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OR,

CHRISTIAN AND LITERARY
Remembrancer.

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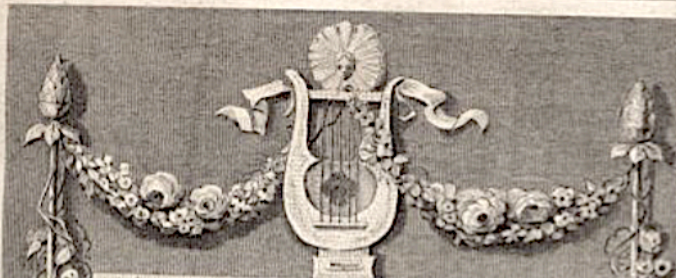


Drawn by R. Westall R.A.

Engraved by Cha' Heath.

THE HEBREW MOTHER.

Published by W. Baynes & Son, London, 1826.



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PREFACE.

THE custom of presenting annual tokens of affection has existed in England "time out of mind;" but to our German neighbours is due the merit of having first given to them a literary form and character. In originating the class of works to which the present publication belongs, they have afforded additional proof of their being a people peculiarly alive to whatever can sweeten social intercourse, and enhance domestic enjoyment. It was considered that such productions might form an elegant tribute of friendship at that festal

season of the year, when Nature presents her gloomiest aspect without, but when the ties of friendship and of kindred are drawn closest, and the joys of home are at their height. The event proved the sagacity of the experiment; and to those volumes, the most eminent literary characters of Germany, including Göthe, Bürger, and Schiller, became ready and zealous contributors.

It has appeared to the Publishers of the present Volume, that a work which should blend religious instruction with literary amusement was still a *desideratum*,—for the influence of Religion is always most powerful when she is made to delight those whom it is her office to teach; and many, who would perhaps shun her in the severer garb in which she sometimes appears, may be won to her side by the

attractions of a more tasteful attire. The Work, however, is to be considered as a religious publication only so far as that every article tends to impress some moral lesson. It depends for its success equally on its literary merits. The nature of the contributions, and the excellence of the embellishments, will sufficiently prove that no expense has been spared to render the Volume worthy of the advanced state of literature and the arts.

It will be at once perceived, that individuals of various religious denominations are among the contributors. This will be accepted as a pledge, that all entrance on the debateable ground of theology has been carefully avoided. Nothing, it is believed, will occur, either to disturb the opinions, or to shock the prejudices of any Christian :

the Editor, therefore, indulges a sanguine hope that the Volume will prove generally acceptable.

The Editor feels assured that he may with confidence refer to the table of Contents for proof that no efforts have been wanting, on his part, to procure assistance from writers equally distinguished for literary eminence and for their successful exertions in the cause of religion and virtue. To those individuals, as well as to several others whose contributions were received too late for publication in the Volume for the present year, he begs to express his sincere acknowledgments.

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THE
HEBREW MOTHER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE rose was in rich bloom on Sharon's plain,
When a young mother, with her First-born, thence
Went up to Zion ; for the boy was vow'd
Unto the Temple-service. By the hand
She led him, and her silent soul, the while,
Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye
Met her sweet serious glance, rejoic'd to think
That aught so pure, so beautiful, was hers,
To bring before her God.

So pass'd they on,
O'er Judah's hills ; and wheresoe'er the leaves
Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,
Like lulling rain-drops, or the olive-boughs,
With their cool dimness, cross'd the sultry blue
Of Syria's heaven, she paus'd, that he might rest ;
Yet from her own meek eyelids chas'd the sleep

B

That weigh'd their dark fringe down, to sit and watch
 The crimson deepening o'er his cheek's repose,
 As at a red flower's heart : and where a fount
 Lay, like a twilight star, midst palmy shades,
 Making its banks green gems along the wild,
 There too she linger'd, from the diamond wave
 Drawing clear water for his rosy lips,
 And softly parting clusters of jet curls
 To bathe his brow.

At last the Fane was reach'd,
 The earth's One Sanctuary ; and rapture hush'd
 Her bosom, as before her, thro' the day
 It rose, a mountain of white marble, steep'd
 In light like floating gold.—But when that hour
 Waned to the farewell moment, when the boy
 Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming tears, his eye
 Beseechingly to hers, and, half in fear,
 Turn'd from the white-rob'd priest, and round her arm
 Clung e'en as ivy clings ; the deep spring-tide
 Of nature then swell'd high ; and o'er her child
 Bending, her soul brake forth, in mingled sounds
 Of weeping and sad song.—“ Alas !” she cried,

“ Alas, my boy ! thy gentle grasp is on me,
 The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes,
 And now fond thoughts arise,
 And silver cords again to earth have won me,
 And like a vine thou claspest my full heart—
 How shall I hence depart ?—

How the lone paths retrace, where thou wert playing
So late along the mountains at my side ?

And I, in joyous pride,
By every place of flowers my course delaying,
Wove, e'en as pearls, the lilies round thy hair,
Beholding thee so fair !

And, oh ! the homewhence thy bright smile hath parted !
Will it not seem as if the sunny day

Turn'd from its door away,
While, thro' its chambers wandering weary-hearted,
I languish for thy voice, which past me still,
Went like a singing rill ?

Under the palm-trees, thou no more shalt meet me,
When from the fount at evening I return,

With the full water-urn !
Nor will thy sleep's low, dove-like murmurs greet me,
As midst the silence of the stars I wake,
And watch for thy dear sake.

And thou, will slumber's dewy cloud fall round thee
Without thy mother's hand to smooth thy bed ?

Wilt thou not vainly spread
Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound thee,
To fold my neck ; and lift up, in thy fear,
A cry which none shall hear ?

What have I said, my child?—will HE not hear thee
Who the young ravens heareth from their nest?

Will HE not guard thy rest,
And, in the hush of holy midnight near thee,
Breathe o'er thy soul, and fill its dreams with joy?
Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy!

I give thee to thy God!—the God that gave thee,
A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart!

And precious as thou art,
And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled!
And thou shalt be His child!

Therefore, farewell!—I go; my soul may fail me,
As the stag panteth for the water-brooks,

Yearning for thy sweet looks!
But thou, my First-born! droop not, nor bewail me,
Thou in the shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,
The Rock of Strength—farewell!"

JOAN OF KENT.

By the Author of "May you like it."

It wanted but the quarter of an hour to midnight : but although the conference had been prolonged beyond what might be deemed all reasonable time, there seemed but little disposition in any person to rise up and depart. The hall in which the commission was sitting, was but poorly lighted, for many of the candles had gone out, unheeded by any one present. Most of the commissioners were assembled ; and, although the features of many, and even their persons, were greatly obscured by the broad and murky shades which had fallen upon them, the countenance of the Lord Primate, Cranmer, was clearly revealed. The light of a brazen lamp, which hung directly above him, still flamed and flared as brightly as when it was first illumined. He seemed as if lost in a maze of perplexing thoughts, and altogether unconscious where he was. The eyes of her who sat right, opposite to Cranmer, were fixed upon his face with such a keen and searching look, that it seemed as if her glance had pierced through the flesh, and would read the fine and subtile speculations of the mind. She was the only woman among those

aged and venerable men ; and, from the roundness of her slender form and delicate limbs, she seemed still in the summer-tide of age. There was that, also, about her bearing, and the very attitude in which she sat, that showed the easy gracefulness of one used to high and even courtly society ; but, from her face, no one could have discovered her age, or scarcely her sex. The deep set and steady fires that glared in her large and melancholy eyes,—the breadth of her high forehead,—the haughtiness that knit her brow, and the scornful curl that seemed natural to her lip, were ill-suited to her small and exquisitely formed features ; and the profusion of fair hair, which, though entirely parted off her forehead, clung in natural ringlets about her neck, and mingled with the veil or wimple that flowed down over her shoulders, almost to her feet. It might be that the many wearying examinations to which she had been brought, and the fatigues of that long and protracted conference, had greatly exhausted her ; but her cheek and forehead wore that ghastly and marble whiteness which is seen only upon the face of dead.

After intently observing the Lord Primate for a considerable time in silence, she suddenly exclaimed, speaking in short and broken sentences—

“ What, you are gone back to former days ? It should marvel you yourself here, sitting on such a business as the present, Thomas Cranmer. You shone out among your brethren in these darkened times, as

you do now ; but the light which gathered round you did not flare down as from yon brazen cresset. It was the pure and spiritual light of truth. You have known troublous times, and should feel, methinks, for a persecuted wretch. Alack, how few there are that can bear power and prosperous fortunes !” She paused, and seemed to muse deeply upon her last words. One of the commission now spake—

“ Many an hour hath passed, and I had need remind you, Mistress Joan, that we look for your decision.”

“ Peace, man,” replied she, turning round quietly, but haughtily. “ I shall take my time, and if I mind to use my woman’s privilege of speaking, the mood shall have its way.”

“ If,” said the same man, (looking inquiringly round the assembly, and rather asking the question as he spoke,) “ if you would wish to return to the conference, I think these holy brethren will be nothing loth to give consent.”

Joan looked in his face for a moment, as if she had not heard him ; and then laughed bitterly and scornfully.

“ The conference !” she cried, “ and hear again such poor reasonings ! I have had enough of what you call your conference ; nor do I wish to hear the fathers of this boasted Church of England expose their weakness to a woman’s face. In truth, your argument may have a show of worldly wisdom, and perchance too much of the heat of human anger ; bnt, in truth, a coal of the Lord’s kindling hath touched no tongue among ye.

I seek in vain a burning and a shining light. But I would rather hear the sentence that ye said hangs over me; for, if I mistake not, your Christian charity will prove as cold and heartless as your Christian faith. I wax curious to know if I must bear a faggot in my hands, or stand in a white sheet, bare-footed and bare-headed, to the public gaze, thus to do penance, as if my crime were a shameless lack of chastity, and myself some vain and profligate wanton."

As she finished speaking, she bent her eyes upon the ground, and drew more closely round her the white and modest folds of her long veil, while a deep, and, it seemed, an angry blush spread over her face, and mounted even to her forehead.

There was another pause, in which the council, rising from their seats, discoursed together for some few minutes. Their whispers were short and low, and they had the air of men whose measures had been already determined on, and who only needed the general and decided assent then given, to make known their decision to the prisoner.

Joan had continued to sit with her face still unraised; and even while the sentence of excommunication was read, she remained as one almost regardless of what passed, till another paper was read, in which her death was spoken of as already determined. She seemed smitten, and pierced to the soul with agony, and a shriek suddenly burst from her, so loud and shrill, that a dead silence succeeded.

Breathless she sate, as if eager to catch and silence at once the first sound that should be spoken. Again, the same voice proceeded to read the admonition.

“Stop,” she cried, rising, and tossing her arms about her wildly, “if you are men, if there is common feeling in your bosoms, stop these proceedings. I will not die. Nay, stop, or I will curse you with a curse that shall cling to every soul among you. Stop, I command you, cowards! poor, mean, pitiless cowards! for cowards you must be, to sit here with all this mockery of justice, nay of godliness, and with your written down and regular sentences, deliver over a helpless woman to a dreadful death.” But while, at the command of Cranmer, a profound silence still prevailed, some new impulse seemed gradually to rise within her. She clasped her hands, and an expression of such utter wretchedness came over her face, that the hearts of many were deeply affected. The fear of death seemed to have bowed her spirit.

“God, the merciful God in heaven knows,” she exclaimed, “how unable I, a poor, wasted wretch, am to defend my righteous cause, to make any appeal to which you will listen. He must pity me,” she continued, in a voice scarcely audible, raising her eyes, and lifting her clasped hands toward heaven: “He must help me, or I am lost. Why must I suffer? I had hoped, good sirs, that happy times were come at last, that we had done with tortures and cruel burnings. You are not savage

Papists. Nay, I had thought that many among you would have gone willingly to the stake, sooner than conform to the idolatries and cruelties of bigot Rome. Some of your faces wear a tender aspect. Good Master Cranmer, will you not prove my friend? You are most powerful here. Tell me, in pity, what I may do to save myself from death."

"I scarcely need to tell you," replied the Primate, with a mild gravity, "I scarcely need repeat what you have heard so often. Hear but the truth, or, I should rather say, take heed unto it: recant your errors; and, that you may show unto yourself good reason for so doing, call back your spirit from those flights, those wanderings in the realm of vain imaginations, and pray God that his Spirit may direct your search into that mine of treasure—the Holy Scriptures. There you will find how strange a conceit hath distempered your brain, and you may learn to value that sound doctrine, which must at length prevail even among the sons of men."

"What is it you say?" cried Joan, her courage kindling within her. "You send me to the Scriptures for instruction. Well, before I recant, I beg one favour of yourselves,—Search through the Scriptures, search them through and through, and point me out the passage, if you should find it, where the Spirit bids you commit a cruel murder upon one who never harmed you."

Cranmer had no answer for this question, but a sigh,

and—" Ah, my daughter, you are in a deep and grievous error !"

" Can you set me right on what I ask ?" she replied.

" It would indeed rejoice me," he said, with some emotion, " if for a little time you would become my pupil ; for then, by God's grace, we might hope to see this fearful darkness clearing from off your mind."

" Would you but hear me, father," she exclaimed, firmly but meekly, " before I am your disciple, I must know, whether in the event of my continuing unchanged in my present opinion, I must die the death ?"

" This we can speak of afterwards ; go with me first unto my palace, and we two will discourse upon this heresy together."

" Nay, nay," she repeated, with a sterner calmness, " let my question be first resolved. In the event of my continuing unchanged in these opinions, must I suffer ?"

" I fear you must."

" I need a plain reply," she cried. " You do not only fear, but you are certain,—you must be certain one way, or the other."

" Then," said he gravely, " Woman, I am certain."

" That I must suffer ?"

" Ay,—that you must suffer."

" Then, from this moment, I am most determined. I can gain no instruction from those whose Christian faith can bear so harsh a fruit ; therefore, to no instruction will I bend. My path lies straight before me ;

I will tread it. I see the end before me; but I tremble not. Speak not again, for you will waste your words. Here I defy you—get all your instruments of torture ready, go lay the faggots round the stake, you shall find me calmer than my judges, and, I trust, of a more joyful spirit.”

Cranmer would have offered some remonstrance, but she would not hear him.

“I have *had* your answer,” she cried, waving her hand as if to forbid him to speak. “Ah! Thomas Cranmer, I do pity thee, a weak, sinful woman as I am, I pity thee! These very points for which you bid me suffer, may one day be the acknowledged doctrines of your faith! Poor, blinded wretches!” she continued, looking down upon them all, with a frown of scornful and conscious superiority,—“From my soul, I despise ye. It is a goodly matter to consider your ignorance. Not long ago you burnt Anne Ascoe, for a piece of bread, and yet came yourselves soon after to believe and profess the very doctrine for which you did burn her! And now, forsooth, you will needs burn me for a piece of flesh. But the time will come when you will believe this also, when ye have read the Scriptures, and have learned to understand them. Now, bid my guards to lead me back to prison; the conference is ended. Sirs, good night.”

Having thus spoken, she turned from them with an air of high authority, as if she herself had been the judge, and they all trembling prisoners, and for once the poor

woman was obeyed in her commands. The commissioners rose up with one consent, and she went back to prison.

With a light step, and a cheerful countenance, the young and royal Edward entered his study. It was a long and noble room, the vaulted ceiling of which was rich with tracery and carving, painted and gilded, after a quaint but splendid fashion. In the centre of the room, on either side, an oriel window extended the whole height of the apartment, both the windows of which were so gorgeously filled with their panes of pictured glass, that except when, as on that morning, some of the casements were flung open, nought of the prospect without could be discerned.

King Edward stopped and gazed delighted on the open window, for the azure of the sky, and the green mantle which nature wore in that sweet month of May, showed as bright and vivid as the tints of coloured glass opposed to them. "What a most blessed morning!" he exclaimed, as he stood breathing the fine fresh atmosphere. "I cannot do better than take some favourite volume from its shelf, and read an hour in this delightful air." He turned toward the interior of the apartment, the walls of which were covered on almost every part by shallow cabinets of Norway oak, all filled with books, some of which were fastened to their shelves by silver chains. He took down the poems of Chaucer, and opened the volume at the beautiful and simple fable of the flower and the leaf.

Yet, ere he began to read, he turned his eyes to the portrait of his fair and long-lost mother; her whom he had never seen but in the portraits of Holbein, and in the visions which love and young imagination had created to solace withal his yearning spirit. While he sat reading in that oriel window, the fresh air blowing about him, and fluttering in the leaves of his book, an attendant announced that the Lord Primate Cranmer waited without. "Admit him forthwith," said the young King, and rising up, he advanced with a respectful modesty to meet the venerable man.

"Your Highness doth ever give me a most gracious welcome," replied Cranmer to the courteous salutation of the King.

Edward himself drew a chair near to his own seat for the Archbishop, and leaning forward toward him, he said playfully, "You are come here, my Lord, to spend a quiet hour among the books in this my study,—Is it not so?—to let thy young pupil profit by thy wisdom." The prelate bowed his head almost unconsciously, but spoke not. "Tell me," said the King, "what book shall be laid before us."

"Your Highness knoweth not, then, my errand hither."

"So wonted and beloved a visiter," replied the King, "doth not set me a wondering as to the motive of his visit."

"But I fear," said Cranmer, "that now I may not be so welcome as heretofore."

“We know but of one errand,” quoth the King, musing thoughtfully as he spoke,—“we know but of one errand that should make thy presence unwelcome to us: God grant thou art not come to us on that.”

“My errand,” replied Cranmer, “will find honour with the King, if justice be also held in high esteem by him.” There was an impressive seriousness about the manner of Cranmer, as he spake, and raised his eyes and fixed them full on the countenance of Edward; while the young King blushed and hesitated, as one unable to reply: at length he did reply, blushing still deeper, but smiling with joyous confidence.

“I do beg you to forgive me, but I had thought, and I will frankly own my unworthy suspicions, that you, my noble and most pious friend, wert come on a like errand with some others, who brought a bloody warrant for my signature, and told me in a breath, of justice and a stake in horrid Smithfield! I sent them hence with all good speed, and with their warrant unread.”

“I also,” said Cranmer, “am come with that same warrant, and must plead, I trust, with more success, in the same just cause.”

“It cannot be, it shall not be, my Lord;” exclaimed the young King in a voice loud with indignation. “Why are we troubled thus with this vile warrant? It marvels me, that after so decided a refusal, our presence should be sought with such importunate and

cruel zeal. We do command, that from this moment all application on this subject may cease." Having thus spoken, the young King walked to the farther end of the room; and, standing before a broad desk, on which lay an open volume, he leaned over it, resting his forehead on his open palm, and appeared to read. He had not however continued long in that posture before his anger yielded to a forgiving gentleness, and lifting up his face, though his elbow still leaned upon the desk, he said, with a voice, the eloquent sweetness of which was delightful to the heart of the hearer, "My father, my dear and excellent father, I am but a hasty and a foolish child: you have often borne with me,—forgive me now. It becomes not me to treat thus lightly any question which hath your countenance to commend it to me; speak to me what you will, but I confess I must hear you with some misgivings, if this same warrant hath been signed by you. I know not, for, to say the truth, I would not look upon, the paper. It seemed to me that on such a point no long consideration was required. My first thoughts and best feelings rushed together to a decision, and I refused at once. I did feel then the glorious privilege of a King," he continued, (his cheeks glowing, and his whole face brightening as he spoke,) "that by my single 'nay' I could save a suffering and misguided wretch from death."

"Ah! who doth not love," said Cranmer mildly, "the gentle exercise of mercy; but among those who

bear the rule of kingdoms, there is a point where mercy to the individual becomes cruelty and injustice to the realm. This is not the first time that your Highness hath been called upon to give your sanction to the decisions of your appointed officers of justice."

"Nay, but in the present case the argument holds not good," replied the King. "There is surely a wide difference between an offence against the laws of the country where the sword of justice must be drawn to stop the bloody murderer in his course, or the lawless ravage of the thief, and such a case as this, where a poor, weak enthusiast hath chiefly erred in the opinions of her half-crazed brain. Would it not be tyranny like to that of Papists, to burn this woman for her senseless heresy?"

"Her offence," said Cranmer, gravely, "has been judged as a secular offence, and should as such be punished," and thence he went on with arguments which had more of abstruse and learned sophistry, than of single, unperturbed truth about them, to discourse upon the reasons how it would be according to a just judgment that Joan should suffer. He argued from the Law of Moses, that all blasphemers should be put to death, and said, that he made a great difference between other errors in divinity and those directly contrary to the Apostles' Creed. He was in earnest, though misguided, in what he said, and spoke from what was to him not an idle opinion but a principle. The young King was perplexed and silenced—he was not convinced.

“ Say no more on this subject, my right worthy Master,” he exclaimed at last. “ I cannot prove you wrong, but my plain sense, my commonest feelings, cannot own you right.”

The prelate looked at him with astonishment, and said, “ You are a king, and will do that which seemeth right in your own eyes. But you are also very young, and under tutors and governors. Know you not who hath said, ‘ that the heir, as long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant, though he be lord of all ? ’ Will your Highness, who hath been ever noted for the meekness of your wisdom, oppose your single judgment to the decision of so many wise and noble persons ? But perchance I have said too much ; my honest zeal hath caused offence.” He moved to depart.

“ Stop, stop ! ” cried young Edward, clasping affectionately the hand of his well-beloved Cranmer. “ Do not charge me with so mean a spirit. Only tell me this, my dear, dear father ! Were I in fact your son, would you, with your dispassionate and sincere judgment, call upon me to sign this warrant,—would you adjure me by the affection I bore you,—would you command me by the obedience I should owe you ? ”

“ I would in such a case take no denial,” replied Cranmer. He opened the warrant, and laid it before the King.

With trembling fingers, Edward took up the parchment, but before he had finished reading it,

a deep sob escaped his lips : he looked the Primate in the face, the tears all the while streaming down his cheeks, and said, in a sweet and imploring tone, "Is there no possible way?" The look of Cranmer answered him. He took the pen that was offered him, but before a letter of his name was written, he turned to Cranmer, with a majesty of look and manner almost awful,—“You have reminded me, my lord, that I am a child, under tutors and governors, differing nothing from a servant, and as such, I obey. If I do wrong, it is at your command. You must answer for it before God.”

The Archbishop received the warrant from the hands of the young king in silence, and quitted the royal presence. The warrant was signed ; he had prevailed ; but the words of the young king had given a different character to the judgment which he had before so decidedly approved. The execution of the sentence against Joan of Kent was deferred, and a full year after her condemnation passed away.

There was an appearance of comfort about the small chamber, the highest in a venerable tower of Lambeth Palace. Its casements then, as at the present time, looked out through the embowering branches of tall trees, upon the broad and silver Thames. The leaves were just unfolding their tender green, and, as the golden sun-beams shone through them, their foliage formed a rich and pleasant awning from the noon-day light. Rich tapestry had been hung

round the rude walls of the apartment, and mats spread upon the floor, and a few choice volumes, and many manuscripts, lay upon the dark oaken table, at which a female sat, apparently writing. A loose dress of dark camlet almost concealed her form; but from what might be seen of it, from her hands, and her long throat, and her pale, sunken cheeks, she appeared to have wasted away to a mere shadow. Her eyes seemed too large for her face, and they glared dimly from their dark and caverned sockets. Her hair, all uncovered, hung about her shoulders, and partly over her face, though she was continually pushing it away from her temples, the pulses of which were plainly seen beating with quick and ceaseless violence. The door opened behind her; but, although the hinges creaked harshly, she never turned her head, nor did she notice the slow and heavy tread of him who entered the chamber. There was also some noticeable change in his appearance. The usual mild and untroubled gravity of his countenance, had given place to a changeful expression of restless anxiety and deep sadness. For a few moments he stood before the door, and seemed to observe the female with intense interest. He shook his head mournfully as he gazed, as if lamenting some circumstance connected with her. He approached her, and spoke. She laid down her pen, and, slowly raising her head, she fixed her eyes calmly upon him.

“ You led me to hope that you would either write

a few sentences, setting forth and confessing the errors of your faith," he said, "or that the paper I left with you should be returned, bearing the witness of your own hand-writing to its contents."

"No, no," she muttered feebly and slowly, "it cannot be; I cannot write now."

"But you have been writing," he replied.

"Have I? have I?" she cried wildly; "what have I been writing? Did I do it? Could I consent in that weak hour, when the fear of death had taken such hold upon me? I know not what is the matter with this poor brain," clasping her head the while with her hands, "but I scarce remember what I do, or say. I have written nothing, I trust," she cried, busily turning the papers, and removing the books in her search. "And as for this," she said—(snatching up the written recantation which Cranmer had left with her for the witness of her hand-writing to its truth)—" 'tis thus I treat it!" and she tore it quickly into a hundred fragments.—Again she fell into a state of deep and moody abstraction;—her head dropped upon her bosom. Cranmer still remained standing beside her, and he observed a faint smile steal across her countenance as she took up the pen, and bent down over the papers before her. He stooped his head, to discover how she was employed: he saw slight and careless drafts of flames and stakes, and instruments of torture, and the sketch of a female figure, with her hands clasped, and raised as if in prayer during her sufferings.

An unprejudiced and liberal spirit would rather have sent the poor victim to a mad-house; but on the following day, Joan Bocher was led to the stake, and, alas! her persecutors were Protestants, and called themselves Christians!

THE EIGHTH PSALM.

A Sonnet.

BY JOSIAH CONDER.

How excellent thro' all the earth thy name,
 O, Lord! Above the heavens thy glories rise:
 Yet, to confound and shame thine enemies,
 Thou makest infant tongues thy praise proclaim.
 When I survey the heavens, this goodly frame,
 With moon and stars, each in its separate sphere,
 Lord! what is man that thou shouldst hold him dear,
 Or stoop to this low world of sin and shame?
 Than angels only lower made, o'er all
 That roam the earth, or creep, or on fleet pinion
 Soar, or that cleave the seas, he had dominion,—
 Lord of this beauteous world, till sin had birth.
 Our second Adam shall repair that fall.—
 How excellent, O Lord, thy name thro' all the earth!

ADVENT HYMN.

BY THE REV. H. H. MILMAN.

THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of His ire;
Self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the Heavens with the burthen of Godhead are bow'd.

The glory! the glory! around him are pour'd,
The myriads of Angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified Saints, and the Martyrs are there,
And all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.

The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard;
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered monuments stir'd!
From ocean and earth, from the south pole and north,
Lo, the vast generations of ages come forth!

The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested Elders are met;
All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

Oh mercy ! Oh mercy ! Look down from above,
Redeemer, on us, thy sad children, with love !
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in Heaven.

SONNET.

BY JOHN CLARE.

[The Northamptonshire Peasant.]

I would not that my being all should die,
And pass away with every common lot ;
I would not that my humble dust should lie
In quite a strange and unfrequented spot,
By all unheeded, and by all forgot.
With nothing save the heedless winds to sigh,
And nothing but the dewy morn to weep,
About my grave, far hid from the world's eye,—
I feign would have some friend to wander nigh,
And find a path to where my ashes sleep.
Not the cold heart that merely passes by,
To read who lieth there, but such that keep
Past memories warm with deeds of other years,
And pay to friendship some few friendly tears.



Drawn by J. M. Wright.

Engraved by J. Mitchell.

THE DYING BABE.

Published by W. Baynes & Son, London, 1826.

THE DYING BABE.

A SKETCH.

“Happy infant, early blest!”

“It must die, John; the Lord will take it to himself—and His will be done,” was the exclamation of the mother, as she gazed earnestly upon the pallid cheek of her departing babe, and then turned her eyes upwards, in calm and pious resignation to the mandate that had gone forth to join the infant to the host of sinless spirits who watch around the throne of the Almighty;—while the Guardian Angel lingered till death had released the struggling soul from the clay, which had been but a short time its dwelling.

The husband and the father bowed his head and wept bitterly, as he repeated the words—“His will be done!”—

As the faint breathings of the little sufferer became less and less distinct, hope sunk in the breast of the mother, who, with that sickness of the heart which ariseth from hope deferred, had been long watching

the progress of the disorder, and praying to the Almighty to spare her her young babe.

The father had been standing by, gazing upon them both, still hoping that the mother and the child might not be called upon to separate—that the mother might not suffer the greatest of all earthly afflictions, the removal of her babe, at the moment when it was becoming most interesting,—just as its little tongue had learned to lisp her name—and when every day brought with it some new promise that parental anxieties, attentions, and prayers, would be rewarded by the more than earthly happiness of beholding it “increase in wisdom, and in stature, and in favour both with God and man.”

The hand of affliction had been laid heavily on this young couple. Although both young, they had already lost several children. Their first-born was as beautiful a boy as ever blessed the heart of a parent—but the day after his fourth birth-day, he was brought home a drowned corpse to the bosom of his then almost despairing mother. The fate of his sister was still more melancholy. She perished during a fire that left her parents childless and in poverty. A third died of the small pox; another, of a still more lingering and fatal disease; and it was their last and only child who now lay dying in the cradle. While they submitted to the decree of the Almighty, as those always do who know that every thing is ordered for the best, they felt as human nature must ever feel; but though they still

prayed that "the bitter cup might pass from them," their faith enabled them to say, "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away—blessed be the name of the Lord!"

In a short time death had given the infant immortality—and the young father and the young mother were again childless.

They bent over the remains of their child—beautiful in death—for neither the cares, nor the sorrows, nor the sins, of that world, in which it had sojourned but for a little while, had been felt by their offspring.

"Mary," said the husband, "our child is now happy: our faith has been again tried, and we must remember that the patriarch would have obeyed his God, even at the altar, when his own son was to have been the sacrifice. We have not been called to such a trial; let us then render our babe cheerfully into the hands of Him who gave him to us."—

The wife, who had been absorbed in grief, and who was watching the body of her babe, as if she doubted whether he was indeed dead, and still hoped that the returning flush would again brighten on his cheek, turned to the voice of consolation. "I would not," she said, "I *think* I would not ask my God to give him to me—but he was so beautiful, so like his father whose name he had but lately learned to lisp—so interesting, so gentle, that I must weep to know I can never more hear him prattle, that he will never again press my bosom, and twine his little fingers in my

hair—but that he must go down to the grave before he had even learned to bless his Creator.”

The husband again wept, for all his feelings of affection for his little one had been awakened,—and he remembered that he was childless.

When the Almighty saw it good, their sorrows ceased,—and they were blessed with many children; when greater prosperity and more experience enabled them to increase their comforts and their advantages, and to bring them up “in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, daily”—while those they had lost were remembered only as so many perfected beings, who would join them in another and a better world.

SORROW'S SON.

[From the Swedish.]

BY JOHN BOWRING.

SORROW, an exile from the sky,
Sat silent by the lonely strand;
And moulded, musing thoughtfully,
A human form, with careful hand.

Jove look'd, inquiring—"What is here?"
' 'Tis but a mass of imaged clay;
Here let Omnipotence appear!
Here pour thy life-conferring ray!

"Live, then," said Jove, "I claim him mine,
By virtue of the life I've given."
'Nay,' answered Sorrow, 'nay, not thine,—
I cannot from my Son be riven.

'I gave him being—gave him birth!'
"I life!"—Each urged the doubtful claim:
Earth look'd upon the form,—and Earth,
With *her* pretensions, forward came.

'Twas in my breast he sleeping lay,
From me derived—my claim is just.—
“ 'Tis well,” said Jove, “ let Saturn say,
To whom belongs this living dust !”

This was his sentence : “ He is thine—
And thine—and thine :—thou, Jove ! hast given
Life—take that element divine,
And waft the enfranchised soul to Heaven.

“ Earth, to thy melancholy bed,
Gather his dust in secret peace ;
And, matron Sorrow ! he shall tread,
With thee, life's path of restlessness.

“ Thy sighs shall mingle with his breath,
Thy image on his cheeks shall be ;
Thou shalt go with him down to death,
In undivided sympathy.”

Such was the doom th' Almighty gave,—
So is man's path with Sorrow trod :
Earth claims the pilgrim at the grave,
And the grave yields him up to God.

SOME ACCOUNT
OF THE
CHALDÆAN CHRISTIANS.

BY THE REV. ROBERT WALSH, LL. D.,

Chaplain of the British Embassy at Constantinople.

THERE is at present resident in the Capuchin Convent of St. Louis, at Pera, Constantinople, Simon Pietri Schevris, a bishop of this sect.* About twenty years ago he left his see, and came to Constantinople, on his way to Rome. He resided at Pera with an Armenian family of the name of Dusoglu, of whom two brothers held a situation of high trust in the Turkish mint : they were suspected, however, of improper practices in adulterating the current coin, and on this suspicion they were executed by the Turkish government, and their immense property seized on. In this affair the Bishop was implicated, and cast into prison, where he daily expected to share the fate of his friends ; but, as he was poor and had no property to seize on, he was at length liberated as an innocent man ;

* This paper was communicated to my friend, the Editor, in the year 1824. The Bishop of Djeziras has since quitted Constantinople.

and, indeed, it was supposed that the whole proceeding was a mere pretext to confiscate the wealth of a very rich family. On his liberation, the Bishop resumed his journey to Rome. After a residence of some time in that city, he has returned to Pera, accompanied by a Persian, converted to Christianity, who studied at Rome, and speaks Latin fluently. They carried with them a Roman missal and several traditionary legends, translated and printed in the Chaldæan language and character, to be distributed among the people of the country.

The Bishop is a man of a very amiable character; his disposition kind and good-natured, his manners gentle and cheerful, and as artless and simple as those of a child. He is about sixty-five years old,—wears a long venerable beard, turning from black to gray. His dress is very humble, consisting of a blue cotton cassoc, and over it a brown cloth *ferridgé*, or cloak, with hanging sleeves, whenever he goes abroad: his head is covered with a turban, formed of a black cotton shawl, and round his waist he wears a girdle of a similar quality and colour. Besides the Bishop, with whom I was very intimate, I met several other natives. Among the rest, his brother, who just came from his native country, and was seized in Pera with a dangerous complaint, of which he died. At the request of the Bishop, I visited him, and was struck with the affectionate attachment they bore to each other. All the Chaldæans I met with had the same characteristics,—mild man-

ners, simple habits, and cheerful dispositions,—dark complexions, black hair and eyes, rather prominent cheek-bones, and the whole countenance indicating a Tartar origin. I inquired from them all an account of their country. It was given to me in imperfect French and Italian, spoken by some of the Chaldæans, and in good Latin, spoken by the Persian priest. They all agreed in the following particulars.

A sect of Christians, called by themselves *Chaldæans*, has, from the earliest ages of the gospel, inhabited the country on each side of the Tigris, at the foot and on the sides and summits of the great chain of mountains which lie to the east of that river. Shut out from intercourse with the rest of the world by the nature of the place, they are never visited by travellers. The face of the country is partly plain and partly mountainous; but the mountain tract is by far the most extensive, and so very healthy, that the plague, which sometimes rages in the countries all round, has never been known to infect this district. The population consists of about 500,000 persons, who are all Christians. They are free and independent of the Arabs, Turks, Persians, or Tartars, in the midst of whom they are situated; and though several attempts have been made in different ages to subdue them, they successively repulsed them all. The last great effort was made by the Turks in the beginning of the 17th century, in which they lost 100,000 men and five pachas, and have never since attempted to invade them. The

Chaldæans constantly live with arms in their hands to preserve their independence, and they do not lay them aside even when they assemble in their churches for divine service on Sundays. Their government is of a republican form, at the head of which is a patriarch, who exercises both a spiritual and civil jurisdiction. Their capital is *Jolemark*. It is situated in the mountainous region on the banks of the river Zabat, which rises in the mountains, and runs from thence into the Tigris, where it is about four hundred feet broad. The city consists of one great street, passing through the centre, with several others branching from it, and rising up the mountains at each side. It is surrounded by a strong wall, protected by European cannon, which were some time ago furnished to the Patriarch by French engineers. It contains, in winter, about 12,000 inhabitants, the greater part of whom, in summer, emigrate to numerous villages, which are scattered on the neighbouring hills. The distance of the city from the junction of the Zabat with the Tigris, is about four days' journey, or something more than one hundred miles. The Patriarch does not reside at the capital, but at *Kosharis*, a smaller town, situated higher up on the banks of the Zabat. Besides these, they possess *Amedia*, and several other towns in the mountains, rendered impregnable as well by art as by the difficult nature of the situations. In the low country their principal city is *Djesiras*, situated in an island on the Tigris, on the confines of Diarbekir. It is dis-

tant about thirty days' journey, or nearly nine hundred miles, from the great city of Bagdat, by land, but not more than half that distance by water. There are no other than occasional wooden bridges in this district, which are often swept away; and when the inhabitants have occasion to pass from one side of the river to the other, they sometimes use rafts, formed of inflated or stuffed skins for the purpose. The mountains in some places approach so close to the Tigris as to hang abruptly over it, and leave no passage between them and the river. This town was formerly as independent as the rest, and exclusively within the jurisdiction of the Patriarch: lying however in a low, exposed situation on the confines of Turkey, it has latterly been obliged to receive a Turkish pacha as a governor. In the other towns a few Turks only occasionally reside. The exercise of their religion is tolerated, but not openly; they have therefore no Minarets, and the Muezzan is never heard calling the people to prayer; and if any Turk is seen in the street on Sunday during divine service, he is immediately put to death.

They have no schools for the general education of their children, and no printed books among them: their knowledge, therefore, is very limited; and very few, even among the better classes, learn to read. Instruction is confined to the clergy, as the only persons in the community who require it; and when a man is disposed to study, he must become a priest. He is

then supplied with such manuscript works as they possess in the different churches and convents. Among these are the Holy Scriptures, translated into their language, which, though not printed, are sufficiently common in written copies.

They do not themselves know at what time Christianity was first preached among them, or by whom. They pay no particular respect to St. Gregory,* the great Apostle of the East, whom the Armenians revere under the name of *Surp Savorich*. And it is remarkable, that the Armenians and Chaldæans, though living in countries in the East nearly contiguous, insulated among Asiatic nations, and separated from the rest of Christendom, should yet be so separated from each other as entirely to differ, not only in language, but in the doctrines and discipline of their churches. Their patriarchs and bishops have not the smallest connexion. The Chaldæans, at an early period, adopted the opinions of Nestorius,† who denied that the Virgin Mary

* Gregory was born at Nazianzum in Cappadocia, on the confines of Armenia, and was a zealous apostle of Christianity. He effectually opposed the decree of Julian the Apostate which prohibited the instruction of youth in its doctrines, and in 380 he was chosen, by Theodosius, the Greek emperor, Bishop of Constantinople. He soon after resigned his see, and returned to his native place, whence he proceeded as a missionary to convert the eastern nations. The Armenians acknowledge him as the founder of their church. It is probable he founded the Chaldæan also.

† Nestorius was a learned priest, who for his eloquence was appointed Bishop of Constantinople in 429. He at first vio-

was the mother of God, in his divine nature : removed, by their situation, from the control of the Greek church, they retained the heresy in its primitive form, and are perhaps the only sect of Christians at the present day among whom it prevails. But though they were not influenced by the synods of the Greek church, they have not all rejected the authority of the Latin. Very early, missionaries from the college " de Propaganda Fide," at Rome, found their way among them ; and at present they are divided into two hostile parties—primitive Nestorians, who hold themselves independent of any other church, and converted Catholics, who acknowledge a dependence on the See of Rome. Their church is governed by three Patriarchs :

Simon of Jolemark, a Nestorian.

Joseph of Diarbekir,
Mar Elias of Mousoul, } Catholics.

The two latter, though acknowledged by the Chaldæans, are not properly of that nation, but reside in Turkish provinces ; but the former is strictly so ; and in fact the Chaldæans of the mountains, who are the vast majority, have hitherto rejected all sub-

lently opposed the Arian and other heresies, but at length became himself infected with heterodox opinions. He denied that the Virgin Mary was the mother of Christ, in his divine nature, for which he was deposed from his see by a decree of the Council of Ephesus, his opinions condemned, and himself banished. Ecclesiastical writers say, that some of his followers still exist in the East, but they are not aware that they form a whole nation, and are the modern Chaldæans.

mission to the Church of Rome, which denominates them heretics, as they still retain the discipline and doctrines of their church in their primitive independence. Among the remarkable events of their history, is one which they speak of at this day with considerable interest. At a very early period, a part of their tribe emigrated from their mountains, and proceeded to India, where they settled upon the sea-coast of the hither peninsula. They brought with them the original purity of Christian doctrine and discipline, before it had been corrupted by heresy; and this purity, they assert, they still retain in their remote situation.

Though the state of literature is very low at present among the Chaldæans, they have produced many authors, who have written works on various subjects in their language. Among these, the most celebrated is HEBED-IESU, Nestorian Bishop of Soba. About the year 1550, he was induced, when far advanced in years, to visit Rome, under the pontificate of Julius III. Here he abjured the errors of the Nestorians, acknowledged the supremacy of the See of Rome, and was appointed Patriarch of the Eastern Assyrians in the room of Simon Salachi, who had been put to death by the Turks.

Among other works, Hebed-iesu wrote an account of all the books in the Chaldæan language down to his time, a copy of which is in my possession. He commences with these words: "By the aid of your memory, O God! and by the prayers of every illustrious just man, and by the Mother of exalted power, I will

attempt to write an admirable tract containing divine books, and I will propound to the readers all ecclesiastical and profane compositions of all former and later writers: trusting, therefore, in God, I will begin with Moses." The catalogue contains the titles of two hundred and twenty books, with some account of their contents and authors, either originals or translations: among the latter are the sacred writings, and Josephus; the former are generally ecclesiastical or controversial. The catalogue also contains History, Poetry, Tragedy, and other subjects. A few are philological, and contain an account of the Chaldæan language, particularly a dissertation on "Alphabetical Appositions." This states, that "some languages, such as the Hebrew, Persian, Syriac, Cufite, Elamite, Midianite, Phœnician, Arabic, and Chaldee, not having a sufficient number of letters in their Alphabet, were obliged to use *points* or *appositions* to explain the sense, which, without them, would be only a subject of conjecture or tradition. These points in Chaldee are *two*, placed sometimes above and sometimes below the word, and hence called **𐤀𐤃𐤁𐤀** *stome*, or appositions, serving the use of vowels." It should appear, from this passage, that the Phœnician, and other Oriental languages, so entirely lost to us, were known to Hebed-iesu.

