, exhibits to us the true character of



the man. Peterkin, Lockhart, Carlyle, (and dearest of all!) Cunningham, aided by others, have interwoven their names with his, in their efforts to remove from him much undeserved obloquy and reproach; and we hope that, though late, the world will do justice to the moral and social character of Burns, equal to the deserved admiration they have yielded to his poetry.

In thus warmly commending the efforts of his later biographers, I would by no means detract from the great merit of the benevolent Dr. Currie, the first editor of his works, and the pitying friend of his desolate and helpless family. Had he but possessed boldness in investigating facts and rumors, and independence in avowing his own estimate of the poet's character and works in defiance of the public voice, equal to his humanity and good taste, his biography had been nearly perfect. But, alas for the private character of the poet. Dr. Currie, in the simplicity of his heart, yielded too much credence to the statements of many whose prejudices were stronger and less scrupulous than his own. And from his frequent apologetic praises of even the poet's works, we are convinced that he was afraid he might praise the peasant bard more than would suit the fashionable taste and aristocratic feelings of those for whom he wrote. And it is evident

from the manner in which he speaks of the Scottish yeomanry, and his addresses to his readers, that he wrote for the gentry and nobility of Britain. With such feelings, thus regulated and restrained, it is easy to be seen that Dr. Currie frequently apologizes for errors in Burns's conduct, which existed only in the bosom of prejudice and on Rumor's many tongues, — and palliates proceedings, which, had he been more boldly just, he might have successfully defended. Not that Burns was free from follies and vices, — not that his burning torrent of passions and impulses did not often sweep him far, *far* from the true and the right, — but that he was often overcharged with the former by exaggerating admirers and enemies, and frequently more sinned against than sinning in the latter. But we do complain, that in his real acts and sayings, Burns has frequently been judged by a *false standard*, and severely condemned for doings, for which others, in his day, country, and circumstances in life, were applauded, or, at least, excused with slight censure. Dr. Currie, however, is not alone in this error. It can be seen that a false standard was in the minds of even his later and bolder biographers. We contend that, to a very great extent, men's manners and general habits should be tried by the standards of the period and the nation in

which they lived, and of the particular class of society to which they belonged. If they advance before and above these, they are worthy of so much especial honor; but if they fall behind or below their equals and contemporaries, they deserve proportionate censure. Not that morality is mutable, but that our perception of moral right or wrong when woven with the social and domestic habits, frequently depends on the education conscience has received, and the customs under which the intellect has been trained to think, and the moral powers to feel. And therefore would we insist on judging the moral and social character of Burns, as we would the moral and social character of any other person of that country, and period, and in the varied stations occupied by Burns. I say *stations*, for in the course of his eventful and changeful life, he successively passed through several distinct grades of society, — from the rude, unpolished peasant, up to the companion of the fashionable and the titled, — and as all changes affect the stability of character, and tend to weaken the influence of principles that have become intertwined with, and strengthened by, social manners and habits; so should Burns also be allowed any benefits of these changes, in our judgment of his character, so far as we may reasonably suppose they exert-

ed a legitimate influence on his opinions and feelings.

We are further aided and strengthened in our efforts to attain to a correct estimate of the social and moral character of Burns, through the means above designated, by the new science of mind, and the system of moral philosophy arising out of it. Burns possessed the medium moral organization. His brain was very large, — his temperament combined all the elements of activity, power, and endurance, — and the propensities, the intellectual powers, and the moral sentiments were all largely, and very equally developed. Such a person is not to be judged as severely, as one more highly endowed with intellectual and moral power, — or, rather, in *his* case, with a smaller proportion of the propensities. And such a person is made more helplessly dependent on the circumstances of early training and education, — which, in his case, were fortunately good, — on his station in life and means of cultivating the inclinations given to his faculties by that early training and education, — which, in his case, were unfortunately extremely varied, and generally limited and even cramped; — and on the customs and opinions of society around him, — which, in the middle period of his career, and so far as his literary associates were

concerned, were not favorable to the strict sobriety required by the present age. Thus, if Phrenology, while it throws its clear light upon our task, discloses to us more fully its inherent intricacies and difficulties, it nevertheless disposes us to charity for those who have erred in estimating Burns' character, and increases our charity for the errors in that character, which caused their judgments to err. What Burns' was in mental organization, was necessary to his exhibitions as a poet. No one could have given form and voice, as he did, to *every* feeling, passion, and sentiment of the human soul, without being largely endowed, as he was, in all the propensities, intellectual powers, and moral sentiments. His love of offspring, of friends, of opposition, of approbation, and his benevolence, were *very* large. His concentrativeness, destructiveness, self-esteem, cautiousness, veneration, marvellousness, ideality, imitation, individuality, locality, eventuality and causality, were all large. His amativeness, acquisitiveness, comparison, and most of the perceptive faculties not already named, were *above* full; and all the rest were full. Hope, alone, of all the moral sentiments, was deficient.\* This

\* Carlyle in his "Heroes and Hero-Worship," gives Burns great hopefulness. He has mistaken the combined action of Burns' defiance of the world, with general benevolence and

organization, aided by large language, which all his portraits, as well as his works, show to have been very large, enabled him to express so correctly and powerfully the strongest emotions and passions of our nature, — and, alas! rendered him at times so subject to the unregulated influence of them all.\*

Robert Burns was by birth a peasant, — by early education, a ploughboy. He was born on the banks of “Bonnie Doon,” near the old Alloway Kirk, Scotland, January 25th, 1759. To use the words of Cunningham, in his “Biographical and Critical History of the Literature of the last Fifty years,” — “His early years were spent in toil too severe for even his vigor of body; he threshed in the barn, reaped, mowed, and held the plough *before he was fifteen*; nor, when he grew up to manhood, did this drudgery promise to end in ease and comfort. Such was his unto-

mirthfulness, for the manifestation of hope. Burns was proverbially desponding, — even in religion. A. B. G.

\* Dugald Stewart has well said, “Among the poets whom I have happened to know, I have been struck in more than one instance, with the unaccountable disparity between their general talent, and the occasional inspirations of their more favored moments. But *all the faculties* of Burns’s mind were, as far as I could judge, *equally vigorous*, and his predilection for poetry was rather the result of his own enthusiastic and impassioned temper, than of a genius exclusively adapted to that species of composition. From his conversa-

ward fortune, that he saw nothing better for him, he said, in looking down the dim vista of futurity, than the moil of a galley slave, and the old age of a mendicant. The light of poesie dawned on him amid all this darkness; his sensibility was deep; his passions overflowing and strong; and he loved, — nay, we may say, *adored* whatever was gentle and beautiful. He had an eloquent word and an inspired song for every fair face that smiled on him; and a witty saying and a fierce lampoon for every rustic who thwarted or contradicted him. He imputed his first inspiration to love; the loveliness and simplicity of a young girl, who reaped in harvest by his side, drew forth his first song; and his latest was addressed to a haughtier and higher beauty, to whom he had once in vain poured out the richest incense the muse had to offer. It is remarkable that the most natural and impassioned songs in the whole compass of our literature, were written by a ploughman lad in honor of the rustic lasses around him.”

Dr. Madden, in his “Infirmities of Genius Illustrated,” remarks: — “*If Burns’s irregularity* DESERVED the name of habitual intemperance, it was *only during the latter years of his life.*”

tion I should have pronounced him to be fitted to excel in whatever walk of ambition he had chosen to exert his abilities.”

I wish this concession to be remembered; for I think the testimony will be found conclusive, that he was not habitually intemperate even during the latter years of his life. The Doctor continues: — “Till his three-and-twentieth year, *he was remarkable for his sobriety*, no less than for the modesty of his behaviour. Had he continued at the plough, in all probability he would have remained a stranger to the vices that his new career unfortunately led him into.”

The *causes* of these *alleged* habits and vices, the Doctor accounts for, thus: — “In early life he labored under a disorder of the stomach, accompanied by palpitations of the heart, depression of the spirits, and nervous pains in the head, the nature of which he never appears to have understood, but which evidently arose from dyspepsia. These sufferings, be it remembered, are complained of in his [early] years, *before* he had committed any excess; and so far from being *the consequence* of intemperance, as they are generally considered to have been, the exhaustion they produced was probably the *cause* which drove him, in his moments of hypochondria, to the excitement of the bottle for a temporary palliation of his symptoms. No one but a dyspeptic man, who is acquainted with the moral martyrdom of the disease, can understand the de-



gree of exhaustion to which the mind is reduced, and the insupportable sense of sinking in every organ of the body, which drives the sufferer to the use of stimulants of one kind or another. Whether wine, alcohol, ammonia, or the black drop, it is still the want of a remedy, and not the pleasure of the indulgence, which sends the hypochondriac to that stimulant for relief.”

I have introduced this defence of, and apology for, a later period, here, because the origin of many of his failings belongs to an early period of heart-sickening toil and hope-destroying poverty,—but before I close, I shall greatly contest the seeming admissions here made against Burns’ character for sobriety.

Up to his twenty-third year, we have seen that Burns was simply a Scottish peasant in his social standing,—of the lowest class in respect to property; of the better class in his intellectual acquirements,—and sustaining a character for sobriety and modesty equal to the very best of his class around him. For seven years he had privately sung the pains and pleasures of humble love,—and many, if not a majority of the poems of the first (or Kilmarnock) edition of his works had now been penned. On reviewing his productions written within the period under review, we find him singing *rather loosely* of amours in

which he never engaged ; professing bold intimacy with the charms of females he never had addressed, and praising rapturously wine, punch, and whisky he never tasted ! And yet, generally speaking, these are the very songs and poems that are quoted in proof of the poet's libertinism and intemperance !

The next period embraces about four years of the poet's life,—from the death of his father, which occurred about 1782, to the poet's visit to Edinburgh, in 1786.

He now began to be known in the country round, as a maker of rhymes ; and, by the death of his father, the care of the family devolving jointly on him and his brother, Gilbert, he also rose to the rank of a small farmer. These events introduced him to an acquaintance with the clergy, village attorneys, and small lairds of his district, and introduced a change in his habits and morals.

That we may understand precisely how far he is guilty above all around him, let us briefly state a few facts on the subject of the habits of the class of society to which he then belonged. Dr. Humphrey, President of Amherst College, Mass., in his Foreign Tour, performed in 1835, when we may suppose the manners and customs had changed for the better, says :—“ Most of the

Scottish clergy, I dare say, drink *temperately*, in the obsolete sense of the word; but this I fear is not the case with all. The sacred profession is grievously slandered, and that by some of the most sober and respectable men whom I met with, if it does not contain many *hard drinkers*, and if the proportion is not so great, in one Presbytery, at least, that they cannot be disciplined." John Dunlop, Esquire, of Greenock, Scotland, in his "Drinking usages of the North British," published in 1831, as quoted by Dr. Humphrey, says: — "The system of rule and regulation as to times and occasions of drinking, pervades every thing, — meals, markets, fairs, baptisms, sacraments and funerals; and almost every trade has its own laws, strict and well observed. . . . Besides the profuse drinking that occurs on the immediate occasion of a birth, or a funeral, the general practice throughout the country is, to give a glass to every one that comes into the house, after a birth, until the baptism. When a death happens, every one gets a glass who comes within the door, until the funeral, and for six weeks after it."

Again: — "In some Presbyteries, the Presbyterial dinner is furnished with liquor, by fines imposed on various occasions. — For example, — When a clergyman gets a new manse, (parson-

age,) he is fined a bottle of wine; when he is married, he incurs the same penalty; the birth of a child costs him one bottle, and the publication of a sermon, another. And in order to equalize matters, bachelors, and those who, in the marriage state, have no family, or do not publish a sermon, &c., are all put into the list, and fined for *omission*, as others have been for *commission*."

After this frank expose, I think you will not hesitate to believe Burns himself, in his description of a sacramental occasion, the "Holy Fair."

"Now but and ben, the change house fills  
 Wi' yill-caup commentators:  
 Here's crying out for bakes and gills,  
 An' there the pint-stowp clatters . . . .  
 . . . . The lads and lasses, blythely bent,  
 To mind baith saul an' body,  
 Sit round the table weel content,  
 An' steer about the toddy."

Cunningham says: — "There is no doubt that these 'Holy Fairs,' as they were scoffingly called, afforded scenes *more than justifying* serious as well as sarcastic reproof." And Gilbert Burns, whose veracity none dispute, says: — "The farcical scene the poet there describes, was often a favorite field for his observation; and most of the incidents he mentions, had actually passed before his eyes."

At the death of his father, the poet and Gilbert gathered together the fragments of the wreck of his property, and taking a farm, resolved to keep the family together. Toil and poverty continued their portion. Cold soils, worn out land, bad seasons, completed their distresses,—and the poet, ardently desiring to gratify his strong domestic propensities by entering in the marriage state, with a partner of his choice, found himself doomed to those hopes deferred that indeed make the whole heart sick, the whole head faint. But why delay the confession?—He sinned,—he fell,—and the church, by no means over-sorry at the opportunity, inflicted on him the full measure of their vengeance, in return for his pungent epigrams on its pastors and members.

The love of notoriety,—a perversion of a strong but ungratified love of approbation,—had become a strong trait in Burns' character. This had led him to sing of drunken "sprees" in which he had never engaged, that he might appear like others of the rhyming tribe who had done the same. This had led him to sing of amours, and to write rather loosely of females to whom he seldom spoke,—and this led him to speak vaguely of forbidden deeds performed in Masons' lodges,—all that he might be talked about. This, also, led him to brave the censures

of a despised church,—to stalk from the sinner's pew, bearing the sheet of penance as a trophy, and to repay the clergyman's lecture with a bitter, witty, and indecent song. I pretend not to extenuate aught in this affair, though it must be admitted in candor, that there were errors on both sides.

But a bitterer trial was in store for him. He saw and loved his "bonnie Jean," after this, his first known offence against female innocence. Jean Armour was a daughter of one of the Elders of Daddy Auld's flock, a rigid, stern Old Light, and one who held in especial horror and detestation the rhyming scoffer at sound doctrine, the unsparing blasphemer of the pure sons of the Reformation,—for such he deemed our poet. Midnight assignations followed, in which, according to the custom of the country, the "trysting thorn," the flowery hedge, and "the lea rig," witnessed the vows of the lovers.

By the laws of the land and the connivance of the church, a marriage might be secretly contracted by the man giving a written, signed contract to his intended. Thus Burns wedded Jean Armour. But when her situation compelled her in justification, to produce "the marriage lines," as they were termed, her enraged parent, preferring her dishonor to a marriage with Burns, tore

the paper in pieces and cast it in the fire. Thus was the evidence of marriage destroyed, and the poet rendered liable to a prosecution by law, as well as to renewed and severer censures from the church. This is the second offence of Burns against female innocence, if such it can be called. And while on the subject I may say, that at a later period, a renewed intimacy with Jean, rendered him liable to a *third* accusation of the kind, before he publicly married her. But, viewing her as his wife before G. as she should have been in the sight of man, few are found to condemn him severely for his delinquencies with Miss Armour. On the lady's father rests the heaviest censure. Excepting the case of "bonnie Jean," then, we find Burns guilty but *once*; and aside from a few of his songs, which are no proof, no testimony has ever been adduced to prove him guilty of a second offence. Imprudent he often was in word and deed, especially in word; but in his serious moments he solemnly denies being guilty, and guiltless every investigation leaves him. By the bitter enmity of Mr. Armour, the hell-hounds of the law were let loose at his heels; and drove him to the resolution of publishing his poems, and fleeing his native land for ever. This closes our third period.

But, before we leave it, permit me to state one *fact*. Up to the close of this period, the entire income of the poet, in his most prosperous year, never exceeded £7 (about \$31) per annum, and he never exceeded that small sum in his expenses. Burns would not submit to dependence, or receive obligations; to his own income, therefore, must he have looked for means to defray his expenses. He toiled early and late on the farm; little leisure was therefore allowed him to mix in society; a few long winter evenings, after the threshing and flax-dressing had been performed, and a few holydays, beside the Sundays, were all that were left him. In their leisure he greatly improved his mind by reading and study; reading even at his meals, and in the few brief intervals that occurred at his labor. I leave it, therefore, for every candid person to judge how deeply and how often it is probable that Burns sinned during the four years we have just passed in review, — the period of *the greatest change* in his character.

Our third period begins with Burns' first publication of his poems; his visit to Edinburgh, and introduction to the wealthiest and gayest society in Scotland; and ends with his removal to Dumfries, after forsaking farming altogether. This period embraces about five years, from 1786 to



the close of 1791, the most changeful years of his life. We have traced his moral character, from his humble birth, through a youth of toil and discouragement that planted the seeds of incurable hypochondria in his constitution, up to the period when he became known as a poet. We have set down fairly his moral delinquencies, with causes that may be urged in extenuation. We are now to pursue him through a still higher change, and then descend with him to the level on which he afterwards moved through life.

Our present period opens on him in darkness, griping poverty, and despair. Disowned by his wife at her father's command, prosecuted by the blind hatred of his bigoted father-in-law, he is publishing his poems in Kilmarnock, and preparing to leave his native land in mingled indignation, sorrow, and despair! His last lines, a heart-wringing farewell, were penned, his chest was on its way to the vessel that was to carry him to the West Indies, his debts were paid, his pittance divided with his brother and mother, and with the remainder (about \$ 80) in his pocket, he was on the eve of departure, when, lo, the clouds broke, and a bright blue sky of promise shone out again! The volume which his deficient hope had led him to publish so doubtingly, "flew from cottage to hall, and from hall to castle; the

farmer at his plough, the shepherd with his flock, the country maiden at her wheel, were not less moved than were the well educated, the college bred, the high-born, and the far-descended. . . . Even the children of the *Old Light* admitted that he was a wondrous rhymers, to be a profane person." A Cameronian clergyman loaned it to a neighbour, with the caution, "Keep it out of the way of your children, John, lest ye catch them, as I caught mine, reading it on the Sabbath." Laurie, a clergyman in Loudoun, a friend of the poet, sent a copy to Dr. Blacklock. The Dr. being blind, a delay took place before it was read to him. But when read, the Doctor lost no time in writing to Laurie, and advising the poet to publish another edition, the first being entirely exhausted.

Burns immediately changed his determination, and posted away to Edinburgh, without a single letter of introduction, "determined to owe his future fortune, whatever it might be, to no one around." "His first appearance in Edinburgh," says Cunningham, "was humble enough,"—nearly without money, he took very humble lodging in a back street or lane. But he soon found friends, and a new and enlarged edition of his poems was published by an unprecedentedly large subscription. Thank God, that we have

not among us the extremes of society that exist in Britain; our farmers are not *peasantry*, nor are our learned and wealthy citizens *nobility*; we cannot, therefore, properly appreciate the greatness of the changes through which Burns passed. But imagine as well as you can the born peasant, the trained ploughman, the self-made man, and *the God-made poet*, transferred at once to the circles of the learned, the honored, the refined, the wealthy, and the ennobled, and this in a country where such dignities are more highly esteemed than they are in our republican land; and are you not curious to know how Burns conducted in that unusual circle? How did he, whose greatest income had been but \$31 per annum, and whose fare and lodgings were of the humblest kind in an obscure street? how did he behave in those flashing and gilded halls where uncounted thousands were lavishly expended year by year? Hear his biographer: "Though he had taken a stride from the furrowed field into the land of poetry, and abandoned the plough for the harp, he seemed for some days to feel, as in earlier life, unfitted with an aim. . . . He found his way to the lowly grave of Fergusson, and, kneeling down, kissed the sod; he sought out the house of Allan Ramsay, and, on entering it, took off his hat. . . .

Even when weighed in the balance of acquired taste and artificial manners, the poet was scarcely found wanting: he was come of a class who think strongly, speak freely, and act as they think. The natural good manners that belong to genius were his: but accustomed to hold argument with his rustic compeers, and to vanquish them more by rough vigor than delicate persuasion, he had some difficulty in schooling down his impetuous spirit into the charmed circle of conventional politeness. . . . He had too little tolerance for the stately weak and the learnedly dull; and holding the patent of his own honors immediately from God, he could scarcely be brought to pay homage to honors arising from humbler sources."

Professor Dugald Stewart says, "The attentions which he received during his stay in town, from all ranks and descriptions of persons, were such as would have turned any head but his own. I cannot say that I perceived any unfavorable effect which they left on his mind. He retained the same simplicity of manners and appearance which had struck me so forcibly when I first saw him in the country. . . . His manners were then, as they continued ever afterwards, simple, manly, and independent; strongly expressive of conscious genius and worth, but without any thing

that indicated forwardness, arrogance, or vanity. If there had been a little more of gentleness and accommodation in his temper, he would, I think, have been still more interesting, but . . . . his dread of any thing approaching to meanness or servility, rendered his manner *somewhat* decided and hard."

"But if he refused to be tame in the society of the titled and learned, (says Cunningham,) he was another being in the company of the fair and lovely. . . . His look changed, his eye beamed milder, all that was stern or contradictory in his nature, vanished when he heard the rustle of approaching silks : charmed himself by beauty, he charmed beauty in his turn. In large companies the loveliness of the North formed a circle round where he sat ; and with the feathers of duchesses and ladies of high degree, fanning his brow, he was all gentleness and attention. The Duchess of Gordon said, that Burns, in his address to ladies, was extremely deferential, and always with a turn to the pathetic or the humorous, which won their attention ; and added with much *naïveté*, that she never met with a man whose conversation carried her so completely off her feet." This deferential respect to the sex "was neither unobserved nor unrewarded. When, in his latter days, many men looked on the setting

of the star of Burns with unconcern or coldness, the fair and the lovely neither slackened in their admiration or their friendship." God bless them!

How did Burns himself feel and estimate this trying scene? He thus wrote, in 1787, to Mrs. Dunlop; "You are afraid I shall grow intoxicated with my prosperity as a poet. Alas! Madam, I know myself and the world too well. I do not put on any airs of affected modesty; I am willing to believe that my abilities deserve some notice; but in a most enlightened age and nation, when poetry is and has been the study of men of the first natural genius, aided with all the powers of polite learning, polite books, and polite company, to be dragged forth to the full glare of polite observation, with all my imperfections of awkward rusticity, and crude, unpolished ideas on my head! I have studied myself, and know what ground I occupy; and, however a friend, or the world, may differ from me in that particular, I stand for my own opinion in silent resolve, with all the tenaciousness of property. I mention this to you, once for all, to disburden my mind, and I do not wish to hear or say more about it; but, 'when proud fortune's ebbing tide recedes,' you will bear me witness that, when my bubble of fame was at the highest, I stood unintoxicated with the inebriating cup in my hand,

looking forward, with rueful resolve, to the hastening time when the blow of calumny should dash it to the ground with all the eagerness of vengeful triumph."

More publicly did he announce his determination not to be dependent on the mere patronage of the great, in his dedication of his works, the same year, to the noblemen and gentry of Scotland. He said, "The poetic Genius of my country found me as the prophetic bard Elijah did Elisha, at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over me. She bade me sing the loves, the joys, the rural scenes and rural pleasures of my natal soil in my native tongue. I tuned my wild, artless notes as she inspired. She whispered me to come to this ancient metropolis of Caledonia, and lay my songs under your honored protection. I do not approach you, my lords and gentlemen, in the usual style of dedication, to thank you for past favors; that path is so hackneyed by prostituted learning, that honest rusticity is ashamed of it. Nor do I present this address with the venal soul of a servile author looking for a continuation of those favors. I WAS BRED TO THE PLOUGH, AND AM INDEPENDENT." This bold and manly language sounded harshly in noble ears, as much so as his liberal opinions had grated on the plodding fidelity of the sons of the



*Old Light*, and the result showed Burns to be a true prophet in his own case. The tide did recede; the world of fashion and nobility, when the novelty wore off, tired of the republican independence of a ploughman who deemed himself their equal by nature, and were unwilling to aid him to live without a mean dependence on their favors and their purses.

He realized £500 from his works; £200 of which he devoted to the support of his brother and widowed mother, and taking a farm, he expended the remainder in erecting on it the necessary farm house and buildings. He publicly married his Jean, and thus restored her to her proper station in society, from which her father had first degraded her by the destruction of the "marriage lines," and thus made her a partial atonement for the consequences of a renewal of intimacy with her. He accepted, also, a small office in the excise, procured by the aid of one of his early friends, the only office an ungrateful government ever bestowed on one who was to shed imperishable renown on his country. But the farm proved unproductive, and the necessary absences of the poet on the duties of his office, disabled him from the attention it required. After a few years he had sunk all he was worth, and throwing up his lease, he relied upon



the income of his office alone. And now, let us ask, how stands the poet's moral character during this trying period of his life ?

The temptations were numerous and all surrounding, — both during his career in Edinburgh, on his farm, where he had a constant stream of visitors, and in his travels as an exciseman. Let it be remembered that, in that country and period, literary men were generally given to what here and now is termed dissipation. Dr. Madden, in his *Infirmities of Genius*, truly says : — “ In Burns' time intemperance was much more common in his walk of life, than it now is. In Pope's day, we find not a few of his most celebrated contemporaries and immediate predecessors addicted to drunkenness.” Cowley, Dryden, Addison, Pope, Parnell, Churchill, and Prior, together with a vast number of the nobility and clergy, are named by him, as addicted to frequent carousals, and habitual excesses. Burns' associates in Edinburgh, and in his travels throughout Scotland, made their visitors welcome by an excessive hospitality. It was the *general custom*. His most intimate friend, William Nicol, one of the masters of the High School of Edinburgh, “ was fond of social company, and now and then indulged in excesses, though his situation required sobriety.” Cunningham says, “ to push con-

viviality to intoxication, was common in those days, at the tables of the gentlemen of the North. "The entertainer set down the quantity to be drunk, locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and the guests had either to swallow all his wine, or fill the landlord tipsy, steal the key, and escape." Yet Professor Dugald Stewart says of him, after his visit to Edinburgh: — "Notwithstanding various reports I heard during the preceding winter, of Burns' predilection for convivial and not very select society, I should have concluded in favor of his habits of sobriety, from all of him that ever fell under my own observation." The celebrated Dr. Blair, Pastor of the High Church of Edinburgh, says in a letter to the poet: — "Your situation was, indeed, very singular, and, being brought out all at once from the shades of deepest privacy to so great a share of public notice and observation, you had to stand a severe trial. I am happy you have stood it so well; and, as far as I have known, *or heard*, though *in the midst of many temptations*, WITHOUT REPROACH TO YOUR CHARACTER AND BEHAVIOUR." While a farmer, and able to attend to it, his diligence, industry, good order, and habits, were testified to by all around him, — which would hardly have been the case had he been the dissipated man many represent him. During

this period, then, he *rose* above, rather than *sunk* below his associates, in the standard of morality.

We come now to the closing period of his life, — where the clouds that rest on his fame, in general opinion, are the darkest, — and where his character was most evenly the same, — the least affected by changes. It embraces a period of nearly six years, from 1791 to his death, July 25th, 1796, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. Having left the farm in Nithsdale, he retired to Dumfries, where he ended his career. He was now the national poet, — known and admired throughout Britain, — his songs sung everywhere with enthusiasm, and his company and correspondence sought by the travelling and literary world. If, therefore, I can prove that he faithfully performed the duties of his office, of his family, and discharged the numerous calls made on him beside, I think I leave you little time in which to suppose him guilty of dissipation.

His office compelled to frequent drudgery, — excessive at times, and continued day and night, during which he had to ride over a mountainous region, through ten large parishes, in pursuit or watch of smugglers, or gauging of casks, seizing stills, and granting permits. It first yielded him about \$ 156 per annum ; but the salary was increased to \$ 223 per annum before his removal

to Dumfries ; and some years afterwards to \$ 332 per annum, while on active duty only ; and when sick, or not on active duty, only \$ 166. With this small sum he maintained himself, wife, and four children, in comfort and respectability, — purchased books and periodicals, and supported a widely spread and expensive correspondence, — and entertained with decent hospitality the hosts of strangers, who almost daily flocked to see the Ayrshire ploughman. The year previous to his death, was one of great despondency, illness, pain, and increased expense, *with a reduced salary*, — and yet, at his death, the poet did not owe \$ 60 in the world ! This exhibits a degree of prudence, economy, and order, astonishing in any case ; and almost impossible in one who is a habitual drunkard. Yet, to use the words of Cunningham, — “ As a man of genius, he was liable to the outlay of correspondence, distant and often unexpected ; he was exposed to the inroads of friends and admirers, who consumed his time and *his substance also* ; he longed for knowledge which, to obtain, he had to buy, and he was moreover of a nature kindly and hospitable. . . . Even the wandering poor were to the poet a heavy tax ; he allowed no one to go past his door without a halfpenny or a handful of meal. He was kind to such helpless

creatures as are weak in mind, and saunter harmlessly about.”

He answered fully the demands made on his correspondence, during the leisure his official duties allowed him. I find, on looking over his works, that after 1790, Burns sent a hundred and sixty songs to Johnson, for publication in *The Scot's Musical Museum*, — nearly all of which are original, or old songs so greatly amended as to have cost more labor than originals would have cost. During this period, also, he wrote sixty letters, enclosing a hundred original songs for George Thomson's great musical work, — letters and songs which, for their labored care, correctness of criticism, and sterling merit, are not excelled by any in our language. During the same period, also, we find many other poems and odes of various kinds, besides corrections of former labors, amendments of old Scottish songs, and notes, memoranda, and anecdotes in great numbers, written to explain and illustrate the history of the poetry and music of Scotland. And besides all these labors, we find published in his works, about seventy letters on business, friendship, &c., addressed to various persons.

All these numerous labors, it must be remembered, were performed only during the intervals of official and domestic duties, — during a period

of about six years, — part of which was spent in great personal debility and pain, occasioned by the increase of dyspepsia, added to rheumatic disease. Could he have had *much time* for dissipation !

How Burns performed his duties as an officer of the excise, we are informed by his superior officer, Mr. Findlater, as quoted by Lockhart : — “ My connexion with Robert Burns commenced immediately after his admission into the excise, and continued to the hour of his death. In all that time, the superintendence of his behaviour, as an officer of the revenue, was a branch of my especial province, and it may be supposed I would not be an inattentive observer of the *general* conduct of a man and a poet so celebrated by his countrymen. In the former capacity he was exemplary in his attention, and was even jealous of the least imputation on his vigilance. . . . . Indeed, it was not till near the latter end of his days, that there was any falling off in this respect, and this was amply accounted for, in the pressure of disease and accumulating infirmities.” Cunningham states much to the same purpose, and calls in an undoubted witness. He says : — “ His duties in the excise he performed with strict punctuality : he was afraid of being reckoned negligent, and was always at his post.

He kept his books in excellent order. ‘Bring me Burns’ books,’ said Maxwell, of Terraughty, a *rigid* and *determined* magistrate, ‘it always does me good to see them, — they show me that a warm, kind-hearted man may be a diligent and honest officer!’” “And this was he,” says a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, “this was he for whom the world found no fitter business than quarrelling with smugglers and vintners, computing excise dues upon tallow, and gauging ale-barrels! In such toils was that mighty spirit sorrowfully wasted; and a hundred years may pass on, before another such is given us to waste!” . . . . . “The world has rarely witnessed a sadder scene, than this noble, generous, and great soul wasting itself away in hopeless struggles with base entanglements, which coiled closer and closer around him, till only death opened him an outlet!” The author of the “*Biographical History of Literature*,” says: — “He felt, as the world now feels, that his country had neglected him; and in the bitterness of disappointed hope, spoke too freely about freedom, the natural dignity of genius, and the fame which talents bring, compared with the rank which a king bestows. He was given to understand that his hopes of preferment were blasted; and his continuing in his humble office depended on his silence. He sur-



vived this degradation a year or more, but never held up his head again: he died in the summer of 1796, *more of a broken heart* than of any other illness."

We have thus seen that he performed faithfully, and fully, his duties in regard to family economy, general benevolence, hospitality, the literary world, and the duties of his office, — and a moment's reflection will convince any candid mind, that he could not have been a man of more than *occasional* dissipation, — of no more than, if as much as, was customary in his line of life, and station in society.

If now I can exhibit him an exemplary man in the bosom of his family, I think I may justly claim for his reputation a verdict of acquittal from the charges exhibited against him in Currie's Biography, and too generally believed in the world. We have seen him toil, to the ruin of his constitution, up to the age of twenty-seven, to aid his father, and support his widowed mother. His last act, when about to flee from his country, was to divide his scanty earnings with his brother, for the support of his mother. The first fruits of his publication in Edinburgh, were also divided nearly equally, with that loved mother and excellent brother, though the poet had now a family of his own to provide for. Mr.



Findlater, as quoted by Lockhart, testifies to Burns' conduct as a husband and father. "I never saw him, which was very frequently while he lived at Elliesland, and still more so — almost every day — after he removed to Dumfries, but in hours of business he *was quite himself*, and capable of discharging the duties of his office : nor was he *ever* known to drink *by himself*, or seen to indulge in the use of liquor in a forenoon. . . . . I have seen Burns in all his various phases, in his convivial moments, in his sober moods, and in the bosom of his family ; indeed, I believe I saw more of him than any other individual had occasion to see, after he became an excise officer, and I never beheld *any thing like* the gross enormities with which he is now charged. That when set down in an evening, with a few friends whom he liked, he was apt to prolong the social hour beyond the bounds which prudence would dictate, is unquestionable ; but in his family, I will venture to say, he was never seen otherwise than attentive and affectionate in a high degree." Lockhart himself says : — "The statements of Heron and Currie on this head, [the poet's intemperance,] *still more* those of Mr. Walker and Dr. Irving, *are not to be received without* CONSIDERABLE DEDUCTION." Gilbert Burns, an undoubted witness, says : — " Dr.

Currie, knowing the events of the latter years of my brother's life, *only from the reports which had been propagated*, and thinking it necessary, lest the candor of his work should be called in question, to state the substance of these reports, has given a very exaggerated view of the failings of my brother's life at that period, which is certainly to be regretted."

That you may know what credit Dr. Currie *should* have given to these reports, take the following instance, recorded by Cunningham in one of his Essays, in a London Magazine. The day of Burns' funeral "was a fine one, the sun was almost without a cloud, and not a drop of rain fell from dawn to twilight." Yet such was the malice of religious bigotry, and such its lack of honesty and truth, that a religious Magazine "made Heaven express its wrath" against the profane poet who had dared to doubt the creeds of men, by sending thunder, lightning, and rain on the day of the funeral!

One more witness, and I close the testimony on this point. "I love Dr. Currie," says the Rev. James Gray, first a teacher in Dumfries, then an eminent Professor in the Edinburgh High School, after that Professor of Latin in the Belfast Institution, and, at the time of writing this certificate, a Chaplain of the East India

Company in the Presidency of Madras, " I love Dr. Currie, but I love the memory of Burns more, and no consideration shall deter me from a bold declaration of the truth. The poet of the Cottar's Saturday Night, who felt all the charms of the humble piety and virtue which he sung, is charged (in Dr. Currie's narrative) with vices which would reduce him to a level with the most degraded of his species. As I knew him during that period of his life emphatically called his evil days, *I am enabled to speak from my own observation.* It is not my intention to extenuate his errors, because they were combined with genius ; on that account they were only the more dangerous, because the more seductive, and deserve the more severe reprehension ; but I shall likewise claim that nothing may be said in malice even against him. . . . It came under my own view professionally, that he superintended the education of his children with a degree of care that I have never seen surpassed by any parent, in any rank of life whatever. In the bosom of his family he spent many a delightful hour in directing the studies of his eldest son, a boy of uncommon talents. I have frequently found him explaining to this youth, then not more than nine years of age, the English poets, from Shakspeare to Gray, or storing his mind with

examples of heroic virtue, as they live in the pages of our most celebrated English historians. I would ask any person of common candor, if employments like these are consistent with *habitual drunkenness* ?

“ It is not denied that he sometimes mingled with society unworthy of him. In his morning hours I never saw him like one suffering the effects of last night’s intemperance. He appeared then clear and unclouded. He was the eloquent advocate of humanity, justice, and political freedom. From his paintings, virtue appeared more lovely, and piety assumed a more celestial mien. While his keen eye was pregnant with fancy and feeling, and his voice attuned to the very passion which he wished to communicate, it would hardly have been possible to conceive any being more interesting and delightful. I may likewise add, that to the very end of his life reading was his favorite amusement. I have never known any man so intimately acquainted with the elegant English authors. He seemed to have the poets by heart. The prose authors he could quote either in their own words, or clothe their ideas in language more beautiful than their own. Nor was there ever any decay in any of the powers of his mind. To the last day of his life, his judgment, his memory, his

imagination, were fresh and vigorous as when he composed 'The Cottar's Saturday Night.' The truth is, that Burns was seldom *intoxicated*. The drunkard soon becomes besotted, and is shunned even by the convivial. Had he been so, he could not long have continued the idol of every party. It will be freely confessed that the hour of enjoyment was often prolonged beyond the limit marked by prudence; but what man will venture to affirm, that in situations where he was conscious of giving so much pleasure, he could at all times have listened to her voice?

"The men with whom he generally associated were not of the lowest order. He numbered among his intimate friends many of the most respectable inhabitants of Dumfries and the vicinity. Several of those were attached to him by ties that the hand of calumny, busy as it was, could never snap asunder. They admired the poet for his genius, and loved the man for the candor, generosity, and kindness of his nature. His early friends clung to him through good and bad report, with a zeal and fidelity that prove their disbelief of the malicious stories circulated to his disadvantage. Among them were some of the most distinguished characters in this country, and not a few females eminent for delicacy, taste, and genius. They were proud of his friendship,

and cherished him to the last moment of his existence. He was endeared to them even by his misfortunes, and they still retain for his memory that affectionate veneration which virtue alone inspires."

Thus, then, terminates our inquiry and examination; and the following are the results. Robert Burns sustained an unblemished character, in every particular, until his twenty-third year; this is admitted by all the witnesses.

From his twenty-third year, till his twenty-seventh year, an important change took place in his social station, affecting greatly his social and moral character. In this period he conformed greatly to the drinking customs of the gentry of his country; and in this period he was guilty of libertinism. In this period, his known and avowed heterodoxy in religious controversies, his reckless conversations and conduct, to which he was greatly prompted by a love of notoriety and a spirit of defiance to the austere churchmen of the Old Light, all tended to raise up bitter and implacable foes; who, availing themselves of the poet's follies, vices, and imprudences, have contrived to blacken his reputation even unto the close of his life.