Chaldee is read from *right* to *left*, like Hebrew, and has a greater affinity with Syriac than any other Oriental tongue; while the Armenian is read from *left* to *right*, like the European languages, though the letters have not the remotest affinity with any European cha-

racter. The following are the sacred books enumerated by Hebed-iesu as the canonical Scriptures of the Chaldæans, and translated into their language. Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Joshua, Judges, Ruth, Samuel, Kings, Paraleipomena, Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Song of Songs, Wisdom, Barasra or Ecclesiasticus, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Baruch, Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea, Joel, Amos, Abdeas, Jonas, Micheas, Nahum, Habakkuk, Sophonias, Aggæus, Zecharias, Malachias, Ezra, Tobias and Tobit, Judith, Esther, Daniel Minor, that is, Susana, Macca-bees; Matthew from the Hebrew, Mark from the Latin, Luke and John from the Greek, Acts, Epistles general of James, Peter, John, and Jude, fourteen Epistles of St. Paul, and Apocalypse. There is also extant among them a Gospel, compiled by Ammonius or Titianus, and called Diatesseram.

The account which the Chaldæans give of themselves is curiously confirmed in some particulars by other testimonies.

The Ten Thousand Greeks, in their retreat from Persia, passed through the greater part of their country, and Xenophon particularly describes it.

The Grecians crossed the Tigris at Sittace, and then proceeded north, having the river on the left hand.* They then arrived opposite a town called Kainai,† now Zin, from whence the people brought over bread, cheese,

* Τίγρητα ποταμον ἐν ἀριστερα ἔχοντες. Anab. lib. iii.

† Καιναι. lb.

and wine, on rafts,* made of skins stuffed with dry hay, a practice followed in the same place at this day. They next came to the river Zabatos,† now called by the same name Zabat, whose breadth was about four hundred feet,‡ and having crossed it near its junction with the Tigris, they pursued their way along the banks of the latter river till they arrived at the mountains of the Kardouchi,§ called, with little alteration, the mountains of Kurdichan at this day. These mountains hung abruptly over the river,|| so that there was no passage between them, and the Greeks could not pursue their way along the river side, but were obliged to ascend the mountains. The character of the people they met there was that of a warlike, independent race, who would not submit to the King of Persia; and when he sent an army of 120,000 men against them, not one of them returned.¶ All this exactly accords with the state of the country at the present day. The face of nature, the names of places, the habits and manners of the people, are described in the same manner by Xenophon and the Bishop, after

* *Επι σχεδιαίς, κ.τ.λ.* Anab. lib. iii.

† *Επι του Ζαβατου.* Ib.

‡ *Τετρατων πλεθρων.* Ib. § *Ὅρη Καρδουχῶν.* Ib.

|| *Ἵψοτομα ὑπερ αὐτου ποταμου εκρεματο.* Ib.

¶ *Πολεμικους ειναι και βασιλειως ουκ ακουειν' αλλ' δε εμβαλειν ποτε εις αυτους βασιλικην στρατιαν. δωδεκα μυριαδας, τουτων δε ουδενα αποστηναι δια την δυσχωριαν.* Ib.

an interval of more than two thousand years. It may be remarked, that the worthy Bishop is a man as illiterate as he is simple, and had never read or heard of Xenophon.

The emigration of the ancestors of this people to the hither peninsula of India is also confirmed by undoubted testimony. It is well known that Buchanan found near the coast of that country, among the mountains of the Ghauts, a race of Christians who had emigrated, by their own account, from Syria, or, rather, Assyria, at a very early period. They had preserved the purity of the faith, as it was delivered to the primitive churches, without any of the corruptions which were afterwards introduced, and they held nearly the doctrine and discipline adopted at our Reformation. Hence they were considered as heretics by the Portuguese, who came to this coast so many ages after them, and several attempts were made by the Inquisition at Goa to convert them, but without success. They still hold, like their parent tribe at the present day, their spiritual independence among similar mountains.

A difficulty occurs with respect to the name of this people in their present situation. The Chaldæans, so often mentioned by ancient writers, did not inhabit this country. Two different nations of this name are described by Ptolemy, Strabo, and Xenophon. The first inhabited the country at the mouth of the Euphrates, near the Persian Gulf, between Babylon and

the Desert of Arabia.* This was the country of the wise men, “who,” Cicero says, “by daily observation of the stars, are supposed to be able to predict what will happen to every individual, and for what fate he was born.”† It was also the country mentioned in the Scriptures as the land of Abraham, who was brought out of Ur of the Chaldees,‡ which was bounded by Assyria in the Wilderness,§ where Babylon, which was its beauty, was situated ;|| whose inhabitants were celebrated soothsayers,¶ and were called on to interpret Nebuchadnezzar’s dream,** and whose language and learning were held in such great repute, that children, whose persons had no blemish, and whose minds were cunning in knowledge, were selected to be taught by them, that they might be qualified to stand in the king’s palace.††

The other nation of Chaldæans is described by Strabo, as inhabiting the country near Trebisond, on

* Παρακειται τη ερημῳ Αραβιῃ η Χαλδαια χωρα.—
Ptol. lib. vi. Εστι δε και φωνη των Χαλδαιῶν και χωρα
της Βαβυλωνιας ὑπ’ εκεινῶν ουκουμενη, πλησιαζουσα και
τοις Αραβι και τη κατα Περσαις λεγομενη θαλαττη.—Strab.
lib. xvi.

† Chaldæi non ex arte sed ex gentis vocabulo nominati
diuturnâ observatione siderum scientiam putantur effecisse, ut
prædici posset quod cuique eventurum et quo quisque fato
natus esset.—Cic. de Divin. lib. ii. cap. i.

‡ Gen. xv. 7.

§ Isalah xxiii. 13.

|| Ib. xxxviii. 20; xiii. 19.

¶ Dan. iv. 7.

** Ib. ii. 4.

†† Ib. i. 4.

the Euxine Sea.* These were the free and vigorous people who, according to Xenophon, were brought up with others, by the Satrap of Armenia, to oppose the Greeks, when they descended from the Kardouchan mountains, and were advancing toward the sea.† They were afterward enumerated among the nations of those parts, distinct from the Kardouchi, and independent of them.‡ These latter are probably the Chaldæans of the present day,—not only from vicinity, but character.

There is every reason to hope that the circumstances of this remote sect of Christians, now so imperfectly known, will soon be better understood, and their spiritual condition improved. Through the medium of the Bishop, Mr. Leeves, the agent of the Bible Society at Constantinople, opened a communication with Simon, the Nestorian Patriarch of Kosharis. A letter was written to him by Mr. Leeves, stating the objects of the Society, and proposing to send to him printed copies of the Syriac version of the Scriptures, which, though not the language of the people, has such an affinity to it as to be legible by them. This proposal was thankfully accepted, and a number of copies have

* Της Τραπεζούντος ὑπερκεινται και Χαλδαῖοι.—Strab. lib. xvi.

† Και Χαλδαῖοι μισθοφεροὶ ἐλεγοντο δε Χαλδαιοὶ ἐλευθεροὶ και αλκιμοὶ.—Xen. Anab. lib. iv.

‡ Καρδουχοὶ και Χαλυβες και Χαλδαιοὶ—αυτονομοὶ.—Ib. lib. vii. ad finem.

been forwarded from Constantinople, through Asia, under the care of the Bishop of Djeziras, who is at length setting out to return to his own country. Instead, therefore, of the idle legends, which were the only printed books with which they were hitherto supplied, the pure word of God will be distributed among them. Before his departure, the Bishop transcribed for me the Lord's Prayer, and other things, in the Chaldæan character and language. I have given, as a specimen of both, the following exact fac-simile of his name and designation, as he himself wrote them.

The image shows a fac-simile of Chaldæan script, which is a form of Syriac. The text is arranged in several lines, with some characters appearing to be part of a name or title. The script is written in a cursive style with some decorative flourishes. The characters are black on a white background.

IN THE GRACE OF GOD
 A SINNER
 PETER
 SIMON
 SCHEVRIS
 METROPOLITAN
 OF DJEZIRAS
 IN CHALDÆA.

THE CYPRESS.

BY L. E. L.

THOU graceful tree,
With thy green branches drooping,
As to yon blue heaven stooping,
In meek humility.

Like one who patient grieves,
When the fierce wind's o'er thee sweeping,
Thou answerest but by weeping,
While tear-like fall thy green leaves.

When summer flowers have birth,
And the sun is o'er thee shining,
Yet with thy slight boughs declining,
Still thou seekest the earth.

Thy leaves are ever green :
When other trees are changing,
With the seasons o'er them ranging ;
Thou art still as thou hast been.

It is not just to thee,
For painter or bard to borrow
Thy emblem as that of Sorrow ;
Thou art more like Piety.

Thou wert made to wave,
Patient when Winter winds rave o'er thee,
Lowly when Summer suns restore thee,
On some martyr's grave.

Like that martyr thou hast given
A lesson of faith and meekness,
Of patient strength in thy weakness,
And trust in Heaven !



Designed & Engraved by J. Martin Esq;

And a mighty angel took up a stone like a great millstone, and cast it into the sea, saying, Thus with violence shall that great city Babylon be thrown down, and shall be found no more at all.

Revelations Chap. 18. v. 21.

FROM THE REVELATION,

Chapter xviii.

BY EDWIN ATHERSTONE.

THEN came from Heaven a mighty angel down ;—
The sky was kindled,—and the dusky earth
Grew bright as at the rising of the sun.
And with a strong voice mightily he cried—
“ Great Babylon is fallen—is fallen—is fallen !
And is the hold of unclean spirits become ;—
The habitation of the things of hell !
All nations of her wickedness have drunk,
And been defiled.—Come, my people, forth
From out her, that ye share not of her sins,
And that ye burn not with her plagues. For, lo !
Her wickedness hath reached unto Heaven ;—
God hath remember'd her iniquities.
Therefore, in one day shall her plagues be sent ;
Famine—and death—and mourning :—and with fires
Shall she be burnt out utterly. And the kings
That have partaken of her wickedness,

Standing far off; shall look upon her smoke,
 Bewailing; and lamenting her,—and cry,
 ‘ Great Babylon! alas! great Babylon!
 Alas! that mighty city, Babylon!
 For in one hour thy judgment is come down!’

“ The merchants of the earth shall weep and mourn,—
 Standing far off for terror of her torment,—
 And cry—‘ Alas! alas! great Babylon!
 Thou mighty city, in fine linen clothed,
 Purple, and scarlet;—deck’d with gold, and pearls,
 And precious stones!—for in one hour thy wealth
 Is come to nought! What city was like thee,
 Thou mighty city!’—Then upon their heads
 Shall they cast dust, and weep, and wail; and cry,—
 ‘ Alas, for that great city! whereby all,
 That traded on the sea in ships, grew rich,
 By reason of her costliness!—Alas!
 For in one hour is she made desolate!’ ”

Then, wrathfully, a mighty angel grasped
 A rock—and lifted it—and to the sea
 Cast it far out.—The waters dash’d the clouds—
 And the deep sea was bared.—And, as he threw,
 Thus, with a terrible voice, cried he, and said,—
 “ Even so with violence shall great Babylon
 Be to the earth thrown down, and found no more!
 The sound of harpers, and of trumpeters,
 Of pipers, and of singers, shall no more

Be heard in thee at all. The craftsman's hand
Shall toil in thee no more :—the chariot-wheel,
The snorting steed, shall shake thy streets no more.—
Thy walls no more shall echo to the laugh
Of drunken revellers :—no more, no more,
Thy kings shall come from conquest of thy foes :—
The voice of bridegrooms and of brides shall be
Heard never more at all within thy gates.

* In thee th'Arabian shall not pitch his tent,—
Nor shall the shepherd make in thee his fold ;—
But wild beasts of the desert shall lie in thee ;—
Thy houses shall be full of doleful things ;—
Owls in thy temples,—serpents in thy halls,—
And dragons in thy pleasant palaces.
For by thy sorceries was the earth deceived,
And in thee was the blood of prophets found,
Of saints,—and all that on the earth were slain !”

* This line, and the five that follow it, are from the 13th chapter of Isaiah.

ON GENIUS.

BY THE REV. F. A. COX, A. M.

LET us suppose a case.—A traveller, in crossing a valley, or an idler in wandering along the sea-shore, strikes his foot against a stone: He allows it to occupy his attention no longer than while corporeal suffering reminds him of the accident;—then quietly pursues his journey. This may often have occurred to the individual in question, without his being chargeable by the generality of mankind with any particular defect of mental power, or moral sentiment; stones are every where strewed in our path, and he sees nothing to delay his progress, or excite his curiosity.

A similar accident occurs to another traveller, going in the same direction. He, however, possesses an inquisitive and philosophic turn. The circumstance, simple as it is, sets in motion the intellectual machinery;

and its movements will continue till he has elicited some general truth, or obtained a clue to some future discovery. He pauses,—looks around him,—reflects,—inquires,—combines,—and soon finds himself lost amidst the wonders of creation, with which he stands in close, but hitherto unsuspected connexion.

The question naturally arises—What constitutes the distinction between the first traveller, who regards the stone only as the cause of a momentary pain, and passes on with vexation or contempt, or who, examining it, is incapable of pursuing its relations,—and the second, who takes it as the text-book of knowledge, and makes it the nucleus of a system? Is it not the absence or the possession of ——— GENIUS? In the former we observe nothing but the operation of an instinctive faculty; in the latter, the highest exercises of rationality and intellect. In the former, we have the concentrated history of the million; in the latter, the rare and splendid exhibition of here and there an individual mind.

Will it be alleged, that if all this could be accomplished by one person, in one continuous train of thought, it would be a proof of extensive knowledge, but not of *genius*? The reply is obvious: that although, when the system is framed, it bespeaks large and varied acquisitions, yet the inquiry respects the *capacity* of framing it, by means of that process of thought and ratiocination, which renders the accu-

mulation of facts subservient, and, as it were, tributary to the mental power that compares, combines, and arranges them.

Every one forms at once some conception of genius, as soon as the word is uttered; but if that conception were analyzed, it would be found perhaps in few cases to be very definite. This arises from the very nature of the subject, which, in whatever light it is contemplated, seems to be encircled with a kind of cloudy grandeur and undefinable magnificence, like the castles and giant forms of romance. It has something of an intangible and ethereal subsistence, inviting yet retiring from approach,—visible, yet not palpable, like the blushes of the morning, or the rainbow of heaven,—having the power of incantation, yet of earthly mould. We pronounce a warm eulogium upon genius, but at the same instant inquire what it is; lost at once in admiration and in mystery! We have already seen this great enchantress's wand waved over the philosophic adventurer, as he vanquishes the difficulties of inquiry, and ascends the steep of science; the spell, that holds within fixed and narrow boundaries the common mind, is broken, and the freed spirit ranges at liberty through unfrequented regions, exploring, combining, and, in a sense, creating as she soars. Nor is it merely in one, but in every department of the intellectual world, that she exercises her mighty control. She guides the glowing pencil of the painter, the finishing touches of the statuary, the frenzied pen of the poet. She breathes

her inspirations into the orator, deciphers the hieroglyphics of the scholar, pours a flood of light upon the intricate mazes of the statesman, and whets the glittering sword of the patriot. Her voice is heard from the depth of ages past, and echoes from the cells of the sepulchre upon the ear of ages to come.

Is genius an original quality, or element of mind, or is it the result of mental habit and cultivation? The case supposed, in connexion with a few facts, may lead to a probable conclusion. What is the nature of that mental power which was evinced by the traveller who, examining the stone that impeded his progress, assiduously tracing its history and ascertaining its qualities, detected and developed a science? Why do we invest him with the honours of *genius*? The reason is manifestly this,—that he has the power of combination, invention, and discovery. It is not that he possesses it in an unusual degree; for it is commonly not possessed at all, and is therefore characteristic: for though, to a certain extent, most minds can combine, and some in an extraordinary manner, yet they cannot invent and discover. It will of course be understood that we intend, the faculty of discovering by means of the processes of experiment and induction, not the accidental detection of what occupied no previous thought, or was the result of no previous preparation, implying skill and capacity. Before the combining and inventive faculty has been employed, it is in a very inferior sense only that it can be called discovery: it is rather

the *medium* of discovery, and may happen to the clown as well as the philosopher, while the latter only is capable of making an accident the stepping stone of science.

The story of the *Telescope* will furnish an illustration. A spectacle-maker's son, it is said, was amusing himself in his father's shop, by holding two glasses between his fingers and thumbs, till he perceived the weathercock of the church spire opposite, much larger, and apparently much nearer than usual, and in an inverted position. This excited the astonishment of the father, who adjusted two glasses on a board, in such a manner, that he could at pleasure vary their distances, and thus formed the rude imitation of a perspective glass. The account of Borellus is, however, generally the most credited. He relates, that JANSEN, a spectacle-maker of the same place, and a man of great ingenuity, was experimenting upon the power and peculiarities of lenses, when he made the discovery, and very soon afterwards applied it to the construction of telescopes, and the observation of celestial phenomena. GALILEO heard only at Venice, that an optical instrument had been devised which seemed to bring distant objects near, and, without any farther information, gradually matured the instrument, by means of which he discovered the inequalities of the moon's surface, the spots of the sun, and its rotation, and the satellites of Jupiter. The difference between the boy playing with the lenses, and which might probably have occurred,

so as to communicate the first hint, and the spectacle-maker Jansen and the astronomer Galileo was, obviously, that the former might be a playful and common-place boy—the others were men of genius, who possessed the skill to comprehend the bearings, and devise the applications of a matter of mere accident, or, at best, of mere experiment. And the distinction between the artist and the philosopher, and the thousands of other persons to whom the same information might have been given, consisted in the pursuit of the subject, in which was developed the faculty of invention and combination.

BLAISE PASCAL may be selected, from innumerable others of the same class, as another instance in point: It is sufficiently common for boys to amuse themselves, by drawing lines and figures upon a slate, a floor, or a wall. The father of Pascal was a mathematician, but having no inclination to encourage his son in a similar pursuit, refused to enter into any considerable explanation of a question he proposed to him on the subject, and interdicted his researches in that direction. The inquisitive mind of Pascal, however, was not to be restrained. In his hours of recreation, he was accustomed to go alone, and draw figures in charcoal, upon the floor of his apartment. At length his father accidentally entered the room, and was astonished to find his son surrounded with geometrical diagrams. Upon a minuter investigation, it was found that he had advanced through the regular series of demonstrations,

without the least assistance, to the discovery of the thirty-second proposition of the first book of Euclid. At the age of sixteen, he composed a treatise on the Conic sections; at eighteen or nineteen, he invented his famous arithmetical machine, by which all numerical calculations, however complex, may be made without any arithmetical skill in the person who uses it; and, at a subsequent period, he was consulted by the most eminent men of the age, respecting difficulties they were unable to solve.

To refer to the most illustrious of all discoverers, SIR ISAAC NEWTON. The falling of the apple, may or may not be apocryphal. An incident of this description, which millions had seen without producing any particular train of reflection, could not be lost upon one of such observation and capacity. It is at least certain, that while sitting alone in his garden, reflecting on the power by which all terrestrial bodies gravitate toward the earth, it occurred to him, that as this power is not sensibly diminished at any distance from the centre of the earth, there seemed reason to think it might extend much farther than was generally supposed: for instance, to the moon, whose motion would be influenced by it, and the body itself retained in its orbit by this force. By pursuing this simple idea, he at length arrived at the law of universal gravitation, and laid the basis of those discoveries, which the power of genius alone could bring forth from the depths of obscurity. In Newton were united extraordinary saga-

city, diligence, and perseverance. He was accustomed to say, that if he had done the world any service, it was due to nothing but industry, and patient thought: the object of his pursuit was constantly in his eye, and never relinquished till he had obtained it,—while over all his endowments modesty threw an attractive charm. Sometimes genius assumes a repulsive attitude and manners, but here she at once awes by her majesty, and wins by her smile: she appears a spirit of unearthly mould, glowing with heavenly fire, and moving with celestial grace.

The two qualities of mind which have the nearest resemblance to genius, and with which it is not unfrequently confounded, are *taste* and *imagination*: from the rest it is plainly distinguishable. *Memory* has no alliance with it, though some philosophers have viewed them as almost identical; but surely the capacity to retain what is brought by others, is essentially different from the ability to invent what is new oneself. *Judgment* too is evidently dissimilar; for, although this faculty implies the power both of combining and discriminating, yet it has nothing of a creative character; it may be wise, but cannot be brilliant—it may form a sage, but never can produce a genius. *Imagination*, though allied both to taste and genius, ought not to be confounded with them: it assists the faculty of discrimination, and supplies wings to the adventurousness of genius. Where imagination operates alone, it produces absurdities, and does not necessarily, and in its

detached exertions, imply extraordinary power : it may even be a weakness of intellect. Besides, though we may have been led to the notion of the superiority of this faculty of mind, and considered it as the principle of genius, from some of its splendid emanations in the poets ; there is little room for its exercise, and, in fact, little proof of its existence, in instances where the opposite qualities of patient research, and slow ratiocination, have penetrated the arcana of nature.

“ An uncommon degree of imagination,” says Dugald Stewart, “ constitutes *poetical genius* ;” and to this conclusion he is led, by conceiving of this power of imagination as an “ accomplishment formed by experience and situation ; and which, in its different gradations, fills up all the interval between the first efforts of untutored genius, and the sublime creations of Raphael, or of Milton.” But if the power of imagination be a cultivated habit, should we not rather say that a poetical genius stimulates imagination, and holds the same or an analogous relation to it with those which he justly denominates simple powers of the mind, attention, conception, and abstraction ?

Taste is by some regarded as more of a sister seraph : and here we find a perplexity similar to that which occurred when the question was proposed, What is genius ? In general, however, taste may be considered as the faculty of discriminating what is beautiful in nature, or art, accompanied with a corresponding *feeling* of its excellence ; a feeling which has in it,

usually, something of passion and enthusiasm. Elegance in writing, magnificence in architecture, skill in painting, sublimity in nature, are objects of taste; and have to do not only with sensations, but conceptions, and trains of thought. Taste operates through the medium of the judgment, and is, in reality, the determining power, when the object presented is to be pronounced upon as fair or perfect. The standard is ideal; for, as Sir Joshua Reynolds remarks of the Farnese Hercules, which is one kind of beauty; the Gladiator, in the palace of Chigi, which is another; and the Apollo of Belvidere, which is a third; the perfection of these statues cannot consist in any thing which is the immediate object of sense, either external or internal, but in something, which, being perceived by the eye, is referred by the understanding to what we know of the characters of Hercules, Apollo, and the Gladiator, and which we believe it was the intention of the statuary to express.

But whatever may be said of taste, it may at least be distinguished from genius, in this respect—it has no power of invention. A man of the most correct and most cultivated taste may neither be able to solve a mathematical problem, impress with animation the painter's canvass, elicit the melody of music, or produce the descriptions of poetry, and yet he may be capable of appreciating their respective merits. On the other hand, a man of real genius both executes and appreciates. Taste is perhaps usually a concomitant

of that transcendent talent, to which we apply the noblest epithet; but there are too many proofs of the contrary, to allow us to believe that they are identical. The former is more limited in its range than the latter, and more restricted in its applications. There are even whole classes of discovery of which it cannot judge, and, in many instances, there is obviously no subsisting connexion. It is the province of genius to discover a geometrical demonstration, and to unfold the laws and systematize the phenomena of nature; but it is not the province of taste, neither does taste assist in the inquiry: its province is simply to pronounce upon the merit of the investigation. It is the prerogative of genius to annihilate the prejudices of centuries; to circumnavigate and traverse, and perfect the geography of the globe, to plan the overthrow, or establishment of empires; but taste was never made for a reformer, an adventurer, or a hero. Minds of the very first order have been notoriously destitute of this quality; while it has adorned those which could have no pretensions to be ranked amongst the chieftains of intellect.

The question has sometimes been proposed, whether *eccentricity* of conduct ought not to be deemed an essential concomitant of genius? That some men of superior ability have been eccentric; that is, in their general habits, or in particular instances, have exhibited a remarkable deviation of practice from the ordinary modes of society, is indisputable; but that such irregularities constitute any feature of intellectual charac-

ter, viewing it in its essence, may be justly doubted. Were the subject attentively investigated, it would probably be found that this quality has been attached to comparatively few; that in those cases it has resulted from bodily rather than mental temperament, or from some traceable defect of early education; and that there are numberless examples of the existence of this peculiarity in persons of very inferior intellectual powers.

Absence of mind has been often mistaken for an indication of extraordinary talent: but though it may consist with genius, and sometimes accompanies it, there is no necessary connexion. In many cases it is literally, as it is termed, an *absence* of mind, that is, a *want* of it; in others it proceeds from the balance of the mental faculties having been lost, so that some particular capacity is in disproportionate exercise: but so far from real genius producing this effect, we apprehend it is rather the *vis*, the controlling energy, the magic power, which, like gravitation in nature, preserves the equipoise of the other faculties.

The vulgar notion of the inseparable union between genius and eccentricity is one of the most pernicious that ever excited juvenile pride and ambition. Many a real blockhead has set up for a profound genius; and, by carrying into maturer life the antics, the childishness, and the waywardness of the nursery, for which he ought to be posted in some modern *Dunciad*, has secured, by wealth or accident, a pre-

cocious fame, which has only aggravated the vexation of proved incompetence, and ultimate disrepute. Instead of every little eccentricity being adored and imitated as a mark of greatness, a good system of education will treat it as a mental excrescence and deformity. When it is the natural appendage of a great mind, it is sometimes sufficiently amusing; but when it is assumed by insignificance of intellect, to gain attention, the effect resembles that of seeing a mountebank exalted upon stilts.

Some men of real genius have, however, we fear, piqued themselves upon their eccentricities, and, what is worse still, upon their *indolence*. This circumstance has, therefore, induced another inquiry, namely, whether this latter quality is characteristic of pre-eminent intellect? The supposition that it is, must certainly be ranked amongst popular errors. If by indolence, indeed, is meant mere indisposition to physical effort—mere dislike of the drudgery of labour—the supposition may then be correct; for mental vigour has a tendency, especially in some constitutions, to produce corporeal inactivity; but men of exalted genius have usually, so far as the mind is concerned, been men of indefatigable industry: they are often at work when others imagine the mind to be inactive, or when others are asleep; and it is an absurdity to suppose that a man can be great without knowledge and practice, or that knowledge can be absolutely intuitive. He who has the most materials, possesses the greatest means of

invention; and it is by an habitual contemplation of the best models, that we learn to excel: the incapacity of collecting and using these materials, constitutes dulness. It is admitted that HOMER had acquired all the learning of his times; and the sublime PINDAR was, during several years, a student under those whom he afterwards surpassed: all the ancient philosophers, among whom PYTHAGORAS, SOCRATES, PLATO, and ARISTOTLE may be reckoned the greatest, devoted years to travel and research. Of the latter, in particular, whom his master (Plato) designated the *mind* of the Academy, it is recorded, that he collected and copied an incredible number of manuscripts, and sometimes abridged them, for the purpose of storing his memory with their contents. The two great orators of antiquity devoted themselves to study: CICERO was educated at a public school,—at the age of twenty-eight he went to Athens to study the Greek philosophy, and, in the very busiest period of a busy life, constructed rooms and galleries for literary intercourse at Tusculum, and sought to accumulate a library for his old age. “Pray keep your books for me,”—thus he writes to Atticus,—“and do not despair of my being able to make them mine; which if I can compass, I shall think myself richer than Crassus, and despise the fine villas and gardens of them all.” The assiduity of DEMOSTHENES, in qualifying himself for an orator, is proverbial; and, whatever may be thought of Plutarch’s story of putting pebbles in his mouth, it is certain that he

laboured with incessant care to attain perfection in his art. He is said to have copied Thucydides eight times over with his own hand, and to have committed a considerable portion of his writings to memory. Similar illustrations might be taken from modern times, were it necessary,—from BACON downwards, of whom Walpole has said, that “he was the prophet of arts which Newton was afterwards to reveal;” and Addison, that “he had the sound, distinct, comprehensive knowledge of Aristotle, with all the beautiful light graces and embellishments of Cicero.” But this part of the subject is too obvious to require further demonstration.

While neither eccentricity nor indolence are to be reckoned among the concomitants of real genius, as allied with knowledge, and fed and fostered by its influence; there is one quality which ought to be distinctly marked as frequently, if not commonly, attached to minds of the very finest texture and of the purest order—it is *modesty*, the modesty of true science. While others dogmatize, they investigate; and their prevalent desire being less to display their attainments than to increase them, the consciousness of limited success is more than counterbalanced by the overwhelming conviction of a yet unpenetrated region around them. The direct effect of progress in genuine science is less to produce an impression of the *extent*, than of the *limitation* of our knowledge. What we have acquired is but an inconsiderable portion of what is yet attainable,—a mere fraction of the mighty whole; and the amplitude

of the vast field becomes more obvious as our knowledge increases—the horizon widens and enlarges as we ascend. The comparison, therefore, is always *against* the true philosopher in his own estimation ; his knowledge is actually more, but comparatively less ; the mountain becomes a mole-hill, and all his fancied accumulations shrink into the apparent diminutiveness of an atom : then, when he discovers that he knows nothing, he begins to be wise ; when he finds himself a fool, he commences the genuine philosopher !

What Bacon says of knowledge may be affirmed of genius—it is POWER ; but its value is to be appreciated by the purpose to which it is devoted. The influence of the individual possessed of this quality may either be highly detrimental or inconceivably beneficial to society ; millions may deplore or rejoice in its existence. Whatever, consequently, tends to give it a right direction, converts that into a blessing which *might* be noxious, or, at best, neutral. Such is RELIGION, whose influence renders it all it is capable of becoming. By sanctifying its character, and directing its application, it imparts the finishing touch of excellence ; and constitutes it at once the ornament of life, the basis of improvement, and the best inheritance of yet unborn generations.

Happily there have been individuals, and some have been already named, whose crown of earthly fame has not only been entwined with the laurels of literature, and science, and genius, but has sparkled with the gems of

virtue and the glorious adornment of piety. ADDISON, SELDEN, PASCAL, EULER, BACON, LOCKE, HALLER, BOERHAAVE, BARROW, NEWTON;—but on what a catalogue have we entered, and where should it terminate!—

We conclude a subject only glanced at, with a single reflection.

It is truly astonishing, that such a being as man should be able to explore so extensively the works of an Infinite Power. That a diminutive creature of a few feet in height, whose measuring rod is but a few inches, who is so bound down by an irresistible gravitation to a small spot, on a little rounded particle of dust, floating in air; that such a being, and so situated, should dive into the mysteries of time and space,—should discover the movements, and ascertain the laws which govern them, of ten thousand worlds,—should adventure to look into the decrees of Heaven, and touch the mighty balances that poise the universe; nay, that he should take even a sublime flight, and penetrate the recesses of truth, and the mysteries of revelation, till he expatiates upon themes “which the angels desire to look into,”—is passing strange; and evinces at once the superiority of *mind* to *matter*, and the goodness of God in imparting a capacity so wonderful to a being so insignificant!

In conclusion, the writer has only to express his regret, that the prescribed limits of this Essay have

prevented his entering more fully into the subject, which he is well aware deserves an extensive investigation. These few thoughts, however, if they cannot satisfy inquiry, may serve (and he will then be content) to promote it.

ISRAEL'S DELIVERERS.

WHEN Israel's first deliverer trod
Safely the Red Sea shore, his song
Was of a dread avenging God,
To whom destroying powers belong—
The mighty God he glorified,
Was God whose fearful wrath was shed ;
Who bade the overwhelming tide
Pass fiercely over hosts of dead.

When Israel's other Saviour came,
His emblem was the gentle dove ;
And when He bless'd His Father's name,
He spoke of patience, peace, and love,
That grieved to breathe destruction's breath,
When judging those He would forgive ;
Who willeth not a sinner's death,
But that he turn from sin and live.

R. V.

SONNETS.

BY JOHN ANSTER, LL. D.

I.

TIME.

SEEN through pure crystal, the imprisoned sand,
Without a murmur, counts its flowing hour ;—
The dial's shifting bar of shade ;—the hand
Of the hall-clock, that, with a life-like power,
Moves undisturbed ;—the equal pulse of TIME
Throbs on, as beats man's heart in happy health,
Not noticed, yet how sure ! with easy stealth,
Unwearied in its ministry sublime :—
And there are those, to whom the matin lark
Proclaims day's duties, or the cock, whose cheer
Came sad to panic-stricken SIMON's ear,
When for a little moment Faith was dark :—
Frail heart !—that still believed, yet shook to hear
The storm of Man's vain anger round his bark !

II.

ALFRED.

ALFRED!—Oh read his tale by MILTON told!—
In seasons, when the change of day and night
Doth in our heaven ill separate the light
For studious men,—his hands in prayer did fold,
By angels seen,—and coloured tapers bright
Each lone hour's watch with varying hues record,
While Europe's fates, in ample scroll unrolled,
Are spread before the mighty island's lord;
And then, and now hath ALFRED his reward!
Of all that noble life no hour was lost,—
Thoughtful in act,—and active while he prayed,
He loved the land for which his vows were paid,
Restored to peace a people tempest-tossed,
And ENGLAND is the nation *he* hath made!

ONE WARNING MORE!

One fervent, faithful warning more,
To him who heeded none before.

THE fly around the candle wheels,
Enjoys the sport, and gaily sings,
Till nearer, nearer drawn he feels
The flame like lightning singe his wings ;
Then weltering in the pool beneath he lies,
And, limb by limb scorch'd miserably, dies.

From bough to bough the wild bird hops,
Where late he caroll'd blithe and free ;
Now downward, downward, lo ! he drops,
Faint, fluttering, helpless, from the tree ;
While stretch'd below, with eye of deadly ray,
The eager rattle-snake expects his prey.

Thou, child of pleasure, art the fly,
Caught with a taper's dazzling glare ;
Thou art the bird, that meets an eye,
Alluring to the serpent's snare :
Oh ! stay ;—is reason fled ?—is conscience dumb ?
Be wise, b warn'd, es cape the wrath to come.

Not swifter o'er the level course
The racer glances to the goal,
Than thou, with blind and headlong force,
Art running on—to lose thy soul :
Then, though thou win the world, how dear the cost !
Can the whole world avail a spirit lost ?

Death, on his pale horse, following fast,
Gains on thy speed, with hell behind ;
Fool, all thy *yesterdays* are past,
To-morrow thou wilt never find ;
To-day is hastening to eternity ;
“ *This night thy soul shall be required of thee.*”

BOANERGES.

WHAT IS THE WORLD ?

A TALE.

BY MRS. SHERWOOD.

ALTHOUGH perhaps I have nothing very remarkable to say of myself, yet there are certain passages of my youth, or rather certain observations that I have been led to make upon those passages, which I am induced to give to the public, because I am inclined to think that they may be useful in helping to extricate some well-meaning persons from a certain species of error into which I see many now falling.

In speaking of my youth as passed, I do not mean my reader to suppose that I am an old woman : let it therefore be understood that I am scarcely thirty ; but being married, and the mother of children, I am enabled to look back on the scenes of earlier life with a coolness and composure commonly felt by one who, having been involved in any difficulty, finds himself extricated, and turns round to look on those who are coming after him, through the same sloughs in which but now he was himself wading.

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I shall begin my narrative by informing my reader that I am a member of a very extraordinary family, taking the word extraordinary in its plain acceptation; by which I mean to assert, that my family was, and still is, altogether unlike any other family I ever yet saw, or even heard of as existing in real life. It remains to be proved by me, whether the points in which it varied from other families were good or bad, amiable or otherwise.

My dear father, for he is now no more, was a military man, and in youth, as I have often heard him say, scarcely knew what it was to reside twelve months together in the same neighbourhood. Being naturally a man of warm affections, he did not derive that hardness from this desultory mode of life which it is generally calculated to create; and having been early married to one who deserved his warmest affection, and been blessed with several lovely children, the very circumstance of his wandering life, which deprived him of the consolations of an agreeable neighbourhood, probably rendered him the more attached, not only to his own family, but to such children of distress as might be received within the curtains of his wide-spread tent. My mother was the sweetest character I ever knew. She was a woman of high intellectual acquirements, having received even a learned education, retaining the sprightliness of youth even to the day of her death, possessing a keenness of observation and readiness of wit, the play of which, like lightning, might have spread conflagra-

tion on all on whom it fell, but which appeared only to enlighten and animate her domestic circle; like the harmless flashes of the northern lights, whose innocuous and vivid fires illuminate the gloom of the polar night, and shed their glories over the eternal snows of the northern zone.

I remember little of that part of my life when I was the companion of my parents' wanderings: faint and indistinct indeed are my recollections of those sunny regions in which I first saw the day; and yet I feel, that could I again behold those cloudless skies, those palm-crowned heights, those friendly faces of my tawny nurses, those high veranded domes, and those lovely gardens which first presented themselves to my infant gaze, Nature would speak within me, and would acknowledge their congeniality.

At the age of forty my father retired from the army; and having bought a small estate in one of the loveliest counties of England, he devoted himself to the education of his children, and the cultivation of his grounds and gardens; his leisure hours being spent in reading.

I was only ten years of age at the time we settled in this sweet retirement, and for the next eight years I enjoyed a degree of peace which seldom falls to the lot of a human being. Ours was, as I before said, a very extraordinary family; that is, it was conducted upon principles altogether different from those by which even religious families are generally regulated. We were a large party of young people; for I had three sis-

ters younger than myself, lovely, smiling, dimpled little creatures ; a female cousin of my own age ; and besides whom, I had been accustomed to share my apartment, my studies, and pleasures, with two little girls who were nearly of my own standard in life, but with whose parentage I was little acquainted, and whom I considered as part of the family, without ever questioning why or wherefore it was to be. Such, with the addition of two little brothers, formed our happy society—for happy indeed it was—happy beyond what could well be conceived of the state of any society on earth : not that we were naturally superior to other children ; we had our faults of temper and faults of character like others, but we were under a strict yet indulgent government. We were continually in the presence, not only of a Christian parent, but of one of an enlarged and cheerful spirit ; one who watched the indications of evil, and struck to the root of every bad feeling the moment the symptoms appeared ; and of one who had a peculiar facility in directing and employing the natural activity and restlessness of the young mind.

A certain set of easy and regular arrangements were laid down for the employment of each day and hour, and all the ordinary duties of life were cheered and lightened ; for my mother, during these periods of necessary occupation, invariably read to us, and lectured upon, and explained the books she perused : thus she enlarged our minds, strengthened our faculties, improved our tastes, and made us to understand the dis-

inction between that which is really good in works of fancy and that which is not so; and used the very best means of preventing us from becoming mere lovers of works of amusement, by rendering it impossible for us to be pleased with any but those which were truly good of their kind, the number of which are in fact so few, that a person of real taste can never become a devoted reader of amusing books: and here I must indulge myself with one remark. Many good persons in the present day reject all works of imagination in the education of their children, whilst others admit few restrictions in the use of them. It appears to me that either of these extremes is wrong. The Belles Lettres have a powerful influence, not only on society in general, but on the mind of every individual; their effect in polishing and raising the tone of conversation is unquestionably great; but there are few of the works of genius of this description in which some false sentiment and dangerous tendency may not be observed. The line then which I should humbly recommend to parents is, to read these works together with their children; and, like my beloved mother, to take occasion; during these lectures, to make their own comments, to point out the beauties and defects of the author, and to show where the characters delineated fail or succeed in their conduct, where they depart from Christian rectitude, or where they best display the perfections of Christian virtues proceeding from Christian principles.

But it is a common fault of the matronly character, to forget that of the girlish one; and, in the management of her daughters, to leave wholly out of her calculations that buoyancy of spirit which, when not properly employed, will find an employment for itself of a nature which is sometimes little suspected. But I am running beyond the bounds to which I have restricted myself. I could fill volumes with the records of my happy, early days, which, under the government of my beloved parents, was a scene of unvaried joy; every day was with us a day of peace and of improvement, and we had galas without end.

At the age of eighteen I experienced the first break in my felicity. My father's relations resided in a country town, about one hundred miles distant from the place of our retirement. I had never seen any of them; and as an invitation was sent to me at the time I speak of, it was thought right that I should accept of it. The family which I was about to visit consisted of my aunt Clarkson, who was a widow, and had four children,—a son just in priests' orders, two daughters somewhat older than myself, and a younger son who was preparing for the law. With my aunt lived my uncle Eliston, a single man, a literary character, and an author; and in addition to this family was a cousin, an elderly maiden lady, Mrs. Mary Ponsonby, who generally spent some months of the year with my aunt.

I had been accustomed to consider this family as a decidedly pious one, and expected to find something

like home amongst these worthy strangers ; for to me they were strangers, though relations. I shall not trouble my friends with any account of my journey, which was accomplished without adventures ; neither shall I say much of my reception by my relations, whom I found drinking tea in a genteel upper room, which opened into a wide and handsome street. .

I had lived too long at home to be quite easy at first among strangers ; but I had been accustomed to encourage a feeling of affection toward my fellow-creatures, and this feeling, no doubt, enabled me to receive the attentions of my friends with cheerfulness, though I certainly was somewhat at a loss how to make out the various characters which surrounded me.

It seems that my arrival had disturbed a vehement discussion, which was renewed immediately after all due compliments had been paid to me, and all proper inquiries made after those I had left at home. This subject was renewed by Sydney, the younger of my cousins, who whispered something to his brother, which it seems my aunt overheard, for she immediately added, " Then I think, Sydney, you will be doing very much amiss." " How so, mother ?" replied her son ; " Do not all young men attend the races ?" " Not all," rejoined Franklin, my elder cousin ; " I don't mean to go." " You," replied Sydney, " you wear the gown, you know, and therefore you are no example for me." " No example !" said the mother ; " no example, because he is a clergyman ! Pray, Sydney, answer me

this question,—Are there two right ways, one for the clergy and another for the laity; or are there various doors to heaven for different denominations of persons? Is the Bible given as a rule of life to ministers only? and is not the command,—‘ Be not conformed to the world,’ given alike to all?”

Sydney looked down, giving at the same time a kind of tremulous motion to his head which did not quite amount to that indescribable shake commonly used on occasions of this kind by undutiful sons, but was certainly near allied to it.—He did not whistle, but his lips were certainly ready to produce a few notes of the kind, though he had grace enough to withhold his breath; however, as he did not utter any sound, my aunt suddenly turned to me and said, “ I am very sure, Lavinia, that my dear brother thinks in these points as I do: he is a truly pious man; I am sure he does not approve of public amusements.”

I started and coloured on being thus suddenly addressed, and replied in my hurry, “ Indeed, aunt, I don’t know; I can’t tell.”

Sydney sat erect in his chair, and looked triumphantly.

“ Indeed!” said my aunt, “ I am surprised: surely my brother does not approve of these things; he cannot think such sinful conformity to the world justifiable.”

“ Indeed, ma’am,” I said, “ I never heard him mention the subject.”

“ But surely your mother has set you right on these points?”

I tried to recollect myself, and then said, "O yes, ma'am, I do remember, when we were reading some book in which they were mentioned, she said, that these things were childish, and showed a babyish taste in those who were fond of them, because of their extreme insipidity."

"So much for you, Sydney," said my cousin Caroline. "Do you hear Lavinia's opinion?"

"Not my opinion," I said, seeing Sydney blush, "my mamma's. I did not mean to be rude, I forgot what I was saying, but I have no opinion about these things; I never think about them."

"But you would like to go to the races, cousin?" said Sydney.

"I don't know," I replied; "I think not; I don't want to go. I think I should be tired."

"Tired!" said Sydney; "why it is the finest sight in the world to see the heats: do go with me, Lavinia."

My aunt and uncle and Mrs. Ponsonby now grew quite angry, and gave the young man so severe a lecture, stating his conduct in such strong colours, that he evidently became excessively; irritated and after restraining himself for some minutes with considerable difficulty, looked at his watch, said he should be too late, for what I did not hear, and flew out of the room, though his mother called after him to stay till after prayers, which were about to take place in a few moments. Sydney was, however, gone beyond recall; and whilst Franklin was reaching down the Bible, ringing for the servants, and finding his place, all which

he did with the most solemn deliberation, the elders of the party dilated on what had passed. "It astonishes me," said my aunt, "that any persons who have any kind of ideas of right and wrong should support the harmlessness of public amusements, scenes in which only worldly people are found, where all that is light and vain and sinful in the human heart is stored up, where vanity finds its chief gratification, and every excitement to the passions are supplied. I look upon cards, and dancing, and theatrical amusements, as the greatest possible snares to young people that can be conceived; and I really, my dear Lavinia, wonder that your father is not more strong in his disapprobation of them."

"We never attend any of these places of entertainment, aunt," I replied.

"Never attend them!" she answered; "to be sure you have hitherto been too young to think of them; but he should have set your minds right upon the subject, and showed you the dangers of them."

I had blundered so grievously in my first speech on this subject, that I was not disposed to venture another; I therefore looked civil, and was silent.

"The danger of these things," said Mrs. Ponsonby, "should certainly be stated to young people. I am sure I can remember, as if it were but yesterday, my first ball. It was when the present Lord L—— came of age, and the Oxford Blues were in town, and it was a particularly gay time. My poor mother used to say, that the brilliant assemblies which then took place

turned all our heads. My sister Bell then was in her prime, and she was a fine creature ; and it was before I sprained my ankle, which has made me go a little on one side ever since. But these things are altogether wrong, and I do hope that my young people here will endeavour to resist the temptations which they hold out." Here my uncle put in his word, and that in a very solemn manner, showing the particulars wherein public amusements were radically mischievous, because they excited worldly passions and desires, and led persons to seek their own glory, or their own pleasure, rather than that of their Maker. All this was very good, as well as the long exposition of the lesson of the evening read by Franklin : but I know not how it was, the former filled my head with many thoughts respecting public diversions which I had never had before, and the latter seemed to empty my heart of many of the warm religious feelings I had brought from home ; but how these two effects were produced I cannot explain, but so it was.

The next morning Sydney was not forthcoming at breakfast ; and whilst his mother was making her comments upon his absence, and descanting at some length on the strange propensity he had of running from home on all occasions, a note was brought in and presented to her from a neighbour of the name of Falconer, requesting her to allow the young people to come in the evening to tea, to meet the younger members of another family of the name of Catline. " I have no ob-

jection to your going," said the old lady. "Caroline, you will return an answer accordingly; and you shall take Lavinia:" then adding, for my information, "The Falconers are a serious and a respectable family, Lavinia, and you will see nothing but what is proper there, and Mrs. Catline is the best of women. You, Caroline and Amelia, will take your work, and put the new tract in your work-bag; Mrs. Falconer has not seen it. Lavinia will almost fancy herself at home again at Mrs. Falconer's." This matter being settled, we sat somewhat longer at breakfast, during which time Mrs. Mary Ponsonby took up the newspaper, and having read the weddings, entered somewhat largely on the history of one of them, as she happened to know the parties, and made us acquainted with the history of a long courtship, which did not appear to me to have been over prudent either in its commencement or conclusion. This discussion being ended, the Bible was introduced, and another long commentary, for which I again felt a kind of distaste which I could not account for, having seldom felt any thing of the kind at home: but I was thinking of the strange wedding.

After this lecture my uncle strolled to the bookseller's, to see if he could find any thing in the Reviews respecting a work on Zoology he had lately published. Franklin withdrew to his study, to prepare a speech which he was going to make at a public meeting during the following week, which was to be the race week. My aunt and Mrs. Mary having also disappeared, I was left

alone for the first time with my cousins, who instantly began to inquire of each other what they meant to wear in the evening, a point which they treated as a matter of life and death. At length some reference being made to me, I said, "Why, what does it signify what you wear, so as you are neat and clean. You are not going to a ball, are you?"

"No, to be sure," answered Caroline, "but the Catlines will be there, and it will be noticed if we are not nice;" and then followed a long dissertation upon dress, and as many remarks on what was worn, and what was not worn, and the modes of embroidering and setting on trimmings, as if we had been all milliners' apprentices.

At dinner my uncle came in evidently in an uneasy mood. "Not a word of my book in the Quarterly," said he; "surely they won't pass it quite over; I would rather they should give it a sound dressing:" and then the old gentleman reverted to the races, and remarked, that every lodging was taken, and that he thought the world was more set than ever after these vain amusements; "and yet," added he, "it is thought that religion is on the increase: but I have my doubts; it is little more than talk I believe after all. And where is Master Sydney?—pretending business I suppose—but I know better. I saw him pass down Grose Lane to look at the booths on the race-ground little more than an hour since, and I watched him back again, and thought he turned into Craven Court." "Craven

Court ! what had he to do there ?” said my aunt. “ The billiard-room,” replied my uncle : “ but here he comes to speak for himself. Your servant, Mr. Sydney ; a busy morning, sir. Are all the booths knocked up yet ?” “ Stands do you mean, sir ?” replied Sydney : and whether from forgetting the company he was in, or from downright insolence, I could not tell, he began to give an account of several circumstances relative to the races in a kind of style which, had I then known the word, I should have called *slang*.

Here was again an occasion for a very long lecture on the part of my aunt, during which she said nothing but what was just and true ; but the manner was such, and the expression of the countenance and the tone of the voice, that I hardly knew that she was speaking of the same religion which had ever been rendered so lovely and acceptable to my feelings by my own dear parents : the sin of conformity to the world was, as usual, the burden of her discourse ; and it was, I saw, with the greatest difficulty that her son could sit out the dinner, but before the cloth was well removed he remembered an engagement at his office, and was off again.

Franklin was not at home, and my aunt engaged, Mrs. Mary therefore conducted us at seven o'clock to Mrs. Falconer's, where, as we happened to be the last of the party, we found several of the other two families, namely, the Catlines and the Falconers, together with an old lady and gentleman whom I had not seen

before, seated in due order round a large room. The younger gentlemen belonging to the party were not yet come. As I was at some distance from the elders, who were at the upper end of the room, I cannot pretend to say what they might be conversing about, and suppose it might have been amusing to themselves; but being placed as I was between the youngest Miss Catline and the eldest Miss Falconer, I must confess I thought we were supremely unentertaining at our end of the room. "Do you draw, Miss Lavinia?" said one of them to me. "Yes, ma'am, a little." "Do you paint in water colours?" said another. "No, ma'am, in crayons." "You play, I suppose?" "A very little." "But you sing?" "I accompany my sister." "Do you find it fatigue you?" "Oh dear no, I like it vastly." Then came an awful pause, relieved by the entrance of the teacups, and then another effort at something new: for the truth of the matter with me, and perhaps with my companions, was, that we were breathing an air totally uncongenial to lively young creatures, or creatures that should have been lively, and were actually fainting, like some poor animal in an exhausted receiver. The entrance of some of the brothers of the parties present, amongst whom was my cousin Sydney, made some little bustle during the intervals of the tea-drinking; but when all hope seemed to have departed with the footman and the tea-urn, and I was striving to muster my resolution to suffer, a move was made by Mrs. Falconer to her daughters, to show Miss Lavinia

the green-house, and it was with some difficulty that I could restrain my joy at the prospect of this release.

I did not, however, dare to testify my pleasure, lest I should be thought unpolite, and therefore went creeping down the stairs, and across the hall, with all due decorum. The garden, for a town garden, was pretty enough, and at the farthest end of it, quite removed from the view of the drawing-room windows, was a little alcove, with a green plat before it.

In the alcove we sat down, and some of the party began to make up for lost time, by chattering as fast as possible, and, girl like, uttering sense or nonsense, just as it happened; and upon the whole, I may say, that I did not hear any thing in this company that deserved a worse name than nonsense, but certainly we should all have been better for the presence of such a woman as my ever dear mother, who had the peculiar and rare art, while living constantly with young people, of entering into all their little concerns, knowing all their thoughts, and turning even their nonsense to some account.

I had arrived at my aunt's on the Friday evening; in consequence of which, the day which followed our visit to Mr. Falconer's was Sunday. I shall say little of our Sabbath: to me it wanted cheerfulness. On the Monday the races commenced, and the town was all in a ferment. Sydney had met with some young friend, with whom he was so entirely drawn away that we saw nothing of him. Amelia fled from the discussions in

the parlour, to peep at the carriages through the blinds of her own bed-room; and my aunt was much occupied by the meeting which was to take place on the Tuesday, where Franklin was to speak. "I hope Franklin will succeed in his speech," she said to Mrs. Mary Ponsonby. "It will be a large, a very large meeting! and he did so well last year—he did himself so much credit: but I know he is anxious; I am sure he is, and so am I for him. Well, I am sure I was gratified at the last annual meeting,—never more so in my life. When Lady Betty Craycroft and Lady Finchly, and Mrs. Smelly and Sir John himself, came up, and congratulated me, indeed, Mrs. Ponsonby, I did feel, and feel as a mother, and I am all anxiety to-day. I hope it will go off well; I hope dear Franklin will succeed."

I was almost inclined to turn her own words upon her, and say, "Be not conformed to the world;" seek not scenes which excite vanity and bring self forward; but I checked myself, and, not for the first time, wished myself at home in that region of peace and joy, where, as in an ark, my innocent (comparatively innocent) brothers and sisters, were preserved from all the storms and dangers of the world.

Whilst my aunt was still enlarging on this subject, my uncle came in, in high glee. "Sister," he said; "Who do you think is come—Who do you think is in town?"—and he paused and looked round in triumph; then lowering his voice,—"Reynolds, Reynolds, the

great zoologist! and he is visiting Sir John Craycroft; and the poet Andrews is with him, and Corinthian Jones, as they call him, who wrote that beautiful work on Grecian Architecture; and I have just met them in the street, and I am to dine with them to-day at the Crown, and Reynolds says my book is a *chef d'œuvre*. Corinthian Jones confesses he does not understand the subject, but he says the style is beautiful; and Andrews has promised me a copy of verses, to face the title-page: they really made me blush with their compliments."

"Then, uncle," I said, saucily enough, perhaps, my reader will say, "don't dine with these people."

"And wherefore, Miss Lavinia?" he asked.

"Because," I said, "these literary persons, of whom you speak, and who make you blush, form a world, which is quite as dangerous to you, as the assembly this evening would be to me. You can see my world, and Sydney's world, and point out the dangers of these worlds to us, and tell us not to conform ourselves to them; but, uncle, you cannot see the dangers of your own world. And now, my good uncle, let me make a prudent proposal:—you shall go to-night, in your great wig and suit of sober snuff-colour, to the ball, and Sydney, or, if you prefer it, I will go for you to the dinner of wits at the Crown, and then we shall both be out of harm's way." My uncle stared at me for a moment, as if not taking in my meaning, being in too good a humour to be offended by any thing just

at that time: however, as he comprehended me, he chucked me under the chin, wheeled round, called the footman to run with his best wig to the barber's, and skipped up stairs as full of the world and its enticements as any young lady in the town.

This was a day of events; for scarcely had the staircase ceased to creak beneath the buoyant step of my uncle, before a note was brought to Mrs. Mary Ponsonby, from no less a person than the Hon. Mrs. Smelly; stating, that if the said Mrs. Mary Ponsonby should happen to be in the country on the day after the races, being Thursday, she, the Hon. Mrs. Smelly, together with her aunt, Lady Giles, and her sister, Mrs. Thornville, would do herself the pleasure of taking a *Dejeuné a la Fourchette* in Mrs. M. Ponsonby's charming cottage.

“What can I do—What can I possibly do?” said Mrs. Ponsonby, handing the note to my aunt. “I must receive them, I can do no other: I must go over tomorrow after your son's speech, and get things in order. Well, this is very polite and very attentive in these ladies; I only wish I had more time to prepare. You know the character I have for neatness and nicety: I must on no account lose it. Dear Mrs. Smelly! well, this is very kind; but I must be neat, and nice, and elegant; I must not lose my character.” So saying, she trotted out of the room to answer her note; and I found some difficulty in restraining my remarks on the occasion, for a new light respecting the various temp-

tations offered by the world, or rather by the prince of the world, to various characters and descriptions of persons, seemed, as it were, to break suddenly in upon my mind; and I began to see that the evil one could not serve his own purposes better, than by fixing the attention of well-meaning people only on one species of danger, and by blinding them to all others of the same kind.

I have not leisure to enter into the particulars of my uncle's dinner with the wits at the Crown, or of my cousin Franklin's speech at the meeting: suffice it to say, that both one and the other returned home in high spirits.

On the day after the races, the Hon. Mrs. Smelly was to breakfast with Mrs. Ponsonby; and by the latter lady's invitation, we were all to dine with her, and return late in the evening to town.

We were received by Mrs. Ponsonby in high glee; for, as she herself described it, all had gone off charmingly, and the Hon. Mrs. Smelly, and Lady Giles, and Mrs. Thornville, had been quite delighted, and had complimented her on her elegant taste. The old lady, therefore, was quite in ecstasies.

We had a cheerful dinner upon the whole, although it was not rendered more so by the arrival of Franklin, who had met the bishop's chaplain in the way, and had apprehended some coolness in that quarter, as the chaplain had not said any thing respecting his speech at the meeting; with which he could not conceive it possible the venerable divine could be unacquainted.

After dinner, Amelia and I were permitted to walk out; and as the people were carrying the hay, we could easily trace the way to the field, by the little tufts that clung to the hedges on each side the narrow green lane through which the waggon had passed.

The field was in a valley, and a little brook ran bubbling through it. It was a lovely evening, and the air was scented not only with the fresh hay, but with those thousand flowers which garnished every bank and every shady thicket.

“Oh! this is delightful; we are out of the world now, indeed;” said Amelia, as we turned into the field, and came in view of the haymakers. “Oh, Lavinia, how happy those country girls must be!”

“Why do you think so?” I inquired.

“Because they are out of the world!”

“I am not quite sure of that,” I replied. “Do you see that well-looking brown girl, with her straw hat on one side, and the bunch of roses in her bosom? I am much mistaken if she would not be quite as much out of her world, and quite as safe from its temptations, in a milliner’s shop in your market-place, as she now is in this field.”

“You are right,” said Amelia, “I see you are right; but if such is the case,” said she, “how, my dear cousin, are we to escape the world, if its snares and temptations pursue all people and all descriptions of people in every place?”

“By having heaven in our hearts, my dear cousin,”

I replied, "and by pursuing our duties actively and cheerfully while we are in the world. Remember the prayer which our blessed Saviour made for his people—'Holy Father, keep, through thine own name, those whom thou hast given me, that they may be one as we are. I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil. They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world.' The world and worldly passions pursue us every where; and the sincere Christian, instead of condemning his fellow-creatures for this or that compliance, faithfully and sincerely seeks to know where his own heart is most weak, and prays to be delivered from those temptations by which he is most easily beset."

"Oh, Lavinia! dear Lavinia!" said Amelia, "take me back with you when you return, and give me an opportunity of seeing religion such as it is in your happy home; and beg your father to invite my poor Sydney, when he is out of his time, that he may also enjoy the same inestimable privileges."

Here I close my narrative, adding only these few words,—that Amelia's request was granted, as soon as it was communicated to my parents; and my reader, I am sure, will be glad to hear, that every benefit which might be expected was, by the Divine blessing, derived to her and to her brother, by their acquaintance with religion, such as it appeared in my beloved father's family.

THE LAST OF THE CONSTANTINES.

Constantinople was stormed by the Turks on the 29th of May, 1453. Constantine Paleologus died fighting; and thus closed the race of the Greek Emperors. The night before his death, he worshipped in the great church of Constantinople.

MIDNIGHT—There is a solemn toll
From Santa Sophia's dome ;
Is it the summons of a soul
From earth to its starry home ?

Is it some monkish circle grey
That raise the holy hymn ;
Where the tapers shed the twinkling ray
Thro' the sculptured windows dim ?

Is it some knight that takes the vows,
Watching by helm and sword,
The Church and glory's gallant spouse ?
There kneels an empire's lord !

Bare-knee'd he kneels upon the stone,
His lifted brow is bare ;
His lip is op'd, yet breathes no groan,
His eye is mighty prayer.

There's not a monk in all the dome
With a paler cheek than that king ;
There's not an eye beneath the plume
That a nobler glance could fling.

There kneel around him ancient friends,
In war and council tried ;
But one still deeper and dearer bends,—
His own imperial bride !

The priest hath given the sacrament,
And hath breathed the blessing round,
And the incense-smoke to heaven hath sent,
And all is prayer profound.

There came on the stillness a sudden tone
Of music, low and near ;
Each heard, and thought that he heard it alone,
Like a whisper in his ear :—

“ Last of the Christian brave,” it said,
“ Your prayers are in the urn,
Where clouds the golden altar shade,
Where the lamps of the spirits burn.

“The hour’s at hand,—ye martyrs rise !
 Gird on your panoply ;
 Your angel calls ye to the skies !
 Farewell !—by morn ye die !”

They sprang from the ground, and a rich perfume
 Seemed breathed by parting wings ;
 And an echo sweet was on the gloom,
 Like the gush of immortal strings !

A trumpet rang ! they grasped the spear,—
 ’Twas a feather in their hand !
 And the brazen shield was like gossamer !
 Out rushed the warrior band.

’Twas morn,—the Turkish atabal
 Rous’d its turbanned myriads on ;
 But stood on his empire’s last proud wall—
 The master of the throne !

Day fell—the trumpet rang no more !
 What comes from Saint Sophia’s shrine ?
 ’Tis a king ! but his crown is steeped in gore !
 ’Tis the corpse of Constantine !

NESTOR.

THE GAMESTER REFORMED.

[By the Author of "Alice Allan, The Country Town," &c.]

Be not among wine-bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh.
For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty;
and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.—PROVERBS
xxiii. 20, 21.

THERE can perhaps be no sorrow deeper than that which pious parents feel at beholding their children fall away from the practice of those virtues in which they were fondly reared. Whilst his son is yet a youth, the anxious father carefully watches the early developings of mind, restrains the dispositions of evil, and affectionately hopes that riper years will be accompanied with the qualifications that grace the man, and the virtues that adorn the Christian. If difficulties surround the good man's path; if early friends prove faithless, or worldly misfortunes usher in the gloom of poverty, he bows, submissive to the chastening hand of Providence, and, trusting for help to another arm than that of flesh, turns to his children, and is happy. And

if, on the other hand, success attend his honourable exertions, and wealth flow in upon him, he practically acknowledges the important truth,—that he is but a temporary steward of these good things ; and seeing, moreover, from all experience, that—

“ Riches are pass'd away from hand to hand,
As fortune, vice, or folly may command,”—

he prays that those who are to succeed him in his stewardship, may be preserved in the greatest of all temptations—that of prosperity ; and be led to use aright the transient blessings that belong to time.

A course of persevering industry in trade had raised Mr. Wellsted from a comparatively humble station to the possession of a splendid fortune ; and never was the high character of an English merchant more perfectly sustained than in his person : his honour and integrity had grown up with his life, and of none could it be more truly said, “ his word is his bond.”

With such a man, it may be readily conceived, that his great solicitude was, so to train up his children as that they might walk honourably through the mazy path of time, and realize the treasures of eternity. Religious instruction, therefore, was made the leading part of their education ; and the greatest care was manifested to guard against the effect of modern accomplishments, which too frequently usurp the place of virtue ; for if we fairly examine what are called elegant manners and fashionable acquirements, we shall soon

perceive that they are a mere cloak for falsehood and insincerity, and cannot well exist with an honest rectitude of mind. It is lamentable to see the pains that are taken to teach our youth the value of appearances, and to impress upon them the necessity of *this* piece of fashion, and *that* disguise; when every advance they make in their baneful study is calculated to lessen, more and more, their respect for truth, and consequently to facilitate the introduction into their minds of vicious thoughts and immoral sentiments; for it may be truly affirmed, that whatever tends to weaken our regard for truth, tends also, in the same degree, to strengthen our disposition for evil.

It must not, however, be considered, that Mr. Wellsted was either austere in his manner, or gloomy in his religion; on the contrary, it was impossible to find a more pleasant companion, or a more social and entertaining friend. Indeed, whilst he taught, not so much the cold lesson of precept, as the far more convincing one of example, he furnished in his life an answer to the common error, that pious men are melancholy, and that religion fills the heart with sadness:—

“ True piety is cheerful as the day,—
Will weep indeed, and heave a pitying groan
For others' woe, but smiles upon its own.”

Whilst their children were yet young, Mr. and Mrs. Wellsted had abundant reason to be thankful for the

virtuous dispositions which they manifested; and as they saw their eldest son fast approaching to manhood, it was a source of heartfelt satisfaction for them to indulge the hope, that he would take his father's honourable station in the world, and leave the latter to that retirement, which so well becomes the decline of life. But these delightful hopes were not to be realized; for it was too soon apparent that a fatal change had been wrought in the habits and principles of their son: the amusements of home, and the society of his dearest friends, ceased to impart the same pleasure which they had heretofore done; and more than all, it was observable that he joined, with an unwonted coldness, in those religious exercises which used to give him the highest delight. In vain did the fondest of mothers, and the most affectionate of sisters, use all the gentle arts that love could suggest, to recall him from what they prayed might only be a momentary wandering, and to make the home, which he now so rarely visited, even still more endearing than it had ever been.

But vice and folly are eager for their victim; and when once they have allured him within their temple, the way of retreat is narrow and difficult. A thousand fascinations lure him on; and at every succeeding step the voice of conscience becomes more faint, until at length it ceases to be heard, and the dominion of passion is irresistible. It is truly observed by a beautiful writer, that a course of dissipation stifles every virtuous

sentiment:—"Engaged," says he, "in a variety of absurd pursuits, entranced in the delirium of gaiety and pleasure, inflamed by that continual ebriety which rouses the passions and stimulates the desires, the connexions between God and man are loosened, the first and only source of true felicity abandoned, the faculty of reason renounced, and religious duties never thought of but with levity and indifference." This unfortunately was now the case of Henry Wellsted. Becoming acquainted with dissipated men, he was at first led to indulge in a few trifling irregularities; and so passed on, by successive steps, from the tavern to the gaming-house: and although his nights of vicious infatuation were followed by the deep remorse of the morning, heightened, as it was, by the grief that sat upon his mother's face, and the bitter anguish that was gnawing at his father's heart, and wearing him down to the tomb; yet did he return, again and again, to the thralldom of his sins, and run the same heartless round of dissipation. True, that in his moments of reflection, he saw the melancholy effect of his vices, and made a passing resolution of reform; but he had long ceased to apply in humility to that Power which is mighty to save, and which alone could give him strength in the hour of temptation.

Mr. Wellsted had hitherto but slightly noticed the large sums which were squandered by his son; indeed, he was comparatively ignorant of the full extent of his debts and extravagance, until he was at length induced

to inspect the registry of annuities, and had learnt, by accident, of several heavy post-obit bonds which the young man had given. When the knowledge of these things came upon him, he determined on making another effort to bring about a reformation, and should that prove unsuccessful, to withdraw all protection from his son: painful as this resolution was, and numerous as were the struggles of the father before he had courage to form it, he felt that it was a duty which he owed his family, and saw in it the last hope of awakening his child from his feverish dream of shame and guilt.

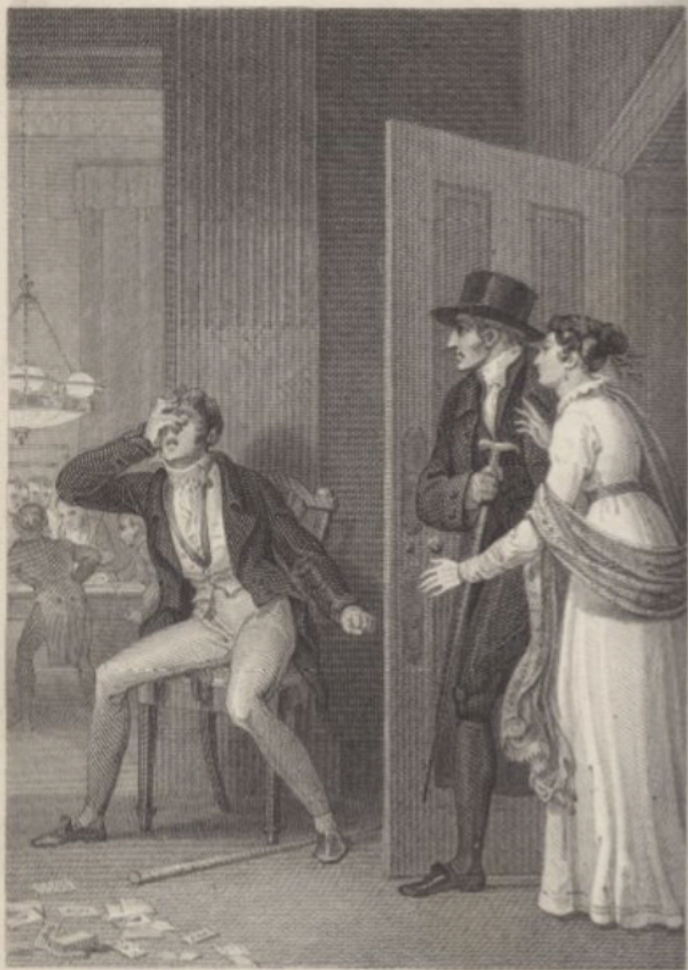
The old gentleman had not seen his son for several days, when he was informed by a friend that he might be found on a certain night at the house of a distinguished gamester in the neighbourhood of Portman Square. This unprincipled individual made his town residence the resort of all those careless and dissipated men of fashion, whose sole object appears to be, to drain the sickly cup of pleasure to the lees, and strive who first shall squander away their fortunes. As it was well known that the old merchant was possessed of considerable wealth, it became a matter of deep importance how it would be best to *seece* his son, and thus divert (as they termed it) some of the blood of the city from its regular channel. In this they were but too successful, and there was, besides, a fair prospect of still more extensive peculations.

On the day of his engagement at the gaming-table, the young man dined with his family: he was somewhat

unexpected, as several days had elapsed since they had seen him; but there were no reproaches, save in the silent anxiety of his sister's countenance, and the tear that stood in his mother's eye as she pressed him to her bosom, and said—"Why, Henry, do you leave us for so long a time?" There are seasons when the most abandoned suffer the sting of remorse; and nothing is so calculated to produce this feeling, as to look upon scenes and friends, whom we have known in purer, happier days. The contrast at such times as these, strikes with a sickly blight upon the heart; and the young man, as he again took his seat at the temperate board of his father, could not endure the eyes that were unconsciously turned towards him, when the old man falteringly concluded his prayer for blessing with a hope that all his children might be "lovers of hospitality; lovers of good men; sober, just, holy, temperate."*

But although he thus suffered the reproaches of a guilty conscience, and bethought him of the melancholy reflection which attended every departure from virtue, yet he feared the taunts of his dissolute companions, and again was led into their society. True, that he first *resolved* not to play for more than a certain sum, or stay beyond a certain hour; and moreover, he cheated himself into the belief, that he could at any time abandon his follies, and throw them off, as it

* Titus i. 8.



Drawn by H. Corbould.

Engraved by H. Melville.

THE GAMBLER REFORMED.

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were, with the same ease with which we change a garment.

At midnight, Mr. Wellsted ordered his carriage, accompanied by his eldest daughter, determined on visiting the house of play, and making a powerful effort to snatch his son from the scene of ruin and intoxicating sensuality. As the coachman pulled up at the door of the gamester, the old gentleman pressed his daughter's hand, and requested her not to leave the carriage; but a sudden conviction impelled her forward, and there was no time for expostulation. The feelings of the father were too powerful to be restrained by ordinary formalities: indeed, he was half unconscious of his situation, when the suspicious servant, surprised at seeing a lady enter the hall, hastily inquired whom he should announce.—“Mr. Wellsted—I seek my son, Sir!” said the old gentleman, and immediately followed to a splendid room, which appeared crowded with gamesters of all ages: the hoary debauchée and the yet unpractised stripling, joined together in the fatal infatuation of play; whilst here and there, the maniac laugh of success formed a melancholy contrast to the haggard expression of the unfortunate, whose losses had provoked a bitter though momentary reflection.

On entering the door, the first object that arrested attention was Henry Wellsted. He sat at some distance from the players, apparently in a state of the deepest agony: a pack of cards were scattered at his

feet; and every thing, indeed, too plainly indicated the ruin in which he was involved. He had not yet observed the unwelcome visitors, when, at the same instant, two familiar voices uttered, "Mr. Wellsted!"—"Henry!" At the subdued, reproachful tone of the father, and the still affectionate exclamation of his sister, he suddenly started from his seat, and looked wildly round the room; but in a moment he met the countenance of his parent, and sunk exhausted into those arms which even yet were open to receive him.

The nature of this unexpected visit was scarcely known to the assembled gamesters, before the intruders and the object of their search had driven from the door. A few sentences of powerful exhortation was all that the old gentleman addressed to his son, until they found themselves at home; when the former embraced his daughter, and retired almost instantly to his library, to which, in a few moments, the young man was summoned.

"Henry," said Mr. Wellsted, without a word of preface, "I have sent for you, that you may learn my fixed and solemn determination respecting your future situation in my family. Heaven only knows that I have endeavoured to be a good father; and your mother,—*she* does not deserve to have her heart broken by the thought of your vices. But I am resolved: if you are determined to continue in your evil ways, I will cease to give you any protection or support, and you may consider yourself a stranger to me, and all that are

dear to me. But if, on the other hand; you are desirous of returning into an honourable course of life, all the past shall be forgotten—and you have still a father.”

It needed not the mild but resolute tone of Mr. Wellsted to awaken his son to the full conviction of his crimes; the whole career of his vices came full upon his mind, and he fell upon his knees and asked but for one more trial of a parent’s patience, and a little farther measure of his forgiveness.

“ You have it all, my son !” exclaimed the old man, the tear of joy trickling down his cheek,—“ and may God give you grace to turn from the evil of your ways and live !”

The heart of the young man was too full for utterance; but his spirit joined with his father’s prayer; and he again ventured to address a supplication for aid to that God from whom he had so long been a stranger, and into whose presence he had not dared to venture but for the inviting consolations of the gospel :—“ Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.”*

This happy event chased away the grief that had settled over every member of the family; for it was impossible for parents and children to be more united in feeling, or identified in interest; and all silently rejoiced at the return of one whom they so truly loved.

* Hebrews iv. 16.

Henry felt every kindness of his friends ; but was frequently pained at witnessing the unceasing solicitude of those to whom he had caused so much unhappiness, and for whose care and affection he had given back nothing but ingratitude and sorrow. These reflections preyed deeply upon his spirits, and increased that weakness of health which his indiscretions had produced.

“ Remorse, that fatal egg by pleasure laid
In every bosom where his nest is made ;
Hatch'd by the beams of truth, denies him rest,
And proves a raging scorpion in his breast.”

Most true it is, that though lulled for a season, or only heard in the few pauses of a sinful career, yet conscience at last will raise her voice, and point her warning finger to the longest catalogue of vice ; and thus does the departure from a virtuous life entail a heavy load of suffering in this world, as well as make a fearful looking-for of judgment in the world to come.

Happy, however, were the friends of HENRY WELLSTED in witnessing his gradual return to health, and to the practice of that religion which had been his parents' consolation through a long life, and was now their sustaining hope on the verge of the tomb.

A. W.

THE RUSTIC FUNERAL.

A Poetical Sketch,

BY JOHN HOLLAND.

"T'WAS Christmas—and the morning of that day,
When holy men agree to celebrate
The glorious advent of their common Lord,
The Christ of God, the Saviour of mankind !
I, as my wont, sped forth, at early dawn,
To join in that triumphant natal hymn,
By Christians offer'd in the house of prayer.
Full of these thoughts, and musing of the theme,
The high, the glorious theme of man's redemption,
As I pass'd onward through the village lane,
My eye was greeted, and my mind was struck,
By the approach of a strange cavalcade,—
If cavalcade that might be called, which here
Six folks composed—the living and the dead.
It was a rustic funeral, off betimes
To some remoter village. I have seen
The fair or sumptuous, yea, the gorgeous rites,
The ceremonial, and the trappings proud,
With which the rich man goeth to the dust ;

And I have seen the pauper's coffin borne
With quick and hurried step, without a friend
To follow—one to stand on the grave's brink,
To weep, to sigh, to steal one last sad look,
Then turn away for ever from the sight.
But ne'er did pompous funeral of the proud,
Nor pauper's coffin unattended borne,
Impress me like this picturesque array.
Upright and tall, the coffin-bearer, first
Rode, mounted on an old gray, shaggy ass ;
A cloak of black hung from his shoulders down,
And to the hinder fetlocks of the beast
Depended, not unseemly : from his hat
A long crape streamer did the old man wear,
Which ever and anon play'd with the wind :
The wind, too, frequently blew back his cloak,
And then I saw the plain neat oaken coffin,
Which held, perchance, a child of ten years old.
Around the coffin, from beneath the lid,
Appear'd the margin of a milk-white shroud,
All cut, and crimp'd, and pounc'd with eyelet-holes,
As well became the last, last earthly robe
In which maternal love its object sees.
A couple follow'd, in whose looks I read
The recent traces of parental grief,
Which grief and agony had written there.
A junior train—a little boy and girl,
Next follow'd, in habiliments of black ;
And yet with faces, which methought bespoke

Somewhat of pride in being marshall'd thus,
No less than decorous and demure respect.
The train pass'd by : but onward as I sped,
I could not raze the picture from my mind ;
Nor could I keep the unavailing wish
That I had own'd, albeit but an hour,
Thy gifted pencil, Stothard !—rather still,
That mine had match'd thy more than graphic pen,
Descriptive Wordsworth ! This at least I claim,
Feebly, full feebly to have sketch'd a scene,
Which, 'midst a thousand recollections stor'd
Of village sights, impress'd my pensive mind
With some emotions ne'er to be forgot.

Sheffield Park.

A PSALM OF WIELAND.

Translated from the German,

BY GEORGE DOWNES, A. M.

WIELAND, an author voluminous even in Germany, and whose name is associated equally with the history of literature, and of literary persecution in that country, is yet but little known to the English reader. Although the specimen here selected, as more particularly adapted for the present publication, is only one among a number of devout effusions, it is to be regretted that the record of **WIELAND**'s religious opinions warrants the presumption that the author did not at all times possess the "*Sentiments of a Christian*"—the title whereby the compositions subsequently termed "Psalms" were originally designated.

PRAISED be our Lord! Let every thing which hath breath laud him, for infinite is his goodness.

Let the race of Adam praise him, for whom he hath prepared this earth.

He made man a little lower than the angels, and gave him the vestibule of heaven for a habitation.

It is He that revolveth in his hand the circle of the seasons; he looseth Nature from the iron bands of frost.

Enlivened by his breath, she riseth up like a bride, clad in soft rose-blushes and lovely smiles.

When thou bringest back to us the sun, the image of thy goodness, then streams of life rush through the veins of the renovated earth.

Then callest thou to the Spring, and crownest the pregnant grove with shining foliage.

The little bosom of the birds is distended with vernal joys. The lark flieth forth rejoicing before the chariot of the dawn; and the grasshopper among the tender twigs singeth her gladsome song.

Then thou orderest innumerable flowers to blossom forth, and refreshest our languid eye with lovely verdure.

Under thy smile the balmy rose bloometh, fair as the cheek of innocence, sweet-smelling as the undulating locks of young seraphim.

Like a wise soul that shineth forth from a fair body, so bloometh she: the morning-breezes hover around her, and bear their odour on undulating wings throughout the land.

Woe to the ungodly, who scorneth the joys that emanate from thy hand! who is insensible to thy love, which greeteth him from all thy works.

Woe to the fool, who scorneth the innocent joys of Nature! In giddy intoxication he embraceth shadows, and saith unto vanity, Thou art my portion.

The pleasures for which he pineth will coil like serpents around him.

But blessed is the man that rejoiceth in thy works, and praiseth thee day and night!

STANZAS,

BY BERNARD BARTON.

I.

HAST thou not marked, when Winter's reign to Spring
begins to yield,
How dreary, and how comfortless the prospect round
revealed?
The miry earth, the cloudy sky, the cold and driving
rain,
Seem worse than Winter's sparkling frosts, or fleecy-
mantled plain.

II.

No sudden, instantaneous change brings Summer's
perfect day,
But winds of March, and April showers, prepare the
path of May;
And Summer's leafy months must pass in due succes-
sion by,
Before the husbandman may hope the joy of harvest
nigh.

III.

Meek pilgrim to a better world! may not thine eye
discern
Some truths of grace in Nature's school thine heart
may wisely learn?
Is there no lesson taught to thee by seasons as they
roll,
Which ought to animate the hopes of thy immortal
soul?

IV.

If on thy dark and wintry heart a beam of light
divine,
From the blest Sun of Righteousness, hath e'er been
known to shine;
Oh! view it as the glorious dawn of that more cloudless
light,
Which, watched and waited for, shall chase each lin-
gering shade of night.

V.

Be not dismayed by chilling blasts of self-reproof
within,
Or tears at night and morning, wept for folly or for sin;
Rather lift up thy head in hope, and be HIS mercy
blest,
Whose ray of light and love divine hath broke thy
wintry rest.

VI.

In quiet hope, and patient faith, Spring's *needful* conflicts bear,
 Then green shall be thy Summer leaf, in skies more
 bright and fair ;
 And fruitage of immortal worth in Autumn's later days,
 Shall on thy bending boughs be hung, to speak thy
 Master's praise.

A WINTER SCENE.

BY JOSIAH CONDER.

LEAFLESS the trees ! I know not whether more
 They pleased, when rustling all their pride of leaves :
 For now with awe the wondering eye perceives
 The plan of each vast fabric,—hid before ;
 How the green vault its arches interweaves,
 Like Gothic aisle. Here, a majestic stem
 Its fan-like growth of spreading boughs upheaves,
 Relieved against the sky its fringed hem.
 Its horizontal arms the sturdier oak
 Bares for the elemental war ; and here,
 The elm its vast anatomy doth rear.
 The ancient dwellings of the cawing folk
 Are seen disclosed amid the topmost boughs ;
 Below, the graceful deer the scanty herbage browse.

COTTAGE VISITERS.

BY ALIQUIS.