From his twenty-seventh until his thirty-second year, we have seen that he *rose* above, rather

than sunk below his contemporaries and associates, in the scale of temperance, while his marriage closed ever after any cause or inclination to infidelity to his excellent and beloved wife. If the poems or rambling letters of Burns are brought forward to disprove this position, we can prove, not only that the *wildest* of these were written when his *fancy only* was the partaker in whisky drinking or in lawless libertinism, but we can bring the serious and solemn assertions of the poet himself, to prove his innocence. And surely the testimony of one whose word was never doubted, his integrity never even suspected, may be received in his own favor, and to disprove his own rhyming and idle raillery !

From his thirty-second year to his death, which occurred in his thirty-eighth year, we have seen that he performed *all* his duties as a citizen, a man of letters, an officer, a husband, and a father, with exemplary fidelity, and as few men ever do perform such varied and numerous calls, with such few means. The testimony is also direct and conclusive, that though he occasionally complied with the drinking customs then prevalent among the literati and gentry of Britain, yet he never drank by himself, or for a love of the liquor ; he was strictly abstinent all the forepart of each day, and was always sober, except when drawn in by the customs aforesaid.

It is humiliating, that the reputation of a man like Burns must thus be defended against unfounded calumnies and misapprehensions, when men, *not as free from vices* of the same character, and with far fewer extenuations of their guilt, are not named coldly, or spoken of contemptuously.

In closing, permit me to remark, that though Burns imitated many of the New-Light clergy in his zeal against the orthodoxy of his day, and though he was probably even skeptical early in manhood, yet he relented much in his severity, and in the latest edition of his works, published by himself, he excluded all the poems of this class, except the Holy Fair. He became a full believer in Christianity in a liberal form, though to the last his deficient *hope* led him, at times, to fear that another and a better world might be too good news to be true. But when he did hope, his great benevolence led him to believe that, ultimately, all intelligent beings in the universe would be made holy and happy. The author of the Biographical History of Literature says, "To a love of human nature, he added an affection for the flowers of the valley, the fowls of the air, the beasts of the field ; he acknowledged the tie of social sympathy which bound his heart to all created things, and carried his universal good



will so far, as to entertain hopes of universal redemption, and the restoration of the doomed spirits to power and lustre."

Burns, educated in a liberal system of religion, and living under a republican government, might not have been the poet he was, but would have avoided many of the faults and follies which attended the man. In early life, his humanity embroiled him with the stern adherents of a narrow creed ; and the evening of his days were clouded by the storm his republican feelings generated. He sided with the Americans in the Revolutionary war, and when France rose for her rights, he wished them success, not in the carnage, and anarchy, and despotism, which followed, but in the freedom and equality which was their first object. These feelings were perpetually creeping to light, even in the very presence of nobility, and barred the way to advancement. Who can doubt that this treatment operating on his sensitive feelings, and strong desire for fame, had an injurious and very depressing effect on his whole mind and character, that, as Cunningham declares, he never held up his head during the last year of his life, and finally died, more of *a broken heart* than of any thing else ? But it is vain to regret the past ! Peace to his great and injured spirit ! Posterity will yet do justice to his memory.

## TWILIGHT.

BY MRS. S. BROUGHTON.

THE sun's last rays are on the stream,  
And brightly in the mellow beam,  
The tiny, crested wavelets flow  
With murmuring music, soft and low,  
As when the Perii of the deep  
Within their coral chambers sweep,  
With silvery touch, their breathing shells,  
Or zephyrs ring the wildflower bells,  
When night her silent watch has set,  
And stars in ether-halls are met.

Light breezes play through leafy bowers,  
Kissing to sleep the scented flowers ;  
Bearing their perfumes on the air,  
Like the holy incense of childhood's prayer,  
Drooping its head on the yearning breast  
Whose throbbings lull it to guileless rest ;  
While angels, — the bright winged angels come,  
And woo the soul to its far-off home ;  
To the stainless founts, and vernal plains,  
Where bliss, unshadowed by sorrow, reigns.

There 's a blessed charm in the twilight hour,  
When memory comes, with hallowing power,  
Sketching the flowers of our youth's glad time,  
That faded away in their early prime ;  
Recalling scenes that are long since fled,  
Pouring her light on the cherished dead ;  
Tinting with beauty the mouldering brow,  
Bidding the death-seal'd orbs to glow  
With seraph glances of light divine,  
That were lit at the spirit's quenchless shrine.

Thou art a type of our life's dim close,  
When the grave its darkening shadow throws  
O'er our downward path ; when the fairy bowers  
Where once were twining love's choicest flowers  
In joy's own light, are now sere and lone,  
'Neath the spoiler's tread ; and the music-tone  
Can thrill no more the heart's crush'd wires,  
Or waken again the passion-fires,  
Whose flickering glare would so oft betray,  
Though they gleam through the past with a beacon-  
ray.

But thy gloom is cheered by many a star  
That smiles in the unknown depths afar,  
Like love's bright lamps hung out on high,  
To woo our souls to the upward sky.  
So radiant Hope doth a halo weave  
To gild the shades of Time's dark eve ;  
And steadfast Faith, with his shining wand  
Is pointing away to the " better land " ;  
To the courts where shadows never fall,  
But the truth of God is the light of all.

## FILIAL LOVE.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

“HERE is a wild stream moaning through the grass —  
Let us sit down, dear Ada, for the beams  
Of the rich noontide have o’erwearied thee ;  
Throw back thy sunny curls, that the soft breeze  
May kiss thy blushing cheeks, — those pure young  
cheeks

Where feeling plays at every touch of thought,  
And the young rose-bud sees a rival hue  
More fleeting than its own. How very like  
Thy mother art thou, Ada, when she walked  
This same wild path with me long years ago !”

“ O am I like her, father? I am glad,  
For she was kind and tender, and I know  
How much the wretched loved her, for they come  
Even now around her tomb, and wreath the urn  
With hedgerow flowers; and, when I pass their  
doors,  
Exclaim, ‘ God bless thee for thy mother’s sake !’  
Now while we rest us here, and the long boughs  
Of the wild locust shade us from the sun,  
I pray thee, father, tell me of those days  
When life was new to her, and how she learned

Those tender ministries of good, which made  
Her name a passport to the coldest heart,  
And all her life one soft, still-gliding stream  
Of truth and beauty, that I, too, may learn  
To make my being felt among the poor."

"Her history is one that suits this quiet spot,  
For it is simple as the murmuring song  
Of this wild rill. I loved her, Ada, when  
I was a boy, and oft would woo her forth  
Among these old, ancestral trees, to read  
Sweet lays to me, while I would cast my line  
Along the stream. The spotted trout would come,  
Unscared by the low sweetness of her tones,  
And when the brilliant prey was mine, the tear  
Would gather quickly in her dark blue eye,  
Yet she would smile, scarce knowing which to  
choose,

My pleasure, or the life of the poor fish ;  
No creature crossed her path that was not blest  
By some kind word or gentle providence.  
The worm, that ventured forth to meet the beams  
Of the mild sun, was spared by her young foot  
Even in its gayest sport ; and when, at dawn,  
Her wakeful spirit led her to the woods,  
And 'mid the thickets she espied the snare  
In which the unwary rabbit had been caught,  
With active zeal her little hand would break  
The cord, and set the prisoner free ; nor dare  
The baffled gamester cast an angry glance  
On her bright, smiling, love-illumined face.

In winter, at any early hour, the birds  
Would call her from her rest, for they had learned  
To wait on her for food, nor wait in vain.\*  
Such, gentle daughter, was thy mother then,  
In her unfolding youth ; and as she grew  
In grace and knowledge, she enlarged the sphere  
Of her benevolence, till it embraced  
All living things ; and this sad world  
Seemed to her angel heart a field for toil  
In binding up the broken reed, and giving strength  
To those who faltered by the way. To me, —  
O Ada, thy young heart can little guess  
The joy her presence gave. When I was sad,  
No voice so sweet as hers, no eye so soft ;  
And when the heavy hand of pain o'ercame  
The efforts of my mind, her gentle touch  
And soft religious words were more than health  
To my adoring heart. Her spiritual light  
Was clearer than mine own, and when I erred,  
Without one mild reproach, she led me back  
By her own beautiful thoughts to the pure way  
Of piety and love. — Ada, she died !  
And but for thee, I should have followed her.  
But when thine infant eye looked pleadingly  
To mine, and no soft, tender voice was left  
To hush thy feeble wail, I wrapt the shroud

\* I have known the jays in winter, soon after sunrise, to perch upon the trees which surround the house from which they were accustomed to receive daily food, and call loudly and impatiently for the appearance of those who kindly ministered to their wants.

Of this world closer round me, and remained —  
 For *thee!* — I have been well repaid ;  
 To see thy features day by day assume  
 The look thy mother's wore, — to hear her voice  
 In the clear cadences of thy gay laugh,  
 And, more than all, to trace the tender moods  
 Of her sweet soul in thine ; — O, Ada dear,  
 I thought all joy was buried in the grave  
 With her who gave thee birth, but this has been  
 A fountain of unceasing love and hope,  
 A wellspring in the desert of this world  
 Where I have drank and lived !”

“O let me wipe

The tears from thy too mournful eyes, and make  
 Thee happy, dearest father, by my love.  
 I will repay thee by the earnest truth  
 Of a confiding heart ; by kindly deeds  
 To those who mourn ; by patient love and hope,  
 For those who go astray from the high path  
 Of duty ; by a gentle watch o'er thee  
 When thou art sick and weary ; and by still  
 And secret chastening of my own wild heart  
 In the dear presence of my God. Thine eye  
 Smiles on me while I promise — 't is enough —  
 I know the shade of her who loves us, droops  
 Around us in this holy hour, and seals  
 My vow, and bears it up to Heaven.”

## ROSALIE.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

THE piercing blast that swept over the white crusted hills, and through the naked woodlands of F——, disturbed not the peaceful fireside of the Parsonage. The fire burned cheerfully in the grate, and diffused its genial warmth through the apartment. Dr. Maylie, the venerable pastor of F——, and the presiding genius of the quiet-looking home we have entered, sat with his spectacles elevated upon his forehead, steadily regarding the fire. His countenance wore that hallowed serenity which can radiate from no other than a pure and pious heart, whose urns are kept constantly burning with the incense fires of love and truth, and celestial hope. Faint shadows stole over it at times, but they were like the fleecy clouds in a summer sky, which leave no impress of their transit, having no power to mar the deep, clear, spiritual glory of the far-extending heaven above and around them.

Beside the Doctor sat his wife, — a meet companion for so good a man. The placid beauty



of her aged countenance was marked by a plaintive expression evidently proceeding from some secret sorrow which religion struggled to suppress. She occasionally dropped her knitting and listened intently as if she would fain meet the echo of a footstep familiar to her heart. Once or twice she arose and drew aside the curtain. All was quiet without. The snow lay glittering like silver in the clear beams of the moon, and the ancestral trees which bowed above the cottage home of her infancy, were creaking their "giant branches" in the wind, as carelessly as though they had not yet grown old.

Two younger members made up that household group. The eldest was sitting by a small work-table, busily employed with her needle. The same meek benignity which beamed from the countenances of her parents, rested upon the beautiful features of Alice. Her hair was dressed with a Madonna simplicity, and was of that rare golden hazel which is always accompanied by a pure and transparent complexion. The color of her eyes might be guessed, though they were seldom raised from her work. The tears would have gathered there had she met the expression upon the faces of her dear old parents. She knew it, and carefully avoided turning them in that direction. When she did raise them, it

was to cast an anxious glance upon her young cousin who sat in a low chair at her side, pensive and abstracted, with her head resting upon one hand, and the other employed in caressing a little gray kitten which had curled down to sleep in her lap.

Seldom, even in the countenances of sisters, is there witnessed such an identity of beauty and of expression as in the features of those fair young cousins. Rosalie's hair had the same bright hue, but was disposed in a more girlish mode, being parted smoothly from her white forehead, and falling in natural curls upon her neck. Her eye was as softly blue, as tender, but less serene and spiritual. It wanted but the subduing influences of a deep sorrow and a holy faith to bring into her face the same sweet, quiet, intellectual loveliness which beamed from the countenance of her cousin. Yet the world would have called her even now the lovelier, for the blush came and went more readily in her cheek, and there was a passionate earnestness in her eye pleasing to a taste that had not been refined by the purest of spiritual influences.

“It grows late,” said the Doctor, looking at the clock after a long silence; “I had hoped that Theodore would have joined our hymn of praise to-night. But hope seems vain. Rosa, my dear,

bring your guitar, and sit close by me that my deaf ears may catch its dulcet tones."

Rosalie obeyed ; but as she lifted her fingers to touch the chords of the instrument, Alice observed the tremulous motion of her hand. She said nothing, but, laying aside her work, joined her in a low and plaintive hymn. In the midst of a stanza Rosalie's voice suddenly faltered, and leaning her head on her cousin's shoulder, she burst into tears. Alice put her arms about her, and held her quiet till the hymn was ended. They then knelt together, and the fervent prayer of the old man went up to Heaven.

Immediately after this Rosalie pleaded indisposition, and retired.

"What ails that girl lately ?" inquired Dr. Maylie ; "she is either blushing or crying half the time."

"Dear father, she is nervous," replied Alice gently. "She requires our utmost tenderness, for her health is becoming seriously affected."

"Wayward boy !" exclaimed the old man, his thoughts reverting to what he secretly supposed to be the cause of Rosalie's unhappiness. "Why will he throw away his earthly hope for trifles lighter than vanity ?" The deep sigh which followed these words told how many hopes were overthrown by the errors of the beloved one

around whom they had richly clustered. Alice, compassionating and sharing the distress of her parents, begged them to retire, and she would await Theodore's return, having some writing which would necessarily detain her from rest for several hours.

In about half an hour all was still about the house. The fire burned dimly in the grate, and the only sound that broke the utter stillness of the apartment was the motion of Alice's pen upon the half-filled sheet which lay before her. At length she rose, shut her writing-desk, and placed the table in its accustomed corner. Opening the door of a closet, she took from it a cloak and hood. Having enveloped herself in these, she cautiously left the house.

The moon was about going down in the west, and the wind was excessively keen, as it hurried along the streets, regardless of the gentle form that heroically contended with its bitterness. Alice paused not till she drew near a rude building at the extreme end of the village. As she stood by the door hesitating how to proceed, bacchanalian shouts and fearful oaths resounded from the interior of the dwelling. She half turned to flee from the desecration of those sounds. But love, "mightiest of the earth," conquered her feminine timidity; and having vainly en-

deavoured to distinguish the forms that were faintly visible through the curtain that hung before the window, she summoned resolution to open the door. Casting around a hasty glance, and failing to recognise the person she sought, she was about to close the door with the exclamation, "Thank God! he is not here!" when one of the group that surrounded a billiard-table in the farthest corner of the apartment, suddenly advanced toward her, and attempted to lift her veil, exclaiming, "What seeks my pretty one at this witching hour of night? Give us one smile of those beautiful lips!"

What a deathly sickness sank into her heart, as she recognised in this insulting speech the voice of her only and beloved brother! She did not attempt to escape, but stood resolute while he threw aside her veil, and drew the hood back from her face; then turning her head suddenly toward the light, she looked up into his eyes. It would seem that every angel in heaven had for a few moments lent his beauty to that face! The full light of a large chandelier fell upon her pure and passionless countenance, and revealed the divine majesty which had throned itself in her eye. A burst of enthusiasm came spontaneously from every lip, while her brother, confounded, bewildered, overwhelmed by the suddenness and

angelic beauty of the apparition, stood for a few moments like one petrified with horror.

“Gracious heavens! Alice! Why are you here?” he ejaculated at length, pulling her veil over her face, and half lifting her into the street. A roar of laughter met his ear from the companions he had left. “Demons!” he exclaimed in a voice of indignant emotion. “Demons! have they no hearts?”

“O Alice!” he continued as they drew near the home of their childhood, “why risk yourself in such a hell to save a poor devil like myself? Good God! what language I addressed to you, — *you*, my pure, angel-hearted, generous-souled sister! I would die, Alice, — I *would*, this moment, to recall that infamous speech.”

“Theodore,” said Alice, in a low, but very sweet voice, “we stand now at the threshold of our infant home. Here have we played together in innocent childhood; by the family altar we have knelt at the sound of prayer; here have *I* suffered while *you* pitied and wept for me; here dwell, still, our aged parents, bowed above their graves, as it were, ready to depart any moment of time, if they might but once more see their only son kneeling in penitence at his childhood’s shrine. O, my brother! if you love *them*, if you love *me*, if you love our gentle Rosalie, I implore

you to forsake these haunts of vice, and live once more in communion with us, and with your God!"

"Say no more, Alice; my heart will burst!"

They entered the little parlour, where an hour previous the prayer of the old man had gone up to Heaven in behalf of his erring son. The fire was not quite extinct in the grate, and Alice drew her brother to the "old arm-chair" which belonged to their mother. "Sit down, dear Theodore, and bear with me while I urge one more plea. I spoke of your love for our gentle cousin. Do you know that Gregory, your wild and profligate associate, has wrought upon that artless being's heart, till every current of its love is turned to him? Do you know that her health is declining, her happiness is disturbed, and her purity is endangered by this unfortunate attachment? O then, for *her* sake, for *our* sakes, abandon him to the associates who can retort upon him his villanies. Guard the honor of your sister's home, and restore Rosalie to peace and happiness."

Theodore leaned his head upon his sister's shoulder, and wept. "O Alice! the cup is too bitter that she should love another! And yet *I* have not deserved her. Gregory! He is not worthy to look on her, much less to be looked on



and loved ! Dear Alice, tell her he is a villain, a gambler, a drunkard.”

“ But will she not have a right to ask of you then, why you have introduced so vile a character to our friendship ? ”

“ True, true, Alice. I only am to blame. I may curse myself, not only for my own ruin, but for the ruin of one far dearer to me than self. Poor Rosalie ! a melancholy fate is hers, if it be linked with that of Gregory. He will leave no means untried to work her ruin. Be watchful of her, dearest Alice. I dare not ask, for *my* sake, but for yours, and for hers. It is but yesterday that I forbade him ever to enter these walls again, for he deceived and insulted me. Yet so vile and black of heart is he, that he will use any means to effect his purposes. You may think, Alice, from my behaviour to-night, that I am little better than the one I accuse ; but I do assure you, solemnly, that my most criminal acts have never exceeded foolish attempts at making sport for my companions. If you would but forgive me for my inexcusable behaviour toward you to-night, dear Alice, I do most sacredly and deliberately promise, that never again while I have life, will I address one of your sex with other than kind and respectful words ; and that



I will in every instance, when it is possible, defend them from the insults of others."

"Most heartily and entirely then, dear Theodore, do I forgive and bless you! And would you but add one more promise!"

"O ask me not to-night, Alice. Let me have time for reflection. Go to your rest now, and sweet angels guard your slumbers."

Alice needed no better angels than her own pure and blessed thoughts; but she kissed her brother tenderly, and breathing over him a gentle and holy blessing, retired to her chamber just as the clock struck the hour of midnight. She approached the bed where Rosalie rested. Her eyes were closed, and Alice could not but linger a minute to admire the sweet, mournful beauty of her face. It was flushed with a delicate crimson, which varied to a deeper hue as Alice gazed on it; and, judging from this that she might not be sleeping so soundly as she appeared, her cousin pressed her lips tenderly to her cheek, murmured, "God bless you!" and was soon quietly at rest by her side.

Theodore still lingered in the spot where his sister had left him. The candle had burned out, and left the room in darkness. The coals lay dead in the grate, and mournfully through the chimney wailed the solemn voice of the wind.