“ WHY should it be thought a thing incredible that God should raise the dead ? ” was a well-timed, and most interesting question, put by the great apostle Paul to Agrippa, when standing before him in bonds at Cesarea : and why, it may now be asked, should it be thought impossible, or even improbable, that the feelings and exercise of the pure and sublime doctrines of the gospel of our blessed Redeemer, should be incompatible with the most refined taste and highest enjoyments of the mind of man ? True, the resurrection of the dead was a doctrine of strange import, to some who visited the palace of Agrippa ; and the enjoyments of active piety, the contemplation of a future state, and the endeavours to draw the attention of others to these important topics, may, to some minds, appear strange, ill-timed, and very unlikely to promote enjoyment. But in both cases the surprise will vanish as the theme is pursued ; and in the latter the enjoyment will surely follow as the pursuit is reduced to practice. It hath pleased the Divine Being to consult the present happiness, as well as the future felicity, of his rational creatures in every command he has laid on man :—not one

thing has he forbidden which would not prove injurious in the possession—not one has he commanded but which, in its very nature, is calculated to promote our peace. Did all who profess to be believers in, and followers of, Christ, indeed understand what he taught, they would at once be convinced of this: and did those who profess to reverence the divine precepts endeavour to learn them more fully in that active obedience they enjoin, then should we have multitudes, of all ranks and orders of men, coming forward and declaring that the path of Christian duty was not that rugged track they had once imagined, but that in obeying God they found much delight. This would certainly be the case in every department of Christian labours, but more especially so in visiting, instructing, and administering to the wants of those poor and needy families, which Providence has placed around our mansions, with the express view of being under our protection and kind offices. In travelling across the country, wherever the lofty roof of a nobleman's palace, or gentleman's mansion, presents itself to view, one is almost sure to find either a village, or hamlet, or at least several cottages, not far off. Very frequently these humble dwellings are so arranged, as to give a very correct idea of the mansion being a kind of bountiful mother placed in the midst of a large family, to whom they all look up with cheerful expectation of supplies in time of distress, and of counsel and comfort in the day of difficulty and sorrow. That all this is realized in

many instances, there can be no doubt; and that it should not be so in every one, is matter of serious regret; not only as it concerns the poor, but as it concerns the rich. Indeed, there is something so truly Christian, so like the practice of the Saviour, in going about doing good in the way I have hinted, that if any thing on earth can make a family of young ladies appear more amiable and lovely than all the others of their interesting sex, it is when doing as some do, who fall under my frequent notice. I mean, in taking all proper occasions of walking out to the cottages in their neighbourhood, and endeavouring to animate, to instruct, to direct and relieve those (and especially the female branches of the family) who most require such assistance. These are visits of mercy; and if conducted in the simple desire of comforting the afflicted, warning the careless, and encouraging the timid and oppressed heart, HE, who promised his blessing on the gift of a cup of cold water, will not allow such services to pass unnoticed. Much has been said of the ingratitude and stupidity of the poor, by many who have done little or nothing to befriend or instruct them. On the other hand, the ridiculous pictures of rural innocence and cottage felicity, again and again painted by our writers of novels and romance, have only served to make all the sad realities of life and positive facts appear tenfold more gloomy than they really are, to many who have but once or twice lifted up the latch of the cottager's

door. To those who really understand and believe the Scriptures, there can be but one opinion,—that Christian principles and practice will make the poorest individual an interesting and respectable character, while the absence of these principles, and of that practice, must leave even a crowned head in the rear. But it may be asked by some young ladies, “What can we do?” Or some parent may inquire, “What duties would you mark out for my daughters?” To these inquiries I would reply,—Endeavour to live under the impression, that the bountiful Giver of all good has made your lot to differ from others, that, as faithful stewards entrusted with many talents of mind and of means, you should administer to those from whom he has been pleased to withhold such a portion. Endeavour to realize to your minds this important scriptural truth, that whatever distinctions the providence of God has made in this world, these distinctions pass not into a future state. There are indeed degrees of honour, and of happiness, and of glory, but these degrees are conferred, not according to the distinctions and established rules of this world, but in proportion to that fitness which the respective individuals had, through grace, acquired, while pilgrims and sojourners on earth. The heart that here expanded most with gratitude for mercies received, and that stooped lowest in humility, from a sense of its imperfections—the individual who received his trials with most submission, and consecrated his prosperous and

happy days most to the honour of God his Saviour—the man and woman who felt most anxious to do the will of Heaven in that state of life in which it had pleased God to call them,—these will hear that enrapturing sentence: “Well done, good and faithful servant—enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!” But, independently of this future reward, there is a present gratification which it would be cruel to withhold from a delicate and feeling mind—the gratification of contributing to the present peace and happiness of a fellow-creature. I know those whose enjoyments of the devotions of a sabbath seem but half complete, until they have visited some infirm and pious matrons, and imparted to them a large portion of those discourses they have themselves been previously listening to: and while I witnessed the honest, heart-felt joy that beamed in those aged countenances at the entry of those kind Christian visitors, I have exclaimed, “Oh the luxury of doing good!” Were I to relate but a small part of the good I have known to be produced by their thus repeating the outline of sermons, and by occasionally stepping into a cottage, and sometimes reading a suitable discourse to such of the inmates as age and sickness withhold from the public worship of the sabbath, every reflecting mind would be convinced, that much, very much, of the success even of a minister’s labours are advanced by it. And not unfrequently does it happen, that such acts of kindness and Christian duty are attended to with more gratitude and so?

lemnity, than the pastor's visits and admonitions have ever been. And sometimes the former can find access where the latter cannot. A striking instance of this sort occurred not long ago on the confines of my wide-spreading parish. At a time when illness and other circumstances prevented my reaching to a group of cottages, which stood some three miles off, in a solitary and almost unapproachable part of my field of labour, a young lady, whose father's mansion stood within one mile of the spot in question, made several calls on a poor woman who was suffering under many infirmities of body, and whose heart was truly sad at being deprived of the consolations and instructions of the house of God. To this woman the young lady occasionally read a short sermon, and endeavoured to administer such other instructions and consolations from the Scriptures as seemed applicable to her case, for which the poor woman was, and still is, very thankful. But He who is pleased to work at times by feeble and unexpected instruments, and to do more for us and by us than we once dared to hope or expect, was pleased to give a blessing to these Christian labours of this young lady, which she little expected, and of which she knew nothing until after the happy death of the individual to whose everlasting happiness her readings and conversations (though not addressed to him) were made instrumental. This person was a young man, a distant relation of the poor woman's, who was a resident at that time with her family. He was in the first stage of

a consumption ; and being unable to work in the fields, was generally at home when the young lady called. As he sat in a retired part of the cottage, and appeared to be under that kind of modest silent reserve which prevents people from seeming to take any interest in what is passing about them, he was in a great measure overlooked by the kind visiter, and was neither addressed by her, nor suffered to prevent her reading to, and conversing with, the poor woman. After some weeks, as his complaint increased, he removed to a hamlet about three miles farther off, to enjoy the society of his family in his last and now hastily concluding days. An intelligent and pious poor widow woman, belonging to the same hamlet, went occasionally to read and converse with him, and now was discovered what was little expected, namely, that the readings and conversations of the young lady who visited his sick relation at —, were blessed, from time to time, to the enlightening of his understanding, and to the probing of his heart. These readings and conversations had been blessed by the Almighty to the convincing him of his lost estate, by nature and by practice, and of his need of that salvation which the Son of God came on earth to procure for all who repent and believe the gospel. The poor widow was as much astonished as delighted to find in him such a knowledge of these things, and such humility and scriptural faith in the atonement and merits of Christ. From that widow I received the above account, and learnt how

these principles and hopes bore him tranquilly through all the days of his earthly suffering. She witnessed his last hours, and told me how he died expressing the happy state of his soul, and blessing God that his providence ever sent that young lady to read and converse at his cousin's residence. From her account it appeared, that as his end drew near he had but one wish, but one desire on earth, and that was to once more see her to whom, under God, he was so much indebted, and to thank her with his dying breath for the good he had there received. Those desires could not, however, be granted; but he will meet her in a better world, and assist her in ascribing all the praise and glory to Him, to whom it is due, and from whom proceedeth every good and perfect gift. Meanwhile, I cannot conceive that such works of charity as these, can ever diminish the true enjoyment of those comforts and elegancies of life which a gracious Providence has provided for her, and for others whom I know to be thus usefully engaged. To have furnished the sick and needy with a morsel from their abundance, and to have read to and consoled the distressed in mind—to have warned the thoughtless and encouraged the praiseworthy, will, I am persuaded, send them home to their own associates and to their own enjoyments with a double relish of those good things which God has given them richly to enjoy.

THE TRUMPET.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

**THE Trumpet's voice hath roused the land,
Light up the beacon-pyre !
A hundred hills have seen the brand,
And waved the sign of fire !
A hundred banners to the breeze
Their gorgeous folds have cast,
And, hark ! was that the sound of seas ?
A king to war went past !**

**The chief is arming in his hall,
The peasant by his hearth ;
The mourner hears the thrilling call,
And rises from the earth !
The mother on her first-born son
Looks with a boding eye ;—
They come not back, tho' all be won,
Whose young hearts leap so high.**

The bard hath ceased his song, and bound
The falchion to his side ;
E'en for the marriage altar crowned,
The lover quits his bride !
And all this haste, and change, and fear,
By *earthly* clarion spread !
How will it be when kingdoms hear
The blast that wakes the dead ?

WRITTEN AFTER THE CONSECRATION OF
THE NEW CHURCH AT KINGSWOOD,

On Sept. 11th, 1821.

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.

WHEN first the Fane (that white, on Kingswood-Pen,
Arrests, far off, the pausing stranger's ken)
Echo'd the Hymn of Praise, and on that day,
Which seem'd to shine with more auspicious ray,
When thousands listen'd to the Prelate there,
Who call'd on GOD, with consecrating prayer;—
I saw a Village-maid, almost a child,
E'en as a light-hair'd Cherub, undefiled
From mortal stain, with innocent look—her eye
Meekly uplifted to the throne on high—
Join in the full choir's solemn harmony.
—Oh then, how many boding thoughts arose,
Lest, long ere varied life's uncertain close,
Those looks of modesty, that open truth,
Lighting the forehead of ingenuous youth,—
Lest these, as slowly steal maturing years,
Should fade, and grief succeed, and dimming tears;—
Then should the cheek be blanch'd with early care,
Sin mark its first and furrowing traces there,

With touch corroding, mar the altered mien,
 And leave a canker, where the rose had been ;—
 Then, the sweet child, whose smiles can now impart
 Joy overpowering to a mother's heart,
 Might bring down (when not anxious love could
 save)
 That mother's few gray hairs with sorrow to the grave!—

Hence ! every thought, but that which shows fair youth
 Advancing in the paths of Peace and Truth ;
 Which shows thy light, O pure Religion ! shed,
 Like a faint glory, on a daughter's head,
 Who shall each parent's love, through life, repay,
 And add a transport to their dying day !

I saw an old man on his staff reclin'd,
 Who seemed to every human change resigned :—
 He, with white locks, and long-descending beard,
 A patriarch of other years appear'd—
 And thine, oh aged, solitary man,
 Was life's enchanted way, when life began,
 The sun-shine of the morning, and the strain
 Of some sweet melody, in every plain ;
 Thine was illusive fortune's transient gleam,
 And young love's broken, but delicious, dream ;—
 Those mocking visions of thy youth are flown,
 And thou dost bend on death's dark brink alone :
 The light associates of thy vernal day,
 Where are they ? Blown, as the sear leaves, away ;

And thou dost seem a trunk, on whose bare head
The gray moss of uncounted days is spread !
I know thee not, old man ; yet traits like these,
Upon thy time-worn features fancy sees.
Another, or another year, for thee,
Haply ' the silver cord shall loosed be !'
Then listen, whilst warm eloquence pourtrays
That ' better country ' to thy anxious gaze,
Who art a weary, way-worn ' pilgrim here,'
And soon from ' life's vain mask ' to disappear.
Oh ! aged man, lift up thine eyes—behold
What brighter views of distant light unfold ;
What tho' the loss of strength thou dost deplore,
Or broken loves, or friends that are no more ;
What tho' gay youth no more his song renew,
Tho' life's first light die, like the rainbow-hue ;
The Christian hails the ray that cheers the gloom,
And throws its heavenly halo round the tomb.

Such thoughts arose, when from the crowded Fane
I saw retire, the mute, assembled train ;
These images beguil'd my homeward way,
That high o'er Lansdown's lonely summit lay.
There seem'd a music in the evening gale,
And, looking back on the long-spreading vale,
Methought a blessing waited on the hour,
As the last light from Heaven shone on the distant tower.

THE VICAR'S MAID:

A Village Story,

BY MISS MITFORD.

ABOUT three years ago, the little village of Aberleigh, situate in an inland and southern county, received one of the greatest blessings which can befall a country parish, in the shape of a pious, active, and benevolent vicar. Chaucer shall describe him for me, for I prefer the real words of the old poet to the more elaborate and ornamented version of Dryden—

“ A gode man there was of religioun,
And he was a pore parson of a toune ;
But riche he was of holy thought and werke,
He was als a lernid man, and a clerk,
That Christ 'is gospell trewly wolde preche ;
His parish'ners devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversite full pacient:
And soch one he was provid ofte sithes.
Full loth were him to cursin for his tithes,
But rather wolde he gevin out of dout,
Unto his pore parish'ners all about,

Both of his offryng and of his substauce ;
 He couth in lityl thing have suffisaunce.
 Wide was his parish, and housis asonder,
 But he ne left, neither for raine, ne thonder,
 In sikeness, ne in mischief to visite
 The ferthist in his parish, much or lite,
 Upon his fete, and in his hand a staffe ;
 This gode ensample to his shepe he yaffe,
 That first he wrought, and afterward he taught ;
 Out of the gospell he the wordis caught.

* * * * *

And though he holy were and vertuous,
 He was not to simple men dispitous ;
 Ne of his speche dangerous, ne digne,
 But in his teching discrete and benigne.
 To drawin folk to hevyn bi fairenesse,
 Bi gode ensample, this was his besnesse.
 But if were any person obstinate,
 Whether he were of high or low estate,
 Him woulden he snibb sharpely for the nonis :
 A better priest I trowe no where none is.
 He waitid after no pomp ne rev'rence
 Ne makid him no spicid conscience,
 But Christ 'is lore and his apostles twelve
 He taught, but first he followed himselve."

Prologue of the Canterbury Tales.

Such was Mr. Mansfield ; and he brought to Aberleigh a still greater blessing than the Roman Catholic priest of Chaucer could do (although, by the way, the old bard was a follower of Wickliffe, the herald of the Reformation), in a wife, as good as himself ; two lively, promising girls ; and a rosy, frank-hearted boy, quite worthy of such parents. One shall seldom see altogether a finer family ; for our " gode parson" was not only " lite of foot," a man in the prime of life,

full of vigour and activity, but united the intellectual countenance of the scholar to the elegance and polish of the gentleman. Mrs. Mansfield was remarkably pretty; and the young people had about them all the glow and the brightness of their fresh and happy age. But the beauty of the vicarage, the beauty of the parish, was a female servant who accompanied them—their maid Mary. She was five or six and twenty, and looked as much, of middle height and middle size, rather inclining to the fulness and luxuriance of womanhood; fair, blooming, smiling, and bright-eyed, yet with an expression so chastised, so perfected by modesty, that no one could look on her without being sure that she was as good as she was lovely. Her voice, and dress, and manner too, were all in keeping with her sweet face,—gentle, quiet, and retiring. In short, she had not been a week in the village before all the neighbours were asking each other,—Have you seen the vicar's pretty maid?

The home which received this delightful family was every way worthy of its inhabitants. A country parsonage is generally in itself and its associations a happy mixture of the unpretending, and the comfortable; and of all parsonages, Aberleigh is the most beautiful. It stands amidst a labyrinth of green lanes, running through a hilly and richly-wooded country, whose vallies are studded by the silver Loddon. On one side is the magnificent track of a grand, but deserted mansion-house, built with porch and pinnacle, and rich

gothic windows, in the style of Elizabeth's day: on the other, the old village church; its tower fancifully ornamented with brickwork, and the churchyard planted with broad flowering lines, and funereal yew-trees; leading up to the church, a short avenue of magnificent oaks; and behind the avenue, and divided from the lake by a considerable space, partly lawn, partly court, and partly flower-garden, stands the vicarage. The house is a low, rambling building, covered to the very roof with creeping shrubs, roses, woodbine, jessamine, clematis, and myrtles, flowering into the very chamber windows—such myrtles as were never before seen in this part of England. One of them died in the hard winter, twelve years ago, and the late incumbent had a chair and a stool made of the wood. It took no polish, but still it had a pretty look and a pretty name that English myrtle—it almost sounded like a contradiction. The garden was just suited to the house; large squares of fine turf, with beds and borders of flowers, divided by low box-hedges, so thick, and broad, and level, that you might walk on them two abreast; with a long piece of water, in one compartment, stocked with gold and silver fish; a tall yew hedge, fencing off the kitchen-garden, and a sun-dial opposite the house,—that voiceless monitor, whose silence is so eloquent, and whose gliding finger realizes, and perhaps suggested, the sublime personification of Wordsworth—"Time the shadow."

The Mansfields were exceedingly struck with their

new habitation. They had hitherto resided on the coast of Sussex, the South Downs; so that, accustomed to those green hills, and the fertile, but unsheltered plains beyond them, the absolute nakedness of the land, and the vast and bare expanse of the ocean, they were almost as unacquainted with trees as a negro with snow, and first wondered at, then complained of, and at last admired our richly-wooded vallies, and the remains of old chases and bits of wild forest scenery, in which we abound. The artlessness with which these feelings were confessed, added a fresh charm to this amiable family. There is always something very attractive in the ignorance of any peculiar subject, which we sometimes meet with amongst clever and cultivated people. Their questions are so intelligent, so poignant, so (to use a bold phrase) full of answers. They instruct our knowledge, and make us feel far more sensibly that which we teach. It was the pleasantest thing in the world to walk through Aberleigh Wood with Clara Mansfield and Evelyn's Sylva, showing her, by the help of that delightful book, the differences of form and growth, and bark and foliage; sometimes half puzzled myself by some freak of nature, or oftener forgetting one avowed object in admiration of the pictorial beauty, the varied colouring, the play of light and shadow, and the magical perspective of that enchanting spot. The young people caught my enthusiasm, and became almost as completely foresters as the half wild ponies

who owned the name, or the still wilder gypsies whom we used to meet in the recesses of the wood, and whose picturesque forms and grouping added the interest of life and of motion to the landscape. All the family became denizens of Aberleigh Wood, except Mary, who continued a perfect Nereide, constant to the coast, to a degree that rendered her quite unjust to our inland scenery. She languished under the reverse disease, of a calenture, pined for the water, and was literally, and in a new sense of the word, sea-sick. To solace her malady, she would sometimes walk across the park to the Loddon, especially at sunset; for to hear Mary, any one would have thought that that bright luminary never did make a set, worth talking of, except when he could look at himself in a watery mirror; and then when she reached the Loddon, provoked at the insufficiency of the spectacle, she would turn back without vouchsafing a second glance, although it is but justice to that poetical river to declare, that at Aberleigh-bridge it is as broad, as glassy, and as beautiful a stream, as ever the sun showed his face in, with much of the character of a lake;—but Ullswater or Winandermere would have fared equally ill with Mary, —nothing but the salt sea could content her.

It was soon obvious that our inland beaux were no better suited to her taste than our inland scenery. Half the young men in the village offered her suit and service. First, George Bailey, our smart collar-maker, a comely youth, and well to do in the world, who kept

an apprentice and a journeyman, a horse and cart, two greyhounds, three spaniels, and one pointer, being indeed by many degrees the keenest sportsman in these parts ;—George Bailey proffered to make her mistress of himself, his household, his equipage, and his stud ; but was civilly rejected. The next candidate who presented himself was Ben Appleton, the son of a neighbouring farmer. Ben Appleton is a wag, and has a face and figure proper to the vocation ; a shape, tall, stout, and square, that looks stiff, and is active, with a prodigious power of putting himself into all manner of out of the way attitudes, and of varying and sustaining this pantomime to an extent that really seems inexhaustible. The manner in which he can, so to say, transpose that sturdy form of his, put his legs where his arms should be, and his arms in the place of his legs, walk on his hands, stand on his head, tumble, hop, and roll, might raise some envy in Grimaldi himself. His features are under the same command. Originally I suspect him to have been good-looking ; but who can ever say that he has seen Ben Appleton's real face ? He has such a roll of the eye, such a twist of the nose, such a power of drawing to either ear that broad mouth, filled with strong white teeth. His very talk is more like a piece of a laugh, than the speech of an ordinary man ; and his actions have all the same tendency—full of fun, with a dash of mischief. But Ben is a privileged person, an universal favourite ; and Mary, never dreaming of such a catas-

trophe as his falling in love, used to contemplate his tricks from afar, with something the same amusement which she might have felt in watching a kitten, or a monkey. For a long time he made his addresses with impunity; unsuspected and unrepelled; no one believed him in earnest. At last, however, Ben and his case became serious, and then Mary became serious too. He received a firm though gentle dismissal, and looked grave for a whole week. Next came Aaron Keep, the shoemaker, the wisest man in the parish, noted all over the country for his knowledge of the stars, and judgment in the weather, and almost as notorious for his aversion to matrimony, and his contempt for women. Aaron was said to have been jilted in his youth, which soured a kindly temper, and put mistrust into his heart. Him, even him, did Mary's beauty and Mary's modesty vanquish. He, who had been abusing the sex for the last forty years, actually made her an offer. I suppose the happiest moment of his life must have been that in which she refused him. One can fancy him trembling over the narrowness of his escape, like the man who did not fall over Dover Cliff. But the offer was made.

The cause of all this obduracy appeared at last. A young sailor arrived at the Vicarage, whom the most graphical of our poets shall assist me in describing:—

“ Fresh were his features, his attire was new;
Clean was his linen, and his jacket blue;
Of finest jean his trowsers, tight and trim,
Brush'd the large buckle at the silver rim.”

He arrived at the Vicarage toward the end of winter, and was introduced by Mary to mine hostess of the Eight Bells as her half-brother; although Mary was so little used to telling fibs, that her blushes and down-cast looks and smiles between, in short, the whole pervading consciousness would have betrayed her, as Mrs. Jones, the landlady, observed, to any one who had but half an eye; to say nothing of Miss Clara's arch look as she passed them. Never was half-brother so welcomed; and in good truth he was well worthy of his welcome.

Thomas Clere was an exceedingly fine young man of six or seven and twenty, with a head of curly black hair, a sun-burnt complexion, a merry, open countenance, and a bluff hearty voice that always sounded as if transmitted through a speaking-trumpet. He established himself at the Eight Bells, and soon became very popular in that respectable hostelry. Besides his good humour, his liberality, and his sea jokes, next to Irish jokes, always the most delightful to rustic ears, perhaps because next to Irish the least intelligible, your country bumpkin loves a conundrum, and laughs heartiest at what he does not understand:—besides these professional qualifications, Thomas was eminently obliging and tolerably handy; offered his assistance in every emergency, and did more good and less harm than most amateur helpers, who, generally speaking, are the greatest hinderances under the sun. Thomas was really useful. To be sure, when

engaged in aiding Mary, a few casualties did occur from pre-occupation: once, for instance, they contrived to let down a whole line of clothes which he had been assisting her to hang out. Neither party could imagine how the accident happened, but the washing was forced to be done over again. Another time, they, between them, overset the milk-bucket, and the very same day so overheated the oven, that a whole batch of bread and three apple-pies were scorched to a cinder. But he was more fortunate with other coadjutors. He planted a whole patch of cabbages in a manner perfectly satisfactory, and even made a very decent cucumber-bed in mine host's garden: he churned Mrs. Jones's butter as well as Mary herself could have done; he shaped bats and cut wickets for the great boys; plaited wicker-baskets for the younger ones; and even dug a grave for the sextoness, an old woman of eighty, the widow of a former sexton who held that office (corruptly as our village radicals were wont to say) in conjunction with that of pew-opener, and used to keep the children in order by one nod of her gray head, and to compound for the vicar every Sunday a nosegay of the choicest flowers of the season. Thomas, although not very fond of the job, dug a grave to save sixpence for poor Alice. Afterward this kindness was thought ominous.

No wonder that our seaman was popular. The only scrape he got into at Aberleigh, was with two itinerant showmen, who called themselves sailors, but who were,

Thomas was sure, "nothing but land-lubbers," and were driving about an unhappy porpoise in a wheelbarrow, and showing it at two-pence a head, under the name of a sea pig. Thomas had compassion on the creature of his own element, who was kept half alive by constant watering, and threatened to fight both the fellows, unless they promised to drive it instantly back to the sea; which promise was made, and broken, as he might have expected—if a breach of promise could ever enter into a sailor's conception. Our sailor was too frank even to maintain his Mary's maidenly artifice, and had so many confidants, that before Mr. Mansfield published the banns of marriage between Thomas Clere and Mary Howell, all the parish knew that they were lovers.

At last the wedding-day came. Aaron Keep left his work to take a peep at the bride, and Ben Appleton paid her the high compliment of playing no trick either on her or the bridegroom. How beautiful she looked in her neat and delicate dress, her blushes and her smiles! The young ladies of the vicarage, with whose family she had lived from childhood, went to church with her, and every body cried, as usual, on such occasions. Clara, who had never been at a wedding before, had resolved against crying; but tears are contagious things, and poor Clara's flowed, she did not well know why. This too was afterward thought an ill omen.

Thomas and Mary had hired a room for a week in a

neighbouring town, after which she was to return for a while to her good master and mistress; and he to go to sea again in the good merchant ship, the *Fair-star*; to go to sea again for one last voyage, and then to return, rich—quite rich for their simple wishes (Thomas's savings already yielded an income of twelve shillings a week), set up in some little trade, and live together all the rest of their days: such were their humble plans. They found their short honeymoon, passed in a strange place, and in idleness, a little long, I fancy, in spite of true love—as greater people have done before them. Yet Mary would willingly have remained, even under the sad penalty of want of occupation, rather than part with William for the sea, which now first began to appear formidable in her eyes. But William had promised, and must go on this one last voyage to Canada—he should be home in six months—six months would soon be gone, and then they would never part again;—and so he soothed and comforted, and finally brought her back to the vicarage, and left her there; and she, when the trial came, behaved as well as possible. Her eyes were red, to be sure, for a week or two, and she would turn pale, when praying “for those who travel by land or by water;” but still she was calm, and cheerful, and apparently happy.

An accident, about six weeks after their separation, first disturbed her tranquillity. She contrived, in cutting a stick to tie up a tree carnation, belonging to

her dear Miss Clara, to lacerate very considerably the third finger of her left hand. The injury was so serious, that the surgeon insisted on the necessity of sawing off the ring—the wedding-ring! She refused. The hurt grew worse and worse. Still Mary continued obstinate, in spite of Mrs. Mansfield's urgent remonstrances. At length it came to the point of sawing off the ring, or the finger, and then, and not till then, not till Mr. Mansfield had called to aid all the authority of a master, did she submit—evidently with more reluctance and more pain than she would have felt at an amputation. The finger got well, and her kind mistress gave her, her own mother's wedding-ring to supply the place of the severed one,—but it would not do: a superstitious feeling had seized her—a strange vague remorse. She spoke of her compliance as sinful; as if, by divesting herself of the symbol, she had broken the marriage tie. Our good vicar reasoned with her, and Clara laughed; and she listened mildly and sweetly, but without effect—her spirits were gone; and a fear, partly superstitious, partly perhaps inevitable, when those whom we love are absent, and in danger, had now seized Mary Clere.

The summer was wet and cold, and unusually windy, and the pleasant rustling of that summer breeze amongst the lime-trees, the very tapping of the myrtles against the casement, as they waved in the evening air, would send a shiver through her whole frame. She strove against this feeling, but it mastered her. I

met her one evening at the bridge (for she had now learned to love our gentle river), and spoke to her of the water-lilies, which, in their pure and sculptural beauty, almost covered the stream. "Yes, Ma'am," said poor Mary, "but they are melancholy flowers for all their prettiness; they look like the carved marble roses over the great tomb in the chancel, as if they were set there for monuments for the poor creatures that perish by the waters." And then, with a heavy sigh, she turned away;—happily for me, for there was no answering the look and the tone.

So, in alternations of "fear and trembling hope," passed the summer: her piety, her sweetness, and her activity, continued undiminished, perhaps even increased; and so, in truth, was her beauty; but it had changed its character. She was thinner, paler, and far—far sadder. So, in augmented fear, passed the autumn. At the end of August he was to have returned; but August was gone—and no news of him. September crept slowly away, and still no word of Thomas. Mary's dread now amounted to agony. At length, about the middle of October, a letter arrived for Mr. Mansfield. Mary's eye caught the post-mark—it was that of the port from which her husband had sailed. She sank down in the little hall, not fainting, but unable to speak or move, and had only strength to hold out the letter to Clara, who ran to her on hearing her fall. It was instantly opened, and a cry of indescribable horror announced the news. The good ship *Fair-star*

was missing. She had parted company from several other vessels on her homeward voyage, and never been heard of since. All hope was over; and the owner of the *Fair-star*, from whom the letter came, enclosed a draft for the wages due to the deceased. Poor Mary! she did not hear that fatal word; the fatal sense had smitten her long before, as with a sword. She was carried to bed in a merciful suspension of suffering, and passed the night in the heavy and troubled sleep that so often follows a stunning blow. The next morning she awoke—Who is so happy as not to have known that dreadful first-waking under the pressure of a great sorrow? the vague and dizzying sense of misery, we know not why? the bewildering confusion of memory? the gradual recollection? and then the full and perfect woe that rushes in such a flood over the heart? Who is so happy as not to have known this bitterness? Poor Mary felt it sorely, suffocatingly; but she had every support and consolation that could be offered. Mr. Mansfield read to her and prayed with her: his excellent family soothed her and wept with her; and for two days she seemed submissive and resigned. On the third, she begged to see the fatal letter, and it acted with the shock of electricity. “Missing! only missing!” He was alive! she was sure he was alive! and this idea possessed her mind, till Hope became to her a worse poison than her old torturer Fear. She refused to put on the mourning provided for her; refused to remain in the tranquillity of her own apartment; and

went about talking of life and happiness, with the very look of death. A hundred times a day she read that letter, and tried to smile, and tried to believe that Thomas still lived. To speak of him as dead seemed, to her raised feelings, like murder. She tried to foster the faint spark of hope, tried to deceive herself, tried to prevail on others; but all in vain. Her mind was evidently yielding under this tremendous struggle; this perpetual and never-censing combat against one mighty fear. The sense of her powerless suspense weighed her heart down. When I first saw her, it seemed as if twenty years of anguish and sickness had passed over her head in those ten days. She was shrunken, and bent, and withered, like a plant plucked up by the roots. Her soft, pleasant voice was become low, and hoarse, and muttering; her sweet face haggard and ghastly; and yet she said she was well, tried to be cheerful, tried to smile.—Oh, I shall never forget that smile!

These false spirits soon fled; but the mind was too unsettled, too infirm, for resignation. She wandered about, night and day; now weeping over the broken wedding-ring; now haunting the church-yard, sitting on the grave—*his* grave; now hanging over the brimming and vapoury Loddon, pale as the monumental lilies, and seeming to demand from the waters her lost husband! She would stand there in the cold moonlight, till suddenly tears or prayer would relieve the vexed spirit, and slowly and shiveringly the poor creature

would win home. She could still pray, and that was comfort: but she prayed for him: the earthly love clung to her, and the earthly hope. Yet never was wifely affection more ardent or more pure; never sufferer more gentle than that fond woman.

It was now winter, and her sorrows were evidently drawing near their close, when one evening, returning from her accustomed wandering, she saw a man by the Vicarage door. It was a thick December twilight, and in the wretched and tattered object before her, sick, and bent, and squalid, like one who comes from a devouring shipwreck, or a long captivity, who but Mary could have recognised Thomas Clere? Her heart knew him on the instant, and with a piercing cry of joy and thankfulness she rushed into his arms. The cry alarmed the whole family. They hastened to share the joy and the surprise, and to relieve poor Thomas of his fainting burden. Both had sunk together on the snowy ground; and when loosened from his long embrace, the happy wife was dead! The shock of joy had been fatal!



Drawn by W.H. Brooke.

Engraved by Edw. Finden.

THE VICAR'S MAID.

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STUDIES

FROM

THE BOOK OF JOB.

FROM CHAP. IV.:

IN thoughts from visions of the night,
When deep sleep falleth upon men,—
When fear and trembling o'er me came,
And terror shook my mortal frame,
A spirit pass'd before me then :
My hair stood up—my blood grew cold—
It came before mine aching sight,
And paused—yet I could not behold
The form thereof—although mine eyes
Beheld the fearful image rise :
I gaz'd and listen'd, as it broke
The midnight silence :—thus it spoke—

“ Is man more pure than God ?—more just
Than God ?—the God of heaven and all—
Who knows that ev'n the angels fall !—
Man ! man, whose dwelling is of clay,
Clay, whose foundation is of dust
The very moth can make its prey !

From morn to eve men perish—none
 Regarding—when their days are done,
 Where is their pride?—gone with their breath—
 They die—and fools go down to death.”

FROM CHAP. XIX.

WHY vex my soul with words unkind?—
 Why use this harsh, reproachful tone?
 If I have err'd—to reason blind—
 Mine error rests with me alone.

Oh! gaze upon my burning brow,
 And pity me, my friends, my friends;
 For God himself forsakes me now,
 And every comfort from me rends.

I cry aloud—He doth not hear,
 Nor give me answer when I call,
 Though He hath taken each thing dear,
 My honour and my glory—all!

And I am like a blighted tree,
 Where all is dark, around, above;
 For He whose wrath is over me,
 Deems me an exile from His love.

And those who in my sunny days
 Came at my bidding, shun my night,
 Or meet to wound me many ways—
 I am an alien in their sight.

She too—ev'n she, my bosom's wife—
 I call'd her for my children's sake—
 Deserts me now—I curse my life,
 And yet my crush'd heart will not break.

THE SONG OF JOB.

(Taken from various parts of the Book.)

SING to the Lord of lords, the King of kings!
 Whose ways none ever knew, none e'er can know,
 Who, without number, doeth wondrous things,
 Who raiseth those whom he hath bowed low;
 For He, though worlds exist but on His breath,
 Regardeth man—the child of sin and death.

He call'd the earth from chaos,—as He spoke,
 O'er the deep darkness the first day-beam broke,—
 Forth came that world which nothing can destroy,
 Save Him who made it fair to angels' ken,—
 The morning stars all sang together then,
 And all the sons of God shouted for joy.

He set the sea its bounds—at His command
Its proud waves came no nearer to the land ;
He gave their dwellings to the day and night,
And said, “ be darkness here !” and, “ here be light !”
He spread the heavens forth, and in mercy shrouds
Its awful glory and its power, in clouds.

The eagle at his bidding mounts on high,
To cradle her young eaglets in the sky ;
He gives the raven food, the lion prey,
For where the slain in death are, there are they ;
And bids the war-horse mock the tented field,
The glittering spear, the quiver, and the shield.

He breathes along the face of the great deep,
And the chill waters sleep an icy sleep ;
He opes the chambers of the south, and then
More genial breezes gladden earth again ;
And gentle showers, and still more gentle dew,
Summon its blossoms from the earth anew.

The sky spreads forth to veil His awful form,
Whose voice is in the thunder and the storm ;
The lightning and the whirlwind mark His path ;
He overturneth mountains in His wrath,
And yet in mercy turns that wrath away
From man—the creature He hath called from clay.

Or if He try their strength, and if His breath
Surround them with disease, and want, and death,
Men weep, and moan, and murmur, when he tries,
And know not that each trial purifies ;
Forgetful, in affliction's fearful hour,
His wisdom is as boundless as His power.

But wicked men are in His sight like chaff,
Which the wind scattereth o'er the face of earth ;
Their proud heads reach the clouds, and so they laugh,
But perish in their pride, and, in their mirth,
The worms receive them as they sink below ;
The grave consumes them, as the sun the snow.

Sing to the Lord of lords, the King of kings,
The God who gives, the God who takes away ;
Creator of all beings, and all things,
Whom countless angels worship and obey ;
For He, though worlds exist but on his breath,
Regardeth man—the child of sin and death !

L. A. H.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY MARY LEADBEATER.

Oh! when this alter'd world is lost in gloom,
When earth to prostrate man no hope can yield;
Beam on the soul, thou world beyond the tomb,
By Reason promis'd, and by God reveal'd.

W. SMYTH.

DISAPPOINTMENT crosses so many of our paths, obscures so many of our prospects, overturns so many of our schemes, that the dying sage, recapitulating the possessions of this life, might well say, "Disappointment is another name for them." We may endeavour to believe those trials good for us; yet Nature is not forbidden to feel the pangs attendant on the destruction of the cherished hope, on the demolition of the judicious plan, on the separation from the dear object of affection: for that apathy which deadens the sense of pain, is very different from the calming influence of resignation, granted to the humble, submissive mind, which flies for refuge to Him, who never said, "Seek

me in vain ;" in whose sanctuary alone is perfect safety, and perfect certainty. Matilda, a victim of disappointments, no doubt found them salutary : and though her sorrows have long since been hushed to rest, a sketch of her life may be instructive, and not uninteresting.

Matilda's prospects in early youth were flattering : born in a genteel rank of life, she was a wit and a beauty. Her father appeared to be in opulent circumstances : he once loved—always esteemed, a worthy, amiable wife. He thought it was his social temper which induced him so often to meet those he called his friends, at the tavern. Alas ! the conviviality which allures its votaries from the household hearth, is prone to degenerate into vice. As he continued squandering in criminal excesses what should have been a provision for his family, Matilda's mother foresaw the consequence of such courses, endeavoured to prepare her children for the difficulties which she expected they would have to encounter, and taught them to support each other under those difficulties by cherishing sisterly and fraternal love. She died, and her lovely, accomplished daughter had to lament, with added anguish, the decease of her unfortunate father, who died far from his home, and robbed by the woman who had seduced his affections from his wife.

Matilda was taken into the family of a wealthy relation. In this house were two females, who looked upon her as a formidable rival. She was young and beautiful. Her elastic spirit recovering from the depression of

grief, her vivacity returned, to the annoyance of her persecutors, from whose envy and misrepresentations to the heads of the family, she suffered so much, that, to escape from them, she accepted of an offer of marriage from a person old enough to be her father, but who made her even too kind a husband, since, with mistaken tenderness, he concealed from her the narrowness of his circumstances, and involved himself in difficulties to provide comforts for his engaging partner. He died, and his income dying with him, Matilda was left to provide for her little children. She, struggling with fortune to support her independence, opened a small shop for articles of dress, the work of her own hands.

Matilda's brothers were very young when they lost their mother; they experienced the good effect of her care in preparing them for their reverse of situation, while in the cottage of their nurse they cheerfully partook of coarse fare, and gambolled through the fields, poorly clad. One of them found an apple; his brother asked him for part of it—he refused—the little boy pensively reminded him that their mother had desired them to share with each other whatever they had, and to live in love: this irresistible appeal overpowered him to whom it was addressed—he divided the apple—caught his brother in his arms—and they mingled their tears of love and regret.

Matilda was unable to assist her brothers, nor was it in their power, when arrived at maturity, to assist her;

yet the delight of mutual affection sweetened the cup from which they drank. This feeling endeared still more to them the memory of that excellent mother who had so carefully instilled it into their tender minds. Matilda followed her example in endeavouring to bequeath to them the inheritance of virtue and a good education; and I hope that they deserve the protection of Him who is a father to the orphan. Of *their* subsequent destiny I am ignorant. Matilda's eldest brother had left to him 400*l.* per annum, by his wealthy relation, for his life. The first care of this good young man was to take his sister and her children home to him, and to make her mistress of his house; and now fortune seemed to promise a succession of happy years, when this beloved, this affectionate brother was snatched away by a fever, having enjoyed the bequest for too short a time to make any provision for those whom he left mourning and destitute. Matilda's life had been a series of disappointments: this last struck her to the heart; she drooped, pined, and sunk into the grave! Happily, beyond the grave, there is a place where disappointment is not known.

Those deceptions which our own mistakes occasion, have vexation added to sorrow; we pursue an object of whose real nature we are ignorant: it is obtained; we discover our error, and we resemble the child who rejoices in having caught the gaudy insect, but on feeling the sting of the wasp, shakes it from his hand,

and screams with anguish. If we have been prevented from acquiring what we afterward find to be worthless, vexation vanishes, while we congratulate ourselves on the fortunate escape, and, having learned a profitable lesson, feel how meet it is that our thanks should ascend to him who watches over us for good.

But disappointments in love, of all others, seem the most painful: we may be more easily reconciled to the loss of all beside, than to this rending asunder of hearts united, or which we believed to be united. "Offences will come; but woe to the man by whom the offence cometh." Disappointments, even of this peculiarly trying nature, may strengthen and purify the mind which has been weakened or sullied by undue gratification, and needs to be restored to health; at the same time, they who wilfully inflict pain on others, however the exercise of patience may benefit the sufferer, are condemned by that sacred law which enjoins us to do unto others as we would they should do unto us. To the selfish cruelty of coquetry, how many have fallen victims!—the allurements displayed by this inexcusable vanity subduing the unsuspecting heart, and leading in triumph a noble or an amiable captive. Behold the young maiden entering into life, looking round on the untried world, blooming like the opening flower, watched by the parental eye with hope and pride. What could blast so fair a blossom; and in the moment when her own and her parents' expectations pointed to a flattering prospect? Alas!

she has failed to keep her heart with all diligence; and, deserted by the unfeeling conqueror of her affections, sinks into a premature grave,—a circumstance which has occurred so frequently, that it seems a trite subject to introduce. Perhaps this frequency may blunt the sense of right and wrong in the destroyer of family repose, who shelters himself behind the mean subterfuge of never having solicited the credulous girl's hand. But are not looks, language, and attentions, witnesses against him? Assuredly they are, and have already so appeared at the bar of conscience.

Nor does the firmer nature of man always escape like perils; while fettering his judgment with the fine threads of female artifice, his enslaver glories in exhibiting her prey. He may possibly break through the thralldom; but, especially if he possess genuine worth and true delicacy, the consequence of this subtle tyranny may spread a gloom over his future life. Every honest heart rejoices when the struggles of the oppressed are successful, and the oppressors are humbled in their turn.

The young and lovely Marianne left the retirement of the country, to reside with her brother in the capital. Francis B., by his professed attachment to her, gained her affections, and the esteem of her brother. The brother rejoiced in the prospect of his sister's union with a man whom he believed to be respectable; and Marianne, encouraged by his approbation, listened well pleased to her admirer, especially when he re-

peatedly assured her that he was upon the point of setting out to solicit her parents' consent to his proposal. This step was so long deferred, that the brother became uneasy, and at length questioned Francis as to his intentions : he had the effrontery to disclaim any thoughts of a connexion with his family, and to excuse his professions by placing them to the account of the usual compliments paid to youth and beauty. This explanation was heard with surprise, grief, and indignation by the affectionate brother, who immediately forbade him ever more to visit his sister. His tender, fraternal attentions and sympathy afforded some relief to the wounded mind of the afflicted Marianne, and enabled her to mix in society ; but thither her faithless lover pursued her, and studiously threw himself in her way. She saw that he wished to retain his power over her, and she felt that he did retain his power to make her miserable. The conflicts of her mind overpowered her delicate frame, and her health declined. Her brother encouraged her to pay a visit to a distant part of the country ; and, when she was freed from the dreaded presence of her persecutor, her health and spirits gradually returned : the charm was dissolved, and Marianne was herself again. She became acquainted with James N. ; he loved her, and sincerely told her so. He was so much superior to Francis B., that Marianne almost wondered at her former attachment. She accepted James for her husband, repaid his tenderness with the fondest affection, and they

spent many years happily together ; while he who rejected the domestic comforts which were once within his reach, lived to be a solitary and despised old bachelor.

Susan C. received the addresses of Robert T. with apparent pleasure ; their attachment was sanctioned by the approbation of parents and friends, and they had a fair prospect of future happiness, till Susan became acquainted with a man of superior wealth to her lover, who also solicited her hand. This offer, exciting her ambition, induced her to discard the idea of uniting her fate to the more lowly lot of Robert, and she requested her parents to inform him of the alteration in her sentiments. They refused to do so, and were decided in their disapprobation of her conduct. She was obliged herself to perform the task of writing her lover's dismissal. He felt his disappointment like a man, but he endured it like a man, and made no effort to deprive his rival of the prize. Anna, the friend and cousin of Susan, remonstrated with her in strong terms, with entreaties, reproaches, and indignant tears. Susan, proof against love, friendship, and parental authority, carried her point, and married her wealthy lover. She enjoyed the advantages of opulence ; but she soon found that he who could be capable of seducing her affections from her intended husband, was not capable of making her happy : he, who had so successfully over-ruled all the motives which ought to have guided her conduct, was not

likely to relinquish the power of ruling, and Susan's disappointment caused her now to look back with regret on the sacrifice she had made to ambition. She was accustomed to an active life, and she loved employment; but she had no children, and the offspring of her husband's former marriage, whose affections she had not conciliated, were alone likely to be benefited by her exertions. Susan was unhappy and unpitied.

Robert found "the pangs of despised love" alleviated by the sympathy and friendship of Anna. Ingenuous, artless, and warm-hearted, imperceptibly and undesignedly she secured the place which Susan had left vacant in his heart. The attachment formed between them was founded on mutual confidence and esteem; and neither being tormented with the love of sway, they entered, hand in hand, the quiet path of domestic life. Their endeavours to obtain a modest competence were crowned with success, and these endeavours were stimulated and rendered delightful by the hopes with which their rising family inspired them. Robert was happy, and many rejoiced in his happiness. Thus the amiable Marianne and the worthy Robert found unexpected blessings in those disappointments which had once appeared so afflicting.

Short-sighted wretch, endure thy care,
Nor heave the impatient sigh!
Heaven hears thee, but perhaps thy prayer
'Tis mercy to deny.

A BROTHER TO HIS YOUNGER SISTER,

On seeing her gathering Wild-flowers.

BY WILLIAM JERDAN.

MY dearest Sister! now you rove
Thro' every field, thro' every grove,
To cull the fragrant flowers
Which Nature, with unsparing pains,
O'er all her spacious green domains,
Abroad profusely pours.

I see thy feet attracted stray,
To where the violet scents the way,
Low blooming in the shade ;
Now, where the speckled hawthorn blows,
Now, where the beauties of the rose
Are to the sun display'd.

Now Exultation lifts thee high,
 And Pleasure lightens up thine eye,
 Thy nosegay is complete :
 So various too, it needs must please ;
 Here daisies, cowslips, and heart's-ease,
 With broom and blue-bells meet.

Yet, ah, my lovely girl ! beware !
 All is not good that seems so fair,
 And dangers lurk around ;
 The glowing rose you so admire
 Is guarded by the scythe-like briar,
 The invader's hand to wound.

The May is not in triumph borne,
 Without encountering the thorn,
 Attendant on its bloom—
 And oft beneath the nettle's sting,
 Protected, harmless pansies spring,
 And all the air perfume.

And oh ! my love ! your views extend,
 Instruction with amusement blend,
 And wisely learn betimes ;
 E'en like the chase you now pursue,
 Your pilgrimage thro' life to view,
 Where virtues mix with crimes.

The fair outside, the manners bland,
 The look sincere, and proffer'd hand,
 May hide a callous heart ;
 Which feels not for another's pain,—
 Which Envy, Hate, and Malice stain,—
 All baseness, fraud, and art.

And under Friendship's sacred guise,
 Too oft, alas ! foul treachery lies,
 Deceit and selfish care ;
 Nay ! hid beneath Love's warmest smile,
 Lurk falsehood, perfidy, and guile,
 The female heart to ensnare.

And still the more of life you know,
 Experience more and more will show
 Your yet unconscious youth,—
 Survey the real scene, you'll find
 This hasty picture of mankind
 Falls sadly short of truth.

Yet suffer not scowling Mistrust
 To make thee to the world unjust,
 And think the whole one blot ;
 For some there are,—alas, how few !
 With souls to every virtue true :—
 Heaven cast with theirs thy lot !

THE SKELLIG ROCKS.

BY T. CROFTON CROKER.

THE Skellig Rocks, though once celebrated as the resort of religious pilgrims, are now seldom visited for the objects of prayer and penance. Weary, and often dangerous, were the journeys made by the Irish peasant in atonement for transgression; the doctrine of his church recommended such pilgrimages, and they were zealously performed.

Few places indeed could have been selected more difficult of approach, or, when gained, with less of worldly attraction, than the Skellig Rocks. Situated nearly three leagues from the extreme South West point of Ireland, the stormy waves of the Atlantic often rendered access impossible: even when the sea was calm, their rugged and precipitous forms frowned destruction on the little bark beneath, and the sea-fowl fluttered and screamed, as if with warning voice, around them. Verdure there was none to soothe the eye of the weary pilgrim; all was nakedness and barren rock towering above the ceaseless roar of waters. Yet here, on the most fearful points of these inhospitable crags,

lither, in succeeding ages, crowded those whose creed induced the conviction that such toil aided "the sighing of a contrite heart."—Here still remain,

———"Religion's cells, that still outbrave
The force of tempests, and the weight of days.—
Yet, in each wall Time's busy finger plays;
Marking its slow, but no less certain doom
On man's proud works.—On man himself he preys,
To him he gives but flitting hours to bloom,
And, sparing none, lays dust to dust within the tomb."

This once celebrated pilgrimage is now seldom performed except by the traveller, whose curiosity may urge him to the visit; but there are few who, beyond the luxurious wildness of Killarney, venture to explore the ruder scenery of Kerry.

The recollection, therefore, of a recent visit to the Skelligs, may be worth preserving, as the only account of these curious rocks is that given by Doctor Smith in his History of Kerry,—a book rarely to be met with. In a short time too the vestiges of antiquity on the Skelligs will probably disappear before the hand of modern improvement, as the Ballast Board of Dublin have determined on the erection of a light-house, preparations for which are actively going forward.

The great Skellig consists of two peaks, which shoot nearly perpendicularly upwards in proud companionship; the highest said to be 710 feet above the sea, the other 560. The lesser Skellig, distant about a mile from the greater one, presents a bold and more lengthy

outline, singularly studded with fantastic knobs and points.

Such is their distant effect. On approaching the greater Skellig (at whose base our masted boat appeared an inconsiderable speck), the rushing sound of the waves dashing themselves into showers of white spray, and the shrill cry of birds, echoed from the wave-worn caves, came on the ear with a terrific and almost overpowering noise.

Upon ledges of inaccessible rock, countless rows of gulls and puffins were seen perched with extraordinary regularity, braiding the side of the rock like strings of pearl upon dark hair—to nothing else could I compare the sight. The innumerable quantity of sea fowl which literally jostle each other, led to a strange belief, that the great Skellig possesses a certain attraction which draws down all birds that would fly over it, and obliges them to alight and remain upon it; this is the tradition related by the boatmen, and confirmed by the authority of Doctor Keating—*the historian of Ireland!*

We were fortunate in gaining the landing-place with less than common exertion, although more than one wave broke over the boat. The sea was said to be unusually calm; yet, without the assistance of a rope thrown to us from one of the cliffs, it is doubtful if we could have reached it. From the landing-place irregular flights of steps led up the side of the rock, in the formation of which no advantage presented by

Nature had been neglected: these steps were by no means easy of ascent, and in some places frightfully overhung the water without a protecting rail. A cross, about four feet in height, formed in the rudest manner from a common flag stone, was reared at the most unsafe passes, to mark a fitting station for prayer. But modern pilgrims, if I may judge by my own sensations, will feel inclined rather to pass on without ceremony, than to pause and pray before them. For such, however, to complain of the ruggedness and horror of the path, is unjust to former devotees, as a boatman, who remembered it before the commencement of the present works, expressed his surprise at the "smooth and elegant stairs" which had been made.

On the summit of the lowest peak, the superintendent of the works had his temporary abode, surrounded by eight or nine little stone cells, in shape resembling beehives. These cells, respectively dedicated to different saints, were termed chapels, and were crowded together as the irregularity of the rock admitted, without order or arrangement, which in a degree might have been effected. The largest cell or chapel, dedicated to Saint Michael, could not contain a dozen persons: it had flat gable ends, in outline like a Gothic arch, and side walls with a corresponding curve; within was an altar of coarse stone, above which hung an unskilful representation of the Crucifixion, carved in wood, and upon the altar lay the upper part of a human skull much decomposed. Near this chapel a

walled recess was pointed out as a well of fresh spring water—certainly remarkable from its situation—but the supply could not be abundant, as it contained, when we saw it, only some 'slimy moisture. The other chapels being converted into depositories for gunpowder, to be used in blasting the rock, farther than exterior examination was impossible. Their construction, however, appeared similar, and consisted of stones curiously dove-tailed together without mortar or cement of any kind.

The apartment of the superintendant we found decorated with numerous festoons of egg shells, which had a singular and really imposing effect. Here we saw a small bronze figure of our Saviour, about four inches in height, found by the workmen in excavating.

It was impossible to conceive any thing more barbarous than this image, or nearer in resemblance to the rudest idol. We were told of a clay figure of the Virgin, which had also been recently discovered.

Beneath the window of the apartment was a confined spot covered with withered grass, which the slight coat of soil seemed unable to support; this place was called the burial-ground, and two or three trifling mounds were to be seen, not larger than those of an infant's grave. Legendary tales record that Irr (to whose father, Milesius, the colonization of Ireland is ascribed) was shipwrecked and buried here:—

“Irr lost his life upon the western main,
Skellig's high cliffs the hero's bones contain.”

The boatman, who acted as guide, would doubtless have favoured us with much of legendary lore, had he not perceived the absolute necessity of a speedy departure. The sky, since our landing, had gradually become overcast with dark masses of clouds, the sea-birds shrieked louder and more wildly than before, and every thing foreboded a storm. We descended in haste, and, seizing the opportunity of the fall of the wave, sprung into the boat, which we soon rejoiced to see clear of these rocks. This abrupt termination of our visit allowed no time to ascend the higher peak, which it is probable we might have wanted nerve to perform; the writer therefore ventures to transcribe, in an abridged form, Doctor Smith's account of this awful pilgrimage.

After visiting the cells or chapels, the pilgrim proceeds to the highest point of the rock, part of which ascent is performed by squeezing through a hollow passage, termed the needle's eye, resembling the funnel or shaft of a chimney. On surmounting this obstacle, he arrives at a small flat space, about a yard broad, which slopes down both sides of the rock to the ocean. On the farther side of this flat, which from its narrowness on the top, is a kind of isthmus, the ascension is gained by climbing up a smooth sloping rock, leaning out only a very little, and called the Stone of Pain, from the labour of scrambling up, with no other assistance than a few shallow holes cut in it as places to fix the hands and feet in. This kind of sloping

wall is about twelve feet high, and there is much danger in mounting it; for if a person should slip, he might tumble on either side of the isthmus headlong into the sea. When this is passed, the remaining part of the way up to the summit is much less difficult. On the top are two stations to be visited, marked by stone crosses; the first is called the Eagle's Nest, probably from its extreme height,—this pinnacle is easily gained by the help of some steps cut in the rock; but getting to the second station, which is called the Spindle, or Spit, is attended with the utmost peril. The Spindle, or Spit, is a long narrow fragment projecting from this frightful height over the waves that fret and rage beneath. It is walked to by a path only two feet in breadth, and several steps in length. Here the devotees, women as well as men, get astride on the rock, and so edge forward until they arrive at a stone cross, which some bold adventurer formerly cut on its extreme end, and there, having repeated a Pater Noster, conclude the penance. The return and descent is but a repetition of these horrors.

ENDURING AFFECTION.

BY L. A. H.

The story related in the following lines was told to the writer, in substance, as he has presented it to the reader. In versifying it, he has neither added nor omitted any material sentence. The young lady to whom it refers, laboured for several years under the extraordinary delusion that forms the groundwork of the tale; and it completely absorbed every other feeling, temporal and eternal. Toward the close of her life, however, she was led to seek that good Physician who giveth "rest unto all that labour and are heavy laden," and she died in the "sure and certain hope of a blessed immortality."

IN days of early, happy youth,
Ere childhood's bloom of heart had fled,
When Nature taught us only truth,
The love was born that is not dead.
We loved before we knew the name;
And still through years of grief and gloom
That hallowed feeling lived the same,
And lives tho' buried in the tomb.

True was the love my brother bore,
As in a mind like his should dwell ;
I loved him, oh ! I loved him more
Than man's or woman's tongue can tell.
I saw him die,—but ne'er decays
The love that lived in happier days ;
Each feeling of my heart is fled,
That one is with the silent dead.

When all things prospered,—then his heart
Was humble as an artless child ;
He saw our earthly hopes depart,
And still thro' all our sorrows smiled ;
For then he rose above the fate,
That cannot crush a noble mind,
Nor gave the world his love nor hate,
And neither sought nor shunned mankind.
Few were his hopes, but few his fears ;
His pathway, thro' this vale of tears,
Was, like his own deep soul, sublime,
Yet noiseless as the step of Time.

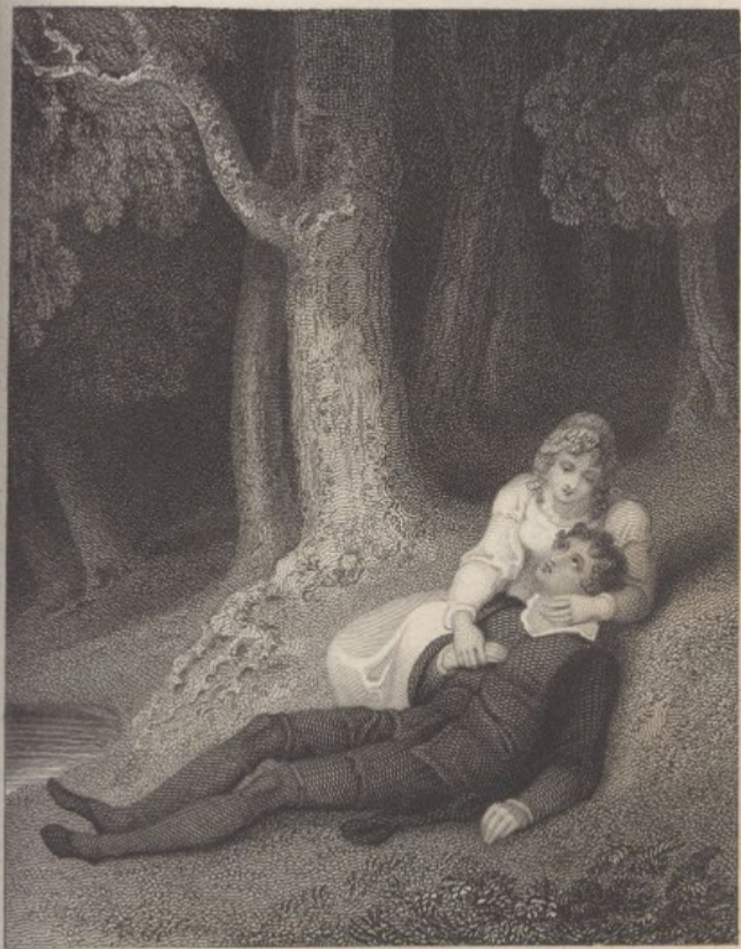
But I must haste to tell you how,
Before the world his worth had told,
Death looked not on his youthful brow,
But to his mind, and thought him old ;
And ere his life had well begun,
His brief but glorious race was run.

One evening, ere the sun had set,
He talked about his death again,
And I had told him 'twas not yet
His destiny to die—but then
A flush passed o'er his cheek, and broke
Its death-like paleness, while he spoke :—
“ Nay, nay—all hope of earth is o'er,
But let me see that earth once more ;
Let the sun smile on me and all,
Before his parting beauties fall,
And as he passes from the sky
And sets in glory—I will die.”

'Twas early Spring—and all was gay
As the night struggled with the day
For mastery—the setting sun
Seem'd loth to think his labour done.
But he had marked the parting beam,
Had watched the day-star slowly set,—
Sitting beside a placid stream,—
Dying, but of the living yet.
The bank was fresh, and green, and gay,
As if it never would decay ;
Around him many a wild flower grew,
Passing its little life of bloom ;
Behind, a shadowy forest threw
A pensive shade that was not gloom,—
Fit emblem of my brother's mind—
Upon my arm his head reclined,

The hand that prest to mine was chill,
But, oh ! so gently prest me still.
I turned away my tears to hide,
For they had fallen his brow to steep ;
He prest my hand again, and sigh'd,
And bade me smile on him, not weep.
He smiled, and look'd up in my face,
So faintly smiled, that I could trace
Death on his clammy cheek and brow ;
His parting glance was on me now,
I turned, to check the swelling sigh,
Then gazed,—and I beheld him die !
The light breeze bore his parting breath,
That green sod was his bed of death.

Ah ! well I knew he would not go
To leave me all alone below :—
One eve, 'twas beautiful and bright,
As that on which he passed away,
When I had gone to mark, ere night,
The grave in which my brother lay ;
And if the flowers still blossomed fair,—
The few that I had planted there,—
To linger till the day withdrew,
And night had given its holier hue.
I knelt upon his narrow bed,
And pressed the clay that pressed the dead :—
There, as I wept, I heard a sound,
So soft, methought it was the breath



Painted by R. Westall R.A.

Engraved by Edw^d Finden.

ENDURING AFFECTION.

Published by W. Baynes & Son, London, 1826.

Of eve, which, gently gliding round,
Above the dull abode of death,
The echo of some grave awoke,—
A voice, while yet I listened, spoke—
“ Rise, weeping child of earth—arise,
And gaze upon the midnight skies.”
I turn'd to the voice I knew so well,
But my gaze upon the dark heaven fell,
And there a light cloud met mine eye,
Midway between me and the sky ;
That sky was of the deepest gray,
But the cloud was bright as the brightest day ;
One star was in heaven, and I could see
That lone star through its drapery.

I knew the voice that spoke to me,—
I knew it—I could not forget,
Tho' sweeter than it us'd to be,
The sound that lives in memory yet.
And while the well-known words gave birth
To joys that were not of this earth,
They mingled with a human thrill
Of love for him who loved me still.

I staid till night had pass'd away ;—
He spoke of such unearthly things,
And many a thing I must not say :—
Of realms where God, the King of kings,

Listens to never-ceasing song
Of angels that around him throng ;
Where brighten neither moon nor sun,
Because their day is never done.
And he could leave that world of light,
Those spirits, perfect, pure, and bright,
To visit this cold earth and me,—
 To promise, when the soul, that now
 Hath but a little while to bow
Beneath its weight of clay, should be
Unburden'd, free, and purified ;
That he would come and be my guide,
From this, a world of varied woe,
 To that above yon starry skies ;
For sorrow tinges all below,
 But there affection never dies.

INDISCRETION.

A TALE.

BY MISS CORP.

To the believer in Christianity, it is a constant theme for praise and admiration, that the law of his God is perfect. Human wisdom has glanced at the formation of excellence in character, and, by the aid of highly mingled colours, produced in theory an object dazzling by its brightness, and attractive by its loveliness. But, on a minute survey of the admirable picture, we have detected the deficiency of those delicate touches and finer shades, which could alone render it a perfect model, worthy of unqualified approbation. Not so the character portrayed by the unerring pen of inspiration. The grand design of the word of God is to form those dispositions which will render us "meet to become partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light;" yet there are certain minor *traits* marked out for the observation of all who would exhibit the harmonious whole of Christian character. The apostle speaks of things "lovely and of good report." Sincerity, faith, and love, may exist in the heart, while little attention

is paid to ornamental loveliness; but its connexion with more important virtues can be clearly demonstrated. We will confine the attempt only to one valuable quality recommended in several parts of Scripture, namely—Discretion. The Psalmist observes, “a good man will guide his affairs with discretion.” In the connexion in which the remark is found, it implies, that by using discretion in the management of his worldly concerns, he will be enabled to perform benevolent actions. Solomon unites this excellent quality with understanding: “Discretion shall preserve thee, understanding shall keep thee.” The Apostle Paul in an especial manner urges an attention to discretion on the female sex. He associates the virtue with chastity, obedience to husbands, and *goodness*, an indefinite term, comprehending every thing we can imagine excellent in the female character. Discretion is not allied to any species of affectation; it is the genuine offspring of good sense and correct principles, and while it preserves the individual possessing it from falling in the paths of temptation, it ensures the esteem of surrounding observers.

In illustration of these remarks, we propose a narrative of some leading events in the life of Miss Charlotte L. This lady was an orphan, left early in life to the care of distant relations, more distinguished by their goodness than their affluence. By a union of pecuniary effort, she was by them well educated, and enabled at the age of 19 to become independent of their bene-

volence, by sustaining the important office of domestic governess. Her friends procured for her what they deemed a most eligible situation in the family of a worthy citizen. These friends were all in religious sentiment attached to the Established Church, and their general conduct and deportment was calculated to credit their Christian profession. They each endeavoured to instil into her young mind their own invaluable principles, and a considerable degree of success attended their efforts. Her head was well stored with the great truths of Scripture, and her heart engaged in no small degree to the love and service of God. It was natural that her choice, as respected the mode and discipline of public worship, should be influenced by the course of her education and habits. In consequence, she felt concerned when it was announced to her, that the family which had been more particularly recommended to her friends, were Dissenters. This unwelcome intelligence was, however, softened by the information that she would be permitted to attend regularly at any church her friends approved, and that happily there was one situated in the neighbourhood, where the genuine truths of Christianity were faithfully promulgated.

Every friend of Charlotte's, on taking leave, conveyed to her ear some important hint for her future conduct, while they assured her, each of their doors would be opened to receive her whenever compelled to quit any situation she might fill. "Wherever you are, my

dear," said her sagest and eldest female cousin, "be sure you act *discreetly*." Discreetly! thought Charlotte, what an old-fashioned word,—and what so easy as to behave discreetly? Three months soon passed pleasantly away, and Miss L. was convinced there could be no essential difference to a young goyerness, whether she was placed in the house of a pious Churchman or Dissenter. One Sunday morning Charlotte was, on her return from church, surprised by a shower of rain, unprepared with an umbrella for defence, and a young gentleman who had been seated with her in the same pew, obligingly insisted on her acceptance of the accommodation his would afford. Prudery only could have urged denial, and Charlotte was too wise to be prudish, and too economical to risk the destruction of her best bonnet. As she proceeded along under the protection of her gallant friend and his umbrella, their conversation was directed to the discourse they had been hearing. The young gentleman said he should have no doubt of correctness in the arguments used by the preacher, provided the premises were true, but that for his part he had doubts of the historic evidence of Christianity. "If so," replied Miss L., "I can recommend you a book, which, under the Divine blessing, is well adapted to remove them: read, I beg of you, Paley's Evidence of Christianity." "I have no money to spare," rejoined the youth, "for the purchase of books." "Well," said his fair friend, "that shall be no impediment, I will lend you the work,

if you will promise to read it attentively, and remember too, that, agreeably to the instructions we have just heard, you must implore heavenly teaching." This short dialogue brought them to the close of their walk, and as the gentleman knocked at the door, he promised a compliance with her wishes, and asked when he might call for the book. "As you are a stranger, Sir," said the lady, "my friends may not like you to call, I will leave the book for you at the tea-shop over the way, and you will please to return it me through the same medium." The stranger bowed respectfully as the door opened, and stepped away, while the servant who opened it glanced his figure and caught the words "return it me through the same medium." The following day the same domestic witnessed the young lady's call at the tea-shop with a parcel in her hand, and in a few days more, her return also from the same place with another. Curiosity prompted inquiry, the shopkeeper was questioned by the servant, who could only say a young gentleman had taken away one parcel, and brought another, at the request of Miss L.—Cook, house-maid, and nursery-maid, now held conference on this mystery in the presence of a little prating girl, who soon reported to Mamma a vague detail of occurrences, tending to impress on the mind of the lady, that her young governess had met a strange gentleman at the tea-shop. No time was lost in seeking for explanation, and Charlotte simply imparted the facts of the case. She had previously mentioned the circumstance of polite atten-

tion which she had received. "I have not the smallest doubt, my dear," returned her kind friend, "of your veracity; and the young man's restoring the volume with only a line of thanks, is creditable to his character: but you acted indiscreetly, particularly in not acquainting me with the *whole* of the transaction. For the future, I request that you will attend, with the rest of the family, at my own place of worship. Indeed, I tax myself with indiscretion, in allowing one so young and inexperienced to be absent from our family-pew on the sabbath-day." Miss L. respectfully thanked her friend for her candid credence, and said she would consider the proposal made her. The next day she declined the offer of continuing in the family on the condition prescribed. The lady was concerned at her resolution, for she had conceived an affection for the pleasing and ingenuous Charlotte.

Our young governess resolved in future to engage only with families belonging to the Established Church. She soon obtained a situation, and became an inmate in the house of Sir Thomas B. She knew that both himself and his lady attended regularly their parish-church, where truth only was delivered by the excellent rector; that they encouraged no company as visitors on Sundays; and she had observed their names entered on the list of most religious and benevolent institutions. But Charlotte in a few weeks discovered, that their attendance on this worthy rector was, because he preached in their parish-church; that their

retired habits on the Sunday were occasioned by the correct moral persuasion that the day ought to be hallowed; and that their liberal contributions to the religious societies arose from the solicitations of a few religious friends whom it was their interest to please. This discovery, however, did not alter her wishes to continue in the family, but stimulated her to zealous efforts toward removing the veil of prejudice from their minds. She resolved to embrace every opportunity for conversing on serious topics with Sir T. and his lady, and to direct her young pupils' attention and memory, in repeating lessons, toward the most sublime and interesting doctrines of Christianity.

The domestic habits of the family afforded frequent occasions for introducing her sentiments, which were evidently heard impatiently, though with no direct opposition. At length, one evening, after Miss L. had roundly asserted that good works were not the procuring cause of admission to the heavenly kingdom, and appealed, not only to Scripture, but to the Articles of her Church, in support of the argument, Sir Thomas, calmly, but with a determined air, observed, "Miss L., I have a great value for your integrity of character, and admiration of your various accomplishments; but excuse me if I say, I was not aware when you came here that you were a *polemical divine*. Our opinions do not coincide, and therefore I recommend your entering another family of more congeniality." He looked at his lady, who instantly, in a polite style, acquiesced in

the remark : and poor Charlotte, vexed and disappointed, withdrew. She was convinced, too late, that she had erred, by indiscreetly aiming to effect, suddenly, what could only be obtained by patience and circumspection.

Charlotte took up her next residence with a religious friend, who had been united a few years before to a gentleman, who was also her friend. Here she anticipated a long continuance in love and peace. But, alas ! though she knew the general character of both her friends, she knew nothing of their peculiarities of disposition. They were each of them naturally ill-tempered ; and though piety had done much to correct, it had not removed the evil. In consequence, many petty altercations arose, in which Charlotte was appealed to, and most indiscreetly allowed herself to be constituted umpire. One fatal day she dispensed her fiat in favour of the gentleman in stronger terms than her female friend could endure. Hints were thrown out which justly offended the governess, and determined her on a separation.

By the time Miss L. had reached her thirtieth year, she had resided in ten families, and quitted each from similar failures in points of prudence, but without a single impeachment upon her moral reputation, or general propriety of conduct. She grieved and wondered, for she had yet to learn the nature and value of discretion. Tired with this roving way of gaining a subsistence, Miss L. resolved, by means of a little

stock of wealth, left her by a relation, to open a school in the country to educate a small number of pupils. She soon had the satisfaction of finding herself surrounded by twelve young ladies, that number forming the extent of her prescribed limits. A delightful situation, a respectable neighbourhood, and, what was in Charlotte's estimation of far greater importance, a zealous and worthy vicar, all conspired to present a fair promise of comfort and stability.

The excellent vicar was declining in years, and consequently needed assistance in the discharge of his arduous duties. He avowed his intention of selecting a gentleman as resident curate, and two candidates appeared, equal in point of talent and religious worth, but differing in years, one being in his fortieth, and the other in his twenty-seventh year. The vicar and the elder inhabitants of the parish inclined to the choice of the former, and the younger part to the latter, he being, as they thought, the most eloquent preacher. Wishing, if possible, to unite all in one sentiment; the pious clergyman reasoned, consulted, and perhaps delayed too long a decision in favour of his own judgment. A party-spirit gained ground daily, and was in the height of its operation, when Miss L. opened her school. She heard both the gentlemen preach. Preferring the younger on account of his superior eloquence, and being accustomed to avow her sentiments freely, it was no secret to which party she, and consequently all her pupils, belonged. Several letters were

addressed to the vicar upon this occasion; and as Charlotte's talent for composition was superior to most, she was prevailed upon to dictate, and sometimes to sign, the epistles. At length the matter was adjusted to the satisfaction of the junior parishioners, the younger clergyman being elected. Well had it been for Charlotte had the affair closed here; but unfortunately the sage and cautious Mrs. E. pondered the facts of the case; she recollected to have heard that Miss L. had lived governess in more families than she thought quite usual for one so little advanced in life; she was also chagrined that the senior gentleman (her particular friend) had lost the curacy; and she took counsel of some neighbours, who were decidedly of opinion, that a party-spirit was unbecoming in Miss L.'s situation. The consequence was, she removed her grand-daughter from under her care.

The new curate of course felt grateful to his friends for their preference; and he must have been insensible to the most pleasing manners, had he not been pleased with his friend, the governess. Her pupils were rejoiced at his occasional visits, which became more frequent, as he saw reason to hope they were productive of the sole end he had in view, the communication of religious instruction. "Let not your good be evil spoken of," is a scriptural injunction, but without the utmost care and circumspection, our good actions will often be evil spoken of by the malicious and envious. There were individuals of that character in the town,

and they talked in character of the curate's visits to the school. The venerable vicar endeavoured to counteract the effects of such malevolent conversations, and substituted his own visits for those of his curate's, to which, Miss L. had not the least objection. Would he had gone before, for the evil had begun to operate, and the innocent victim of slander was in consequence deprived of another pupil, whose friends sagaciously observed, few evil reports were raised without *some* foundation.

Through means of the zealous exertions of Miss L., a missionary society was formed amongst the ladies in the town, and richly did she merit praise for her laudable efforts: but when the committee arranged the official department of their association, she allowed herself to be chosen collector, in preference to an elderly lady, well known and respected, and possessed of the entire command of requisite time for the arduous task. The secret reason for this choice was, the impression that the superior advantage, in manners and appearance, possessed by Charlotte over the elderly lady, might augment the number of subscribers. It is justice to say, that the fair collector arranged her time very wisely, so as not materially to intrude on the duties of her profession. But this wisdom was not generally known, and Charlotte lost an addition of one scholar because her friends were of opinion that school-mistresses should be always at home.

The annual meeting of the society arrived, and surely

Miss L. and her pupils might attend; even the venerable vicar, could see no objection. The assembly was crowded, and Charlotte, not anticipating the event, introduced her young ladies too late for the accommodation of seats. At length, after much bustle and contrivance they were supplied with some at one corner of the platform, where, by their genteel and interesting appearance, they excited much attention. "What vanity!" exclaimed some, "purposely done for display." "Say not so," said the candid Mrs. C., "it was purely accidental; they were too late." "And why were they too late?" asked Mrs. E.

The following week a sale by auction of some fine pictures was advertised at the town-hall. Miss L. considered this a favourable opportunity for her young friends to be indulged by a view of those rare specimens of art. The youngest of the pupils, for the purpose of enjoying as good a view as the elder, were accommodated with chairs, and thus rendered the whole of the group more conspicuous to the company. Even the candid Mrs. C. shook her head, as Mrs. E. whispered—"Is this purely accidental?" But this was not all; an amateur in pictures was attracted to the spot, and he chanced to be guardian to an heiress, and she was the eldest of Miss L.'s scholars. Casting an expressive look at the governess, he exclaimed—"Why, Lucy, I did not expect to meet you at the Town-hall!" The gentleman accompanied the party home, and privately expostulated with Charlotte on

what he deemed the impropriety of the action ; but she either did not, or proudly would not, concede in her judgment ; and therefore the guardian would not return his charge to her protection after the following vacation.

Though reduced in numbers, Charlotte still maintained her ground five years, before she reached the climax of her disappointments. During that period she had received invitations from all the relations of her pupils, to spend a short time at their houses at the seasons of vacations : but she had invariably declined acceptance, from a preference to the quiet and retirement of home. Her eldest pupil was now to leave school : she grieved at parting from her beloved governess : she entreated her so earnestly to accompany her home, that her kind friend, by whom she also was tenderly loved, could not refuse. The young lady's father was on a journey, and she must adjourn to the house of an aunt, who was very gay and irreligious, if Miss L. would not consent, her father having so arranged it, and she had no mother. In an inconsiderate hour Charlotte consented : the gay aunt was offended, and lost no opportunity of insinuating that there must be an artful design on the part of the governess to lay a matrimonial trap in the way of her brother. Even Charlotte's best friends said there was something odd in her spending a whole vacation at a widower's house, after declining year after year their invitations. The circumstance of the gentleman's absence was not

known, or not taken into the account: and in addition to the reports circulated to her prejudice, the fact was detailed, that the gentleman's moral character was very reprehensible.

Wrapt in conscious innocence of every artful design, or sinister motive, in any of her actions, Miss L. met her pupils and their friends with her usual smile of complacency: but what was her surprise when, under some frivolous pretext, she received from each intimations of their intention of removing their children after the next quarter. One lady had the ingenuousness to state the truth of her objections, softened by the observation, that she believed her to be all that was good in principle, but that an uncommon degree of circumspection was necessary in the conductress of a female boarding-school. Depressed in spirit, and wounded in reputation, poor Charlotte collected together her little remnant of property, which, by sinking into an annuity, enabled her to retire from public observation. In a neat but obscure lodging, far from the spot where calumny had shot its fatal arrow, she lives a life of comparative usefulness; and the pious and sensible cannot be unhappy. But who will not lament to see useful accomplishments lost, piety deprived of extensive influence, and, above all, religious profession disgraced in the eyes of an invidious world, and all occasioned by the absence of one virtuous quality—Discretion!

SOLITUDE.

BY JAMES EDMISTON.

Care selve beate
E voi solinghi, e taciturni orrori,
Di riposo, e di pace alberghi veri :
O quanto volentieri
A rivedervi l' torno !

GUARINO.

GIVE me solitude awhile,
From the tumult of the earth ;
I would some short hours beguile
With a dream of higher birth ;
Thoughts all radiant and bright,
As the seraph's wings of light.

On this bank, where forest-rose
Weaves a shelter from the heat,—
Where the woodbine round it grows,
And the green turf forms a seat,
Will I sit and sing away
This so cloudless summer's day :

While the brook beside me sounds,
Gently murmuring along,
And the deer starts up, and bounds,
Waken'd by my forest song,—
And the birds, from tree to tree,
Make their wild wood minstrelsy.

Ah! methinks, this world how fair,
Were it but from sin refined!
Man how free and happy there,
Were he pure as God is kind!
But the breath of sin has past
O'er it like a poison blast.

Lovely still, some happy hours
Beam between, to glad us here;
And these forest-thicket bowers
Almost void of ill appear,
Smiling as if nought had been
Here to mar the lovely scene.

Yet, how many forms of harm,
E'en these green-wood coverts bear!
Well the deer starts with alarm,
Well the wild bird shuns the snare;
And within the flowery brake
Lurks the evil-venomed snake.

But an age is yet to dawn,
Fairer than has pass'd away ;
When the tiger and the fawn
(Either innocent and gay)
Shall together sport and feed,
Where an infant hand may lead.

Then EMANUEL shall reign,—
Peace and righteousness entwine ;
Then shall be the death of pain,—
Then a sevenfold sun shall shine.
Roll, Time, thy labouring car, and bring
The birth of days I love to sing!

THE SAILOR'S WIDOW.

"She would sit and weep
At what a sailor suffers ; fancy too,
Delusive most where warmest wishes are,
Would oft anticipate his glad return,
And dream of transports she was not to know."

COWPER.

THE coast of Cornwall is in many parts most rugged, inhospitable, and treacherous. The barren rocks that rise to an immense height above the ocean, have often, as it were, their little, but more dangerous dependencies, that stand apparently isolated in the sea, but whose connecting links may be clearly discerned at low-water. They are frequently so distant as to lure the pilot to attempt to pass between those points of danger and the main land ; but sad is then the fate of his good vessel and its crew, for the wreck is certain ; a misfortune of more frequent occurrence is that in which the darkness and the tempest appear to league with the rocks, and to be the ready slaves of destruction and death.

The fate of the noble vessel, the *Mary*, of London, will be long remembered in Penzance. She had made her voyage to New York, and was returning with a full cargo to recompense her owner and her crew. Their dangers were nearly at an end, and, strolling upon the deck, the home-bound seamen were conversing on those topics so dear to the long absent—their wives, their parents, their children, their friends. Suddenly the weather changed; the storm rose; the clouds grew darker and darker; all hands were at work; and all were ready to combat, for they had often conquered, the tempest in its wrath.

It was now midnight, and so dark that the crew could not discern an object at the distance of a yard; not a single star shone in the heavens; and the white surf which the bounding wave now and then flung toward the sky, was the only thing that could be distinguished from the deep blackness which was above and around. The lightning and the thunder had both ceased, but the wind beat furiously against the vessel, and drove her wildly forward between the billows that spent their rage upon her hulk. The sails had long been furled; the guns had been thrown overboard, save the solitary one, that every minute told the tale of distress, to nought but the unheeding and pitiless element. The pilot had lashed the helm, for he was ignorant of his course; and the vessel proceeded on amid the splash of the waves, and the roaring of the tempest, whose mercy was its only hope.

The seamen were scattered about the deck ; many of them were tried and weather-beaten veterans, who gazed upon the elemental war as on a scene of which habit had made them fearless ; others conversed in whispers, at every pause which the tempest made ; some had given themselves up to despair, and had lain quietly down to await the result ; few, and but a few, had determined to die like cowards, or like brutes, and had drowned their reason, to prepare for the body's death ; one man was on his knees lifting up his soul to that God, to whom he knew the tempest was but as the gentle south wind.

Suddenly the pilot, who stood with his arms folded beside the useless rudder, exclaimed, " Captain, I see a light ! " The words passed round the vessel like electric fluid, and the seamen gazed intently in every direction ; but all was dark. " It must have been a mistake," said the Captain ; " or perhaps it was a shooting star." The pilot, however, persevered in declaring that he had seen a glimmer a-head. While they were deliberating as to what course they were to pursue, the seamen had gathered round, and were listening in breathless anxiety to the conversation.

The Captain had just ordered one of his men to go aloft, and be upon the look out, when they heard a distant rumbling sound, like the splash of waters in some rocky cave. There was a pause and a look of horror. In another instant the sound became fearfully audible, and a loud shriek of "*the breakers ! the*

breakers!” was echoed by every voice—in a moment the vessel dashed upon the rocks.

The morning had not dawned when I was awakened by the news of the wreck. I hastily dressed myself, and hurried down to the beach. It was covered with the dead bodies of the ship's crew, and the many other fatal proofs of the night's misfortune. The rocks on which the vessel had gone to pieces, were so near to the main land, that a high cliff, communicating with it, must have been actually touched by her bowsprit at the moment she struck; and if the moon had shone in her brightness, or the stars had not been all hidden by the dense clouds, it is more than probable that the lives of the hapless crew would have been saved. Above the cliffs was a shepherd's hut, from the lattice of which had glimmered the light that the pilot had seen. At the instant, the shepherd, with a candle in his hand, was passing the window to his rest—unconscious of the fate that at the moment awaited so many of his fellow-creatures. The howling of the tempest had so completely drowned the voices of the sufferers, that he had not heard their shrieks, but had slept calmly, while the poor wretches sunk beneath the waves that knew no pity, and that gave no moments for preparation ere they destroyed,—that struggled with their victims, so as to take from them every reflection, every thought, but of the momentary effort that left them an easier prey.

Among the cottagers who had busied themselves in

collecting together the various articles that the retired waves had left upon the strand, there were not wanting many to seek if there were any living among the dead. Three only of the whole crew were found alive, and those were restored almost from the very grave by the perseverance of the benevolent surgeon of a neighbouring village.

The corpse of the captain was discovered, and his faithful dog dead beside it. The day after the melancholy occurrence, the bodies of twenty-four seamen were interred in the village church-yard. Hundreds of men and women attended the funeral, and there seemed to be but one feeling of deep sorrow among them all. There were present no immediate friends of the dead—no father to look for the last time on the corpse of his son,—no son to weep as the dust of the grave-yard was heaped over the dust of the being who gave him life,—no widow to depart from the sad sight into a desolate world, her prop broken, and her main link to life untied—but there were many to mourn over those who had thus perished, when their hopes were most high, and their prospects most bright.