None of these things heeded Theodore. His thoughts were with the past. They wandered back to the days when he had led Rosalie through the flowery meadows and the shady woodlands, decking her curls with roses, and gathering for her baskets of wild strawberries and nuts. She *loved* him then, and sung her sweetest hymns for his ear, while they sat through the golden summer hours by some clear, wild spring, weaving oak leaves into mantles, and trimming their hats with beautiful flowers. The tears rolled down his cheeks while he dwelt upon these fairy pictures of the past, and contrasted their innocent joys with the follies and feverish indulgences of his present life.

He remembered also the bitter hour of parting, when his college days had come; how Rosalie wept, and how Alice and his parents gave him many gentle and pious counsels, and bade him return to them as he left, innocent, religious, and happy, but with an increase of experience and knowledge. How little had he obeyed their affectionate exhortations! What a catalogue presented itself to his memory! Wasted hours, neglected tasks, trespassed rules, mad-cap pranks, and at last, disgrace, and expulsion from the university as an incorrigible rebel. Instead of returning, as his friends had hoped, crowned

with honors, he came to blight their expectations, and bring sorrow and ruin into their peaceful home. Instead of returning to receive the smiles and happy love of Rosalie, he had shocked her by his irregularities, and recommended to her acquaintance one who had insinuated himself into her guileless affections only to deceive and forsake her. And this last was the bitterest thought of all.

An hour had passed by while he sat absorbed in these meditations. Scarcely had the clock struck one, when he was aroused by the sound of a sleigh, which seemed to stop in the road near the house. There were no bells, and the noise was but indistinct. Soon he thought he recognised the approach of stealthy footsteps, and presently a tall, dark form was discernible through the muslin curtain which shaded the window. While Theodore was wondering what could be wanted by this nocturnal visitor, his attention was directed to another quarter. The door of the stairway was noiselessly opened, and a small figure muffled in a cloak stole toward the outer door. As it paused a moment before the window, some voice in Theodore's heart whispered that it was Rosalie, and that the person without was the villain Gregory.

Scarcely had she opened the door when an

arm was thrown around her, and she was hurried across the threshold. At this crisis should Theodore hesitate how to act? Should pride or any other feeling deter him from saving a young and guileless being whom he loved as his own life? No; and ere the door closed upon the beautiful fugitive, his arm had rescued her from the touch of the spoiler, and brought her back to the fireside she was about deserting for ever. Frustrated in his designs, the villain speedily made his escape without even an attempt to regain his prize; while she, poor thing, lay senseless in the arms of her cousin, forgetful of her deep wretchedness.

Alice, awakened by the sounds below, and discovering the absence of Rosalie, had hurried down into the parlour just as Theodore had succeeded in restoring consciousness. In a low whisper he conveyed to her a knowledge of the truth, and assisted her in removing the weak and trembling young creature to her chamber. As they laid her upon the bed, she for the first time opened her eyes. It was to cast upon them a glance of earnest gratitude, which penetrated to their very souls. Theodore hurried away to conceal his emotion; and Alice, giving one moment to thanksgivings, knelt down by the bedside and prayed for Rosalie.

“ Alice, dear Alice, don't pray !” murmured the wretched girl.

“ Why not, my love ? ”

“ O I am *so* guilty. You will cast me away, I know. I am not worthy to live beneath this holy roof. O Alice ! why can we never see our guilt till it is too late ? Why did I not think of all this sin when I lay at your side a few moments since, dreading the sound of the fearful signal which called me away ? Dear Alice, say that it was all a dream, — that I am still innocent ! ”

“ It was a dream, Rosalie ; a wretched dream from which you are now fully awake. Lie still, dear cousin, and compose yourself. You are shaking like a leaf ; and how your heart flutters ! Be calm, Rosa. Your secret is safe. Theodore and I alone are acquainted with the events of this night. With us you are safe. We do not think you guilty ; only too easily won by the flatteries of a villian. You are yet innocent, thank God, and the wretched dream is past. You shall still be happy, my sweet Rosalie, and no shadows shall fall between our hearts.”

“ O Alice, you are an angel ; but how can my guilty eyes ever again meet the affectionate glances of my dear uncle and aunt ? How can I ever meet Theodore, or look into your own

pure and beautiful face? O that I could this moment die!"

"Pray rather for life, my dear cousin. Pray for life that you may become pure in the eyes of God; that you may once more bless our hearts with your love, and make me happy in my lonely affections. I have a task for you, sweet Rosa. Live to perform that, and all the past will have received a threefold atonement."

"What is it?" eagerly asked the beautiful penitent, lifting her head from the pillow where she had been restlessly turning it from side to side.

"Lie quiet till morning, dear, I will tell you then."

But Rosalie could not lie quietly even for a few minutes. Magnifying her error into a crime of the greatest enormity, the most agonizing self-reproaches kept her in continual agitation. When morning dawned she was in a violent fever, and unable to rise. The rest of the family met as usual around the breakfast table. The old Doctor and his wife were alarmed to hear the news of her illness, and cast sorrowful and half-reproachful glances upon Theodore, as though he were the author of all this affliction. He bore these glances meekly, and sipped his coffee in silence. But he was very pale, and there

was a burning pain at his heart. After breakfast he retired to the library, and Rosalie summoned the other members of the family to her apartment.

As the aged couple gently approached her bedside, she held out a hand to each. "My dear friends," she murmured, "my more than parents, I can never rest till you know all, till the whole burden of my guilt lies exposed before you. O it is so bitter to have you know how I have erred! — and yet it will bring me peace." She then briefly, but distinctly and without prevarication, related the whole of her secret correspondence with Gregory; the arts he had used to gain her love, and the arguments and enticements he had urged to induce her to consent to an elopement and a clandestine marriage. "Such infatuation, my dear friends, I am sure never before cast its spell around an erring being. I could not hear your prayers, uncle, I could not join in worship, — I was like one deaf and blind, before a deadly serpent from whom there seemed no escape. But how suddenly the spell is broken! The last word I heard him speak, — O it was a frightful oath, and from that moment I have abhorred and despised him."

Tears rolled down the aged cheeks of her listeners, but they both kissed her tenderly, and



prayed God to bless her. After this, she seemed more quiet, and soon fell asleep. But days and weeks passed away while she lay suffering upon her bed. Not a murmur, however, escaped her lips. She rested with her hands clasped upon her breast, and her lips moving as though in prayer. If Alice or Mrs. Maylie spoke to her, she would open her eyes, smile sweetly, and then close them again as though desiring to be continually in communion with God.

Theodore closeted himself with his books, and joined the family only at the table and the hour of prayer. His father saw that a change was passing over his spirit, and was satisfied to leave him to the private ministries of Heaven. He sometimes followed Alice to the door, and inquired anxiously concerning Rosalie, but made no observations upon past events, and seemed to avoid any approach to whatever subjects were connected with them.

When spring began decking the earth with violets, and the songs of the rivulets broke through the valleys, Rosalie once more left her chamber, and seated herself at the family fireside. A slight crimson filled up the hollows of her fair cheeks, when she for the first time met Theodore; but in a low voice she thanked him earnestly for his kindness to her, and in a frank and



delicate manner alluded to the pure and beautiful affection of their childhood.

A sweet and holy change had entered the heart of Rosalie. She glided as gracefully and lightly about the house as before her illness, but she never stepped now but to perform some kind and gentle deed, — something that would be a blessing to others. The tones of her guitar were heard less frequently than in former times, but when they met the ear it was ever in some sweet and plaintive hymn, unlike the careless songs of old. It was most affecting to the household who so ardently loved her, to witness her silent acts of gratitude. She counted no self-sacrifice too great, if she might in any degree add to the comfort or happiness of any human being. Every look of Alice brought the grateful tears to her eyes, and every word of the kind old Doctor called a beautiful blush of joy to her cheeks.

“It is all one life of quiet joy, now, dear Alice,” said she one day, as she stood playfully caressing her cousin; “I owe it all to you, for had you been any less tender and kind than you were, I know that my heart would have broken. But one thing that you promised, you have not yet told me. You said you had a task for me to perform, by which I might make threefold atonement for my errors.”

“Yes, my sweet cousin, and you have been all this while unconsciously employed upon it. That task was the reformation of my brother. You must have observed the change which has been wrought in his habits.”

“I have, Alice, but it cannot have been through *my* influence.”

“Yes, Rosalie, chiefly through yours. He has not been insensible to the fact that he was the means of betraying you into great danger ; and this knowledge, operating with certain other influences, has brought about the marvellous change which has made us all so deeply happy.”

“This, then, dear Alice, is the first moment when I can say I have felt reconciled and happy to have gone astray. If *my* wanderings have had any influence in leading him back to virtue and peace, thrice glad am I for every thing I have suffered !”

“Dear, dear Rosalie ! May I tell him so ?”

A deep blush mantled her cheek, neck, and brow, at this question from Alice, telling a most explicit tale, though the lips were keeping their secret as resolutely as if they, only, had the power to betray. Alice smiled, and it was a happy smile, as she continued, “I feel assured that let what will happen, Theodore will remain true to virtue and to Heaven. But it rests with

you, Rosalie, to say whether his future life be one of happiness and love, or a period of loneliness and blighted affection."

While yet the word of hope trembled upon Rosalie's beautiful lips, Theodore himself entered the apartment; and Alice, with more of mischief in her blue eye than was natural to its placid tenderness, glided silently from the room, leaving him to be his own most eloquent pleader. What the result might be, Rosalie never told; but it was observed that her voice was tenderer that night than usual, when it joined with his in their childhood's favorite hymn; that instead of kneeling by Alice, as was his wont, he was found at Rosalie's side; and that when the old man rose from prayer, Theodore clasped his cousin's hand, and while yet upon their knees, entreated his father's blessing upon their love.

## ACTED POETRY.

BY HENRY BACON.

“ In the spirit’s pictured halls,  
Never to change.”

*Hemans.*

POETRY is the spirit’s perceptions of the highest relations of matter and mind. The thoughts of God are the purest poetry. In his works and providences he has given it expression ; and as we read them aright, we understand it, and feed the life of our higher being. Moses has described the periods of the Creation as the evolving of stanza after stanza of a gorgeous poem, in which worlds of thought are condensed into few lines. And well has Jewish history, with its continued series of wonders and stirring events, been regarded as “ a magnificent Epopea of the sublimest and most awful character.” But that which made Jesus the Christ, from the coming forth of the star to the closing of the golden clouds around the ascending, is the most perfect of all the poems written or acted by the Deity,

and one that gives significance to all others, to be studied as a key to the imagery of those which exist, or may be given. As we penetrate the deep meaning of this alphabet of symbols and its words, and thus furnished with the mystic key to Truth, open door after door of the palace, and look in upon the wonders and beauties there secreted, what passages of the divinest poetry are recited by the soul to itself, as rapt by the presence of exceeding loveliness, she becomes an Improvisatrice, whose impassioned lays can never be written until the handwriting of angels is learned, and their vocabulary mastered. They are passages of the great poem of the "Pleasures of Hope."

Poetry is written or unwritten, acted or unacted. There is more of the latter than the former, even as it was with the artist Fuseli, "I see the vision of all I paint, and I wish to heaven I could paint up to what I see." His feelings are the feelings of every one before whose eye the beckoning hand of progress is still bending. The power of poetry is as the finger of Christ on the sealed lids, opening the vision, not indeed to another world, but to new revelations in the world in which the soul has, hood-winked, moved about in its Time body. Before this finger of healing was laid upon its eye, the soul had been *told* of

the beauty around, of the foot-prints of celestial beings, and of their smiles staining the garden flowers with the hues of Paradise, and their fingers weaving new figures into the silken apron of earth. But these whisperings the spirit did not understand, and it marvelled what they could mean ; as the blind boy felt the word " eagles " over and over again in his Bible, and knew not what sense to make of the passage, because he knew naught about an eagle. Were his eyes opened and he permitted to gaze on the bird of light, majestically soaring up and on, he would understand the holy words, " they shall mount up with wings as eagles ! " and he would thank God that there are wings to bear the soul to the Alhigh eyries of Thought. As there Thought builds her nest, brings forth her brood, and teaches them to dare the ventures of loftiness, the sublimities of life are seen, and at will the soul can alight on the earth, or visit the sun.

They who know not poetry are shut into a little and dusty world, of which the scenery around is but the paper hangings. Their mountains are ant-hills, their sun a brass mirror, and their stars but spangles on the blue satin cloak of a beauty who promenades at night. A telescope they never saw ; a microscope to them never existed ; and they have no Daguerrotype where-

with to make sun-pictures, worlds in miniature. Why "the rose by any other name would *not* smell as sweet" they cannot tell, for they know nothing of "the war of the Roses," when rivals in the field of love. To them it is strange that Rousseau wept at the sight of a periwinkle; and they are ready to laugh when you tell them of the bold navigator's\* tears over the stamp "London" on an old pewter spoon found in the hut of a savage. I should not wish to see the sun set, or to gaze on Autumn's "coat of many colors," in their presence. I should hate to have them dig the ground while I planted flower-seed, I should so fear the frost of their coldness; and if they came by, I should have to keep in my pocket the crumbs I carry for the birds. They are to me like the wood of the coffin that kept the mother from kissing her only son, checking a flow of tenderness which would have relieved the heart. They are as the glaciers of the Arctic seas, freezing us even when we admire their outward beauty. They always remind me of a Shaker I once conversed with. In roaming over the nicely-laid-out and neat grounds of the establishment, I saw a beautiful and majestic horse-chestnut tree in front of a barn, affording a de-

\* Captain Cook.

lightful shade to the bean shellers, and singularly pleasant from the absence of every thing but pale-yellow buildings near it. I remarked to my Shaker companion on the beauty of the tree, expecting the praise would bring something like warmth to his countenance ; but his reply was, with a very expressive shrug of the shoulders and an expansion of the eyebrows, “ It ’s of no use ! ” and, as he saw the fruit, he added, “ no critter will eat them.” What a narrow word *utility* is to such ! They must ever marvel why the summer breeze is allowed to steal so much fragrance from their roses, for O how much more rose-water they might make !

But these are the blank spaces between the lines of life’s great poem, and thus they are useful to the poet. It was so that “ the gentle ” Sir Philip Sidney would have regarded them. Of him it was said, that “ his whole life was poetry put into action ; ” which, to me, is the highest eulogium ever pronounced by man on man. I take it as my theme, and attempt to quicken my thoughts by recurring to the incident which gained for him the name of “ the gentle.” It was indeed acted poetry in itself, and has been wrought out into another kind of acted poetry, in forming a historical painting by West. It is related by Lord Brooke after this wise ; “ The



horse he rode upon was rather furiously choleric than bravely proud, and so forced him to forsake the field, but not his back, as the noblest and fittest bier to carry a martial commander to his grave. In which sad progress, passing along by the rest of the army where his uncle, the General, was, and being thirsty with the excess of bleeding, he called for drink, which was presently brought him ; but, as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poor soldier carried along, who had eaten his last at the same feast, ghastly casting up his eyes at the bottle. Which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head, before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man, with these words, ‘ thy necessity is yet greater than mine.’ ”

This is the holiest kind of acted poetry, akin to that sublime episode in the poem of the Christ, when the agony of the cross was forgotten in that of the mother. No word-song can give expression to it, adequate to the vividness and beauty of the thought-painting in the soul’s “ chamber of imagery.” When we view a noble act, feeling sympathy with the spirit from whose impulses it was evolved, we have the poetry of thought and feeling. How glowingly do they discourse in the soul’s retreats, as Beethoven was rapt by his own melodies when not a sound came

from the instrument touched by his fingers ; and what an animation pervades the whole being as the discourse is poured into the soul's ear, concerning the God-likeness in such acts, the worth of the indwelling 'spirit whose impulses were so pure and beneficent, and of the transfigurations which would take place in society were that spirit to go forth into all its departments with active power. These purely mental poets are ever engaged in transfigurations ; and no form of matter, or manifestation of mind, is beyond their magic, to touch, and tint, and symbolize as they please, so that the mind dwells more and more on the unreached ideal. Jesus saw himself often, as the disciples saw him once in the Mount ; and the sight to him was animating, as is to the artist the unsketched form of matchless grace that stays before his vision, distinct as a palpable sitter. If thought and feeling were not thus continually singing songs of Heaven, glorifying angels, and Christ, and God, and strong spirits, who have lived, struggled, and died for the right and good, we should be satisfied with the present, with every little attainment made, and should not remember that we should gather round each fixed star its satellites, and their relative suns and worlds, winging our flight till we felt to bow down daily, and fervently plead for the anointing of

our sight, that we may bear more and more of the sun's radiance, as it floods down from the unfailing fount opposite the throne, filled with the perpetual smiles of love. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

The history of the Jews is full of acted poetry; poetry that should find a response in the deep, deep heart. Is it not so? What was their country but the very dwelling place of music and beauty, adorned with all the luxuriance of nature in her most lavish mood; every tree, flower, vine, and mineral, invested with eloquence by associations drawn from the sacred house by which the very leaves quivered with the pulse of poetry. And what portion of the land was not hallowed by the overshadowing of the Almighty in times of need, by memories of wondrous deeds transmitted from parent to child, in the home-circle, and by the way-side! No wonder the rocks seemed graven, the streams singing to each other, and the leaves of the trees whispering together, sending on the wind, as the strong arms clapped their hands, the song of rejoicing, a song met and strengthened by the flow of the rivers, and reverberated by the caverns of the mountains.

We can best feel the poetry of the Jewish history by reading their festivals, as they pass in

review, ever varied in their aspect, from pure simplicity to gorgeous magnificence. We see the destined for Jerusalem issuing forth from their homes, clad for the festival, the dark countenance gilded with radiant smiles. They hasten to the place of gathering; distinctions are forgotten in the general joy; the strong are bearing the burdens of the weak, and the young are looking up into the faces of the old with inquiring glances. Now they form bands; the males and females range themselves in separate companies, large as the hamlet, village, or town can furnish; the children take place with either, as choice or circumstances dictate. Now the music sounds the joyously solemn note of departure, and the mass moves on; above them the soft and glorious sky, and around them the scenery more beautiful than ever, because of the bright day in their hearts. Now they rise over the hills, and the chant rings loud and clear; now it sinks to murmurs as they thread the forest, and now peals forth as bells changed from the burial toll to the marriage rejoicing; and now all is still as they halt in the valley, around the moss-brimmed fountain, and brush away the sere leaves that hide the delicious waters, sparkling as the eye of innocence, when the lid is lifted, and the moisture of tenderness steals over it. Again they are in

motion, and on with the same glad spirit they go, — league after league, and day after day, — paying homage to every sacred memorial of the past. They now approach the city, and “the mountain of snow, studded with jewels,” dazzles the sight as it glistens in the sunshine; and they bow as if overpowered by the manifest glory of God. Now they prepare to enter the gates; and as they wind round the paths, their voices are lifted up as the instruments sound the note of the beautiful song, which the King-poet had written for the purpose; \*

“ I was glad when they said unto me,  
 Let us go unto the house of the Lord.  
 Our feet shall stand within thy gates,  
 O Jerusalem ! ”

They stand within the gates; but I cannot spare the time now to turn all the leaves of the Passover poem, yet its every passage is rich and divinely eloquent. The lamb “without spot or blemish,” decked with flowers for the sacrifice, as innocence goes down to the grave with the wreath of Christian hopes. The offering of the lamb, — the pouring out of its blood, and the solemn service in the temple. The gathering around the table, on which are the sacrificial

\* See the whole of Psalm CXXII.

lamb, the unleavened bread, and the bitter herbs ; and the company all clad as for a journey, — with loins girt, sandals on, staff in hand, and every appearance of travellers hastening to depart. Each scene was rich in sacred poetry and appealed most powerfully to their imaginative minds, — as the gorgeous rites of the Romish Church do now to the Papist.