Among the various articles that floated to the shore, was a trunk, that was publicly opened for the purpose of ascertaining who had been its ill-fated owner. It contained, among other things, a bundle of letters, carefully wrapt together. They had been but little injured, and when dried, I was enabled to peruse them. They

were the letters of a wife to her husband; written in all that calm confidence and affection, which can only be the fruit of virtuous love. From their contents I discovered that the writer had been but a short time married, and that the voyage was the first her husband had made. It appeared also, from many allusions, that their marriage had taken place without the consent of her friends. In some of them she spoke of the child she expected to bring into the world; and in others, of its birth; one letter contained a small portion of its hair. The letters were all exceedingly interesting; they had been evidently written by a person deeply under the influence of religion, for every one of them contained a prayer to that God who governs the deep, and who rules the land, that, whether on sea or on shore, He would be the protector of her husband. It was plain also, that the writer was labouring under severe pecuniary distress; with the occasional statements of her distress, there was mingled a feeling of delicacy, as if she alluded to it merely to express her dependence on Him who will not see the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread. Those letters were peculiarly affecting when they in any way referred to her child. The mother would frequently tell the father how easily she could trace the features of her husband in the countenance of her babe; and dwell with the greatest delight on the anticipation of what he would say to his boy, when he had returned from his voyage to

clasp the little one, for the first time, in a father's arms. It was evident, that the sentiments and feelings of the wife were those of the husband, for many of the letters which were written in reply to others, contained encouragements to persevere in fighting the good fight of faith, by which a crown of glory was to be won.

I read those letters with feelings of peculiar sorrow and sympathy, and in those feelings a great many of my friends participated. Their exertions, added to my own, succeeded in raising a sum of money for the widow of the shipwrecked seaman; and it was enclosed to her a short time after her melancholy loss.

In the course of a few months, my business obliged me to visit the metropolis; and immediately on my arrival, with a melancholy pleasure I proceeded to the lodging of the poor young widow; and was admitted into her humble apartment. She was in the act of dressing her infant, and I instantly perceived that she had added a little border of black crape to the cap of the orphaned babe. I introduced myself to her as Mr. —, of Penzance. She rose from her seat and welcomed me with that smile of grateful pleasure which may be the fourfold reward promised in Scripture to the comforter of the afflicted.

Her story was very interesting. After having related to me some circumstances connected with her situation and her marriage, she spoke of her feelings when she heard of her husband's death. "I had long ex-

pected my husband home," she continued, "and every day, from morning until night, and from night till morning, I had listened in the hope of hearing his footstep on the stair; as I looked, with those feelings which none but a mother and a wife can know, upon my baby's face, and asked myself to which of the two he would first give his embrace. On the night I received the information that my child was an orphan and I was a widow, I was sitting by my fire-side, and expecting him every moment. My little one was sleeping in his cradle; and, as I had done every day for weeks before, I had laid his clothes before the fire to air in order that he might change them when he came home. I had but one shilling in the world, and that shilling I had kept untouched for many days, that I might be able to procure him something to eat or to drink on his return. I heard a footstep, but I knew it was not his, and a gentle knock upon the door; when the clerk of the owner of my husband's vessel came in. I thought his visit was to inform me of the arrival of the vessel: with a slowness of apprehension that made the blow fall heavier, I understood none of his hints, and it was with some difficulty that the young gentleman could make me conscious of the dreadful event.

When my reason returned, I fell upon my knees and poured out my whole soul in communion with my Creator. Blessed be his name, he gave me strength to bear the calamity that I thought had left me no other friend—blessed be his name, he enabled me to remem-

ber, that "whom he loveth, he chasteneth," and that often,

Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

I flew to my Bible, and I sought and found consolation in the word of Him, who hath promised to be a father to my fatherless babe.

I calmly took his clothes from before the fire, and laid them carefully in the drawer; kissed my little one; and prayed to God more tranquilly than I had before done. I did not want even for earthly friends; the members of our society had heard of, and pitied my misfortune, and they visited me in my distress. In a few days afterward, I received the subscription of the benevolent friends, although strangers, at Penzance. It will enable me to form some plan of support for myself and my orphan, and the God of mercy will bless my exertions.

L. A. H.

MORTAL AND IMMORTAL MAN.

BY JOHN BOWRING.

STANDING on life's utmost verge,
Close by the domain of death,
Listening to the dashing surge,
Of mortality beneath :
Who can look with eye serene
Downward on that awful scene ?

O it is a fearful thing,
From life's green and joyous height,
Blind, unwing'd, and weak, to spring
Into the abyss of night ;
Into an abyss whose bound,
Mortal plummet ne'er could sound.

He who dives beneath the wave,
Soon that wave will upward bear ;
Did the inexorable grave
E'er release its prisoner,
Loose his fetters—yield its prey ?
Say, self-flattering mortal, say !

Answer, Christian! is *thy* Lord
 Yet a slumberer with the dead?
 Thou hast heard his heavenly word,—
 Burn'd thy bosom, when he said:
 "Tho' I go—my peace I give—
 Ye shall live because I live."

A VILLAGE HYMN.

BY REV. W. L. BOWLES.

As by my mother's side I stand,
 Whose hairs, from age, are few and gray,
 I watch the hour-glass shed its sand,
 To mark how wears the night away.

Her sight is now by years decayed;
 The spectacles to aid her eyes,
 Upon the Bible-leaf are laid,
 That open in the window lies.

Though age must many ills endure,
 While time for ever speeds away,
 This shows her Christian comforts sure,
 And leads to heaven's eternal day.

LAMBETH PALACE.

THE spectator, looking up the river from Westminster Bridge, sees, at the distance of rather less than a quarter of a mile, a building, situated on the right bank of the Thames, which strikes the mind as forming a remarkable exception to the general aspect of a metropolis, where the uniform and the useful are rapidly superseding the fantastic, the stately, and the picturesque. Lambeth Palace, founded in an age when none were skilled in the art of designing *domestic* residences, and at a period, when the yet unformed institutions of society gave but little protection even to the highest personages, it was, though the mansion of an ecclesiastic, built with some regard to the power of resistance and the protection of its inmates. Considered as a place of strength, when gunpowder was unknown, it seems to have possessed but one natural defence—the majestic river which nearly washes its foundations. Formerly it might be described as standing close to the village of Lambeth, near London; but the rapidly extending metropolis has swallowed up, as it were, many villages, so that the

boundaries of the palace have long since been included quite within the limits of this great capital. Seen from either of the bridges (Westminster or Vauxhall), between which it stands nearly equi-distant, this structure seems to rise from amongst a cluster of very humble dwellings; and shaded, as a great part of it is, by venerable trees, its high raised turrets present rather an interesting appearance; but it holds no towering position, crowns no striking point, commands no prospect of natural beauty or sublimity.

The plate, which accompanies this notice, gives a view taken from that end of Westminster Bridge which adjoins the left bank of the Thames, and therefore displays those portions of the several edifices composing the entire mass, which are visible from the river. They may, with perfect accuracy, be spoken of as distinct buildings, though they have not generally been inhabited by more than one household; for they were erected at different periods, by different individuals, and form no harmonious combination. The view of them will therefore present more agreeable features to the lover of the picturesque than to him whose taste demands the graceful proportions, mutual dependence of parts, and chaste decorations, by which the architecture of a refined and civilized age is distinguished. The tower most remote in the annexed view, forms no part of the palace: it is of stone, and belongs to the adjoining church of St. Mary Lambeth, the remainder of which has been recently replaced by a modern struc-

ture, and the old tower permitted to remain. The other two towers which rise in its immediate vicinity, including between them a great gateway, are of brick, and were erected by Cardinal Pole; while the lofty square building, in the foreground, is that called the Lollards' Tower, from having been used as the prison of Wickliffe's persecuted followers. The intermediate buildings, in a great measure shaded by trees, comprise the Hall, the Guard-Room, the Library, and several minor apartments. These few observations, as auxiliary to the plate, will impart, it is hoped, a sufficiently just idea of the exterior which this remarkable dwelling presents. Of its interior, and the events of its history, the object of the following pages will be to convey all interesting information.

The Papal power, now in the decrepitude of old age, was, at the original building of Lambeth Palace, in the fulness of established authority; and as the ancient empire, whose seat it occupied, spread its military sway over the richest and the fairest portions of the habitable globe, so the spiritual dominion and political influence of the Popes overshadowed a circuit, the wise direction of whose moral energies and physical resources would have insured a less inglorious destiny. For nearly seven centuries the primates of all England have made this palace one of their ordinary residences. Long before the erection of any of the present buildings, there stood, or rather it is supposed there stood, on the same site, a house built by

the Saxon princess Goda; but the first portions of the present edifice inhabited by an Archbishop, or at all in existence for several centuries, are the buildings at the north end, consisting of the Lollards' Tower, the Chapel, Guard-Chamber, Library, and Cloisters; these, all the authorities that we have consulted agree in stating to have been built before the year 1250, if the late work of Mr. Allen be excepted, which attributes the Lollards' Tower to Archbishop Chichely; but Maitland and other writers state that that structure, and the other buildings above enumerated, were erected previous to 1250. Chamberlain says that Chichely finished this tower, but did not originally build it; the circumstances, however, related by Mr. Allen, greatly strengthen *his* statement.

Archbishop Baldwin, an eminent preacher of the crusade; a violent, and yet sometimes a wily politician, who occupied himself much more in promoting the intrigues which favour a temporal ambition, than in practising the charities which promise a spiritual reward, was the founder of the collegiate church at Lambeth; and probably in that way, the immediate cause of the buildings, subsequently erected, being made the residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury. The original design of this extraordinary man was, to have erected a college at Hackington; from what motives of a tortuous policy that intention was abandoned, and the materials of the proposed structure transferred to Lambeth, it is not here very material to de-

tail. It does not appear, however, that his successors are indebted to his immediate exertions for any part of the edifices, of which for centuries they have enjoyed the use. All that we know, upon even probable grounds, respecting their origin is, that the most ancient of them, now standing, cannot be less than five hundred and seventy-five years old. In the steward's accounts of the year 1321, there appears an enumeration of the several apartments in the palace, whence it seems, even so early as that period, to have arisen to considerable extent and magnificence. In the years 24, 25, 29, 31, 34 and 35, of the fifteenth century, Chicheley is said to have made large and important additions to the palace. Stafford, who came to the see in 1443, is stated to have built the stables; and this assertion is made on no stronger ground than an inference derived from a supposed resemblance of the brick, to that used in a known work of this prelate's! Chroniclers differ as to the building of the great gateway, but the majority give the honour of it, and the gallery, to Cardinal Pole; and fix its date about the year 1557. The great hall was rebuilt by Juxon, on the model of the ancient one, which had been destroyed by the republicans, after the death of Charles I. Cranmer was the founder of the room called the steward's parlour, and several additional apartments were raised by Tennison and Bancroft; it is to the latter, however, that succeeding ages stand indebted for the establishment of the noble library which be-

longs to Lambeth Palace. In the civil wars during the reign of Charles I., and while the commonwealth lasted, this edifice, besides the destruction of the great hall, sustained much injury, but was completely restored by the Archbishop of that period (Juxon). From that time, to the present, no considerable additions appear to have been made, with the exception of the new drawing-room, and one or two other apartments, built by Cornwallis in 1769, and a repository for the manuscripts, by Archbishop Moore.

An enumeration of names and dates almost suffices for what was necessary to be said on the subject of buildings. The events of which Lambeth Palace has been the scene, will demand a more detailed notice. In 1381, during Wat Tyler's insurrection, the palace was plundered; the Archbishop (Sudbury) having been beheaded on Tower-Hill.

While Chicheley was archbishop, a very hot persecution was carried on against the followers of Wickliffe, who were then called Lollards; * and the history of religious persecutions affords few instances, perhaps none, where bigotry glutted its appetite for human

* The etymology of this word has given rise to various conjectures, as that it had its origin in their frequent use of the exclamation "Lord! Lord!" Some thought that the name was taken from "*lallo*," others from "*lotium*," they being considered as "tares among the wheat;" others again from the name of an eminent member of their body.

suffering with a more sweeping, indiscriminate, and unbridled license. The upper part of the tower, known by the name of this devoted sect, had been fitted up by Chichely as a prison. One room at the top, only twelve feet by nine, contains eight rings in the walls, and is stated to have been made, at that period of fiery zeal, a receptacle for as many prisoners. This closet is lined with elm-plank, having an oak ceiling, and is surrounded by all the "fearful strengtheners of the prison-house." Here were the earlier Dissenters from the doctrines of Rome exposed to the rapid destruction of direct torture, and to the slow, consuming, but not less certain, poison of pestilential effluvia, and loathsome food,—of "hope deferred," while "the iron entered into the soul,"—and of religious sentiment mocked at by their mitred gaoler!

A detailed history of the scenes enacted in this tower, were it even accessible at this distant time, would exceed the limits prescribed to the present paper. Of the particulars that have been handed down, none bears any peculiar characteristic entitling it to pre-eminence; they are all marked by the same fearful and relentless features. There appears not to have been any record kept of the persecuted beings confined here, though some writers affirm that Hugh Latimer, and even Wickliffe himself, were among the number. Exultation at the happier fate allotted to ourselves, cannot but be mixed with a fraternal sympathy in the sufferings of men whom we must ever re-

gard with gratitude, as amongst the earliest to unfurl the standard of Reformation, and to scatter discord and dismay through the ranks of the Vatican's defenders.

Archbishop Bancroft, who died in 1610, bequeathed the whole of his great collection of books to his successors; and thus laid the foundation of the archiepiscopal library at Lambeth. From the time of Laud to Juxon (1644 to 1660), the see being vacant for sixteen years, the books were seized by parliament, the use of them granted to Dr. Wincocke, at first, and subsequently to Sion College. Although Juxon applied to have the books returned, it was not until the time of Sheldon, that the restoration took place. Considerable additions have been made to the library from time to time by the successors of the liberal donor, especially by Abbott, Laud, Sheldon, Tension, Parker, Locker, and Cornwallia.

On the 11th of May, 1641, Archbishop Laud, being an object of peculiar detestation to the Puritans, the palace was beset by five hundred men, who broke the windows, and set a few prisoners at liberty; but some of the leaders were subsequently apprehended, and one of them executed. During the exile of Charles II. the palace fell into the hands of Scott and Hardy, men of influence at that time, who pulled down the hall, sold the materials, turned the chapel into a dancing-room, as if specially to desecrate it by the amusement they most abhorred, broke up Archbishop Parker's monument, took out the body, and flung it among a heap of

rubbish ; but after the Restoration the bones were decently reinterred. For the second time Lambeth Palace was made a prison, and crowded with royalists : nearly one hundred clergymen from the West of England died there of a pestilential fever. One of them, Doctor Carleton, afterward a bishop, made his escape with extreme difficulty by means of a rope, conveyed to him by his wife. The injury done to the buildings at this period was repaired, as has been already stated, by Juxon ; and in the great hall, after its restoration, a banquet, marked by very unusual splendour, was given by that prelate.

In the summer of 1694, an assembly of bishops was held at Lambeth, when several ecclesiastical regulations of importance were agreed upon, and afterward promulgated, under royal authority. About three years after this, Peter the Great, being then on his travels, was present there at an ordination ; from which time until 1780 it became the scene of no remarkable occurrence. In that year it was threatened by the " No-Popery " rioters : a large party of military, however, having been stationed there for upwards of two months, afforded effectual protection. In the year 1776, by a judgment in the Court of Common Pleas, the palace was pronounced to be extra-parochial.

Our historical summary being now concluded, there remains little more than to notice the interior of the palace, and the grounds by which it is surrounded.

The Lollards' Tower, of which previous mention has

been made, is a building five stories in height, ascended by a spiral staircase, the attic and the ground-floor being the only portions at all remarkable. The latter is occupied by one of the entrances to the chapel, which is called the "Post Room," from its roof being supported by a single pillar; and the former constituted the prison of the Lollards, from which circumstance the tower took its name. To what has been already said of this apartment there is scarcely any thing to add. The entrance is secured by a treble door of oak: there are three small windows in the room, and a chimney. The walls are scratched in various places, and have some letters cut upon them in the old English character. Of the intermediate rooms in this tower, the greater part are now occupied for domestic purposes.

The dimensions of the great hall are 93 feet by 38, and 50 in height. The roof is of oak, and must certainly be considered an exquisite piece of workmanship. The windows contain some stained glass, and this apartment upon the whole ranks among the most richly decorated portions of the interior. It is built, not in the taste of the time it was actually erected (1663), but in imitation of the ancient hall, demolished by the Republicans. Its use, as the reader may suppose, was for the exercise of that *extensive* hospitality, belonging to rude ages, for which its lords have been so justly celebrated.

The library, having the cloisters or piazzas under

it, forms a quadrangle of considerable extent, and contains no less than five and twenty thousand *printed* volumes, consisting chiefly of works of divinity, with some rare editions of the Scriptures. In history and typography, as well as in some other departments of literature, this library is by no means deficient. It likewise contains five portraits, including those of its founder and Archbishop Warham; and the windows have a few specimens of stained glass, much admired by the curious in that art. The manuscripts are kept in an apartment over the west side of the building, where the printed volumes are deposited. Their number exceeds three thousand, and the inspections of them will amply gratify the admirers of ancient penmanship or splendid illumination; but there are none distinguished either for their subject or their antiquity.

The great dining-room, a very noble apartment, contains twelve portraits of the primates, from Laud to Corwallis, inclusive, which exhibit in their dresses the changes that took place in episcopal costume during that period. One of these (Herring's) is by Hogarth.

The gallery runs parallel with the eastern end of the chapel, and contains a very large collection of portraits, at the head of which may be placed that of Warham, painted by Holbein. A small head of Martin Luther is there likewise, from a collection at Nuremburgh, as are a copy from Vandyke of Charles I.

and an admirable portrait of Bishop Burnett. Of Cardinal Pole, the founder of the gallery, there is an exceedingly fine portrait, though said to be only a copy from that in the Barberini Palace. The windows in this room are enriched with some beautiful specimens of stained glass, representing the arms of several of the primates.

The chapel is a spacious building, and possesses a very appropriate interior. The pulpit and the Archbishop's seat or stall are both elaborately carved, but some of its finest stained glass was destroyed in the seventeenth century.

The Guard-Chamber, 56 feet by 27, was formerly a depository for arms, but at present contains nothing deserving attention, except a portrait of Henry Prince of Wales, son of James I. As to the Presence-Chamber, the Drawing-Rooms, the Vestry, and the Crypt, they demand no particular notice.

The great gateway stands between two lofty towers, which are ascended by spiral stairs. Over the gate itself is the record-room; and, adjoining the porter's lodge, is an apartment somewhat similar to the Lollards' prison, and supposed to have been used as a receptacle for the overflowings of that "chamber of misery." The dole, immemorially given to the poor, still continues to be distributed at this gate thrice a week. At present it consists of bread, beef, and money, in quantities suited to the necessities of the neighbouring poor, and to the station of the primate.

For a town residence, the park and gardens are surprisingly extensive. The ground which they, and the palace, &c. &c., occupy, is not less than eighteen acres. These grounds have been planted with much taste, and are in all respects a suitable appendage to one of the most remarkable edifices in England,—a structure, interesting alike to the man of literature, the antiquary, and the Christian. Scarcely any class in society can say, “It concerneth us not;” for seldom is a scene to be viewed which more eloquently speaks of past greatness, of present power, of abiding pre-eminence. This structure, uniting in its aspect some of the stern features of the castle, with many of the sombre characteristics of monachism, leaves an impression on the mind of the visiter, which, even without the aid of historical association or religious sentiment, would have depth and permanency. But torpid must be those sensibilities, and unenlightened that mind, which could see in Lambeth Palace nought save the mere creation of an architect, which could contemplate that venerable pile without resting on the characters of its many masters—Arundell and Chichely, Cranmer, Pole, and Parker, Laud, Tillotson, Secker. Few can retire from an examination of its time-honoured walls without remembering, that though in ages past it was as one of the outworks of papal usurpation, yet that this ancient edifice now imparts a solemn grace, and a venerable splendour, to that purified faith, of whose earliest professors it was once the dungeon and the grave,—that the walls

which echoed the shrieks of Chichely's victims, have returned the strains of Tillotson's Christian eloquence—that the strong holds which shrouded corruption, and gave impunity to crime, have, in later years, been an open, undefended dwelling, forming in confidence, charity, and Christian benevolence, the abode of erudition and the theatre of practical piety?

D. C. R.

SONNET.

[From the Italian.]

TRANSLATED BY THE REV. CHARLES STRONG.

Giovanni Della Casa.

THIS mortal life,—that in its rapid night,
 Counts but a few brief hours,—obscure and cold,
 Had wrapt till now in clouds of thickest fold
 My purer soul, and dimmed her sacred light :

At length thy mercies burst upon my sight,
 I see how fruits and flowers, and heat and cold,
 And Heaven's sweet harmonies, by love controll'd,
 Proclaim, Eternal God, thy power and might !

Yea, the pure, balmy air, and light so clear,
 That the round world to our glad vision shows,
 Were raised by thee from chaos dark and drear :

And all that shines on earth, in heaven that glows,
 Out of thick darkness thou hast made appear,—
 And at thy word the sun and day arose.

EMBLEMS.

BY THE REV. HENRY STEBBING.

THERE is a freshness in the air,
A brightness in the sky,
As if a new-born sun were there,
Just seraph-throned on high;
And birds, and flowers, and mountain-streams,
Rejoicing in his infant beams,
Are glad as if the Winter's breath
Had never blown the blast of death.

Softly along the silent sea
The light-winged breezes creep,
So low, so calm, so tranquilly,
They lull the waves asleep;
And, Oh! as gladly on the tide
You lofty vessel seems to ride,
As if the calmly-heaving sail
Had never met a sterner gale.

And in a small, sweet covert nigh,
Her own young hands have made,
A rosy girl hath laughingly
Her infant brother laid ;
And made of fresh Spring flowers his bed,
And over him her veil hath spread,
With looks as if for ever there
His form should bloom as young and fair.

And shall these pass away, and be
A wreck of what they were,—
Shall birds, and flowers, and earth, and sea,
And yon proud ship, and boy so fair,
Be blasted with the tempest's rage
Or worn with poverty and age,
Till all of life and hope shall seem
A heart-deceiving, feverish dream !

Yes!—and 'tis but few years we need,
With retrospective eye,
In their repeated tale to read
Our own home's history :
We know their end—to us, to all,—
They are but blossoms, and they fall ;
But yet young life, the sun, the flowers
Are sweet as they were always ours :

For they are emblems to the heart
 Of things it cannot see,—
 Emblems which have their counterpart
 In heaven's eternity ;
 And though their day be short, or done
 With our lost hours and setting sun,
 They are, within their moment's flight,
 What there shall be for ever bright !

THE TIDE AT MIDNIGHT.

A SONNET.

HARK ! the loud breakers dash against the shore,
 Whilst midnight spreads her shadowy pall around ;
 Now, venturing forth, amid the gloom profound,
 We listen to the waters' thundering roar,
 And God in His magnificence adore.
 But soon the mighty waves, with rushing sound,
 Their destin'd course roll o'er th' accustom'd ground,
 As, trembling, we the dubious bank explore ;
 And now the dashing of the salt sea-spray
 Warns our swift footsteps from the shelvy coast,
 Whilst not a star affords a glimmering ray,
 Shrouded in misty veil the heavenly host ;
 But lights phosphoric on the billows play,
 A glittering squadron, at their nightly post !

E. J. T.

AN ESSAY,

TO INDUCE THE BELIEF THAT WE SHALL KNOW
EACH OTHER IN A FUTURE STATE.

BY SAMUEL DREW, M. A.

THERE is scarcely a subject which moral philosophy and speculative piety are more disposed to explore than the unseen realities of the invisible world; and there is not one to the investigation of which the human faculties are more incompetent: but, involved in perplexity as this subject is, few are wholly exempt from a desire to draw aside the veil which hides futurity from our researches; and the eagerness of inquiry increases in proportion as the clouds of obscurity thicken, which conceal the desired object from our view.

To unravel what is mysterious, to discover what is concealed, and to know what is placed beyond the general range of our intellectual energies, is natural to the human mind. There is nothing censurable in this disposition, abstractedly considered; it is only when pursued beyond the boundaries of prudence that it ceases to be commendable. The faculties which explore were implanted in the human mind for useful pur-

poses, and to their varied operations the world is indebted for many valuable discoveries and improvements in morals, in science, and in the mechanic arts.

Among the diversified topics that engage the attention of man, nothing can be more congenial to our common nature than an impartial examination of those subjects in which all are deeply interested; and of these, the more important are those which relate to our future destiny in that world of spirits for which we are candidates, of which we shall shortly become inhabitants, and on the confines of which we daily stand.

That the soul is immortal, is a truth that has obtained the suffrage of the thinking part of mankind in all ages of the world, how much soever they may have been diversified by their modes of education, their habits of reflection, and the peculiarities of their religious creeds. Nations sunk in barbarism have cherished this belief, and, in a conviction of its truth, have concurred with the more civilized part of the human species; but it is only in those regions where the light of revelation and the radiations of science have imparted their beams, that this truth shines forth in unclouded effulgence.

“ The poor Indian, whose untubored mind
Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind,
Believes admitted to an equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.”

In these crude conceptions he furnishes his quota of evidence in favour of this fact, to prove which philo-

sophy, instructed by revelation, produces arguments which, though scepticism may affect to doubt, it never can refute.

Connected with the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body from the grave presses itself upon our belief as a doctrine also of revelation; and, although the subject is involved in difficulties that to us are insurmountable, yet, when the power to which the resurrection is ascribed is contrasted with the work to be accomplished, all objections, to which human ignorance and inability have given birth, dwindle into insignificance, and wholly disappear. The same power that first gave symmetry and animation to a system of organized matter, can re-collect the scattered parts; and nothing in a subject essentially inert can obstruct its operations hereafter, more than in the primitive formation of things.

In the physical construction of man, we perceive a conscious principle united to an organized system of matter, while the secret ties, by which these distinct natures are connected together, surpass the utmost stretch of our comprehension. But, from the little which we know of this mysterious fact, we are assured, by analogy, that what we hereafter expect to take place, when the dead shall be raised, involves difficulties of less magnitude than those which have already been overcome in the primary creation of man.

The soul being a simple, uncompounded substance,

no difficulty of moment can arise respecting the preservation of its identity ; but the body, being composed of parts, some of which are in a continual state of fluctuation, involves questions which can be more easily stated than solved.

On the subject of real bodily identity many theories have been invented, and many opinions have been entertained ; but no one has hitherto appeared that can plead an exemption from insuperable difficulties. Without entering into any investigation of this very abstruse question, we may perhaps safely conclude, that identity includes the idea of sameness ; and, if so, it must consist in something incapable of transfer, and that is placed beyond the reach of change.

Each individual had, at the commencement of his existence, a distinct principle of bodily identity, and, in whatsoever it consists, it must have remained through every stage of his being. It must retain its permanency amidst those fluctuations which the floating particles of flesh and blood undergo, that constitute the visible mass in this probationary state, and be that to which they vitally adhere, during the period of their continuance in the body. Under these circumstances, permanency in the stamen must be compatible with mutation in the medium of development ; for it seems morally certain, that such partial immutability is essential to the identity of our bodies.

It is from this permanency of certain parts in our bodies, which no change, even in this mutable state, can

wholly destroy, that the sameness of our features seems to arise. Hence, the same turn of countenance is preserved, and the same formation of physical properties exhibits those phenomena, which correspond with the primitive arrangement that took place when the body began to exist. It is by these results and emanations that one individual is distinguished from another, amidst those various changes that take place, through youth and age, through sickness and health, through the corrosions of time, and the powerful influence of climate, and habits of life.

In the human countenance, scarcely a greater change can be conceived, than that which the ravages of time produce in the female features. Between the blush of beauty at sixteen, and the shrivelled muscles at fourscore, on a superficial view, but little resemblance can be traced. Yet, on a minute inspection, whoever has known the individual through all these transitions, will be able to trace some sameness in the features, resulting from certain permanent qualities which the progress of time has not been able to overcome. Nor is this knowledge the mere result of uninterrupted intercourse. Long separation between two individuals, may cause their features to fade from the recollection of each other, so that, on their first meeting, no recognition may take place. But time and observation will revive forgotten ideas; a comparison between them, and the doubtful stranger will succeed; and their agreement with some radical features will be perceived.

Supported thus by fact, we may follow analogy beyond the bounds of time, and, on the ground of probability, conclude, that as bodily identity will be preserved hereafter, so also will some radical properties of these features, which, in the present state, appear to be inseparably connected with it.

How disembodied spirits can know and converse with one another, we have no means of comprehending, because they are beings with whom we are not conversant. All our real knowledge of spirits we obtain through the medium of matter, in which we find them immersed, and through the organs of which they hold their intercourse with one another. But when they become divested of their material vehicles, and leave behind them those organs of communication through which their powers are made known, we find ourselves deserted by analogy, and left without a guide. We can, however, have no doubt that they enjoy an interchange of thought; but in doing this they must have some modes of communication with which we are unacquainted.

We can have no conception that the felicity of pure, spiritual, intelligent agents, can be complete without society, for it is from congenial society that a considerable portion of their happiness is derived. But congenial society implies an interchange of ideas, and this interchange involves some mode of intercourse, although we can form no conception of its nature. Pure spirits cannot speak like us, for they have no tongues, no lungs, no bodily organs of articulation ;

neither can they write, for they have no bodily hands; these being material instruments. If, therefore, they can commune with each other, and cannot do it through material instruments, they must have some mediums that are to us unknown.

Now, it is not improbable, that their medium of communication, may be also to them the medium of recognition, for such we find in a high degree to be the case with ourselves. But if we can have no idea of their modes of communication, those of their mutual recognition must be equally concealed from our researches; and yet we may be as fully assured that the latter exist, as, that without the former, they must dwell in perpetual solitude.

Of their visual powers, we can no more form any adequate conceptions, than we can of their other means of communication and recognition. These may have been retained under changes, which render them as distinct from ours, as their state of existence is removed from this in which we now find ourselves. Their visual powers, adapted to the condition of a disembodied state, may enable them to perceive discriminating marks of individual identity, which, to spirits connected with matter, have never been developed; and, through their acuteness, they may discover spiritual features, for which our bodily organs are not adapted. We have, therefore, no fair data from which to estimate their modes of discernment. It is enough for us to know, that some mode must exist, and beyond this, our inquiries can lead to no satisfactory results.

On leaving disembodied spirits, and surveying human nature, when the material part shall join that which is immaterial, the clouds which encircle us seem less dense, though perhaps the difficulties are by no means diminished. We, however, return to the region of matter, the essence of which must be preserved, whatever changes the properties of the body may have undergone; and the same reasoning that admits the resurrection, will lead to the conclusion, that this body shall be organized, although the particular mode of organization may not be placed within the reach of our comprehension.

The preservation of individuality implies the continuance of something peculiar to each individual, by which one is distinguished from another; and to be thus distinguished; implies the capability of being known; for we can have no doubt, that the organs of the body, which shall come forth in the resurrection, will be every way adapted to the duties they have to perform.

A body without organs, would be so far imperfect; that we can never reconcile the supposition of its existence with the wisdom and goodness of God. They may indeed, in their construction, be distinct from those which we now have; and, perhaps, they may be distinguished by names which our language is inadequate to express; but the subject of inquiry refers to reality, independently of all particular modes and appellations. The state of the body will, without

doubt, be essentially altered from what it is at present; and the probability is, that the organs themselves will undergo a correspondent alteration, that their uses may be adapted to the objects with which they will be conversant.

As we can have no conception of a perfect body without organs, so we can have no idea of organs that are devoid of use. The organs of vision are given us to distinguish objects, and to discriminate between them; and, consequently, if the organ and its use are both retained, objects must be both distinguished and known.

In all our conceptions of an hereafter, we uniformly admit that knowledge will be increased rather than diminished; and hence, we cannot but infer, that all the inlets of knowledge to the soul will be rendered more acute and comprehensive, to justify that admission. These inlets must be at least as well adapted to our future condition of existence, as the senses and organs at present are to this; and, as a natural consequence, the result will be obtained in a much greater degree of perfection.

Nor have we any reason to believe, what changes soever the body may undergo, that it will be so altered as to leave no traces of resemblance between its future and present appearance. This conclusion is forbidden, by the continuance of its organs as the medium of knowledge to the soul. But even if such a change in appearance were supposed, as would annihilate all traces of the earthly countenance and features, it will

by no means follow, that individuals must, therefore, remain eternally unknown to one another. An interchange of thought, and a communication of particular ideas, may recall to the mind what has bound us here together in family and friendly association ; for we can as easily conceive that recognition can be obtained through this intellectual medium, as that an individual in this mortal state, deprived of the organs of vision, can recognize his relatives and companions.

It is also possible, that new sources of knowledge may be opened to the soul in a future state, through mediums which we cannot, at present, comprehend ; and from their peculiar adaptation to the realities of that state, we may be furnished with modes of discernment and discrimination, far superior to all that we now possess. Should this be the case, the clouds will at once be dissipated, and the light of eternity will, for ever, dispel the shadows of time.

As heaven is a place of complete felicity, we are warranted in concluding that nothing will be wanting there to give it the utmost consummation. But we readily allow, that to find and know our friends in the celestial abodes, will tend to enhance our joy. This being admitted, a renewal of our intimacy with them, will, we may safely conclude, be found among those realities with which we shall be encircled ; and, as an inevitable consequence, our mediums of perception must be adapted to our knowledge of them.

It can hardly be doubted, that we shall be able to

distinguish angelic natures, from those who had once been inhabitants of this world. It also seems equally clear, that the various orders of the celestial hierarchies, will invariably furnish evidence of their rank and character, in all the gradations of their exaltation. But if the distinct orders of these holy beings can be thus distinguished, what shall prevent the individuals from being known? From these we may descend down to the human family, and conclude, that through our enlarged powers, and peculiar modes of discernment, all our friends will become the objects of our knowledge.

Without this, or some similar application of knowledge, we can have no assurance that the individuals, once brought into communion with us in eternity, had ever been known in time, or will ever be known again. In such a state of things, each individual will be solitary in the midst of the most exalted society;—no subject of intellectual investigation can ever be renewed;—no reference can be made to the former dispensations of providence;—nor shall we ever be able to recount in social intercourse, the events that have occurred in the history of our mortal existence.

We have already concluded, that an increase of felicity will accompany an augmentation of knowledge. But if those with whom we took sweet counsel in our probationary state shall remain eternally unknown, all the ties arising from a congeniality of spirit, of pursuit, and of attainment, must be, for ever, burst asun-

der, and even recollection, instead of augmenting happiness, will only furnish occasion for sighs.

Knowledge, approximating to perfection, must exclude forgetfulness, in proportion to the advances which it makes. Reminiscence will be, therefore, more acute, and memory more retentive ; but to suppose these powers thus to exist, without applying them to recognition, will generate regret and diminish joy.

If no recognition take place hereafter, man in his future state will lose his social character, and all his social faculties must remain for ever unemployed : he will derive no enjoyment from a revival of former friendship, nor be able to look back through the medium of congenial spirits on those pleasing hours spent in holy communion with God, while travelling through the vicissitudes of a departed world.

A recollection of past mercies is renewed in the mind by converse with others, whose views and pursuits coincide with our own ; and the more vivid the reminiscence, the more powerful will be the incentive to gratitude. Since, therefore, heaven is a region in which gratitude will for ever flourish, it is rational to infer, that those sources whence gratitude springs, will also remain ; and, as this pre-supposes converse, it also implies that we shall know each other in a future state.

In this preliminary stage of our existence, " none of us liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself ;" and surely it is unreasonable to suppose that selfish-

ness will hereafter engross all the faculties of the soul, in a region where pure benevolence shall characterize the reign of universal love.

On reviewing, in retrospect, the path we have traversed, the following conclusions, among others, have resulted from our inquiries. In our present state, embodied man can distinguish, know, and converse with embodied man; and analogy says, that disembodied spirit may distinguish, know, and hold communion with disembodied spirit; and that resuscitated man may distinguish, know, and hold converse with resuscitated man. Here spirit communes with spirit through the medium of bodily organs; but, as intellect is the seat of knowledge, and material organs are but the vehicles of thought, even if we were assured that no such organs as we now have will exist hereafter, it will not follow that our knowledge of each other will be done away. We have, however, convincing evidence that our bodily organs will not be destroyed;—that, what changes soever they may undergo in their construction and character, they will be adapted to the various offices assigned them to perform;—and, that no change in the appearance of the objects of these organic powers will be sufficient to elude their recognition.



Designed & Engraved by J. Martin Esq.

THE PROPHET IN THE WILDERNESS.

ELIJAH IN THE WILDERNESS.

1 Kings, chap. xix.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THUS prayed the prophet in the wilderness.
“ God of my fathers, look on my distress ;
My days are spent in vanity and strife ;
Oh ! that the Lord would please to take my life !
Beneath the clods through this lone valley spread,
Now might I join the generations dead.”

Heaven deign'd no answer to the murmuring prayer,
Silence that thrill'd the blood alone was there ;
Down sank his weary limbs, slow heaved his breath,
And sleep fell on him with a weight like death ;
Dreams, raised by evil spirits, hover'd near,
Throng'd with strange thoughts, and images of fear.
The' Abominations of the Gentiles came ;—
Detested Chemosh, Moloch, clad with flame,
Ashtaroth, queen of heaven, with onyx crest,
And Baal, sun-like, high above the rest,
Glared on him, gnash'd their teeth, then sped away,
Like ravening vultures to their carrion-prey ;
Where every grove grew darker with their rites,
And blood ran reeking down the mountain heights.

But to the living God, throughout the land,
He saw no altar blaze, no temple stand ;
Jerusalem was dust, and Zion's Hill,
Like Tophet's valley, desolate and still.
The prophet drew one deep despairing groan,
And his heart died within him like a stone.

An angel's touch the dire entrancement broke,
" Arise and eat, Elijah !"—He awoke,
And found a table in the desert spread,
With water in the cruise beside his head ;
He bless'd the Lord who turn'd away his prayer,
And feasted on the strength-reviving fare ;
Then sweeter slumber o'er his senses stole,
And sunk, like life new-breathed, into his soul.
A dream brought David's city to his sight ;
Shepherds were watching o'er their flocks by night ;
Around them uncreated splendour blazed,
And heavenly hosts their hallelujahs raised :
A theme, unknown since Sin to Death gave birth,
" Glory to God, good will and peace on earth,"
They sung ; his heart responded to the strain,
But memory sought to keep the words in vain.
The vision changed.—Amid the gloom serene,
One star above all other stars was seen ;
It had a light, a motion of its own,
And o'er a lowly shed in Bethlehem shone ;
He look'd, and lo ! an infant, newly born,
That seem'd cast out to poverty and scorn ;
Yet, Gentile kings its advent came to greet,
Worshipp'd, and laid their treasures at its feet.

Musing what this mysterious Babe might be,
He saw a sufferer stretch'd upon a tree!
Yet while the victim died by man abhorr'd,
Creation's agonies confess'd him LORD.

Again the angel smote the slumberer's side ;
" Arise and eat ; thy journey's long and wide."
He rose and ate ; then, with unfailing force,
Through forty days and nights, upheld his course.
Horeb, the mount of God, he reach'd, and lay
Within a cavern till the cool of day.

" What dost thou here, Elijah?"—Like the tide,
Brake that deep voice through silence :—he replied,
" I have been very jealous for thy cause,
Lord God of Hosts! for men make void thy laws ;
Thy people have thrown down thine altars, slain
Thy prophets,—I, and I alone, remain:
My life with reckless vengeance they pursue ;
And what can I against a nation do?"

" Stand on the mount before the Lord, and know,
That wrath or mercy at my will I show."
—Anon the Power that holds the winds let fly
Their devastating armies through the sky ;
Then shook the wilderness, the rocks were rent,
As when Jehovah bow'd the firmament,
And trembling Israel, while He gave the law,
Beheld his symbols, but no likeness saw :
The storm retired, nor left a trace behind ;
The Lord pass'd by,—He came not with the wind.
—Beneath the prophet's feet, the shuddering ground
Clave, and disclosed a precipice profound,

Like that which open'd to the gates of hell,
 When Korah, Dathan and Abiram fell ;
 Again the Lord pass'd by, but unreveal'd ;
 He came not with the earthquake :—all was seal'd.
 —A new amazement ! vale and mountain turn'd
 Red as the battle-field with blood ; then burn'd
 Up to the stars, as terrible a flame
 As shall devour this universal frame ;
 Elijah watch'd it kindle, spread, expire ;
 The Lord pass'd by,—He came not with the fire.

A still small whisper melted on his ear ;
 He wrapt his mantle round his face with fear ;
 Darkness that might be felt, involved him ;—dumb
 With expectation of a voice to come,
 He stood upon the threshold of the cave,
 Like one, long dead, new-risen from the grave
 In the last judgment.—Came the voice and cried,
 “ What dost thou here, Elijah ? ” He replied,
 “ I have been very jealous for thy cause,
 Lord God of Hosts ! for men make void thy laws ;
 Thy people have thrown down thine altars, slain
 Thy prophets,—I, and I alone, remain :
 My life with reckless vengeance they pursue ;
 And what can I against a nation do ? ”

“ My day of vengeance is at hand ; the year
 Of my redeemed quickly draweth near :
 Go thou,—anoint two kings,—and, in thy place,
 A prophet to stand up before my face ;
 Then he who 'scapes the Syrian's sword shall fall
 By his, whom to Samaria's throne I call ;

And he who 'scapes from Jehu in that day,
Him shall the judgments of Elisha slay.
Yet, hath a remnant been reserved by me,
Seven thousand souls, who never bow'd the knee
To Baal's image, nor have kiss'd his shrine ;
These are my jewels, and they shall be mine,
When to the world my righteousness is shown,
And, root and branch, Idolatry o'erthrown."

So be it, God of truth ! yet why delay ?
With Thee a thousand years are as a day ;
Oh ! crown thy people's hopes, dispel their fears,
And be *To-day* with Thee a thousand years !
Cut short the evil, bring the blessed time ;
Avenge thine own elect, from clime to clime ;
Let not an idol in thy path be spared,
All share the fate which Baal long hath shared !
Nor yet seven thousand only worship Thee,
Make every tongue confess, bow every knee ;
Now, o'er the promised kingdoms reign thy Son,
One Lord through all the earth,—his name be one !
Hast Thou not spoken ?—Shall it not be done ?