So with the rural poem of the festival of the Harvest, or Pentecost. The entry of the multitudes into the city was extremely picturesque and beautiful. Clad in pure robes, the rich bore baskets of gold and silver, elaborately wrought and glittering with beauty ; while the poor bore those of wicker work, fancifully constructed and ornamented with flowers ; in these, they each carried wheat, grapes, apricots, dates, and all the variety of suitable fruits, for offerings to the Lord of the seasons. As they enter, they are welcomed by the dwellers therein, and the shouts fill the air with rejoicing.

The company is at the foot of “ the mountain of the Lord’s house.” Each one places his basket on his shoulder, — they ascend, chanting with measured cadence, solemn and impressive,\* —

\* See the whole of Psalm CL.

“ Praise ye the Lord.  
Praise God in his sanctuary :  
Praise him in the firmament of his power.”

As they enter, the choir of the Temple sound forth the anthem of thanksgiving. The leader of the company advances, — presents his gift to the priest, who waves it before the altar, while they repeat what the Lord commanded,\* and the offering is made. Each advances, — deposits his tribute-basket beside the altar, — kneels in adoration of God’s mercy, — arises and departs to “rejoice in every good thing which the Lord his God had given unto him.”

But most splendid and picturesque was the festival of Tabernacles, when Israel abode in booths and arbours, formed of “the fruits of goodly trees, branches of palm-trees, boughs of thick trees, and willows of the brook,” † along the winding streets of Jerusalem and on the plain roofs of the dwellings, commemorating the time when their fathers thus dwelt in the wilderness. Here the olive, the palm, the myrtle, and the willow, were woven together, intermingled with odoriferous vines, forming beautiful homes beneath the sunlight, or when the moonbeams crept in amid the branches, and danced upon the joyful leaves. And what is more poetic than the

\* Deut. xxvi. 5-10.

† Lev. xxxiii. 40.

gathering of the happy groups around the venerable patriarchs, attentive to their recitals of what the right hand of Jehovah had done for his people; or as we look further on, and behold the throng of dancers, where the instruments of the temple are sounding, and the flowing robes of the swift-movers make strange yet beautiful shadows beneath the light of the fragrant oil of the golden lamps!

What scenes of acted poetry are witnessed during the imposing ceremonies of "the last and great day of the feast." The numerous priests, clad in their beautiful and snowy sacerdotal vesture, are arranged in due order at the altar; and every booth and tent is vacated by the presence of the people in the sanctuary. A golden vessel filled with the water from the spring of Siloam is brought in, the bearer lifting up the cry, — caught and repeated by the vast multitude, — "With joy we draw water from the well of Salvation!" It is borne to the altar, and there, mingled with wine, is poured out, while the exulting shouts of the enthusiastic people sing loud and long. "He who has not seen the joy of the drawing of water, has seen no joy," said the Jews. When a pause in this imposing drama came, what a picture was once seen as the holy one of Nazareth stood and cried, — "If any man



thirst, let him come unto me and drink !” All the characters in the great act just ended are transfixed as sculptural figures in a brilliant hall of statuary ! How varied their attitudes ! How different the looks they wear ! One only bears a kingly port of majesty and ease. Now there is a general movement, but there *he* calmly stands, — serene as a star while clouds of every form and hue float around and apart, and tarry near its light. And as the shadows of the gloomy clouds darken the lovelier ones, so the scowl of the priest, and the frown of the Pharisee, are reflected on countenances otherwise mild and beautiful.

As it was with the Jewish religious festivals, so was it with the social and domestic, — full of acted poetry, in which expression was given to feelings and emotions more eloquent than words. What would seem to us very trivial acts, were to them of great moment ; as when on entering Palestine from heathen lands, the Jew shook the dust from his sandals. Action was language ; and from this, language became action, so that in the sacred books every thing in the inanimate world is personified ; and with the same enthusiasm with which the “ angels that excel in strength ” are called upon to bless the Lord, “ all his works, in all places of his dominion,” are ex-

horted to do the same. Thus it is that the Bible hath the loftiest of all poetry, as its writers gave to all nature, in all its parts and minutiaë, a God.

I would love to linger on the acted poetry of the scene when Adam and his partner "heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden *in the cool of the day*," and strove to screen themselves from sight. For these I see, not bold, unblushing guilt, but shame, — the consciousness of a high nature that has been violated. The death of Abel, — the meeting of Melchisedek and Abraham, — Hagar in the Wilderness, — Abraham's Sacrifice, — the death of Isaac, — the meeting of Jacob and Esau, — Joseph telling his dream, — Jacob contemplating the coat of many colors, — the meeting of Joseph and his brethren, of Israel and Joseph, — Pharaoh's daughter finding Moses, — the great acts of Moses' life, and his death on Mount Pisgah, — Jephthah meeting his daughter, — Ruth and Naomi when Orpah departs, — the gleaner in the field of Boaz, — but why need I attempt to enumerate the acted poems of the Bible, for the very mention of the subject must, it would seem, be as the touching of a spring by which slide after slide is removed from master works of genius, and beauty, clothed in her divinest robes, is revealed in varied scenes, "ever charming and ever new."

And here lies the utility of my theme. The love of acted poetry brings the imagination into active employment, as the mind peruses the historic page, to “body forth” the action thereof. It gives the power to make pictures of our thoughts, — to put them in action harmlessly, as Akenside represents the Deity scanning all his works, ere he created aught. As a man “thinketh *in his heart*, so is he.” Let him put his thoughts into action and see what they would do; as the inventive mechanic combines wheel with wheel, band and pulley, spring and check, in his mental retreat, and decides what to adopt, what to alter, or reject. His real genius is thus shown, for when he puts his hand and skill to the outward work, it all comes forth in order and to the desired effect. He has made the improvements on the original idea without cost of time, labor, and material, and without exposing himself to the criticisms that would have vexed his spirit. Happy is he who is such a moral genius, so that when he acts, it is in obedience to the laws of spiritual mechanism, — spiritual harmony. For, as saith a true poet, “as the earth could not move an inch, or as a watch could not go at all, in opposition to the indisputable will of God, as declared in his mechanical laws, — *so only on the axis of its principle* can move the universe of

poetry, representing the Most High in the heart of man.”

The love of acted poetry is indispensable to the highest perfections of the accomplished speaker and writer. It gives the power to such to make thoughts live and move and have a being before us, and the scenes and beings described, familiar to us as though our eyes had rested on the reality. It gives the ability to make a flow of words, like the flow of the smooth waters of a river, — bearing the clear reflection of every form that dwells above them. It keeps from many improprieties in social intercourse, — improprieties which are so frequently like the creeping of worms over a delicate flower, — earth and heaven brought too close. Goethe once said of a poet who represented the Muses running a race and raising clouds of dust, that the writer would never have committed such an impropriety, had he ever been accustomed to make pictures of his thoughts. The hint is for many.

The same German critic tells us that as one of the means which he employed for maintaining his taste and talent in a progressive state, he had crowded his study with the finest specimens of sculpture and painting he could procure. A wise procedure, — surrounding himself with the poetry of genius acted out ; frozen in the marble, and

stamped upon the canvass. But we who get only the slight leaks from Fortune's horn, cannot obtain like means. Yet we can have a gallery of paintings and hall of statuary within, in the great temple of spiritual art, richer than any Academy ever owned. We all have "chambers of imagery." Many forms and sketches of scenes are there which should make room for better ones, for the glorious embodiment of divine goodness in those, who in the spirit and power of God have wrought for humanity. As we muse on these, the fire burns,—a fire and enthusiasm kindred to their character; and oft it will be with the contemplative soul as with Fuseli, on a certain occasion, in a nobleman's house. He was found by Sir Thomas Laurence contemplating a most exquisitely wrought statue which stood in one of the halls. He was so rapt in thought that he did not perceive the approach of Sir Thomas, who observed that the artist was in a state of emotion almost amounting to agitation. He was addressed, and turning round, said, "I feel that there is something within me which is yet undeveloped, and which aspires to excellence, that the brief duration of this life does not give time for. It is to me the germ and the strongest proof of immortality!"

It is to this end that the Bible is so full of

poetry, full of the beauty to satisfy the moral sentiments and engage the imagination in holiest picturings. "It presents us with those ideal forms of excellence in which a poetical mind delights, and with which all grace and harmony are associated. It brings us into a new world, a world of overpowering interest, of the sublimest views, and of the tenderest and purest feelings. With Christians a poetical view of things is a duty. We are bid to color all things with the views of faith; to see a divine meaning in every event; and a superhuman tendency. Even our friends around are invested with unearthly brightness; no longer imperfect men, but beings taken into divine favor, stamped with His seal, and in training for future happiness." Thus the dear departed come forth to our gaze, in all the beauty of the early freshness of our love, heightened and radiant with heavenly charms. We cease to think of them as when they lay stretched out in death before us; when, though we wept in the agony of tenderness, we could bring no emotion to the cheek, no color to the pale lip. They come before us as happy denizens of the skies, and night is made glorious day by their holy and beautiful presence.

The Bible becomes a new book, or rather revelation, when the imagination has been trained

to a love of acted poetry. Daily life presents loftier inducements to noble pursuits, and solitude is peopled with a glorious company. The painful nightwatch, and the sleeplessness of the over-taxed, wearied one, are cheered by the presence and movements of forms of moral beauty, and the return to scenes of holiest recollections. I have many such pain-soothing and inspiring forms and scenes in the mystic retreat of the soul. I sketch but one, and leave my theme to be better discoursed on by oracular voices in the inner temple.

It was the morning of the Sabbath, and the soft sunshine lay like the benison of God upon the quiet time. The Merrimack stretched out before me, in its calm majestic flow ; the light waves at times lifting themselves up gently with a rosy smile, as if rejoicing in the hush of the hum of business and the jar of every-day life, and then mingling together like the subsiding of molten silver into the mirror surface. The white buildings, washed by the rain of the night, lined the south shore, while, opposite, the green bank was all unimpeded ; the bridge on the west appeared a covered retreat, while the tall willows on the east stood as sentinels, fixed by the spectacle of the gathering, and only waving their lofty plumes. The soft clouds of every form and hue reposed



at ease on the sky, giving the river the appearance of a marble pavement, of a unique fashion. I sat at my window, and watched the forms that one by one, and group after group, gathered on the opposite shore, silent as if some hushing spell had fallen upon them. They were all clad in their Sabbath array, and as they gathered and stood silent there, they appeared like visitors from a better country than ours, where sin was not known. No one now moved, for the minister had opened the book of praise. How clear upon the air rose the sound of the voice reading the hymn! Softened by the distance, it came with soothing and magic power to my ear. And then the mingled voices of song! A full flow of music poured a tide of melody into my entranced ears, and I was in heaven. All was still again. The uncovering of the heads of the males, and the attitude of the minister, told me prayer was being offered. How purely heavenly did the praying one look! His hair lightly lifted from his brow by the morning zephyr, his face glowing with emotion, his arms outstretched, and his fervor manifest in their uplifting as to an opening in the heavens. I looked steadily through my optical glass, and the maiden for whom the gathering had been made, stood in her white robes, her hands crossed upon her bosom,



“ With looks commercing with the skies,  
Her rapt soul sitting in her eyes,”

as they were fixed upon a beautiful cloud above.

A movement among the throng told that the prayer was ended. The man of God took the hand of the maiden and led her into the water. My eyes closed, for the sight was very holy, and I saw it more distinctly thus. The sudden breaking forth of song aroused me, and I saw the couple rising upon the bank, the maiden trembling like a delicate flower before the breath; and as it is laid in the breast, so she vanished from sight behind the folds of the thick-foliaged trees. If the holy influences of that hour abide with her and pervade her being, her life will surely be acted poetry. As oft as I think of her, my spirit yearns for a deeper and more perfect baptism in that river “ whose streams make glad the city of our God.”

## “LET ME DIE YOUNG.”

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

O LET me die young! — 't is a sorrowful page,  
The tale of life's journey from youth to old age!  
'T is a story of hopes that too early are crushed;  
Of wild, restless yearnings that will not be hushed;  
'T is a record of wasted, or misemployed time;  
Of follies, of frailties, too often of crime;  
Of years by misfortune and trials o'erhung;  
I shrink from the picture! — O let me die young!

Ay, let me die young! — it is sad to stay here,  
Where the smile is so sure to be quenched by the  
tear,

Till the mists of old age have o'erclouded our day,  
And we wonder our hearts could have ever been gay!  
I wish not to linger, a useless old dame,  
Till the young all grow sick at the sound of my name,  
Or bear a bruised spirit earth's dwellers among; —  
O how much more blessed to die while I 'm young!

I could bear to live on till my locks were all white,  
And my vision was shrouded in darkness and night!  
I could bear that my dearest loved voices should fall  
On an ear deaf to even the thunder's loud call!

But I could not endure in this fair world to stay,  
'Mid a new generation that wished me away !  
May I go, then, ere age has swept over my heart !  
Ere my youth has all left me, O let me depart !

Yet, yet, while I live, O my Father, I pray,  
May I not be unmindful to work while 't is day !  
Let me not idly slumber on life's busy wave !  
I shall have sleep enough in the night of the grave !  
But may I so labor, that some who remain  
May say, when I 'm dead, "She hath not lived in  
vain !"  
Some fond hearts that love me, perchance, might be  
wrung,  
But time would soon heal them, — then let me die  
young !

## THE STOLEN CHILD.

BY MISS S. C. EDGARTON.

THE moon has been peering through Dalewood a whole half hour, yet Mignonette still waits the return of her chief. Unwonted anxiety is marked upon her fair brow, and impatient for the step that comes not, she wanders along the path leading to the boundary of the forest.

“Netty,” playfully called a voice whose tones were always music to her heart, “Netty, it has been a long day, but I am home at last, — yes *home*, for the gypsy has no home but in the hearts of those he loves.”

Mignonette replied by ringing out in a clear voice that delightful chorus,

“Home, home, sweet, sweet home!

Be it ever so humble, there’s no place like home!”

“Yet after all,” added the chief, “the gypsy has his home like other men; but instead of making it a *genius loci*, it is a spirit which follows him in all his wanderings, which hovers





around his heart wherever the sky bends above him, wherever he can hear the whispers of the waving trees or listen to the murmuring voice of the waters that turn no wheel!"

Mignonette was a dear lover of her husband's eloquence, but on this occasion, her mind was too full of another subject to permit the rapt attention she usually gave. "Anthony," she said, putting her arm in his, and walking leisurely toward the encampment, "a singular incident has occurred to-night; a stolen child has been found in the camp."

Anthony laughed. "A stolen child! one would think, to look amongst our people, that we had little need of stealing them; but nevertheless, this may be a prize worth having."

"O no Anthony, the child of another can never be ours, unless given to us, as this child certainly is not. What object old Nida had in stealing it I cannot guess, unless it be to revenge herself on the father of the child, who was instrumental in getting her scape-goat of a son, properly punished."

"What! Lord Clermont? Is it his child?"

"So I judge from the miniature upon the boy's neck, which is, according to my remembrance, very like Lady Clermont, as I saw her before her marriage. She was a beautiful woman, and

her child bears a strong resemblance to her. But here, you can see him now for yourself. And *our* boy! How delighted he seems with the little stranger."

"Pharaoh, my boy!" At the sound of his father's voice, the baby gypsy sprang to his feet, and uttering a cry of joy, ran into Anthony's arms and laid his little brown cheek tenderly against the moustachéd lips that never spake to him but in kindness. Touched to the heart with gladness, as Mignonette was at this manifestation of affection between the objects of her fondest love, she could not avoid a feeling of tender sympathy for the hapless little being who had been torn away from all who loved and were dear to him. She took him in her arms and gently caressed him while tears hung trembling on the long black fringes of her beautiful eyes.

"Dear little creature," she said in a voice of winning tenderness, "what a sad heart has your mother at this hour. O Anthony, imagine *our* distress, were we to lose our little Phara; and can we suppose the parents of this little one feel less, bereft as they now are, of their only child, — the heir of rich estates and of a long line? Say, dear Anthony, that he shall be restored to them, — let us go this very evening and place him in their arms. Look, and see how beautiful



he is, — you have scarcely cast a glance at him yet.”

“Why, he is pretty, to be sure, and he smiles at me, which is worth all his fine looks. But it is a long walk to Clermont, — have you considered?”

“Only three miles, Anthony, and what is that to a gypsy’s wife? But let us have a little rest here before we go, — and I will bring your guitar which you play always so sweetly,” said Mignonette with that coaxing tenderness which she well knew was irresistible to her husband.

They formed a fine group, as they were collected there in the light of the new moon, which had just risen above a cluster of beautiful trees that grew near them. The gypsy chief reclined upon the grass, with his guitar in his hand, from which he was drawing forth a wild and touching melody, suited to his appearance and character. His wife stood beside him, with one hand reposing upon his shoulder. Her dress was simple and becoming. A band of her husband’s hair surrounded her throat, and upon her pretty hand a ring glistened, — the token of his love. These were her only ornaments; but the meek and quiet spirit, which beamed from her clear eyes and delicate mouth, was more beautiful than a thousand gems. She was regarding with a

pleased interest, the eager curiosity of her little boy, who sat on the grass before her, examining the miniature on the neck of the young stranger. There was a fine contrast between the children, — one so very fair, and so elegantly attired ; the other in his plain frock, with his jetty hair falling about his brown face, and his black eyes sparkling at the sight of the treasure he longed to make his own. In the distance were gypsy women preparing supper over the fires which were lighted before the tents, forming a fine by-play to the scene.

A few hours pass, and the scene changes. No longer the light of the moon shines on that wild and singular group ; but in a princely chamber, where exist no vestiges of primitive life, save its grief and its love, a rich astral sheds its dim light upon a couch, not of rest, but of fearful and impatient suffering. How much the heart can learn in one short hour ! How much of grief may be pressed into the bosom by the record of one passing moment ! Young, beautiful and beloved, Lady Clermont had never known affliction until the tidings were brought her of the loss of her only child, the jewel of her deepest and most intense affections. It was an affliction that had not even the resignation which the heart draws to itself, from the sad certainty of death.

Hope and fear, and present agony were struggling together in her bosom, — a terrible conflict! And to add to the acuteness of her distress, her husband was absent on a journey, and she was left to meet her anguish alone, with no one to relieve her, even in directing the researches, which at best afforded but a faint hope of the child's recovery.

“O Fanny! is it not nearly morning? How long the night has been!” exclaimed Lady Clermont, lifting her head from the pillow she had moistened with many tears.

“My dear lady, it is only eleven, not yet midnight.”

“It will always be midnight in future, Fanny. Dear Albert, where is he? How cold my heart feels, where he is so wont to nestle at this hour. O Fanny, where is his little head resting now? why do not the messengers return? I cannot wait!” And again she started up, sprang from her couch, and paced the room with a frantic haste that terrified her attendant, lest her reason had forsaken her.

At this moment the door opened and a beautiful gypsy woman entered, and going up to Lady Clermont, took her hand gently, and whispered, “I too am a mother, and have felt for you. Weep no more; your child is safe!” Then

throwing aside her cloak, she showed him to the *too* happy mother, sleeping quietly upon her bosom.!

“ Take him, Lady, — he is yours ; and sometimes when you are happy in his love, think kindly of the gypsy who has brought him three miles in her arms that she might see the beautiful joy which this moment lights up a *mother's* face.”

Well was Mignonette repaid for her kindness in witnessing the half delirious gladness with which the mother embraced her child. Kisses and tears, and exclamations of love followed each other too rapidly to be told ; and Fanny, almost as much rejoiced as her Lady, sunk on her knees, and wept like a child.

The first expression of gladness being cut short by a recollection of the thanks she owed the gypsy, Lady Clermont disengaged herself from the affectionate caresses of the little one who had awakened in her arms, and was expressing his joy, by a multitude of infantile kisses, but found, to her surprise, that the woman had disappeared. With Albert still clinging to her neck, she went in search of her, and found her just leaving the door with her husband. She intreated them to stay and receive some reward for their kindness.

“ No, Lady,” replied Mignonette, “ I have had

*my* reward in seeing you happy. My husband's reward is always in pleasing me, — so farewell, Lady, God bless you!”

“But stay with us till morning. — You will not surely leave at this late hour.”

“You know not what you ask,” replied Anthony, somewhat proudly. “A gypsy can sleep nowhere save under his woollen tent, and in the free solitudes of nature. Your roof is hospitable, but *we* should die under it. Besides, Lady, we have left a child at home, — can you marvel that we wish to go?”

“O no! I cannot! But may Heaven's best blessings go with you for ever!”

## CASUAL COUNSEL.

BY H. GREELEY.

“WHAT read'st thou there, my fair-haired boy,  
With eye so soft and blue?  
What spell has chilled the tide of joy,  
Which late thy veins ran through?”  
Up looked he from that page of fear,  
(Such dread our race inherits,)  
And spoke the title, low but clear,  
“The World of Evil Spirits.”

“Hand me the book, my gentle friend,  
And let me o'er it glance,  
Whilst thou a patient hearing lend  
To what I may advance.  
'Spirits of Evil,' — ah, my child!  
They are of fearful might:  
'Tis well thou seek'st to shun their guile. —  
Be sure thou seek'st aright!

“‘Devils!’ — Ah yes, in this world of woe,  
They throng each trodden street,  
By day, by night — where the lonely go,  
Or where the joyous meet;

But dread them not in shapes like *this*, —  
 Absurd, — grotesque, — abhorred ;  
 Ah no ! they revel in forms of bliss,  
 And shine at the sparkling board !

“ In glossy suit, — perchance of black, —  
 The Devil is oft arrayed ;  
 While the dapper boot on his sinister foot  
 Does honor to Crispin’s trade.  
 Ah ! not by outward shape of fear  
 Is the cunning Devil shown ;  
 But the gamester’s wile or the scoffer’s sneer  
 Shall make his presence known.

“ ‘ Witches ! ’ Ah yes, they too, abound ;  
 But ne’er in a garb like this ;  
 They rather in silks than rags are found,  
 And betray, as of old, with a kiss.  
 When the witch looks out from a wanton’s eye,  
 Or up from the ruby bowl,  
 Then, if thou would’st not to Virtue die,  
 Stand firm in thy strength of soul !

“ ‘ Ghosts ! ’ Ah, my child ! dread spectres they  
 That tell of our wasted powers ;  
 The short-lived elves of Folly’s day ;  
 The ghosts of our murdered hours —  
 Of friendship broken, love estranged,  
 Of all that our hearts condemn ;  
 Of Good repelled to Evil changed —  
 Beware, my boy ! of them ! ”

## THE FOREST GRAVE.

BY MRS. J. H. SCOTT.

Mourn not for her, — though life was sweet,  
She ne'er before was truly blest, —  
The path grew rough and bruised her feet, —  
She sleepeth now, and taketh rest.

S. C. E.

It has a lonely look, that forest grave,  
So hid away from sight of envious eyes,  
Beneath old arching trees.

The wild-grape hangs

Its purple fruit with clustering fondness o'er  
The low gray head-stone, and the spotted fawn  
Lies softly down amid the reed-like grass  
Which droopeth at the foot, as if to seek  
Companionship with her who sleeps beneath.

O! sweetly, softly, sadly beautiful,  
Are all things circling that love-hallowed spot,  
Whether it be the hill-side rill which foams  
With grief-like passion o'er its rocky bed,  
Flinging its white tears back; or the thick hedge  
Of pale wood-roses, gazing timidly  
On the soft, sun-streaked carpet at their fee;  
Or the gray mounds and mossy knolls, o'ercrept



With partridge-vine, whose sparkling berries ne'er  
Lose their rich hue, but lay their coral forms  
Within the moss-cups white.

An old dark pine

That standeth near, doth murmur endlessly,  
With its wild voice, like one bereaved, and ne'er  
On earth with words of comfort to be blest.  
And to its shade there cometh every eve  
A mourning dove, and poureth forth a flood  
Of tender, broken-hearted melody.

Would'st know the history of her who sought  
In burial a refuge from the world?  
It is a simple, common tale of love,  
Such as perchance thou 'st heard a thousand times  
Without a tear. — 'T is, I had almost said,  
The history of woman. She did love,  
And was betrayed. They saw the light go out  
From her young eyes like the soft glimmering rays  
Of setting stars, nor dreamed the cause, till sleep  
With its untrammelled words breathed out a name  
That made them shudder. Then with trembling  
hands

They wrought the victim's grave-clothes, and no more  
Gave ear to hope.

That wronged one never breathed

One word against her callous murderer,  
But with a farewell smile for all who came  
To see her spirit take its upward flight,  
A gentle pressure of her sister's hand,  
One tender kiss on her gray father's cheek,

One thrilling gaze in her pale mother's eyes,  
She whispered of this long-beloved spot,  
And rose to meet the love which eateth not  
The heart away.

## THE MYSTERIOUS TELL-TALE.

BY C. F. LE FEVRE.

“A bird of the air shall carry the voice and that which hath wings shall tell the matter.”

*Solomon.*

THERE is a charm in our early superstitions that we are scarcely willing to sacrifice even when the experience of maturer years has demonstrated their fallacy. The charm, indeed, is not in the superstition itself, but is rather found in the interesting circumstances with which it stands connected. It is inwoven with the sweetest and freshest flowers that the spring time of life supplies. We trace it back and discover it among the earliest developements of the reasoning powers. It is contemporary with that period when the senses first begin to perform their office, the soul to survey its new tenement, and the mind to make excursions abroad among the objects of surrounding nature. The impressions then are the most vivid, the most pleasing and the most permanent. The charms of novelty throw an

unreal lustre around every object which is contemplated, while hope undisciplined by experience, moulds them as fancy not as judgment dictates. These are the days of confidence. The world has not taught us the unwelcome lesson, that falsehood puts on the garb of truth and that there is treachery in kisses. There is a repose in these early stages of existence quite unknown in future years. No misgivings or apprehensions disturb the young traveller on his entrance to the road of life ; for who can look upon the placid brow and ingenuous countenance of infancy with other eyes than those of kindness and encouragement? These are the days of innocence. The mind yet untainted with actual sin, sees and knows not its existence ; the evil passions have not yet attempted to establish their iron dominion ; nor have envy, jealousy, suspicion, hatred, and revenge, corroded the open, generous disposition of the young adventurer in the unknown regions of the recent world. These too, are the days of happiness. Rejoicing in a mother's tender love, overshadowed by a father's provident care, beholding a friend in every eye, swelling with youthful transport in an earthly paradise, the affections warm, active, unbounded, unknown to trouble, distressed with no anxious care, if prophesying at all seeing only visions of bliss in

the distant prospect, unacquainted with the keen anguish of a wounded spirit, the breast beats high with emotions of delight, and the fanciful imagination presents an image transient and imperfect to be sure, but not devoid of resemblance to those blissful days passed in the flowery bowers of Eden, or that state of ecstatic joy which dwells in the Elysium of poetic imagery.

Fondly does memory delight to dwell on such scenes of past pleasure and youthful enjoyments, to retire awhile from the turmoil, distractions, and contentions of life and retrace the events of childhood, events never to be obliterated while the mind itself shall last ; and while distance but softens or conceals any accidental asperities, a feeling of holy calmness and serenity is insensibly diffused over the soul, like that which pervades all nature, when at the close of a summer's day, the glorious luminary of heaven is just sinking to rest, and his setting rays illumine with fluid gold rocks and hills, towers, battlements, and trees. How soft, how mellow, how rich those rays !—not less delightful is that spell which memory throws over the scene of early years. When we look upon the setting sun, we seem to forget all distance, and the confines of earth become blended with the glories of heaven : thus when we revert to the sunny season of life, dis-

tance is annihilated and we live over again, for a few brief moments, the blissful days of innocence and peace.

While such are the sensations produced by reflecting on the past, (and what bosom so insensible as not to have felt them?) it is not surprising that every thing associated with the scenes of youthful happiness should be regarded as possessing an uncommon value. We hesitate to expel our very superstitions when they have taken refuge in the inner sanctuary of that temple which memory has consecrated to early years.

The advances of science, however they may be subjects for admiration, make sad inroads in the poetry of life. The imaginative, the fictitious, the mysterious, the very atmosphere in which poesy "lives and moves and has its being," is scattered by its light, and the stately march of sober reality crushes at every step the frost-work which fancy has so sportively displayed. The sternness of philosophy frowns away the delightful visions of fairy land. This sentiment is so charmingly and feelingly expressed by Campbell, in his address to the "Rainbow," that it would be injustice to the cause of early superstitions to suppress so powerful an advocacy in their behalf.

“ Triumphant arch that fill'st the sky  
When storms prepare to part,  
I ask not proud philosophy  
To tell me what thou art.

“ Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,  
A midway station given  
For happy spirits to alight  
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

“ Can all that Optics teach, unfold  
Thy form to please me so,  
As when I dreamt of gems and gold  
Hid in thy radiant bow ? ”

Among the mysteries of my infant days, none was so unfathomable as that by which knowledge was communicated to my parents of my peccadilloes. How did I labor in the dawn of life to penetrate that secret! how did I desire its revelation! When charged with the mischief and my blushing cheeks confessed the whole secret, I was yet at a loss to conjecture what unseen agent had communicated the intelligence to them. Nor was my curiosity much relieved, when my inquiries were answered by the assurance that the tale had been whispered in their ear by “ a little bird.” I was as much perplexed as the young African who was sent with a letter and a basket of oranges from his master to an acquaintance, and filched some of them on the road. He

was immeasurably surprised when he was told by the gentleman to whom he carried them, that he had discovered by that letter, that he had taken to himself just such a number. He thought there must be some magician enveloped in that mystic paper. But his astonishment was, if possible, still greater, when having some time afterwards been sent on a similar errand, he concealed the letter under a stone while he regaled himself on "the forbidden fruit," and notwithstanding this wise precaution, his theft was as readily discovered as on the previous occasion. Thus it was with me. I found no spot secure from this invisible tell-tale. If I purloined the sugar-cake or confectionary plum, it was at once discovered. If I carefully avoided the garden, where almost every tree had its aerial inhabitant, and secluded myself in the bedroom or even dared the darkness of the closet, it was just the same thing; I was not the more secure from detection. I was accused, convicted, sentenced and punished nearly in the same breath.

It was a matter of some inquiry in my mind to conjecture which of the feathered tribe took upon himself the unamiable office of spy upon my actions. There were birds as different in their characters and dispositions that visited our garden, as they were in their size and plumage, and



I patiently set myself to work to canvass their qualifications and sum up the probabilities, by which alone I could affix the unenviable stigma to any particular one.

The first that was arraigned at the judgment-seat of my mind was the sparrow. He belonged to a very numerous tribe, and had as little conscience as the Arab of the desert. There was not in the whole winged tribe a greater thief than he. There was nothing too bad for him to be guilty of. It might then be supposed that I should at once decide upon him as the informer; but in this instance the very infamy of his character screened him from suspicion. No, no, it could not be "jack sparrow." I had observed too much hostility between my father and him, to entertain the remotest idea that he would venture so near as to whisper in his ear. There were no sympathies between him and the rest of the family. The children were instructed to make traps to catch him, and when caught, his neck was twisted without any feelings of compunction, and instead of an honorable sepulture he was only buried under the crust of a pie, to be devoured at his resurrection. When the winter set in and these birds were driven from the woods and the fields, and sought by "hook or by crook" to pick up a living around the

habitations of men, it was a common practice to clear a piece of ground and scatter some grain on the spot, and when the hungry flock descended to feed thereon, to pepper them with shot from a fowling-piece, that had been planted for their destruction. I had often witnessed this overthrow in their ranks, and, young as I was, I had penetration enough to discover that there could be no communion of a friendly nature between my father and the sparrows. Indeed I had reason to believe my father's opinion of the whole sparrow tribe to be so unfavorable, that even if one had had the impudence to accuse me, I felt convinced that he would not be believed. When the sparrow then suggested itself to my mind, it was at once dismissed as one of those cases too improbable to be credited.

There were the swallows. They were of a truth swift-winged messengers, and might easily have carried the news; but they always appeared to me in too much haste to deliver it. I never saw them at rest. They never alighted, except when they sought their nest under the eaves of the house. Then they would twitter most pleasantly at early dawn, but there was no mischief in their sharp piping note. There was, moreover, a consideration quite subversive of the suspicion of their being the talebearers. They were only

summer birds. They came with summer's warm suns, and passed off with the fading flowers of autumn. Unhappily my transgressions were not confined to the sunny months, but every season bore its bitter fruits, and every month had some dark record of my wanderings from the path of duty. If then the swallow whispered the passing secret, as he swept along in the still summer evening, who took up the tale when he had left for more southern skies? I was no nearer the solution of this mystery, but I acquitted the swallow of any participation in the matter.

Then there was the thrush. Very clear and mellifluous were his matin and vesper warblings from the old cherry tree that grew at the bottom of the garden. He was much in favor with the family, and often did I and my playmates suspend our sports, to listen in a summer evening to his thrilling notes. When he took his accustomed station on the tree, we would retire from the immediate vicinity that we might not disturb him, and would be found with our parents at the open window, around which the eglantine scrambled, or in the porch over which clambered the jessamine, drinking in draughts of melody. I do not know but I should have decided on this speckled-breasted visitor as the tattler, had it not been for a quality which he possessed in a very

eminent degree, — diffidence. This trait acquitted him in my mind at once. He was a very shy, unobtrusive bird, shunning all advances to familiarity, singing his little song of gratitude and praise, and then modestly retiring from the public gaze. And I had always noticed that tell-tales were very busy, forward, and pert folks, always intermeddling, and ever ready to communicate news. I had heard the expression more than once from the lips of my parents, when speaking of some notorious gossip, “that woman prates like a parrot or chatters like a magpie,” but I never knew such persons to be compared to the thrush. When then I canvassed the character of the informer and placed it along side of the modest thrush, my judgment immediately rendered a verdict of acquittal.

The next in order was the blackbird. What a jovial, merry old fellow was he! I can, even now, in imagination hear him whistling from the apple-tree. He knew nothing about shyness, but would whistle his tune out, though the king were present. He was a bold fellow; he would carol away, though you were under the very tree when he was performing, and even if some truant boy pelted him with a stone and drove him from his leafy orchestra, he did not seem scared, and the next thing you knew was, that he was in some

neighbouring branch as jolly as ever, and looking for all the world as if pelting him with stones was only a piece of pastime. Did I suspect him? Not a moment! Dick the blackbird was too good-natured a fellow to tell tales out of school. No, no, I did not do you, Dick, that injustice.

There was only one bird remaining on whom I could with any appearance of justice fix this charge, and he was one whom I had been taught to hold in profound reverence,—it was the robin. There was much that conspired in his case to confirm my suspicions. He was on the most familiar footing with the family. He could not have made himself more at home if he had been one of the children. He came in at the door or window as best suited his fancy, and picked up the crumbs upon the carpet. I have even known him to perch upon my mother's chair at the breakfast table, then hop on the table itself, and help himself as his taste might dictate. Sometimes he would pour forth from the sweetbrier at the window the most exquisite strains, and his song was ever welcome. We all loved him, for how could we do otherwise than cherish kindly feelings towards one so domestic and gentle? I was sorry that I had in this matter to look upon him with a jealous eye, but there were so many circumstances all tending to this result, that I

could not resist the conviction. My parents frequently spoke to him on his entrance into the parlour as if they were addressing a little child, using such expressions as these, "well, Bobby, what news do you bring to-day?" or, "are you come to wish us a good morning?" or, "will you sing us a song or tell your story?" In one of his visits, I remember his picking up the fragments and then rapping his beak against a saucer. I asked my father why he did so, and he humorously remarked, "he was wiping his mouth and preparing to drink." A little water was poured into the saucer and he began to sip. "There," says my father, "I told you how it was, you see that I understand what Robin says." So, so, thought I to myself, the mystery is at length revealed, and you and Robin can converse together. There was nothing more wanting to establish me in the correctness of my supposition, and I believed undoubtingly that the "little bird with bosom red," was, after all, the "tell-tale tit." I was so satisfied with the conclusion to which I had arrived, that I sought no further to investigate the subject. How long I might have indulged this conviction I know not. It is probable that it would have lasted as long as such delusions generally last, even to the time when we "put away childish things," had not some-

thing transpired to undeceive me, and redeem the character of "Robin" from the unjust imputation which I had cast upon it.

Among the inmates of the house, and no unimportant character in the domestic establishment, was "puss." Very sleek was her skin, very white were her paws, and very noiseless was her step. Slyly and stealthily she stole about, ever watchful, ever armed to seize the unsuspecting straggler, and make him a prey to her ravenous and cannibal appetite. Puss was an excellent mouser, but she did not confine herself strictly to that branch of her profession. A gourmand in her taste, she relished all kind of game, and as opportunity offered freely partook of the beast of the field, the fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea. Frequently have I noticed her on one of the trees in the garden, making almost imperceptible advances towards some unconscious warbler, and while his little throat was vibrating with melody, suddenly pounce upon him and convert the unfinished quaver into the shriek of death. This trait in the character of puss was well known to every member of the family, and hence much precaution was used when "Robin" entered the parlour, to exclude his dangerous rival, for notwithstanding this pro-

pensity to destructiveness, puss was also a general favorite.

That "child of song," the rustic Burns, thus philosophically apostrophizes a mouse, whose nest he had turned up with his plough ;

— " Mousie, thou art no thy lane  
 Improving foresight may be vain,  
 The best laid schemes of mice and men  
                                   Gang oft a-gley,  
 And leave us nought but grief and pain,  
                                   For promised joy."

Poor Robin had to experience this, alas ! fatally. It was one bright morning in the waning year, that he made his last appearance at the breakfast table. He had been singing his morning hymn on the window sill, and the sash had been raised to invite his entrance, for the mornings had become too chill to enjoy the luxury of an open window. Poor fellow, little did we imagine that it was his funeral dirge that he had been chanting. I do not know that there was any thing peculiarly melancholy in his note on that occasion, nor was there any observation to that effect ; but after the event which I am about to narrate had transpired, every one of the family seemed to have had some premonitory sign that some calamity was at hand. The salt had been spilt, the knives and forks crossed, a raven had been



heard to croak the very evening before from the oak tree in the lane at the bottom of the garden, and one, more observing than the rest, and possessing great "gifts" in interpreting omens and forebodings, had remarked a kind of tremulous cadence in the morning song which was plain enough to one skilled in prophecy. It is true, the individual made no mention of it at the time, but that might be attributed to thoughtlessness, or a benevolent regard for the feelings of the family and an unwillingness to create anxiety beforehand. I have, since my growth to manhood, frequently observed the great sagacity some evince in interpreting signs, after the event which they indicated has transpired. It is truly edifying to listen to these explanations, and our wonder is increased at the acuteness of the seer, for when *we* apply the same omens to coming events we are invariably disappointed in the result, which very satisfactorily and clearly shows that the "fault is not in our stars but in ourselves," that we are not astrologers.