LUCY SPENCER.

A TALE.

BY T. CROFTON CROKER.

THE cottage of Captain Spencer was situated in a retired and romantic part of the county of Wexford. He was an Englishman; but having married an Irish lady, was prevailed upon by her to settle in Ireland. Mrs. Spencer did not long survive the birth of a little girl, named Lucy, whose story, and it is a sad one, I am about to relate.

From the time that Lucy was capable of receiving instruction, her father had devoted himself to the cultivation of her mind; and, above all, his study had been to instil into it the pure and elevating principles of religion. The tender solicitude of Captain Spencer toward his infant charge, the mild instruction of his words, and the real piety of his heart, gave a sublime beauty to the firmness of his character as a veteran, who had fought and bled in the battles of his country. By the surrounding peasantry, “the Captain and the

Young Mistress" were beloved and respected, and an attachment of no common nature—(for few possess more warmth of feeling than the Irish peasant)—was evinced toward them.

Early in the spring of 1798, Lucy completed her eighteenth year. On the evening of her birth-day, her father, after they had partaken of a plain, but cheerful meal, filled a bumper to the happy return of that anniversary; and as he raised it to his lips, a tear stole in silence down his cheek, for his heart overflowed with gratitude to the Giver of all good, who had watched over and preserved to him his child, to be the prop and comfort of his declining years.

By the fire-light, for it was that dusky time immediately after sunset, Lucy perceived the tear of affection gem her father's cheek, and delicacy forbade her rudely to disturb such feelings. She, therefore, took her harp gently from the corner of the room, and, placing it beside the casement which stood open, played over the prelude to his favourite hymn: the solemn strain sweetly accorded with the stilly hour, and Lucy paused to allow the last vibration to pass away from the instrument, ere she sang. In that pause she thought she heard the sound of footsteps on the gravel-walk close to the casement; and, on turning her head round, the dark figure of a man, closely muffled in a cloak, stood before her. Lucy started back, and the stranger apologized for his intrusion; Captain Spencer, hearing the voice, instantly rose and went toward the window.

again the stranger apologized, and stated himself to be an artist from Dublin, engaged in making sketches of the country. "Seeing a light, sir, in your cottage," said he, "I approached it for the purpose of learning my way to Enniscorthy, or the nearest village, where I may obtain refreshment and a bed."

"To the nearest place, you will have more than five miles to walk, sir," said Captain Spencer, "and even then comfortable accommodation is doubtful; but if you will accept of what this cottage can afford, I shall be happy to see you my guest."

The stranger, who gave his name as O'Brien, accepted Captain Spencer's hospitable offer with thanks, and what the larder afforded was speedily spread before him. The address of Mr. O'Brien was easy, and, almost to fascination, agreeable: he conversed freely on most subjects, and, in the course of the evening, mentioned, more than once, his having been in France during the Revolution. Whenever the conversation took a serious turn, Mr. O'Brien, notwithstanding the polish of his manners, betrayed an evident disposition to sneer at revealed religion, and to doubt those glorious truths which confer immortality upon mankind. To his sophistry, Captain Spencer replied with that conscious power of argument which is at once meek and uncompromising.

Every morning it was the custom of Captain Spencer and his daughter, before sitting down to breakfast, to offer up a prayer of thanksgiving to Him who had

shielded them "from the perils and dangers of the night." The presence of a stranger did not interrupt this excellent custom: but Mr. O'Brien, during the prayer which Captain Spencer read aloud, stood in silent apathy—the victim of scepticism. When breakfast was over, Mr. O'Brien took his leave, with expressions of obligation, and Captain Spencer walked with him a short distance to point out his way to Enniscorthy, as two roads, which led in a different direction, struck off from the same spot.

Before parting, Mr. O'Brien put into the hand of Captain Spencer, a book, which, in an earnest manner, he desired him to read.—It was Paine's *Age of Reason*.

"When the mind is free," said Mr. O'Brien, "the body will be free also;—there is a revolution, and a bloody one, at hand. With that book of freedom in your possession, you will understand what I mean:—it will emancipate the mind; and that once done, the sword will emancipate the country."

"How mean you, sir?" asked Captain Spencer.

"I can say no more at present," returned Mr. O'Brien, "but, that I am not what I seem:—few men are so now. You are a soldier, Captain Spencer, whose meritorious services and wounds have not been rewarded as they ought by an ungrateful government. I have been myself a soldier, and have had the same return. In one word, your sword will not, I trust, lie idle in a good cause. Farewell!"

“Who, or what are you, sir?” demanded Captain Spencer, in the voice of astonishment, at these rebellious insinuations: but the stranger was gone, having mounted a horse which had evidently been prepared for his service, and was tied to an old tree which stood in the centre of the cross roads. Captain Spencer, with the feeling that we recal a dream, went over in his mind the mysterious words of his guest,—“There is a revolution, and a bloody one, at hand!” “I am not what I seem;” and similar expressions. He then opened the book, which had just been put into his hands, and though before he had never seen a copy of the *Age of Reason*, he was, from report, fully aware of its dangerous moral and political tendency.

As he returned slowly homeward, musing upon what had occurred, he was accosted with a benediction by a poor cottager named Casey, to whom he was well known, and who seemed desirous of speaking to him.

“’Tis a great gentleman, for certain, that was up with your Honour last night at the cottage,” said Casey, “and that your Honour was walking with this morning, down toward the cross”—

“Do you know him, then, Casey?” inquired Captain Spencer.

Casey replied, in the Irish fashion, to one question by asking another; and, indeed, his first speech, from the tone in which it was delivered, appeared to be an indirect inquiry rather than a common remark.

“How should a poor labouring man like me, know

a grand gentleman?" said Casey; "though, to be sure, he was all day yesterday along with Bryen, the smith, and I'll engage 'tis not leaving the boys" (so are young men termed in Ireland) "thirsty, he'd be, or Bryen idle after him."—

These words seemed to imply a knowledge of something more than was expressed; but Captain Spencer could only elicit from Casey, that he was bound down to silence by an oath, and the idea now occurred to him, that his guest of last night had been disseminating rebellious notions amongst the peasantry.

Captain Spencer immediately proceeded to seek out Bryen, the smith, whom he surprised in the act of forging a pike, surrounded by several loitering peasants.—This was a strong confirmation of Captain Spencer's preconceived suspicions; but he had no notion of the alarming extent to which the evil had spread.—Calling Bryen aside, he asked him who the stranger was, that had remained at his forge so many hours yesterday? Bryen looked for a moment confused, played with a corner of his leather apron, and hesitated for a reply; at last he answered, but without raising his eyes from the ground—"May be your Honour's self can tell that better than Bryen, since 'twas up at the cottage he slept last night—and, to speak the truth, I don't know."—"What then was his business with you Bryen?" Bryen hesitated again between an evident obligation to secrecy, and his wish to speak the truth to his friend and benefactor, for such he

felt Captain Spencer to be.—“Since your Honour must know,” said he, “’twas giving some money he was to the boys to drink good luck.”

“And was that all Bryen?—”

“Why to be sure he gave myself a trifle to help me to buy iron.—Long life to him, for he’s a real gentleman wherever he goes, and send us better times.—”

Captain Spencer, unable to learn farther particulars of the stranger, seriously advised Bryen to give up his trade of pike making, and not to allow a set of idle fellows to crowd up his forge.—“If these idlers, Bryen,” said the Captain in conclusion, “were at their work, where they ought to be, we might then have better times.—Idleness is the root of all evil; for where we do not sow, how can we expect to reap?”

“’Tis true for you, Sir,” said Bryen, who had listened attentively to Captain Spencer’s advice, but the reply was made without any beneficial conviction.

An organization of the labouring classes, formed by means of secret agency, existed at this period throughout the South of Ireland; and similar incidents to those I have related were amongst the early indications of the scenes of horror and bloodshed which followed. Like the warnings which precede a volcanic eruption, they received but little notice, until the concealed fire burst forth, spreading destruction and desolation over the face of the country.

It is not my intention to dwell upon the distressing events of the year 1798: but the fate of Lucy Spencer

forms one of the many melancholy episodes to the history of that rebellion.

Conscious of his own kindly feelings toward those by whom he was surrounded, Captain Spencer imagined that no other than a reciprocal feeling could exist toward him. With the French Revolution yet reeking in the memory, he deemed not the madness of man capable of again enacting such scenes. Nor was he warned by the visit and prophetic words of the mysterious stranger; whom there is every reason to think was an unfortunate nobleman, that shortly after fell a sacrifice to his treason.

Lucy vainly urged her father to leave their cottage, and go into Wexford; she represented the excesses of which an ignorant and misguided people were capable; but the name of fear and the very arguments which she used, seemed only to strengthen his determination to remain.

“What has an old soldier to fear?” was Captain Spencer’s reply; “and why, Lucy, should we abandon this cottage, which our presence may protect, and this neighbourhood which our advice may tranquillize? Individual example is often of general benefit, nor should one, who confides in the wisdom of an inscrutable Providence, shrink from his allotted task.”

Captain Spencer’s cottage was suffered to remain unmolested for some time after an open rebellion had commenced, as if the hand of violence reserved its visitation for one mighty blow, that was to crush alike the dwelling, and its unoffending inmates.

On the night of this fatal event, Captain Spencer had retired earlier than usual, and Lucy remained in the cottage parlour, lingering over the sacred volume, as seeking within its pages a balm to sooth the anticipations of evil which pressed upon her mind.

The trampling of horses called her attention from the page before her, and the sound was followed by that of several rough voices, loudly demanding admission.—No time was allowed to open the door, which was forced with a fearful crash, and an intoxicated party of rebels rushed into the room.—Enraged at some disappointment, they seemed determined to wreak their vengeance upon the first object which presented itself, and in the next instant, muskets and pikes were levelled at the breast of Lucy.—The leader of the party, however, stayed the fury of his rude followers by calling on them to kill the Captain first, and not to allow him to escape.—“He’s a king’s soldier!—He’s a king’s soldier!” exclaimed he, as he hurried out of the room to seek Captain Spencer.—Lucy, regardless of her own safety, when that of her Father was concerned, followed the rebel band into his chamber.—There was a short struggle, and then she heard his groans as he fell covered with wounds upon the floor, and, almost in a state of distraction, forcing her way through the crowd of murderers, she flung herself upon the body which lay weltering in blood.

A shout of savage triumph was uttered when Captain Spencer fell; and after indulging in every species of ribald jest and profaneness, these sanguinary miscreants

left the cottage to perpetrate some equally wanton deed. Lucy remained insensible beside, as she thought, her father's corpse, until a faint sigh, which Captain Spencer gave, called back the energies of her mind.—She sprung from the ground; but, on looking up, perceived a pikeman, who remained as a guard over them. At first she did not recognize him, and turned with a shriek of horror from the sight of the deadly weapon which he held.—

“Miss—Miss Lucy,” said he, in an under tone, “you must fly, and the Captain—how in this wide world shall we ever save him?”—Lucy now knew the speaker to be Bryen, the smith.—“We have but half an hour, Miss,” he continued,—“but one small half hour—for they are coming back to burn the cottage, and they left me as a guard over ye. I was forced to go along with them;—but I begged to be left here, for I thought I might save ye. They left me with the orders to kill you, Miss.”—Here the poor fellow burst into tears. “But don't fear, don't fear, Miss; nothing shall happen to ye, while Bryen is near ye, if Bryen was to die himself for it the next minute.”—While he spoke he lifted on his shoulders the body of Captain Spencer, who groaned deeply.—“He'll come about Miss, he'll come about, there is no fear of him, I trust in the Almighty, whose hand will surely be upon them that could have it in their hearts to act so to Bryen Sheehy's best friend; for the king's army is coming down in great force!—Come, Miss Lucy,

come Ma'am, and ye can hide yourselves to-night in the *ould* barn, where they never will think of looking for ye."

This address inspired Lucy with confidence in Bryen's attachment, and she assisted him with a strength, of which she did not fancy herself possessed, to convey her father to the place of concealment he had suggested. Captain Spencer's wounds, though numerous and severe, were not of a dangerous nature; and the fall which led his assailants to believe him dead, was occasioned only by a stunning blow on the temple.

According to their intention, the rebel party returned to the cottage: the ferocious yells which Lucy and her father could distinctly hear from their concealment, announced the work of destruction; and the morning sun rose upon a smouldering heap of ruins, all that remained of Captain Spencer's former dwelling; the broken paling of the lawn, and the defaced and trampled flower garden, completed the desolation of the scene.

Captain Spencer and Lucy remained concealed in the old barn for rather more than a fortnight; during which time they were secretly visited by either Bryen or his wife, who supplied them with food. Nature and a good constitution contributed toward the recovery of Captain Spencer, although in want of every comfort which an invalid required.

Rebel dominion speedily terminated after the arrival

of the king's troops ; and Lucy had her father conveyed into Wexford for medical advice. But her delicate frame hourly sunk under her anxious watchings and attendance—the distressing scenes she had witnessed, and the privations she had endured ; and as Captain Spencer's health returned, that of Lucy seemed to decline. In her case the skill of the physician was baffled ; and at length came the reluctant declaration, that no hopes remained of Miss Spencer's recovery.

Let the words of my friend, John Anster, tell the rest.—

“ She died as Christians die ;
 There was no earthward struggle of the heart,
 No shuddering terror, no reluctant sigh :
 They who beheld her dying, fear not death !
 Silently, silently the spoiler came,
 As sleep steals o'er the senses, unperceiv'd ;
 And the last thoughts that sooth'd the waking soul
 Mingle with our sweet dreams.”

But the last trial yet remained for Captain Spencer. Who shall describe a father's feelings at the slight reverberation of the half handful of earth that announces —“Dust to dust !”—the hollow sound that warns him of the descent of his child to her final resting-place ? One more—one last look he strains on the sinking coffin !—and then all that was dear to him is lost in the darkness of the grave !

Bitter, indeed, is thy lot, poor weeping son of Adam ! The storm hath sorely visited thee ; thy branches strew the ground, and the lightning hath scathed and rent

thee; but, though desolate and afflicted, thou art not abandoned. There is ONE whose "eyes are in every place," and who hath benignantly said, "In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy upon thee." If, then, when prostrate in the dust, where all thy joys are buried, thou canst raise thy hands to Heaven in the effort of a Christian spirit, though with the weakness of earthly imperfection, and pray for grace to bear with resignation that which His chastening hand has laid upon thee, thou wilt be heard, remembered; strengthened, supported, and sanctified, and, having trod thine allotted path on earth, be finally admitted to those blessed mansions, "where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor weeping, and where God shall wipe away all tears from off all eyes. Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for Jehovah shall be thy everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended!"

THE LIFE OF MAN.

BY MRS. ANN GILBERT.

“In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up,—in the evening
it is cut down and withereth.”

ALONG the dim valley, aslant from the mountain,
How fair are the colours of even that float !
That sleep on the streamlet, that glance from the
fountain,
Or mark the low casement in hamlet remote ;
And sweet is the music the cool zephyr swelling,
The lark's latest vesper, the sheep-bell afar,
The bee's homeward hum to his bark-covered dwell-
ing,
Or shepherd's lone song to the earliest star :

The whisper of brooks, over smooth pebbles creeping,
The flock winding slowly along to the fold ;
The moon's yellow beam on the placid hill sleeping,
Now splendid no longer with crimson and gold ;—

Then throbs the young stranger to life, and to sorrow,
Enjoyment's fine thrill to each feeling convey'd ;
All hope, he bounds onward to welcome the morrow,
And pluck its wild roses ere yet they can fade :

But, plucked its wild roses,—to-morrow departed,
And life's purple blossom's surmounted with snow,
No longer the fine thrill of pleasure is darted,
Alert through the current, now check'd in its flow :
Still glitters the sun-beam aslant from the fountain,—
On late dying breezes float harmonies sweet ;
With Nature's wild music the sky-lark is mounting,
And bees homeward hum to their woodland retreat :

But man, changing man, is forsaking his dwelling,
The eye, once enchanted, is weary and dim ;
No more the fond bosom with rapture is swelling,
And Nature breathes vainly redundant for him ;
Amid the gay scene, with infirmity bending,
His thin silver tresses to summer winds wave,
And the flower that in years vanish'd long, he was tending,
Prepares to expand her next bloom on his grave.

The willow, whence oft the lithe twig he would sever
In life's idle morn, o'er his dwelling shall weep ;
The nightingale's song, that delighted him ever,
Flow liquid, nor wake his unchangeable sleep ;
The sun's early beam, or in glory declining,
Around his green grave shall its brilliancy pour,
And Time's busy children exalt in its shining,
But this wither'd nerve plays responsive no more !

Brief story!—the tears of regret, fast descending,
 Would blot from the landscape a vista so drear;
 If this, child of hope, be thy bright vision's ending,
 O, wherefore live on the ill-omen'd career?—
 But no,—if one truth to the heart can be spoken
 By feeling, by reason, by Oracle high,
 'Tis this,—that when life's golden bowl shall be
 broken,
 Thy star, IMMORTALITY, breaks on the sky!

SONNET,

BY THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE PEASANT.

WHAT boots the toil to follow haughty fame,
 With youth's wild visions of anxiety,
 And waste a life to win a feeble claim
 Upon her page, which she so soon turns by,
 To make new votaries room, who share the same
 Rewards,—and, with her, faded memories lie,
 Neighbours to shadows. 'Tis a sorry game
 To play in earnest with;—to think one's name,
 Buoyant with visions of eternity,
 And as familiar now in the world's ear
 As flowers and sunshine to the summer's eye,
 Shall be forgot with other things that were,
 And, like old words, grown out of use, thrown by
 In the confused lap of still Obscurity.

JOHN CLARE.

THE IMPORTANCE OF EARLY HABITS.

BY THE REV. JOHN THORNTON.

NOTHING is more interesting than those inquiries which illustrate the development of the human mind, and the formation of the character. The power of natural propensity varies greatly in different individuals, and the effect of instruction communicated in early life, cannot be denied ; but both natural tendencies, and moral principles, are considerably modified by habit. “ Whatever be the cause,” said Lord Kames, “ it is an established fact, that we are much influenced by custom : it hath an effect upon our pleasures, upon our actions, and even upon our thoughts and sentiments. Habit makes us figure during the vivacity of youth ; in middle life it gains ground ; and in old age governs without control.”

The truth of this remark may be every day seen in the little sphere of domestic life, in the wide circle of friendship, and in the great theatre of the world at large. Nor will the keen observer fail to verify it, in comparing the characteristic features and peculiarities of savage and civilized nations. Why does the native

American hunter delight to wander amidst the solemn gloom of interminable forests, and the British peasant to inhabit the cottage which gave him birth, or cultivate the fields in which he sported away his juvenile days? The same law of early association operates in both, though the effects are so different.

The importance of early habits may be demonstrated, in connexion with literature, business, morality, and religion. Custom renders many things pleasant which are always at first disgusting; and this is true, not less in reference to mental taste, than to corporeal appetite. When a child, for instance, begins to learn the alphabet, we might, *à priori*, presume, that the attempt would be very disagreeable, and experience proves that it is so. Egede, a Danish missionary, assured us, that while he and his brethren were teaching the rude Greenlanders to read and write, they frequently turned away, revolted and completely wearied by the task, exclaiming, "What is the use of sitting here all day long, to make straight and crooked lines? How much better is it to go a hunting or fishing!" Yet, after practice has formed the habit; reading and writing have all the power of a mighty charm over the human faculties. He who has an early taste for books, finds, in a good library, a luxury which scarcely ever cloy, an ample store of instruction and entertainment, to which he has access at all hours. Thucydides, when a boy, sat listening with such deep attention and emotion, while Herodotus recited his histories at the Olympic Games, that

his father was induced, from this circumstance, to spare no pains in his education. Nor was the opening promise blasted, nor the culture lost, for Thucydides became one of the best historians of Greece. An early application to literature often kindles a passion which nothing can extinguish, and which, if damped for a time amidst the pressing cares of active life, breaks out afresh in the calm of retirement, or the evening of age. Cicero and Lord Bacon may be cited as examples. The former, as Plutarch tells us, while a child at school, made such proficiency in learning, that he was regarded as a prodigy. After having risen to rank and opulence, his political prospects were suddenly overcast with clouds, and under this reverse he addressed himself to Philosophy, in these words: "Ad te confugimus," &c.—To thee I fly; from thee I seek support; to thee I devote myself, as formerly in part, so now entirely and altogether. It were easy to add the names of Pascal, Milton, Haller, and Sir William Jones, whose juvenile studies gave a colour and a character to the whole texture of their subsequent life. And though all are not capable of soaring to the true sublime of poetry, or sounding the depths of science, it is no small felicity to have a mind, so trained, enlarged, and elevated, by the first exercise of its powers, as to be qualified to derive pure and permanent enjoyment from these sources.

Nor do we find the force and importance of early habits less in the pursuits of business, than in the pur-

suits of literature. Our honoured and happy land glows with the labours of agriculture, and the various occupations of trade; and as success depends chiefly on diligence, punctuality, and perseverance, these qualities cannot be too soon cultivated. They rarely appear in mature age, if wholly neglected in youth. Diligence is the main thing wanted, to raise and refine savage tribes. From infancy accustomed to wander wherever wayward fancy and humour prompt, and to waste much of their time in shapeless indolence, they feel an insuperable repugnance to all regular employment. This repugnance has often filled with surprise, chagrin, and disappointment, those who have tried all their plans, and used all their efforts, to reclaim the scattered hordes of the forest and the desert. That eloquent and illustrious statesman, the late Lord Chatham, advised a young nobleman to have the well-known words of the poet written upon his bed-curtains: "*Vitanda est improba siren, Desidia.*"—The dangerous siren, Sloth, is ever to be avoided. This advice deserves to be written, not merely on the most familiar objects around us, but also upon the living tablets of the heart within. Indolence, like rust, consumes while it deforms. The first speck which indicates it, should alarm and rouse; for wherever it is allowed to fasten its corroding tooth, the ravages of destruction ensue.

But as regards the transactions of business, the greatest energy and enterprise avail little without

punctuality. He who forgets and nullifies his engagements, at once destroys all the grounds of credit and confidence. He drives on at random; and, besides disappointing and injuring others, involves himself in a maze of inextricable confusion and perplexity. Some indeed have attempted to degrade punctuality, by representing it as allied only to plodding industry, and as inconsistent with the lofty flights and sprightly movements of genius and talent. It is no uncommon thing to hear them sneer at

The wretch bred up in method's drowsy school,
Whose only merit is to err by rule.

But this is the rant of declaimers, or the spleen of satirists, rather than the deduction of reason, exercised in comparing facts. In affairs of great weight and consequence, desirable as a generous ardour is, we always look out for the man who can time his measures, and temper his passions. The late Lord Nelson, giving his orders to a tradesman to have something in readiness at a certain hour, as they parted, again reminded him, saying, "*Recollect, a quarter before six; to that quarter of an hour I owe every thing in life.*"

Where diligence and punctuality are united, we almost always see perseverance. A design is formed, the plan sketched, and the means and facilities being instantly put in requisition, no diversion can change the purpose, nor any delay check its execution. The

sanguine projector is always dreaming and building castles in the air; or if he wakes and descends to take his place on terra firma, quitting fairy visions for active exertions, his efforts are precarious and desultory. The man of business, whose character deservedly engages esteem, joins punctuality to diligence, and crowns both with perseverance. These, however, are not usually found, unless where early training has given the prime elements of which they are composed the fixedness and strength of settled habit. Here and there a solitary exception serves rather to establish than invalidate the general rule. It has often been observed, that few rise to eminence and success in any trade or profession, who do not dedicate themselves to it in the days of youth. At this plastic period of life, the powers of the body and the faculties of the mind possess a flexibility and aptitude, which speedily fit them for the employments to which they are directed. Hence regular hours and stated continuous labours, instead of being felt as a kind of bondage or oppressive burden, become easy and pleasant.

But the importance of early habits will appear still more strikingly, viewed in connexion with morality.

In estimating the comparative influence of causes, which give a stamp or tinge to the character, we are apt to attribute too much to instruction, and too little to custom. Without attempting to pursue the subject into lengthened discussion or detail, the importance of early habit shall be briefly noticed with reference to

temperance, veracity, and benevolence. These are the prominent virtues, on the growth and promotion of which, the well-being of society principally depends.

Temperance is self-government, or the due restraint of the appetites and passions. Let but the barriers of virtue be weakened and impaired, by opening the inlets of a wild and wanton indulgence in the season of youth, and the floods of sensuality and profligacy soon spread desolation and ruin. On the contrary, the most eminent and attractive examples of temperance and chastity are to be found among those who have early and resolutely shunned all the avenues and allurements of excess. Xenophon has given us a fine portraiture of the celebrated Cyrus, king of Persia. When he was a boy, visiting Astyages his grandfather, he is represented as smartly reproving the luxuries of the king and his nobles. He gracefully handed the cup round, but never, according to custom, tasted its contents. "Why did you not drink of the wine," said Astyages. "Because," replied the prince, "I thought there was poison in it." "Poison!" said the king, "how could you think so." "Why, Sir, at an entertainment you lately gave, the liquor drank produced such noise and confusion, that you seemed to forget that you were a king, and they that they were subjects." Cyrus, in his youth, happily imitated the moderation of his father, and the pure and simple manners of the Persians, rather than the extravagance and revelry of his grandfather, and the effeminate Medes. Hence that great-

ness of mind, that wise circumspection and sober self-command, which adorned his maturer days, and exhibit him to us as one of the most brilliant and amiable characters in history.

In the rank of moral virtues, it will be readily granted, that veracity holds a distinguished place. We cannot however reasonably expect, that a steady adherence to truth should prevail, unless through the united force of precept and example. Those parents, who mark with their displeasure every shape and colour which lying and equivocation can assume, and teach their children vigilantly to avoid, and heartily to abhor them, lay the groundwork of all that is honourable and excellent. When the first of modern patriots, George Washington, was about seven or eight years old, to try the sharpness of his hatchet, and his cleverness in the use of it, he spoiled a fine cherry-tree. The father next day coming to the spot, asked him plainly whether he had not done this mischief? He paused a moment, and then said, "Papa, I cannot tell a lie." "Come to my arms, my dear boy," said the delighted father, "I had rather all the trees in the garden were destroyed, than that you should tell one lie." From such a soil, and such culture and training, the fairest products of moral virtue might be confidently anticipated.

In regard to benevolence, the importance of early habit is universally acknowledged. Deliberate and

repeated acts of cruelty, committed by a child, require nothing but time and power to make a grim and ruthless tyrant; while the softer sympathies, called into kindly play, and communicating an exquisite pleasure to the ardent, ingenuous, susceptible soul, form and consolidate the elements of the philanthropist. Specific facts are here unnecessary; the entire range of biography will supply proof and illustration in abundance.

There is one more topic as yet untouched, which, though mentioned last, is of the first consequence, we mean Religion. Some persons affect to recoil with antipathy and horror from superstition, who can see nothing to alarm them in atheism. "But I had rather," says Lord Bacon, "believe all the fables in the Legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind! It is true, that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion; for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no farther; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity." The daring extremes to which some have carried their impious notions and theories in our times, have given a peculiar value and emphasis to the sentiment here quoted from the revered father of true science and solid learning.

When the spirit of scepticism and infidelity seizes the powers of the soul, just beginning to open and expand, the deadly taint usually spreads to the very root and core, and can scarcely ever be cured. It is therefore a matter of infinite moment, that the minds of the young should be early imbued and fortified with the principles of genuine religion. Nor ought the observance of its rites and sacred ordinances to be treated with cold neglect, much less with levity and scorn. "In the great majority of things," says Mr. Foster, "habit is a worse plague than ever afflicted Egypt; in religious characters, it is a grand felicity. The devout man exults in the indications of his being fixed and irretrievable. He feels this confirmed habit as the grasp of the hand of God, which will never let him go." The justice of this remark may be seen in the life and death of such men as Herman, Boerhaave, Robert Boyle, Bernard Gilpin, John Howard, and a numerous host of eminent Christians, who were burning and shining lights in their several spheres.

From the view which has been taken of this subject, many practical inferences might be drawn. It is exceedingly evident, that few persons have any correct idea of the mighty and mysterious power of habit. It resembles some creeping plant, which first sends out slender shoots, and then multiplies and winds its clasping fibres, till they are woven into a texture not easily capable of being severed and broken.

Young people may be impressed with the direct good or evil of certain actions, when they entertain not the least idea of the remote consequence as regards themselves. He who is now a beggared and degraded profligate, an outcast from respectable society, was probably conscious of doing wrong, when he first ventured into vicious company. But after the fumes of excess had subsided, he would calculate the measure of the evil by the money spent, and the severity of anticipated parental reproof; while not a thought would rise of the excitement given to bad passions, and the formed, though hidden nucleus of bad habits. Nor was he who is now a constant benefactor to his fellow-men, a ministering angel to the needy and wretched, at all aware, when he began to dedicate small portions of his time and property to charitable purposes, that these acts of condescension and kindness would be more beneficial to himself than the objects of his sympathy. We may therefore fairly infer, that the grand business of education, relates chiefly to the forming and fixing of right habits. In most cases, the nursery has done much which requires to be undone, before a foundation can be properly laid. In curing bad habits, no time ought to be lost; and the poet's maxim, "*principiis obstu,*" is here imperatively applicable. Stiff, awkward attitudes, and low, clownish gestures and motions of the body, are far more easily corrected, than proud, perverse, obstinate, or

indolent dispositions of the mind. To form and establish good habits, good examples must be joined with good instructions. The latter have their value, and it is not small, but the former are above all price. The sage king of Israel hath truly said, "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

SIGNS OF RAIN.

BY JOSIAH CONDER.

THERE will be rain to-night, the shepherd says;
 And no one better knows—except the sheep.
They are his weather-glass. See how they graze
 With short, quick snatch; or frisk, and butt, and leap,
 "Quite on their music"—such the old man's phrase:
 And there are other signs. Cloudless the sky,
 And yet, the scorching sun shines gloomily,
 As if it beam'd through glass that dimm'd its rays.
The village smoke flows downward o'er the eaves;
 And now a whispering breeze springs up and sweeps
 Each fluttering twig, curls back the white-green leaves
 Of quivering ash, and sways the deeper masses
 Of stately beech; now, lower down it creeps,
Thrills every rustling blade, and robs the powdered
 grasses.

STANZAS.

BY L. E. L.

Oh life, what wouldst thou be, but that thine end
Has hope!

My heart hath turned away
From its early dream ;
To me its course has been
Like a mountain stream,

Pure and clear it left
Its place of birth ;
But soon on every wave
Were taints of earth.

Weeds grew upon the banks,
And as the waters swept
A bad or useless part,
Of all they kept

Till it reached the plain below
An altered thing,
Bearing trace and sign
Of its wandering.

Withered and noxious leaves
Floated on its brim,
And the blue, clear face of heaven
Was in its mirror dim.

Just thus my heart has changed
By the world which it has past;
Ah, hope, and truth, and feeling,
Are too pure to last.

But that stream will wash away
Its earthly soil and stain,
When its wandering has reached
Its grave, the main.

And such is my heart's hope
From sorrow and sully free,
It will find a glorious home—
Thy rest—eternity.

INFATUATION.

A TALE.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

“How singular it is, that Emily should persist in refusing the addresses of Sir Francis Anvers: her conduct distresses me exceedingly. I cannot imagine what the girl would have. Title, wealth, youth, and elegance, such an accumulation of desirables, as she might have in vain sought for in London, through many a season, are offered to her acceptance in a country village, and she refuses them,—how incomprehensible!”

Such was the sorrowful, exclamatory harangue of the widowed Mrs. Bellaire, to her own mother, Mrs. Summerly, who laid down her knitting to reply in a soothing manner.

“Sir Francis has indeed a fine estate, and is a fine young man in his person, but the loss of him as a husband cannot be matter of regret, since he is by no means untainted with those vices which mar the happiness of married life.”

“Dear mother, men are *men*, not angels. Emily must not expect to meet with perfection.”

“ Very true, but our dear child may expect to find imperfection acknowledged, and, humbly seeking self-improvement in a reasonable and Christian husband, she *may* expect good character, good conduct, good intentions.”

“ They are good things certainly; but yet it is a serious thing to resign so great a connexion as this, and to me altogether unaccountable, since she cannot have seen any other man comparable to him.”

“ You are very hard on my favourite Charles Kingston, that excellent young man, whose predilection for her, though not yet declared, is so visible as probably to have so far affected her, as to render the Baronet’s attentions nugatory.”

“ Good gracious!” exclaimed Mrs. Bellaire, in a voice of alarm, amounting to horror, “ can it be possible, that a child of mine could for a moment prefer a clod-hopping half yeoman, half squire, in a huge old-fashioned mansion, with six hundred a year to keep it, to Sir Francis Anvers with a town house, and twice as many thousands?—No! that is impossible; it would be dotage, madness, positive *infatuation*.”

Mrs. Summerly paused ere she replied, for she saw that her daughter was agitated not only from sorrow but anger, and she knew the value of that “ mild answer which turneth away wrath;” but at length she replied in a solemn, tender tone befitting the importance of the subject.

“ My dear daughter, all young women are subject

to infatuation of this description ; but has not the world an influence more to be deplored than that which one virtuous young person of equal birth and fortune feels for another, since it can induce *you*, who have 'counted the cost,' to desire your daughter should run through the same sad career which for the last twenty years has rendered you a splendid victim, exhibiting, in the daily sacrifice of health, fortune, content, and respectability (to say nothing of that which is *most* important), proof of its utter incapability to produce happiness ?”

Mrs. Bellaire was for a moment recalled to the contemplation of her own situation ; she remembered what she had been twenty years before, when she left this excellent parent, blooming, artless, and well-intentioned, though not firmly-principled ; and as her mental eye glanced back on the follies, vexations, and eventual poverty, which filled up the term, and the actual misery which at length drove her almost a beggar to that mother's generous protection, her anger subsided : but yet, the desire of her daughter's aggrandizement, and, by that medium, her own, clung closely to her heart ; and seeking to dispose her mother to her views, she replied,—

“ Perhaps Emily might dispose this young man to be as amiable as she could desire : it is certain that he is a generous, disinterested lover, in wishing to marry a girl without fortune ; and indeed he is a man who despises money.”

“ In that case, my dear, he makes no sacrifice ; nor can I think much of the generosity of one who in his extravagance, and thoughtless expenditure, forgets the value of money on every occasion of selfish indulgence. Sir Francis takes, or would take, Emily on the principle which makes him purchase the finest horses, or secure the best wines ; such conduct is current with men of his description. I would not be uncharitable, but common sense forbids me to place self-indulgence to the virtuous side of their character.”

“ Well, mother, if you do not call a fine young man of high fashion (who might pick and choose where he pleased) disinterested, when he takes a mere country girl without a shilling, where can you find an example of it ?”

“ In Charles Kingston, were he to take an unportioned wife, I should say the same conduct indeed argued generosity, because he, poor fellow, knows the full value of money. His father died when he was only eighteen, by which a large income was immediately lost to the family, which consisted of himself and seven younger children. From that day to this has he religiously devoted himself to the arduous duties of educating and portioning this large family, with all the care and tenderness of a father ; whilst to his afflicted and declining mother, he has supplied, so far as possible, all she has lost. Cultivating his own estate, paying off old debts, yet liberally supplying all necessary demands, he has been the most generous of

brothers, the most self-denying of heirs, though he entered on his estate at a period when his fine person and previous education rendered the world most tempting. If he, who knows, from so many privations, the value of every guinea, and who will not allow himself to marry till his prescribed duties are fulfilled, should take an unportioned gentlewoman, on whom to expend his treasured kindness and his property, I grant him the praise of which you speak."

At this moment the object of their solicitude entered the apartment, with a basket of fruit which she had been gathering for a poor neighbour who was in a low fever, and for whom she was anxious to select the most tempting. Emily had just entered her twentieth year, and her form, though tall and slender, was perfect in its character of feminine grace; and in her delicate features, animated bloom, and plain but elegant dress, there was that rare union of lady-like character and rural simplicity, which offers what the eye desires and the heart approves in woman. "What an elegant creature Emily would be were she Lady Auvers!" said Mrs. Bellaire internally. Her grandmother glanced at her basket, and, remembering how frequently it had been the medium of comfort to many, thought, "How should I like to see her the mistress of Kingston Hall!"

Scarcely had Emily gone fifty yards from the door, when she returned, in great distress, to say that she had just met the servant of Mr. Kingston, who was

going to fetch the surgeon for his mistress, who had been overturned, and was seriously hurt. "I have promised, my dear grandmother, that you will go to the Hall immediately, for James says that his master is"——

The poor girl could not proceed; she had, perhaps, never been sensible before how much she valued that master, and she sought to hide her feelings by expediting the good old lady's visit to the house of mourning.

When this removal had taken place, her mother, though sorry for the accident, rejoiced in the circumstance, for she calculated that she could now place the advantageous offer of the young Baronet in the best possible point of view; and so insidious were her approaches, so gentle the attentions of her daughter to her conversation, that, in her own opinion, in two days much ground had been gained. In point of fact, Emily had heard very little of what was urged by her mother, for her thoughts had been with the afflicted family at the Hall; but when she found that from her mother's manners it was supposed that her sentiments were changed, she roused herself to reply, and, with great modesty, but firmness, assured her that her sentiments respecting Sir Francis were unchanged, and, she hoped, unchangeable.

"But why are you so stubborn, Emily, on this point, who are so pliable on all others? Obedient even to a proverb in the common concerns of life,

surely you ought to yield in this, the most material of them all !”

“ No, dear Mamma, I cannot yield in this, for that very reason, as it would be me personally who must endure the evils of such a connexion : in this affair I feel justified in thinking for myself, and declining those sufferings which I am incapable of encountering.”

“ Sufferings! why, certainly, child, your head is turned! *Sufferings!* with a man for whom numbers of women are half dying at this very hour?”

“ It is nevertheless true: there is nothing of the heroine about me. I have never yet lived with persons so gay, elegant, and splendid as Sir Francis, nor those afflicted with his two great wants; and had I been so unfortunate as to have felt for him that admiration he is calculated to inspire, I should even then have equally shrunk from a marriage connexion with such a man.”

“ Wants! he has an estate of twelve thousand a year, —he can have no wants.”

“ Yes, mother, he wants *prudence*, and he wants *religion*: the misery arising from the first, always falls most heavily on the wife, as you well know; and it would be particularly felt by me, because, since you sent me to this dear place seven years ago, I have never known want of money. The single taps of tradesmen, that used to make you so ill in London, are never heard here, mother; and the sorrow you were wont to express for poverty you could not relieve, or necessaries you wished to purchase, is unknown to us: we have



Drawn by H. Corbould.

Engraved by Chas. Heath.

INFATUATION.

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enough and to spare; we are not only happy, but rich."

"You are content, perhaps, because you are ignorant, and mighty fond of preaching."

"Well, dear mother, let me then take the second and important part of my discourse—*religion*. If the want of money is the greatest evil of life, in a worldly view, how much more to be deplored is that want, which forbids consolation for our sorrows here, and hope for our happiness hereafter! How could I, as a Christian, accept for a husband, one from whom I could receive no spiritual assistance in the day of mutual distress,—no union of feeling or opinion on points of eternal interest? How could I promise obedience to one, who might not only tempt me, but compel me to be disobedient to the God I worship?"

Mrs. Bellaire burst into tears from vexation.

Emily, much afflicted, flung her arms around her, and sought, by every means in her power, to soothe and comfort her; but she was either too much moved by sorrow, or anger, to admit of her caresses, and, with a coldness and scorn, which was deeply wounding, she retired to her own room, lamenting "that she had been compelled to send her daughter to a place where she had imbibed such notions." It was now Emily's turn to weep; and she was found in great sorrow by young Kingston at the very time when he came to seek for consolation, in consequence of

his mother's case being pronounced hopeless by her physician.

It was in the overflowing of his heart at this awful juncture, that the long nourished affections of this excellent young man were first declared in words, and that the strongly awakened sympathies of Emily led her to confess how highly she esteemed him. Confessions that thus bound them sacredly to each other, were blended with deep sorrow and divine consolation—the lover accepted the kind assurances of his long beloved, as the gift of his heavenly Father in an hour of distress; and on her part she was thankful to God, that a circumstance so awful and interesting, had placed her in one sense beyond her own power; for so entirely did her judgment approve him, whom her heart affianced, that she felt assured she could never repent the action, whatever might be the troubles attached to it, even from parental opposition.

Unhappily, the mother not considering that moments of great emotion are precisely those when the overburdened heart most seeks for the relief of confidence, and the solace of affection, beheld this scene, which was candidly disclosed to her, as one of particular offence. She said, that Emily was influenced by her grandmother, disobedient to *her*, grovelling in her notions, illiberal in her opinions; and that as she could not bear to associate with persons who had thwarted her views, and marred her prospects, determined on leav-

ing her mother's house, and taking up her abode at Bath, which was far distant.

There was another reason for this resolution: Mrs. Bellaire had come to her mother's house, a widow, in deep distress, from narrow circumstances, some months before, and with a constitution so worn out by suffering as to excite the sincerest pity. Her health was now, in a great measure, restored, her affairs settled, her purse replenished, and her former taste for show and dissipation revived by the unexpected appearance of the only man of fashion seen in her mother's village since the period of her own splendid, but unhappy, marriage.

Charles Kingston followed his mother to the grave, a sincere but not a hopeless mourner; the Baronet forsook the place which no longer afforded him amusement; and the elegant widow, whose fine person and polished manners had charmed the simple villagers, departed for Bath.

The summer and autumn passed in useful occupation; but when winter came, Charles Kingston, who now parted with his youngest sister, sought the hand of Emily. He was permitted to solicit her mother's consent, which was granted with a cold apathy, more cutting than reproach, and the lover was obliged to the interference of the grandmother for obtaining that hand which he so well merited, since, however sincerely she loved him, as a daughter she was desirous of delay, in order fully to reconcile her ill-judging parent.