It was, then, as I before said, "when the melancholy days were come," that little "Bobby" made his last appearance on the stage. He entered by the window, and was busily employed in picking up the scattered fragments from the carpet. We all thought that he was

safe, and that puss was occupying a more remote part of the premises. Such, however, was not the case. Snugly ensconced behind my mother's workbasket which had been left carelessly in one corner of the room, grimalkin was no indifferent observer of passing events. Warily she marked the footsteps of her innocent victim, and when within reach, in a moment, by one fatal spring, she seized him and bore away her ignoble prey. A faint chirp was the last note that told the fate of the expiring bird. Thus perished the sweet minstrel, and with genuine grief was his death bewailed. It must not be supposed that I did not join in the lamentation, because forsooth I suspected him of telling stories about me; no, indeed, at that guileless age there were no revengeful feelings lurking in my bosom, and the pearly drops that trickled down my rosy cheeks at the tragic end of our little favorite, were as pure as ever fell in vernal showers, though they might be followed by as quick a sunshine.

It was not long after this catastrophe that my integrity was to be put to the test, and I am sorry to say that my honor as a true historian forbids my giving a very favorable version of the trial. There was to be a large party given at our house and the note of preparation had already sounded. It was very joyfully listened to by the younger

members of the family, for I have often remarked, and no doubt the reader has been equally shrewd in his observations, that children never exhibit any dissatisfaction in the preparations for company. The making of pies, picking of the plums for puddings, boiling over of sweetmeats, gathering of fruits, &c., which to their parents are affairs of considerable care and anxiety, never seem to trouble the equanimity of their minds, nay, it might be truly said of them, that such trouble is to them a pleasure. If, then, the assurance, "we shall be very happy of your company to dinner," when the invitation is given, and the same assurance repeated, "we are very happy to see you here," on their arrival, are to the elder members of the family merely complimentary forms of speech, they are truly expressive of the feelings of the more juvenile branches; and as they constitute, in most cases, the majority, the expressions, taken on the whole, may be nearer the truth than at first sight would appear. I was, then, much delighted at the bustle and confusion that reigned in the premises, and there were few things in which either my mother or the servants engaged, that I did not pry into. Not a pickle pot, or jar of preserves, or box of raisins escaped the scrutiny of my watchful eyes, and my poor mother often declared that children

were the greatest plagues in the world. This exclamation caused me unspeakable astonishment, for she was all the time complaining of the want of help, when lo ! I stood ready and willing to help her. The puzzle was, why she did not accept the assistance that was so freely proffered ? The more difficult and laborious parts of the coming feast had been disposed of, and the last business was now on hand, that of tastefully arranging the fruit in the China baskets. They were the last precious emblems of the departing year. How methodically were they arranged ! how luscious and rich they looked ! the dark, purple plum, the golden apricot, the white, transparent grape, and the blushing nectarine ! What child could refrain from tasting with such irresistible temptations around him ? After the dishes had been disposed of satisfactorily to the eye of tasteful housewifery, they were respectively deposited in a spare room, to be at hand for the occasion. I was straitly charged, “ touch not, taste not, handle not,” and the usual caution was superadded to insure obedience, that if I did, the “ little bird ” would tell. The prohibition only increased the desire, while the declaration about the bird awakened my curiosity. I was, therefore, determined to gratify the former

and satisfy the latter, let the cost be what it might.

The assassin who has destroyed his victim feels but a momentary relief from the knowledge of the fact, that "dead men tell no tales." There are other things in earth and air that fearfully whisper the crime. He hears a voice in the breezes pregnant with his fate; he reads his destiny in every rumor in the busy tongue of fame; and worse than all, for it is an ever present terror, he finds a traitor in his own bosom. It is not necessary that the dead should speak, when the consciences of the living are so ready to betray. This, however, was an amount of knowledge to which I had not attained, but I had flattered myself that "dead birds" at least could divulge no secrets. Often in the course of that day I passed through the room and there stood the inviting fruit. The temptation was too strong. I put forth my hand, snatched an apricot, and eat it. The subtraction of this single apricot destroyed the symmetry of the dish. The fruit had been carefully arranged in the shape of a cone, and now it stood minus its apex. I was as little skilled in mathematics as I was in cases of conscience, but the experiment so unhappily tried quickly informed me of two things; first, the dish did not look any the better for my

meddling with it, though I could not exactly find why it was so ; and, secondly, that I did not feel very secure from discovery, though the bird was dead.

I was not left long to the chastisement of my conscience, for not an hour elapsed before my mother entered the room to see that all was in order. How did my eyes follow hers, and how did my heart beat as they rested on the pilfered dish ! In one moment that practised eye detected the theft, in the next it was turned upon me with an accusing look. Then came the charge, which admitted of no denial, so direct and positive was it made ; “ So you have disobeyed me and taken the fruit.” I was sentenced to the most humiliating punishment, and, at that particular time, the most insupportable, even to a banishment from these scenes of delight to a solitary corner, with my face towards the wall. Before, however, submitting to the merited disgrace, I could not help saying to my mother, “ who could have told of me since ‘ Robin ’ is dead ? ” There was a relaxing in the features of my mother, and a smile about her mouth as she replied, “ there are plenty of birds left to tell when you are naughty.” With unwilling steps and heavy heart I sought the hated place. I now felt that there was no escape, the whole

feathered tribe were against me, and though I had noth eard of the wisdom of Solomon, I had fully tested the truth of his preaching, when he declared that " a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath wings shall tell the matter."

## THE RECLUSE.

'T is the rich hour of sunset. Through the pane  
Of the old cloistral window streams the tide  
Of glorifying light, which for a dower  
The dying day leaves to the earth it loves.  
The scented jasmine hangs its starry flowers  
Around the antique casement, where the light  
Enters with noiseless step, and with the touch  
Of its own beautiful lip imparts a seal  
Of love to youth's fair brow, — a brow  
As pure as though wild thought had never dwelt  
Within its regal palace.

There she knelt

With her fair hands clasped on the Book of Life,  
And a small jewelled crucifix upraised  
Devoutly, as it might have been by one  
Whose hands had touched the wounds, the bleeding  
wounds

In the Redeemer's side. O beautiful  
In younger days had been that dimpled face,  
Now turned with a serener loveliness  
Toward Heaven, which ever seems so near and bright  
To a grief-chastened heart. The royal blood  
Of France throbbed in her pulses, and had lent



Its softest blush to her round delicate cheek,  
 And to her merry lip the brightest hue  
 Of its too passionate crimson. She had moved  
 In princely courts, and been the cynosure  
 Of eyes that worshipped with an eloquence  
 Lips dared not utter. Even a monarch's heart  
 Had felt the witchery of her smiles, and laid  
 Its love, like a voluptuous incense, at the shrine  
 Of her too dazzling beauty.

But it passed, —

All passed, and she is here ; more blest, I deem,  
 Than in her gayer hours, though grief hath laid  
 Its surgeon hand upon her heart, and left  
 Some aching wounds. O truly blest alone  
 Are they, who by the wondrous deeds of Time,  
 Gentle or stern, have learned the holy peace  
 Which dwells with God. Who have been taught to  
 seek

A deeper love from Him ; a love more pure  
 And firm than that which lives in human hearts,  
 And throws a transient glory o'er the earth.

What now to her are courtly splendors ? What  
 The lulling voice of flattery and love ?  
 She has a *hope in heaven*, and earth's wild lights  
 Wax dim before its glory. Peace with her  
 Makes its abiding home ; and though the world,  
 With its consuming pleasures comes not here,  
 Yet the gray cloistral wall hath not shut out  
 The cry of human suffering. Its low tones

Thrill through her silent heart, and she has learned  
How sweet it is to comfort and to bless.  
O say not they are sad to whom earth leaves  
The humblest usefulness. There is *no* joy  
In life like doing good to those who need.

S. C. E.

## THE SCHOOLMATES.

BY MRS. N. T. MUNROE.

SCHOOLMATES ! Ah, it is a magic word, and brings countless thoughts to my mind, both painful and pleasing. It carries me back to the days of my childhood, and I am again in the home of my parents, or in my childish haunts, where I have played through long, summer afternoons, till the sun has sunk behind the western hills, and then sought my home, worn out with the very excess of enjoyment.

They rise up before me, the playmates of my childhood, the companions of my school-days. I see them, with their laughing eyes, clustering hair, and glowing cheeks : I hear, again, the shout of glee, and the wild, ringing laugh of merriment and joy ; I almost think to feel again the pressure of the rosy lip of childhood and of innocence.

But no, this is passed, and I but dream. Years have since gone by, and while care has overshadowed the many, changes have come upon all !

They have gone forth into the world with their various minds, and its intercourse has had a different effect upon each. Some have met with coldness and neglect; the warm, gushing feelings have been driven back upon the young heart, the sunny brow has been shaded by the world's indifference and scorn, the very soul has grown callous, as it were, the affections have been checked, have changed from what they were in childhood, and the glad, joyous being is now restrained in every warm impulse of the heart, and like many of the world, is too much governed by fear of that world's opinion.

Some have gone far from the scenes of their childhood, are out on the deep, mid sea, or in a far land, where the suns have darkened their fair brows; their hearts, too, have been changed somewhat by different scenes and circumstances, and I know not that my eye would recognise them, should they stand before me now! Some are in the western world, the world of the emigrant, the land of enterprise, to which the sons of New England direct their steps. And some, ay, some are in another, a better, and a brighter land! They have gone in the spring-time of life, ere sorrow or care had come, gone ere they knew the coldness of the world, its trials and its many changes. Yes, they have gone! the play-

mates of my childhood! the sod is green above their resting places; in the church-yard their bodies sleep in quiet, but their souls are with God!

But my pen lingers too long around these memories. I would tell thee, gentle reader, a simple tale; and turn not thou coldly away, but deal gently with the writer, remembering that to her it may not be *all fiction*.

Ella Stanley and Edith Morris were playmates in childhood, and being nearly of the same age were ever together. Ella, the eldest, was not handsome. Even as a child, none called her really beautiful, for her complexion was dark, and her features, though regular, had nothing about them either striking or elegant. Yet, though she had not beauty, there was something in her countenance that attracted your attention, something which would cause you to look twice at Ella Stanley, even though you met her at the side of Edith Morris.

Ella knew that her friend was handsome, nor was she ignorant of her own deficiency in personal charms; but this never excited any envy or uneasiness in her mind, although she sometimes wished that she was as fair as her little playmate. But these were transitory thoughts, and the young friends seemed more unmindful than

perhaps any one else, of the difference in their appearance.

I may not linger over the days of their childhood, it is not of these I would speak. But years passed on, and Ella and Edith had arrived at that season of life which is generally deemed the happiest and brightest; when all the hopes and aspirations of the heart are highest, when life and health are in the veins, and every pulse beats high with anticipations of future joy and happiness. And how did this season find the two friends? Ella was now tall in person, and her soft, hazel eye was full of the eloquent language of a pure and noble mind. It was for intellect alone that she would be noticed in the crowd; and that is often as dangerous as beauty. Though she was still very young, her heart had already tasted its first draught of fame, and was sighing ardently for more. She had won praise from the lips of those who could discern and appreciate talent; praise, too, which was well deserved. Yet was hers a dangerous station for one so young, and with all a woman's gentleness of heart, and all a woman's affections, just springing up, like a young fresh fountain to the sunbeams; for the breath of praise might mar that heart, and smother those affections, as it had, full often,

the heart and affections of many a woman before her.

Edith Morris had also grown up, and the beauty given in her childhood had ripened and matured with years. Nor was she deficient in intellect ; but hers was a mind which we may often find in woman, satisfied with her present station, and sighing for none higher ; and this is well. Edith would be looked at and admired for her transcendent beauty, and loved for her gentleness of heart, while Ella would be praised and caressed for her superior talents, though perhaps very few would pause to consider whether she had the feelings and affections of a woman, and so, her richest gifts might lie all hidden and unnoticed, or be trampled on and forgotten by the many. Which, then, was the most dangerous gift, beauty or genius ?

It is a scene of gayety and pleasure. Youthful forms are flitting in the mazy dance, while music and singing, and the gay laugh and joyous tone, blend harmoniously together on the still air of evening. The beautiful and the gifted, the manly and the aspiring are in that circle thus gathered together in the mansion of Mr. Seward. Among these are our friends, Ella and Edith. Many forms are standing around the two, for, as usual,

they are together, and the soft, hazel eye of the one is often turned to meet the merry glance of the other.

Ella as usual attracts attention by her known powers of mind, and by her sparkling wit in conversation ; and there are those around her who are ever ready with the honeyed words of praise. But there is one, always at her side, seldom speaking when others are by, yet whose dark eyes dwell fondly on her youthful face, as she stands there thus surrounded ; *so* fondly that even a stranger could read the feelings which have prompted the earnest gaze.

It would perhaps have been difficult for Raymond to have told why he loved Ella ; but he did love her, fondly and devoutly ; more than even she herself dreamed. It was the love of a noble, manly heart, which looked alone to the happiness of the adored object, and to secure which it could give up its own dearest wishes. Others praised and flattered, while he was silent. Not that he was unconscious of her great powers of mind, but it was not for these he loved her ; it was for her woman's heart and feelings. And well might she prize that love, for it was what she might seldom hope to win, and it was what her heart might pine for, in after days, when trouble and sorrow should come, and the voice of the world had ceased to please.



Ella had never told Raimond that his affection was returned, but as she stood there in that brilliant circle you would have seen her eye turn away, as if seeking for some other object, and when her gaze met his, you would have noted the glow of pleasure on her cheek, and the sparkle in her tell-tale eye. She had never promised to be his, — nay, he had never asked her for her heart ; but that evening, as he walked with her through the brilliantly lighted rooms, and out beneath the clear sky, — as she stood beside him with her hand resting lightly on his arm, and then, as he took that hand within his own and pressed it fondly to his heart, — she forgot that she was the admired and gifted woman, — she thought but of the one beside her ; and he, too, forgot that *she* was other than the adored one, whose image was so treasured in his heart of hearts. But yet, when they parted that night, there was no engagement between them ; no promise had passed their lips, no word had been spoken to bind them to each other. Yet did Raimond Seward look forward to the time, when he should call Ella Stanley his wife as confidently and fondly, as if her lips had breathed the welcome Yes !

It was an afternoon of summer, and Ella Stanley was alone in her chamber. A letter lay open

before her, and her head was resting thoughtfully on her hand ; a smile had passed over her features, when she first perused the letter, but as she sat there, and the thoughts came thronging fast over her mind, the expression of her countenance grew sad, and the tears dropped one by one upon the paper. Again she turned and perused the letter, and again she sat for a while abstracted. It was indeed one which might have puzzled an older head than hers. It was from one famed for his talents, and very flattering, the world would have pronounced it, could it have perused those lines ; for the gifted writer had therein made an offer of heart and hand to Ella Stanley. No wonder that the young girl was excited. This was more than she had ever dreamed. An offer of marriage from the gifted Horace Wilbur ! There were visions of greatness passing before the tearful eyes of Ella, as she sat there alone, — thoughts of what she might become in the world's eye, as the wife of one so talented.

But why stood the tears in her eyes as she gazed upon the paper ? Mingling with the visions of greatness and fame, that rose before her mind's eye, was the form of Raimond Seward. His mild glance seemed to meet hers with something like sad reproach. And yet why should it ?

No tie bound her to him, and though she knew within her heart, that Raimond looked upon her as though she might one day be his, yet why should he? It would surely be foolish and unmaidenly to refuse this offer, upon such a plea as this. And yet what should she do? If she should accept the offer made in the letter, she could no more be to Raimond as she had been; and she determined to show him the letter, for their intimacy would warrant her in so doing, were it even on the score of friendship, and to ask his advice as a brother, in the course she should pursue.

Evening came and Raimond was at her side. He had read the flattering letter which had been sent to her, and in spite of himself, his lip quivered and a tear stood in his eye, as he took her hand within his own.

His voice trembled as he spoke. "I would not Ella," said he, "I would not have my wishes direct you in the course you are now to take. Consult your own feelings, let your own heart dictate to you. You cannot have been unmindful of the deep affection I have for you; your image, ever since I first became acquainted with you, has been present to my mind. In my sleeping or waking hours, you have ever been the one who was to share my future joy or sorrow.

There are others more talented and richer, others who would woo with smoother words and a more flattering tongue, but, Ella, there is not, there cannot be one who would love you better. It is true, Horace Wilbur is talented, his pursuits and his mind are perhaps more in accordance with your own, and it may be, yes, it may be, that he will make your path pleasanter than I could do. And if your heart tells you that he will, if you think that you will be happier and more blessed in a union with him, — I would not even plead my own happiness, nor ask you to be mine, nor would I ask for your love, much as I desire it. I could not bear to think that it was for me, you had rejected aught which you thought would secure your happiness. I will not ask you now which you choose, but will give you time for longer reflection. Let not ambition influence you too much. And Ella, should your heart ever long for affection, for kindness, and sympathy, and find it not where it should look, remember then, the one who offered you his, and would have cherished you, as fondly and devotedly, as the mother cherishes her first born.”

He paused. He would have said more, for his heart was full, very full of sad, painful thoughts ; but much as he loved the being by his side, he would not press his affection for her

now. He feared, ay he had sometimes thought, that Ella Stanley, with all her rich powers of intellect, was not for him ; he had often questioned whether, indeed, he was the one calculated to make her happy, although he loved her, with a deep and overpowering affection, which told him that he might never love another ! And now as he sat by her side, this thought came into his mind, and he forbore to say more, but was determined, though his heart seemed bursting with unuttered love, to leave her to her own free choice.

And how did she decide ? Let not my readers think that she decided too hastily, nor condemn her too soon. Others have erred, where she has erred, and many more, we fear, will do the same. Ella was not *very* ambitious, not more so than any woman in her situation would have been. She reasoned as many have, and still do reason. Horace Wilbur's pursuits were intellectual, and so were hers, — and he had talents, and was desirous of cultivating them ; so had she ; he stood before the world as a writer, above whom few could dare to aspire ; and she, too, was known to fame, and many praised her. And then came thoughts to her mind, of how pleasant it would be to have one who could sympathize with her in every romantic and fanciful feeling,

which is thought to wander through the brain of the poet, and of the intellectually gifted.

Moreover, Horace Wilbur was young, and his countenance one which well suited a genius. It would have required a harder heart than Ella's to have resisted all these attractions, and he was soon her acknowledged suitor. The manly, dignified virtues of Raimond Seward, seemed to have sunk before his successful rival. Not that he was inferior in aught that could please the eye of woman. But he aspired not to renown and greatness. He loved all that was beautiful in nature. His heart was full of unwritten poetry, and deep and glowing thoughts; and his soul was warm with pure and generous feeling, towards all that lived and breathed upon the earth. You would have loved him for his heart and soul; but you would not have dreamed that so much of deep, glorious thought was lurking in his mind never yet exposed to the eye of an applauding world. And was it not the purer and richer from its being kept all hidden and treasured up there in its own bright home?

Had Ella Stanley been his, all these deep thoughts would have gushed forth, and been lavished with his most ardent affection upon her. Looking not and seeking not for aught of praise from the world, all the treasures of his heart

would have thus been poured out upon one object, and he would have been to her all that her mind in its most romantic dreams could have desired.

Poor Ella, she was not aware how strong a hold he had upon her affections, until her word was plighted to another, and even the wedding day was fixed !

But slowly came the conviction that Horace with all his talents was not to her like Raimond. She had been so used to his kind attentions, to his gentle smile and tone, that they had become to her as a part of her existence, and she knew not until she began to miss them, how much they had been the source of her happiness, nor how deeply they had wound around her heart. But it was then too late ; her heart was plighted to another, and the word was soon to be spoken that was to make her his for life !

It came, the eve that was to unite Horace Wilbur to Ella Stanley. It was a beautiful evening, and bright as the sky above, seemed the path which lay before them. Many were there to witness the ceremony, and Ella stood by the side of him so soon to be her husband, with a deep flush upon her cheek ; but it was the flush of excited feeling, and not of heartfelt joy. And Horace Wilbur's tall, graceful form, and intellectual

countenance, looked well in that brilliant light, and as he gazed upon the being by his side, a thrill of pride passed through his heart, as he thought how she would add a new glory to his name.

But let us not forget the beautiful bridesmaid, our Ella's most intimate friend, Edith Morris. A wreath of pure white roses was twisted amid her raven hair, and very beautiful did she seem to all, but more especially to young Albert Seward, who expected so soon to call her his wife.

It passed away, that bridal eve, and as the gay tone and heartfelt wishes of friends fell upon the bridal couple very dignified and stately did Mrs. Wilbur appear, — fit wife for him who was about to take her from her childhood's home, to be the light of his own dwelling.

It passed away. The word was spoken, and Ella Stanley, — what was she now to him who sat alone in his chamber, through that bridal eve, with a pale brow and almost bursting heart? What was she now to him? *The wife of another!* He might not hope now ever to call her his, he must pass on through life alone, for never, never might his heart hope to find another whom it could love as it had loved Ella Stanley, — and so had his visions faded, and his hopes been crushed!



But think not that he gave himself up to melancholy and grief, till his noble form wasted away and sunk into an untimely grave. It was not so. Time passed, and though many wondered that Raimond Seward never married, — for he had all things requisite to support a wife, — and thought it strange that he should prefer a life of single blessedness, — yet so it was, and very few knew why. Few knew how the deep love which had once gushed forth for one, had been driven back upon his own heart. None but Edith, now his brother's happy wife, and she whom he had once loved so well. He would sometimes, though seldom, speak of her to Edith, who was to him like a sweet sister.

He rarely met Mrs. Wilbur, and nothing more than the common civilities of society, had passed between them since her marriage.

So time went on for a few years. Albert Seward and Edith were blest and happy in their affection. Horace Wilbur grew more proud of his wife, for as he had expected, she had added new glory to his name and had realized all his ideas of a talented woman. She was, moreover, a most exemplary wife, ever ready to do his slightest bidding, and toiling and studying on through long hours, till her brain and heart were wearied, if he but required it. And did he love

her? Did he love the one whose fame almost eclipsed his own? Ay yes, he loved her, but there was much of selfish pride mingled with that love, and we should tremble for that affection, should her heart weary of its task, and her health and spirits sink beneath the burden imposed upon her to gratify his wishes.

O this was not like the love she had once cast away from her; it was not like the affection for which she sometimes pined in lonely hours! For she *had* lonely hours,—her husband was ever very busy with his books and studies, and could spare little time for relaxation, or for those numerous pleasures, or rather duties of life which are so necessary to our happiness.

This application soon wore upon a frame naturally delicate; the cheek of the student grew pale, and a cough seemed hurrying him fast to the grave. It was in vain that Ella warned him of his danger, it was in vain that she besought him not to apply himself so closely to study; her warnings met with little attention, and he would often answer her with the petulance so natural to the sick. She forgave him for this unkindness, though it cost her many a bitter sigh to see him thus slowly wasting away, while all her kind attentions seemed to be utterly neglected.

She was sitting one afternoon by his side, as

he lay reclining on a sofa. A flush deep and red, was on his usually pale countenance, and he felt feverish and hot. She bathed his brow with the kindest care, and adjusted the pillows beneath his head, that he might, as he requested, look out at the window. She asked if she should read to him; but he replied that she need not, — he felt nervous and irritable, and as he turned his head, an expression of pain passed over his features.

“Do you not feel easy in your position? Are not the pillows placed as you wish?”

“Raise me a little higher, for I can hardly breathe.”

She did as requested, and when she had finished, he looked up with a faint smile into her face, and thanked her for her care. Ella was affected; this was much for him to say, yet a kind word and look were all she required for her attention. She took his hand within her own, and a tear dropped from her eye and fell upon his forehead. He looked into her face, “Ella,” he said, “you weep because I am dying. Do you think the world will mourn when I am gone? and yet, I have labored for it alone; I have toiled and worn out my health, and wasted away to this; only for its praise and its fame; yet after all, it will not weep for me, nor mourn for me

so much as you, whom, if I have not really neglected, I have not treated with all the affection, which I ought, and which you have deserved."

Ella spoke not, but her tears came faster and faster. "As I lay awake last night," continued he, "and was thinking of the past, I saw some things very plainly, which I would that I had seen as plainly before. Alas! the world came in between and prevented; but now, as that recedes, I see how deeply I have misunderstood both your character and my own. *You* have ever been kind and affectionate; neither have *I* been harsh, but yet, Ella, there was something wanting;—the deep trust and confidence which should ever exist between a man and his wife,—the feeling that they are dearer to each other than all the world beside,—and that, should all the world forsake, still they would be happy within themselves. I see it all plainly now,—*too* plainly,—would to God I had seen it thus before! Your woman's heart has longed for something more than I have ever bestowed; has it not Ella? Nay, weep not thus; raise me a little, and let me gaze upon your face once more, and bless you for all your kind care and attention.

She raised him, but he was seized with a violent fit of coughing, and for some time was unable to speak. When he did, it was in a low,

faint tone. Ella stood over him, spoke encouragingly, and hoped he would be better. But no, it was not thus to be. Ere that afternoon's sun had sunk behind the western hill, the spirit of the gifted Horace Wilbur had sought his God; and Ella sat weeping over his corpse, a lone, sad widow.

Three years had passed since she had been wedded to Horace Wilbur. Three years, — and how? Had she been happy? Alas! it was a sad question.

Perhaps she might have been, had her heart never known another and a different love; perhaps she might have been, had she possessed less of feminine tenderness, mingled with her great powers of mind. But there were quick, gushing feelings within her breast; and because her heart found not the ardent sympathy it desired, it pined and sickened of the world, and sadness settled upon it like an incubus. To such a one, O what were fame, or applause, or the silent admiration of a whole world? But those three years had gone by; and many a lesson had her heart learned within that time, — lessons of stern experience, which, though ever dearly bought, have a value within themselves that endures unto the end.

Two years more passed away in widowhood,

and the heart of Ella Wilbur was refined and purified by affliction ; and she looked to a higher source, even to the Throne of Grace, for happiness and for consolation.

The joys of Edith's home, which had now become her own, lent a feeling of quietness and repose to her mind, while the merry prattle of innocence amused and lightened her spirit ; and perhaps she wrought more enduring good there, in that quiet circle, than she had ever done before, at any period of her life.

She was sitting one quiet summer afternoon with Edith. A little one, with sunny eye and curling hair, and who bore the name of Ella, had just fallen asleep in her mother's arms. That mother was as beautiful as ever ; yes, a purer and a holier beauty was now upon the fair white brow, and a sweeter expression shone in the eyes, and played around the mouth.

Edith rose and carried the child to the cradle. "Come Ella, we leave the children to the care of Sarah, while we walk in the garden ; for I really wish to see how the roses and peonies are getting along ; and perhaps we may meet Albert, as it is nearly time for him to return."

Mrs. Wilbur arose to comply with the request, and the two sauntered forth together. They walked for a while in silence. Edith was the

first to speak. "Albert has received a letter from his brother, which tells him that he may be expected home every day." A slight color rose to the cheek of Mrs. Wilbur, but she answered not. Edith turned to her flowers, and the two friends were soon deeply engaged in discussing their various beauties. The bright sunny days of their girlhood seemed to have returned, as they wandered along side by side, even as when they had been little children together. While they were thus engaged, Albert was unobservedly approaching them, accompanied by a stranger. Edith first perceived, and went on eagerly to meet them; but Mrs. Wilbur stood still and waited their approach. She greeted the stranger with apparent calmness, although that stranger was Raimond Seward. And he too, held out his hand as frankly and as kindly as ever. It was long since they had met, for he had been abroad for the last two years; and though their former feelings had been forgotten by neither, yet changes had come over both, and no one would have guessed that the two who met so calmly now, had ever stood in so near a relation to each other.

A year more passed on, and again Raimond Seward sat by Ella's side, as he had sat once before. Again he held her hand within his own,



and again her head was bowed to listen to his words. It was very long since he had sat thus by her side ; but as the memory of that time came over him, the spirit of the strong man was bowed, and he seemed again, what he really was, the ardent lover of Ella Stanley, the bright vision of his youthful days. Ay, years had passed since then, and he had ever kept her image within his memory ; but he had not thought thus again to sit by her, and to meet her glance of affection ; he had not thought again to pour into her ear his feelings of devotedness, and be listened to with kindness and love. But the time had come, and the two were once more together, as in earlier life.

Ella had seen much of trouble ; and when she once more heard the voice of Raimond, as it was wont to sound in her ear, in the days of her girlhood, her heart melted, and she bowed her head upon his bosom and wept. Never once during her wedded life, nor during the time of her widowhood, had she thought to listen to words like these from the lover of her youth. It is true, he was in her memory sometimes, for the mind will wander to forbidden things ; but she had thought of him with feelings pure and hallowed, as of one whose love she might never call her own ; — with feelings like those with which we think of



some bright vision, which once glided across our path, and then was gone for ever.

The ardent and untiring love of Raimond Seward was returned at last, — returned as fondly and devotedly as he could have wished. Again the bright hopes of youth revived, although subdued and hallowed by affliction and by time. Strong must that affection have been, which, through all things, turned at last to its first idol!

A few words more, and I have done. The voice of the world may please, fame and applause are gratifying, but the word, look, and tone of affection, are dearer to the soul than all these. Cast not from thee then, one heart that loves thee; for thou wilt surely need it in the journey of life. Cultivate the good and pure feelings of the soul; love the silent and unobtrusive virtues which lie hidden in the heart; they are of deeper, richer worth than all the gifts which ever adorned the mind of genius. As a sweet poet has sung, —

“Fame, fame thou canst not be the stay  
Unto the drooping reed,  
The cool, fresh fountain, in the day  
Of the soul’s feverish need.  
Where must the lone one turn and flee?  
Not unto thee, O not to thee!”

## THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY EDWIN H. CHAPIN.

He hath made every thing beautiful in his time.

*Ecclesiastes iii. 11.*

EVERY thing beautiful in its time,  
From the hour when the stars of the morning chime,  
To the sunset glow, when the vesper ray  
Shoots through the veil of the closing day.  
In the heavens above, on the earth below,  
In the forest's murmur, the river's flow,  
Through every season, in every clime,  
All things are beautiful in their time.

### I.

The OCEAN is beautiful, lulled to rest ;  
The pictured stars, that gem its breast,  
Are epitaphs written, upon the deep,  
All over the places where lost-ones sleep.  
With no veil on their sweet, pale faces there,  
No earthly flowers in their streaming hair,  
O! calm they sleep, — the battle-brand  
Has crumbled away from the sailor's hand,

And his look is unruffled and passionless now,  
And open and fair, as that infant's brow,  
Whom his mother keeps clasped to her pulseless  
breast

Through the long, still hours of that ocean rest.  
Beautiful, where no mortal eye  
Looks in on its gorgeous heraldry,  
Is the vast, deep sea ! And beautiful, too,  
Where it spreads to the gaze its expanded blue ;  
Or chimes on bright sands with its ripples clear,  
Music the fisherman loves to hear ;  
Or reflects the clouds, in their pomp unrolled,  
And moves in its glory of green and gold.

## II.

The FLOWERS are beautiful, on the hills,  
Out in green paths by shadowed rills,  
In woodlands sweet, where fountains flow,  
In bright fair places that young hearts know.  
In nooks of the desert, on mountains high,  
They gladden the traveller's weary eye,  
And meet him, wherever his footsteps roam,  
With a smile of love and a breath of home.  
Mystic, they stand in the morning's light,  
As if angels had shed them abroad by night ;  
Rooted in earth, looking up to the sky,  
Like hopes in the soul, of its destiny.  
They clamber free by the rich man's door,  
They stoop to the touch of the lowliest poor,  
And at childhood's laugh and childhood's eye,  
They thrill, as with pulses of sympathy.

At the altar, they bloom in the bride's bright hair,  
At the grave, they are wreathed by the mourner  
there,  
And gently above the dead they lie,  
Like earnest of immortality.

## III.

The STARS are beautiful ; many and deep  
Are the wonderful mysteries that they keep.  
Through the out-spread space they shine and roll,  
Like solemn thoughts o'er a prophet's soul.  
They follow Orion, banded and strong,  
Or to tuneful Lyra march along,  
Or motionless, shine from their silent towers,  
Or wait at the gates of the morning hours.  
They gleam on the mariner's watch at night,  
And braid the sea with threads of light ;  
And they shine on the bower and the lattice dim,  
And the tearful vision that looks for him.  
Be they signs of fate, or worlds unknown,  
Or lamps on the pathways of Angels strown,  
They speak of peace to heart-strings crushed ;  
Faith looks to them, and its doubts are hushed ;  
They glide and they shine, to the spirit's eye,  
As things untarnished and bright and high,  
And it yearneth and hopeth from them to soar  
When it looks through these fleshly bars no more.

## IV.

ALL nature is beautiful in its time,  
Through every season, in every clime ;

In the evening rainbow, the undimmed noon,  
 The clouds, the mountains, the tides, the moon ;  
 In earth and sky, in sea and air,  
 Beautiful, beautiful things are there.  
 Yet these are the finite, visible powers,  
 That live in this outward world of ours.  
 The eye that looks *inward*, pure, intense,  
 Below the features of mould and sense,  
 Shall behold a SPIRIT OF BEAUTY, one  
 That lives in all, is confined to none ;  
 Apart, like *Strength* from the ocean's power,  
 Like *Fragrance* apart from the scented flower,  
 Like *Light*, apart from the radiant star,  
 For changing, and finite and frail *they* are.

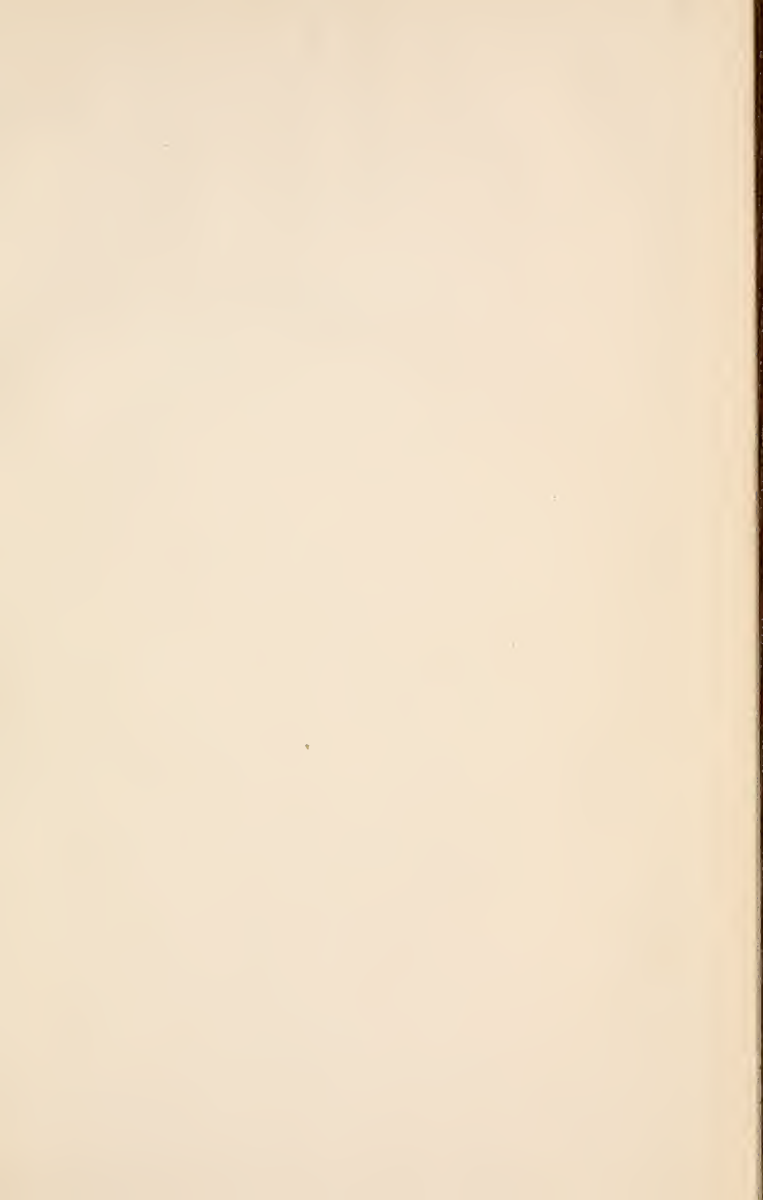
## V.

O ! not in the *outward world* alone,  
 May THE BEAUTIFUL be to the soul made known ;  
 In its own far depths, *in its inner life*,  
 Silent and pure is this spirit rife.  
 Seen in the *Love*, that is still the same  
 In the captive's dungeon, the martyr's flame,  
 As it is in the hour of joy and light  
 When life is unclouded and hope is bright.  
 Seen in the *Mercy*, gentle, and nigh  
 To the destitute's moan, the sufferer's sigh ;  
 In the tear of *Repentance* ; the widow's *mite* ;  
 The *Truth* that is firm to the good and right ;  
 In *Meekness*, *Forgiveness*, *Humility*, *Prayer*,  
 In *Hope*, that can suffer, and *Faith* that can bear ;

In deeds and in motives, untold by the tongue,  
 By chisel uncarved, by poet unsung,  
 In orbs, like yon bright ones that silently roll,  
 THE BEAUTIFUL lives in the depths of the soul.  
 They only who know it, — its presence who feel, —  
 Through the outward the *inward* and *true* can reveal,  
 For them is a meaning in ocean and flower,  
 And the coarsest has beauty, the weakest has power.

## VI.

THOU by whose fiat all beings have life,  
 And each, in its season, with beauty is rife,  
 The glories beneath, the glories above,  
 Interpreters are of Thy Wisdom and Love.  
 May we read them, — their pages are glowing and  
     free, —  
 And learn from them lessons of Duty and Thee !  
 May our spirits be pure, their innermost strings  
 In harmony tuned to all beautiful things,  
 Bringing forth evermore in the depths of the soul,  
 In order and light, like the planets that roll,  
 The thoughts and affections that in them should be ;  
 The love for mankind and the service of Thee,  
 The efforts and labors of Duty, sublime,  
 All of them beautiful, each in its time !











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