When, however, Emily had bound her fate to another so justly esteemed, she no longer allowed herself to lament on this subject. To give her husband a cheerful, well-ordered home, to bind up the wounds of his heart, examine and improve upon the liberal economy he had adopted, aid his dependants, employ the poor, relieve the sick, and sustain the modest hospitality becoming the representatives of an ancient house, became her happy occupation; and she endeavoured to think that her mother would sometime return to her, with better feelings.

Of this, there was at present little hope. Mrs. Belaire had met Sir Francis Anvers at Bath, with his bride; and though convinced that his penchant for Emily had been merely that which her mother justly appreciated, and that he had of late added the vice of gaming to that of extravagance, she could not forbear to make one in the gay train which now surrounded him. When this party was gone, another succeeded; she was launched on the sea of Bath fashion, as she had formerly been on the more extensive ocean of London, and although less destructive to property, it was equally so to her diminished means, and in three years, notwithstanding various loans and gifts from her mother, she was so surrounded with difficulties of every description, as to be utterly incapable of finding pleasure, or even drowning reflection, in the gaiety which surrounded her.

At this period she became sensible how terrible

were the two *wants* described so truly by her daughter, and began to think much of the latter, as a source of sustaining her spirits in this season of distress ; and she began to run about from church to chapel, from one preacher to another, as if she supposed that every sermon would operate as a charm on her anxious, dis-tempered spirit. In days past she had spoken on the subject of religion in the language of a pious heathen, she now expatiated in that of a visionary ; but the time was yet to come, when, with the New Testament in her hand, and humility in her heart, she should take the Psalmist's advice—"Commune with thy God in thy chamber, and be at peace."

For her there was indeed no peace ; but as her difficulties and fears taught her to reflect, she was led to see the impropriety and cruelty of pressing farther on her mother, whose wants must necessarily have increased with her years, and she could not bear to think of exposing her situation to a daughter, whom she believed to have been wholly unportioned, and to whom she had on no occasion offered even those little presents customary between persons so situated. There were times when she would say, "I will reverse the story of the prodigal son,—I will go to my child and intreat her to receive me ; but, alas ! how can I go ?"

Mrs. Bellaire was compelled to remember, that the income she had found insufficient for her support, exceeded that of her mother on whom she had billeted

her daughter Emily in past years, and from whom she had drawn so much of late;—that her son-in-law was too poor to be gracious, and not now young enough to be thoughtless, and that his increasing family must render him more careful than ever,—“ what was to be done?”

These cogitations were one day cut short by an attorney's letter, so decisive as to occasion great alarm and extreme distress and trepidation: she ordered her maid to admit no stranger to her apartment that day.

“ But there is a gentleman now coming up. He is here you see ma'am.”

“ I cannot, oh ! I *cannot* see him.”

It was evident to the unfeeling Abigail that her mistress dreaded the sight of a bailiff in the stranger; but as her distresses and terrors had long ceased to affect the menial attendant, no effort was made to detain the gentleman, who instantly entered.

Mrs. Bellaire, covering her face with her hands, sunk into a chair, and remained horror-struck and silent, struggling with hysterical and almost convulsive affection.

“ My dear, *dear* madam,” said the stranger, “ you are very ill, shall I recall your maid?”

“ Oh no, no, she is a wretch. What do you want with me? Who are you?”

“ I am Charles Kingston, your friend, your *son*, my dear Mrs. Bellaire.”

“ My son!—my *son* indeed !”

“ Yes, your son—one, who having lost a dear and worthy mother, is the better enabled to offer you her place in his heart.”

As Mr. Kingston spoke, he drew his chair close to that of Mrs. Bellaire, and even took her hand with that air of respectful tenderness, so soothing to the consciously degraded and afflicted. She was touched by his tenderness, ashamed of her own past injustice, but yet she dared not expose her misery to one whom she was persuaded could not compassionate her case. She had lived too long among the selfish and worldly, to be capable of estimating the simplicity and ingenuousness of a heart like his; and pride of rank in society prevented her from conceiving that a plain man could have high intellect, and be capable of estimating the nature of her situation. She was touched in her heart, but not subdued in her spirit.

Yet a few moments more sufficed to show that confession was better than imprisonment; she therefore seized the open letter of the attorney, and placed it in his hand, fixing on him looks of the most agonizing scrutiny at the same moment.

“ Do not allow *this* to distress you; I have come here for the purpose of settling your affairs, and am prepared for papers of this description.”

“ My affairs! You astonish me, Mr. Kingston.”

“ My dear mother, I have received many letters from your creditors lately, from which I saw plainly that

you not only required the assistance of a friend, but the interference of a son. They have arrived during the confinement of our dear Emily, who has now first made me a present of a son, and I took advantage of that circumstance to visit you, and, as I hope, to help you essentially without alarming her. I come *ostensibly* to solicit your presence at the christening of little Charles, but *actually* to pay your debts, relieve your distress, and prevent you from being imposed upon in this time of trouble and confusion. You will, I trust, suffer me to carry all these designs into effect; you will visit your excellent mother, and your affectionate daughter: ah! I can show you then such lovely babes, and such a mother for them."

Mrs. Bellaire could not reply: she burst into tears, and fell upon his neck. The words—"My son, my dear son!" trembled on her lips, but she was unequal to utter them.

Moved himself even to tears, yet Mr. Kingston sought to repress a gush of feeling so overpowering, and tried every means to soothe and compose her; and having prevailed upon her to lie down, he sought the threatening attorney, and proceeded to settle her affairs immediately.

Mrs. Bellaire's debts were found rather troublesome than extensive, for her creditors had taken steps by which the load was lessened, to that generous friend who now gladly liquidated the remainder, observing in

all his transactions that even-handed justice and discrimination, which, in answering a legal demand, conveys a reproof, or imprints a lesson.

Grateful, but yet oppressed with shame and contrition, she consented to return with him to her native village on the following morning, when she had the pleasant surprise of being handed into a neat carriage of his own, which he had purchased in Bath, as a present for Emily, in lieu of the gig which she had hitherto used.

Mrs. Bellaire felt her heart lighter for this information, as it was a proof that she had not distressed one whom she now began to love, not less than esteem. Her fellow-traveller read her thoughts, and, anxious to reassure her on this point, he observed, that his brothers were all well settled in life, his sisters well, and even highly married; that the little dowry given to Emily, by her kind and prudent grandmother, had paid off the last mortgage on his estate, which after long depression was now become flourishing, and enabled him to increase his expenditure; "but," added he, with a gay and smiling countenance, "my Emily declares that she wants no additions, and will have no innovations in our establishment, so we may now begin to form a deposit for our sweet chickens. At present they cost very little, but when the expenses of education arrive, there will be no saving. You see I have had the cares of a family so long upon my

hands, that I look on all sides of the question, my dear madam."

Mrs. Bellaire saw also, that when he approached his much-loved home, he looked on all sides of the road with that restlessness of spirit, that fond anxiety, which indicated even the most lover-like ardour of attachment. She had lived with those who were polite as a rule of manners, but in this man she found an activity of kindness, an habitual consideration for all around him, a politeness of the heart, which proved the precepts and practice of that higher code of Christian morals, which says, "be affable, be courteous," as an effect of meekness and lowliness of spirit.—"And I would have denied my child the possession of this man's hand—a hand that will lead her happily from earth to heaven!"

The thought was at this moment too afflictive to be borne, and, to relieve it, she looked out of the windows of the carriage.

"Surely we are now driving through the Park? How beautiful every thing looks! Sir Francis has improved it exceedingly."

"My brother-in-law, General Holmes, has taken it on a long lease, and has improved it as you see."

"Where then is Sir Francis Anvers?"

"He resides at Tours, on an annuity which I managed to place in good hands for him. I believe he calls me his best friend; but, I trust, few people suspect me

of therefore being his associate, for his conduct has been very foolish and wicked. God grant that we may hear better things of him in future !”

“ His wife is living ?”

“ Yes, poor thing ; she found an asylum with her brother, after he had cruelly deserted her for the wife of one of his companions.”

Mrs. Bellaire shuddered, with the sensation of those who have escaped imminent danger, and can scarcely yet confide in their own safety. She was awe-struck with the remembrance of her own vain desires and ambitious projects, and humbled under a profound sense of gratitude to that all-wise Disposer, who had in his goodness blighted her prospects and disappointed her wishes. In silence, with clasped hands, and streaming eyes, did she lift up her heart to God, and endeavour to praise his goodness, and beseech his mercy, to one now really humbled to the dust, yet thankful in that humiliation.

The carriage now drove to the door of the old Hall, lights were brought, and the warm kiss of her fellow-traveller announced their arrival, and bade her “ welcome to the abode of her children.”

Had any thing been wanting to the assurance already felt by Mrs. Bellaire, of the worth or the importance of her son-in-law, she would have found it in the reception given him after this short absence by his servants and tenantry, who ran about him with the affection of children, blended with that heart-felt re-

spect, which superior knowledge and virtue never fail to excite. As soon as his arrival was known in the house, forth came all the gladdened inhabitants. Leaning on the arm of General Holmes, appeared Mrs. Summerly, infirm, but still healthy and smiling: in the arms of his lady was a lovely little girl clapping her rosy hands to welcome papa, whilst in the distance, wrapped in a cloak, appeared the lovely mother, whom the good old vicar was vainly exhorting not to venture to the door.

“ My husband ! my mother ! Oh, what treasures ! ”
cried Emily, clasping them by turns to her bosom.

FAREWELL TO MY LYRE.

BY JOSEPH HUMPHREYS.

COME, let me wake thy once lov'd notes again,
Sweet Lyre, that erst thro' Wicklow's vales did ring ;
What time the linnet pour'd her earliest strain,
And mounting lark, thro' ether carolling,
Shook the lightglistening dew-drops from his wing,
While pierced thro' silvery mists the beams of day ;
Thy chords awoke, the matin song to sing ;
Hymning the power that flings each flaming ray,
Which gilds the glowing morn, and chases night away.

Or on the heath-clad rock, aloft, reposing,
The torrent echoing in the vale below,
At the sweet hour when day is almost closing,
And the bright stream more softly seems to flow,
And faint the sun's departing glories glow,
Colouring with loveliest hues the western sky,
Alas! like earthly pleasures, fleeting show ;—
Lovely they seem, but quickly fade and die,
And darkness leave instead, and night's black canopy.

Yet lovely is the hour of day's declining,
In liquid lustre beams the evening star ;
On mountain, rock, wood, river, mildly shining,
The moon her gentle influence sheds afar,
And if an envious cloud impede her car,
She changes it to silver, shining on.

Oh! thus it happens oft to those who war
With Heaven's pure light, God hath in mercy shone,
And o'er the half-ruined soul his rays transmitting
thrown.

What lofty thoughts swell, yet subdue the soul,
Where first to tune thy chords I made essay,
Where high the broad Atlantic's billows roll,
Dash o'er the southern cape in glittering spray,
And bathe the watch-tower beetling o'er the bay ;
Whilst high in air is heard the sea-gull's cry,
His white wings shining in the noontide ray,
The only speck in the bright azure sky,
Mingling with the wild waves his wilder melody.

Oh! who could look on that wide-spreading sea,
All restless, flashing in the noon-day sun ;
Or raise his eyes to the blue canopy,
Where that bright orb in dazzling glory shone—
Bright as when first his course thro' heaven began ;

Nor feel that spirit in his bosom move,
The noblest gift of that Eternal One;
Lifting the mind, created things above,
To HIM, the exhaustless Source of Light, Life, Power,
and Love ?

If deep within, that power I may not feel,
Which covers all with beauty and with light;
Stamping on each, of loveliness the seal;
- Adding to every charm, a charm more bright,
Making all harmony to the glad sight—
Oh! if that holy feeling be not mine,
What is the glow of day, the calm of night—
What all the charms, Art, Nature, can combine,
If still unfelt within, that Life, that Love divine ?

Thou canst not give that Love, tho' every chord
Was tuned by highest earthly hand to sing;
Thou canst not lasting peace and joy afford;
For Melancholy o'er each slackening string,
With gloomy mien, her hand will wildly fling,
And earthly sorrows darkly still pourtray.

Then fare thee well;—on faith's aspiring wing
I seek where Love and Life know no decay,
Where sadness cannot come, and tears are wiped away !

THE TRIAL;
OR THE CAMERONIAN MINISTER.

A TALE.

IT is about forty years ago, since, in an idle moment, I went into the Old Bailey. The immense crowd already collected, and the large number of those who were vainly struggling for admittance, the busy whispers, the anxious looks, showed that a scene of more than common interest was about to take place on this theatre of human misery and degradation. The prisoner at the bar was a young man of about twenty four years of age, tall, of a dignified and prepossessing air; his dark hair, hanging disorderly on his shoulders and about his brow, gave a singularly wild and mournful expression to features that seemed to indicate feelings such as felons seldom possess.

The indictment was read: it contained an account of a most atrocious crime, committed under circumstances of ingratitude that deepened its horror. He was, it appeared, a young Scotchman, the son of a venerable Cameronian minister; he had distinguished

himself in the University of Glasgow, by his talents and acquirements, and had been ordained a preacher of the gospel. While at College, he had formed an acquaintance with the son of a Highland Laird, of nearly the same age, of an amiable and cultivated mind. The father of this youth, a man of large property, had been so pleased with the friend his son had made, that he had obtained for him a church in the Highlands, on condition that he should previously accompany his son in his travels over the Continent. They had accordingly gone to London; and having there received large remittances for their proposed journey, were just going to set off, when one night the youth was found murdered in his bed, and appearances seemed to point out the prisoner as the perpetrator of the deed. They were briefly these. Some days before, they had been heard talking in their room with a very loud and angry tone of voice. The subject of the dispute was, it was supposed, a lady, whose name was mentioned. The words jealousy, revenge, were distinctly heard, a visible coolness was observed for some days after, till the evening of the murder, when they gave an entertainment at their lodgings, to friends who had come to bid them farewell. An evident change had taken place in the behaviour of the prisoner, who affected to be obsequiously attentive to his friend. But the principal witness for the prosecution was an old respectable looking servant of the deceased, who seemed almost overpowered with grief. He stated,

that on the fatal night, hearing a noise in his master's room, as if two persons were struggling, he alarmed the landlord, entered the room, which was open; a light was on the floor, and still smoking; and the prisoner was found hanging over the bed, a bloody knife which was known to belong to him by his side, his hands bloody, his face pale, and betraying all the marks of a guilty and disturbed mind. The prisoner was skilled in anatomy; he had been heard to describe the quickest and surest way of destroying life, and the place of the wound corresponded with the description. Moreover, some notes paid by a banker to the deceased, were produced in court by a woman, whom the prisoner had been seen to visit; from all which proofs it satisfactorily appeared that this unhappy youth, corrupted by vicious company, had, by feelings of jealousy and the temptation of money, been instigated to murder his friend.

Whilst this melancholy detail was given, the prisoner appeared almost sinking under contrition and shame. When the case had been closed for the prosecution; the Judge, in the most impressive manner, called upon him for his defence. He stood up, and after a short but violent effort to conquer his inward feelings, he addressed the bench with a voice, first weak and tremulous, but afterward collected and full.

“ My Lords and Jury,

“ You call upon me for my defence:—I have none to make; yet I am not guilty. God knows I am not;

and if he will, he can deliver me from this deep affliction and humiliation, even in this seemingly hopeless state; and if he will not, I bow to his will. You have just heard a circumstantial account of an atrocious crime, supported by a weight of evidence, which I fear will leave upon your minds no doubt of my guilt, for indeed it is not in the power of human help to save me, and therefore I have not wished to use the sophistry of law, and the unavailing eloquence of hired defenders. Let God, if he will, defend me. I have nothing to say for myself, save that I am innocent, though, by what some would call fatality, but rather by the unfathomable designs of unerring Wisdom, every thing seems to conspire against me. The woman who has appeared in evidence never received the money from me; it was my fear of the dangerous influence which she had acquired over him, that was the cause of the temporary coldness of my friend, and which his better feelings, and his confidence in the purity of my intentions, enabled him to conquer. My visits to the woman, had no other object but to prevail upon her to break off her connexion with him. As to that horrible night, I will state all I know of it. I was wakened by a noise in my friend's room, which was next to mine. I listened, and all was still. Then I heard what must have been my poor friend's last dying cry, but which I thought was only the involuntary moan of disturbed sleep; still a vague but irresistible feeling of alarm impelled me to the room—by a

light that was dimly burning, I descried my friend in the condition you have heard described" (here his voice faltered). "I have no recollection of what followed. I suppose I fell upon the body, that I overturned the light, and that the noise alarmed this faithful servant, whom I sincerely forgive for the part he has taken against me. When I came to myself, the room was full of people, but I saw no one; I saw only *him* who lay in that bed.

"My Lords and Jury, you have here a plain, unvarnished tale. I have no hopes that it will bear down the mass of evidence against me. I know I am the only one that can be charged with the crime. Still I must say—*pause*—beware of shedding innocent blood! May the Lord, in his unerring wisdom, move your minds as seemeth best to him, for in him is all my trust,—man cannot save me."

The Jury, after half an hour's consultation, returned the verdict—*Guilty!* He heard it respectfully, but unmoved. Sentence was pronounced in the most impressive manner by the Judge, in a long and pathetic address, often interrupted by his emotion. He expressed no doubt of his guilt, and lamented the abuse of talents, the corruption of a mind once innocent, and earnestly recommended the unfortunate youth to confess his guilt, rather than rashly persist in protestations of innocence which could no longer save his life, and which precluded all access to Divine mercy.

The prisoner then arose, and never did I see a more

expressive and commanding countenance. It was no longer the despondency of fear, and the gloom of hopelessness, but the triumphant, yet calm and modest look of one about to receive the crown of martyrdom.

“ I bow with submission,” said he, “ to the judgment of my country, and though I die innocent, I return my thanks to the venerable Judge, who has just pronounced the awful sentence, for the Christian tenderness with which he has treated one seemingly so deeply involved in guilt as I am. The Jury, as men, could have returned no other verdict : far be it from me to murmur against them ; my doom was sealed in heaven. May the sacrifice of my life atone, if not for a crime of which I am innocent ; at least for the many faults which I have committed. It is impossible not to recognize in this the hand of the Supreme Disposer of events. I did at first cling to life, and cherish fond hopes that I might yet be saved, and restored to my beloved father and to the esteem of good men ; but I think I am now resigned to die, with a firm hope, that if my days are cut short in their prime, if my hopes of happiness and honour have been blasted, and an ignominious death is to be my lot, it is wisely and mercifully decreed, in order to redeem me from the errors into which I have fallen, to purify my soul from those feelings of self-applause and pride which had made me seek human praise rather than peace with God.”

During this affecting address the hall was hushed to perfect stillness, every body hung forward with breath-

less eagerness to catch his words, all seemed painfully divided between horror for his supposed crime, and admiration for his talents, half won over, by his show of piety, to believe him innocent.—But he had scarcely concluded, when the deep, solemn silence was broken by these words, “I thank thee, O God, he is innocent!” This exclamation, which struck upon the hearts of all, proceeded from an old man, who sat not far from me, and who had fallen on his knees in the attitude of prayer, his hands convulsively grasped together, his lips were moving, but his eyes were shut—it was his father: a young and beautiful girl had thrown her arms round the old man’s neck, and hung on his bosom, pale and motionless. The prisoner started at the well-known voice, and instinctively sprung forward toward them, but he recollected his chains, and, with a look which went to my heart, sat down, and a flood of tears came to his relief. It would be difficult to paint the effect which so melancholy a sight had on the assembly; tears flowed from every eye. The jailor who came to lead the youth to the condemned cell, appeared affected.

The execution was to take place the following Monday. My late and respected uncle T., whose life’s work it was to visit the gloomy dungeon, and to shed on the still deeper gloom of benighted souls the beams of Christian truth, was unremitting in his attentions to the young Cameronian. But he told me that he went there, not to administer, but to receive;

and that the edifying behaviour, the simplicity and resignation of this interesting youth, left no doubts of his innocence, to all who visited him. Efforts were made, but too late, to save him. The day came. My uncle took me with him to the prison. At that period, I was young, and very thoughtless, but I received there an impression, which neither years, nor sorrow, nor joy, have effaced, and which is now my consolation amidst the loss of friends and health in this lonely retreat. Our way lay through a cell where three convicts were, who were to be hung in a few days. One was poring stupidly over a tattered prayer-book that belonged to one of the prisoners, and mechanically mnttered the responses and prayers of the English service ; but it was easy to see that his mind was intensely fixed upon other thoughts than that of religion: the other two, with a mug of porter beside them, were smoking and playing at chuck-farthing: all seemed indifferent or hardened, and formed a striking contrast with the spectacle that offered itself in the inner cell, which, though gloomy and bare, showed, by the neat arrangement of its scanty and coarse furniture, that a female hand had been at work there, and had, by its nameless attentions, made even the walls of a prison assume a temporary cheerfulness. A fire burned clearly in a grate ; some flowers, in a broken tumbler, shed a faint perfume ;—but why stop to describe such trifles? Let me rather tell of the pale and worn, but cheerful countenance of the youth ; the delicate form

of his sister, for the last time clinging round her brother, and bedewing his chains with her tears; and the patriarchal dignity of the father, who, with an earnest voice, was pouring forth his soul in prayer; his hoary head now reverentially bent to the ground, now lifted up in the fervency of supplication to receive the flood of light which the summer sun was pouring through the small grated window, giving to his fine features an air of almost celestial radiance. The son then prayed, and oh! how unearthly did his voice sound, who, possessed of youth, and vigour, and genius, was, ere an hour, to be numbered with the dead! How it reached the heart, the humble confession and self-offering of that immortal spirit about to return to its heavenly habitation, and devoting the last flying moments of its pilgrimage in worshipping Him who also had closed his earthly visitation in ignominy, and was now imparting from on high, strength and holiness to this outcast of society loaded with chains and disgrace, and for whose last agonies the gathered crowd was impatiently waiting. When his prayer was concluded, he rose up and said, "Now, father, I am ready, give me thy blessing!—dear sister, farewell!" and clasping his weeping sister to his bosom, he kneeled down with her at their father's feet, and both reverentially bowed their heads before him, whilst the Cameronian, with, as it were, superior energy, lifted up his hand, and, with a firm and solemn voice, commended his child to the mercy of Him who was about to receive

his redeemed soul. The chaplain of the jail then entered, but nobody dared interrupt the sanctity of the scene, they were evidently above human consolations. The bell tolled,—it was the fatal signal. The youth then, with perfect composure, bade farewell to his fellow-prisoners, distributed some presents among them, and, turning to us, he affectionately thanked my uncle for his attentions to him, recommended his father and sister to his care till they could be sent back to their country.—I could say nothing; but, seizing one of his hands in mine, I burst into tears. His sister was carried away fainting by the humane matron of the prison, and the melancholy procession advanced slowly toward the place of execution: he ascended the platform with a firm step, supporting, rather than supported by, his father. He addressed a few words to the crowd, told them he was innocent, that he hoped his innocence would one day appear, but that he was resigned to die, trusting to the mercy of Him who died for all men. After this, his father and he kneeled down in silent prayer—no words could have expressed the feelings of their souls; then, whilst the executioner was adjusting the rope and covering his eyes, they sang together in heart-rending accents, the 130th Psalm. The crowd was still as death, and nothing was heard but these last supplications of the old man and his son mournfully ascending on high. The song ceased—the living mass below heaved back with a simultaneous motion of horror—the happy soul had fled!

A few days after, whilst the poor father was yet too weak to bear the fatigue of a journey, the seizure of a house-breaker led to the detection of one of the darkest plots that ever was contrived by guilty man. The ruffian, knowing there were no hopes for him, confessed that he had been introduced into the house by the old servant, and committed the murder according to his directions. The old man heard this account with little emotion—"I knew," said he, "that he was innocent—I shall soon be with him—still I am glad, for his sister's sake, that the world knows it; but it could not appreciate, it could not feel the dignity of innocence."

This calamity excited universal sympathy—government offered to settle a pension on the old man; he rejected it with disdain.—"Shall I take the price of my son's blood?" said he.—They felt for him, respected his sorrow, and pressed him no farther. A simple and elegant monument was erected over the bodies of the two victims, recording in a few words their miserable end. The Cameronian returned to Scotland, where he died a few days after his arrival, and his daughter soon after followed him to the tomb!

Baltimore.

THE LAMENT OF A BEREAVED HUSBAND.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

The tear which falls upon thy tomb,
It would not win thee back to earth,
Nor bind thee to the darker doom
Of one of mortal birth :—
No, dearest ! When I think of all
Which thou hast been, and still might'st be,
I would not—weal or woe befall—
Thy gentle spirit now recall,
To pine on earth with me ;
For, though life's fairest joys were mine,
Oh what are they, blest Saint, to thine !

I know not if the bright above
Look down on those they loved below ;—
If aught that once was earthly love
In angel-breasts may glow ;

For, could they mark the countless woes
 Which those—*once most* beloved—must bear,
 'Twould be a thorn in Eden's rose—
 A chill upon the joy that glows
 With quenchless transport there ;—
 A lingering taint of earthliness,
 Where all beside is formed to bless.

Then—though *I* never can forget,
 By thee forgotten would I be,
 Ere aught of fond, though vain, regret
 Should break thy rest for me.
 And this shall be my solace—this
 Shall aid me still with grief to strive ;—
 Let me but gain that world of bliss,
 And all that charmed awhile in this,
 Shall there again revive :—
 Yes, dearest—I shall come to thee,
 Though thou canst ne'er return to me !

PREJUDICE AND PRIDE.

A TALE.

BY MRS. CAMERON.

THE age of bigotry has almost past away, and it is happy that it is so: but the opposite to wrong is not always right, and we should do well to guard against the tendency of human nature to run from one extreme to another. The narrow, exclusive spirit of former days is, in too many cases, succeeded by indifference to all religious parties and distinctions. Hence we frequently meet with what we may term a religious cosmopolitan, a person who wishes well to all denominations of Christians, and who has not himself any precise religious home.

But indifference will not produce genuine peace: it is the fair fruit of love alone.

I was lately called to witness, in a little country town, the bitter ebullitions of religious party spirit; in consequence of which I was led to pursue the consideration of this subject still farther, and I arrived at the following conclusion. That in most instances where

religious animosities prevail (at least among Protestants acknowledging one Divine Saviour) they arise not from the attachment of the contending parties to their own particular communions, but from an uncharitable and contentious spirit, which would display itself under some other form, were religion out of the question. Have we not seen in those very seasons when religious feelings were most asleep, that electioneering interests, or even disputes about precedency, and the card-table, have excited sensations almost as acrimonious as those exhibited on religious pretences—I will not say causes?

I could never find, that attachment to my own little domestic circle was a means of narrowing my love to the world at large; on the contrary, I believe that the constant exercise of domestic love best prepares the heart for the love of our neighbourhood, of our country, and of the whole human race. I have little doubt, that when charity fails abroad, it has first failed at home. Instead, then, of cutting the cords of private Christian communion, I would rather draw the sacred knot still closer. Charity and order are ever found hand in hand.

As an exemplification of my opinion, I shall proceed to relate the history of two elderly females, as communicated to me some years ago by a widow lady: and I shall give, in her own words, **THE STORY OF MRS. DEBORAH AND MRS. JANE OLIVER.**

In the town of K——, where I passed the days of my

youth, there resided two sisters, single ladies, who had been brought up in the most opposite habits, and who, I believe I am not uncharitable in saying, never entertained for many years one friendly feeling towards each other, although they kept up some formal intercourse.

The town of K—— had been for many years the residence of a Presbyterian congregation, which was regarded in no very friendly light by many members of the Established Church. Amongst this congregation was an industrious manufacturer of the name of Oliver, who however was by no means remarked, amongst his own brethren, for the sweetness of his temper, or the liberality of his sentiments, or for his high attainments in religion. This person had a very large family, consisting principally of daughters; and as he was not very successful in business, and had failed more than once, he was not sorry to be relieved from the charge of his third daughter, Jane, by a first cousin of his wife's, who resided at a considerable distance, and offered to adopt the child: and though she was a member of the Church of England, and zealously attached to its doctrines, of which, however, she understood but little, he consented that this lady should bring her up as her own daughter.

Jane Oliver resided with her cousin till her death, about thirty-five years afterward, and then, possessed of a good fortune, she returned to K——, where she took a good house in Church Street, and lived, in the eyes of the world, in considerable respectability.

Her father had been dead about seven years, and had left behind him several married children, and one other single daughter, the eldest of the family, by name Deborah. Mr. Oliver's affairs had been more successful in the latter part of his life, so that Deborah had fortune enough left her, to maintain herself in comfort, though by no means in the affluent style of her sister. Her mother being dead, she established herself in comfortable lodgings in the same street where stood her sister's smart house. When Mrs. Jane Oliver settled herself at K——, she made a faint offer of receiving Deborah into her family; but as she soon discovered that her sister was not disposed to be so conformable to her wishes as would be necessary in such arrangement, she never repeated her offer.

Both sisters had been educated in strong attachment to their respective communions, without however theoretically understanding, or practically knowing, the great points in which they agreed, though they were by no means ignorant of the lesser matters, in which they differed. Equally unaccustomed to the practice of self-government, the one yielded to envy, and the other to exultation, on account of the difference in their worldly circumstances. Hence it is not to be supposed that any ardent attachment could subsist between them; indeed, it was not without difficulty that they could refrain from outrageous quarrel.

Above ten years had elapsed after the settlement of Mrs. Jane at K——, when I returned from school, at

the age of sixteen. My father was a Churchman ; but as Mr. Oliver had for many years been his next-door neighbour, we were on visiting terms with Mrs. Deborah, as well as particularly friendly with Mrs. Jane. Like most young people educated as I had been, I was possessed of various little accomplishments which enabled me to be very useful on many lesser occasions of difficulty ; and being also desirous of pleasing, I was generally very welcome whenever I visited either of the ladies ; so that I was often admitted behind the scenes, and heard, and saw, many things which would perhaps have been concealed from a person of greater importance.

Mrs. Deborah never failed to attend meeting three times every Sunday ; Mrs. Jane was as regularly at church twice : the latter paid a scrupulous attention to every form observed in the church, while the other as religiously abhorred every ceremony which her Puritan ancestors had condemned. Each considered herself as a most zealous and enlightened follower of her own particular party, but, like most other persons who do not love to search into their own hearts, and to conform their lives to the word of God, they had never learnt humility from an experimental knowledge of their native depravity, never learnt to know what are the essential doctrines of Christianity by the fruits of peace, joy, and love, which the vital knowledge of these doctrines produces upon the heart. Hence their natural feelings and tempers were most gratified by

dwelling upon those lesser points of their faith and practice in which they differed from each other. In consequence, when the sisters were together, Mrs. Deborah availed herself of every opportunity to cast reflections upon the Established Church form of prayers, bishops, bells, and surplices; whilst Mrs. Jane animadverted, in her turn, upon the Geneva discipline, upon the use of certain postures, and the omission of certain ceremonies; and whilst schism was continually in the mouth of Mrs. Jane, superstition was the watchword of Mrs. Deborah.

Things were becoming gradually worse, when the minister of the Presbyterian meeting-house dying, another gentleman took his place, of so sweet and amiable a character, of so much holiness and humility, and, when in the pulpit, so eloquent in his delivery, and his doctrine so pure, so ably explained, and his application of it so experimental, that he soon became the delight of his own congregation, and was also followed, especially at the evening meeting, by many of the members of the Established Church; whilst his gentlemanlike, winning manners, could hardly fail to conquer the enmity of the most prejudiced of the Established Church, some of whom, in those days, would hardly walk on the same side of the street with a Presbyterian. Yet the prejudices of Mrs. Jane were not softened; indeed she seemed to have conceived such an antipathy to the worthy man, whom she considered as a thorn in the side of the church, that she

could not bear to hear his name mentioned with common patience; and as Mrs. Deborah now considered her cause as strengthened by fresh forces, and seeming to regard herself as clothed with all the excellencies of her pastor, she became doubly bold in venting all her spleen against the church: and as it happened at this time that the vicar was disabled through want of health from serving his church, and the curate was an old man, and generally accounted somewhat prosing, Mrs. Jane felt, on her part, that the affairs of the church were not very prosperous, and her enmity to the Presbyterians rose in proportion to her sense of the present weakness of her own party.

At this critical juncture, Mrs. Jane received a letter from a distant relative of her mother, the Rev. Dr. Vyse, informing her that he was about to visit the town of K—, and intended spending a few days at her house, and that he would be with her on the following Friday.

Nothing could equal the high spirits of Mrs. Jane at this communication. Dr. Vyse was, she said, a Doctor of Divinity, one of the King's chaplains, and one of the first preachers in the Three Kingdoms; and she proceeded to state what a triumph to the church his visit would be, as it would be seen that the old Presbyterian, Mr. Pearsall, was not fit to wipe his shoes. She moreover informed me that she meant to call upon the Vicar to obtain leave for the Doctor to preach on the following Sunday, and concluded a very

long discourse by desiring that I would drink tea with her, in his company, on the Friday evening.

On my way home I called upon Mrs. Deborah, and related to her, I am sure without any intention of making mischief, what I had heard; and she immediately described the Doctor as a thorough high-church, lofty, proud priest as ever was known; who was not for a moment to be compared with her excellent pastor.

“ I should like to see your Mr. Pearsall, and Mrs. Jane’s Dr. Vyse,” said I, “ in a room together; I wonder what they would say to each other.”

“ That is a sight you will never see,” returned Mrs. Deborah; I am sure the haughty priest would not pass our humble minister on the same side of the street; and as for Mr. Pearsall, I hope he knows himself too well, and the goodness of his cause, to cringe to such a worldling.”

The following Friday, according to invitation, I arrived about five o’clock at Mrs. Jane’s house, and was ushered into the drawing-room, where Mrs. Jane was making tea in her Dresden tea-things. She was in high spirits, received me in a very friendly manner, and told me that her cousin, the Doctor, had arrived about half an hour before dinner.

I was rather impatient to see the old gentleman, and after ten minutes’ suspense, a venerable personage, of a majestic figure, in a large wig, and apron of prince’s stuff, entered the room. There was a polish in his

manner instantly discernible, which is not always observed in those who have lived in great retirement, but certainly, according to my judgment, he looked as humble as if he had been short, or stooped in the shoulders; and there was such an expression of benevolence in his intelligent and lively countenance, as I had seldom seen.

My cousin introduced me to him with an air of great satisfaction; his address to me was more courteous and engaging than I had supposed this great man could have used to a young creature like myself. In a few minutes we were seated at a very respectful distance from the tea-table, and the servant conveyed the tea-cups to and fro upon a silver waiter. The formalities that attend upon these arrangements occasioned some minutes' silence, which was at last suddenly interrupted by Mrs. Jane, who said to me, turning round briskly, "So my cousin did not come at last with his own horses?" "And I am very glad I did not," remarked the Doctor, "for I should have lost a very agreeable two hours that I spent with, I am sure, a very good man whom the coach took up at the last stage." "Oh, you did not tell me of this adventure," returned Mrs. Jane: "Pray who might this agreeable gentleman be?" "I wish I could tell you," replied the old gentleman; "but perhaps you may recognise him by my description, if he is an inhabitant of this country. He seemed to me about my age, but considerably shorter, in black, with hair of perfect silver combed upon his forehead,

and so much sweetness of manner, and so serene and heavenly a countenance, that he brought to my mind the idea I have often formed of St. John in Patmos."

"Well," said Mrs. Jane, not at all entering into this description.

"We happened," continued the Doctor, "to have the coach to ourselves, and we soon seemed to discover that our train of thought was by no means dissimilar, and I do not think I ever enjoyed conversation so perfectly free, with a total stranger. Accidentally naming that when a child he had recollected spending an evening with Dr. Doddridge, it led us into an animated discourse upon the luminaries of those days; and thence to subjects of still higher import, naturally arising from the consideration of the excellent of the earth; and I have seldom met, in any man, with more profound knowledge of Scripture, more pure and evangelical views of the truth, combined with more profound humility, than were displayed by my companion: in short, my little journey was quite a spiritual feast."

"I wonder," said Mrs. Jane, rather tartly, "if you were so much pleased with your companion, that you did not try to find out who he was."

"I lost him," replied the Doctor, "at the door of a very respectable house, in a little hamlet, about two miles distant from this town. I had hoped that he was coming with me to my journey's end, when he took his leave of me in such haste, that I had not time to

put any impertinent questions; for so perhaps he might have considered them."

The Doctor then entered into an animated discourse with us. He had seen much, but certainly his knowledge of the world had not increased his love of it. His conversation during this evening consisted chiefly of very interesting anecdotes, intermixed with the most beautiful and pious observations; his discourse was more agreeable and instructive than any thing I had ever heard before; and the hour of my departure arrived, before I was aware that half an hour had elapsed. When I arose to take my leave, Mrs. Jane said to me, "To-morrow we dine at the Vicar's, but on Monday we shall be at home, and if you can, I hope you will come very early and spend a long day with us. I shall see you of course on Sunday, and you will tell your father that Dr. Vyse is to preach in the morning. I dare say there will be a very crowded church." The Doctor heard as though he heard not, and in a very friendly way he wished me good night. When Sunday arrived, I was not a little anxious to hear the Doctor, and much as I had been pleased with him in a private room, I was still more delighted with him in the pulpit; his manner was majestic, accompanied with extreme mildness, which was altogether as winning as the earnestness of his address was impressive; he had a clear and very harmonious voice, whilst his doctrine was what we should now term purely evangelical. My own views were

not very clear at that time, but the sermon produced a strong impression upon my mind, and was wonderfully admired by the most discerning of the congregation. I retain a perfect remembrance of it to this day.

As I returned from church, I joined Mrs. Jane for a few minutes. She was most loud and warm in her commendations of the sermon. I am convinced, that could she have heard the same discourse from the mouth of Mr. Pearsall, she would have condemned it as puritanical.

My parents were very well pleased that I should see as much as I could of the Doctor, and therefore I appeared very punctually at Mrs. Jane's house on Monday morning.

I found the old gentleman with a large Bible open before him, which he was reading and explaining to Mrs. Jane. When he had concluded some general remarks, the Doctor, turning quickly to Mrs. Jane, said to her, "I have been four days with you, and yet I have never called upon your worthy sister Deborah;—I have merely contented myself with asking after her;—perhaps my young friend here will convoy me to her house."

"She has only small lodgings," returned Mrs. Jane; "but I really thought you knew my sister by name alone, or, at most, by sight."

"I never spent but one day with her," returned the Doctor, "and that was in my early days, when my father was passing through this town; and I remember

our meeting the more by a circumstance not very creditable to either of us.’

“ Pray, what might that be ?” asked Mrs. Jane.

“ Your father’s garden, as you recollect, ran down to the little court in which the meeting-house stood, and your sister Deborah, after showing me every thing worthy of notice within her own premises, introduced me to the meeting-house, which happened to be open for the purpose of being cleaned, and here she proposed a game of hide and seek, into which scheme I am sorry to say that I fell. At night, when I mentioned the circumstance to my father, he was very much displeased with me, and bade me remember, that, although I might possibly not have imbibed those feelings of reverence toward a meeting-house which I entertained for a church, yet, that it was a place set apart for the worship of God,—a place where His peculiar presence was wont to be manifested,—and that I had been guilty of great sin in thus profaning it.

Mrs. Jane took no farther notice of this little recital than merely to say, “ Suppose, then, I send an invitation to my sister Deborah to take her tea and supper with us this evening ?——”

“ And allow me to be the bearer of this message,” returned the Doctor ; “ Miss Lea will lead the way.”

“ Oh, if you are bent upon calling,” returned Mrs. Jane, “ I will accompany you.”

So saying, she hurried out of the room, and soon returned equipped for the walk.

When we arrived at the lodgings of Mrs. Deborah, the Doctor accosted his old friend with all that vivacity and warmth of feeling which seemed to form so constituent a part of his character. Mrs. Deborah was pleased with his address, yet she appeared like one who is in the company of a person of dubious character, whose every sentiment is to be received with caution, and against whom it is always necessary to guard.

Mrs. Jane took an early opportunity of formally inviting her sister to tea and supper; and, after some demur, the invitation was accepted. The Doctor, now placed in an arm-chair by the fire, began to converse with Mrs. Deborah, who was seated nearly opposite to him, upon many changes he had remarked in the place and neighbourhood since he had first known them. Meanwhile, Mrs. Jane and I had taken our places near the window, from whence, being above stairs, we could see all that passed in the street. About a quarter of an hour after our arrival, I was aware of the venerable Mr. Pearsall slowly walking down the street. His silver locks, the stoop in his shoulders, with the striking humility of his bow, (a ceremony which he was very ready to pay to those whom he met,)—his pastoral staff,—all these things soon pointed out the excellent man; but I looked at him in silence. He was just about to cross the street exactly opposite to the house, when Mrs. Jane's eye caught him; and, suddenly turning to me with great agitation, she whispered, "Oh, here is this canter coming to call on my sister!

Go, Miss Lea, and in a moment, and tell her that she must not let him in,—that the Doctor does not like strangers. Go—be quick !”

I arose, trying to hide a smile, for I scarcely hoped the old gentleman would make his way in ; and whilst Mrs. Jane, elevating her voice, addressed a remark to the Doctor, I endeavoured to convey her message to Mrs. Deborah ; but she either could not or would not understand me, till a single rap was heard at the street door : when, suddenly rising, she replied, almost loud enough for the Doctor to hear, “ No, Miss Lea, I am not ashamed of my Pastor ;—*my* friends are as good as *other people's* friends.”

One of these sentiments, at least, was good ; but the eyes of Mrs. Deborah flashed fire at her sister, as she spoke, expressing feelings of no gentle nature. At this crisis a slow step was heard upon the stairs, followed by a gentle knock at the door, which was answered by Mrs. Deborah's exclaiming, in an unusually loud and quick tone, “ Pray walk in !” —whilst Mrs. Jane reddened up to the eyes. The door gradually opened, and the old gentleman appeared, bowing low ; but no sooner had he ascertained, by a single glance, that there were visitors in the room, than he immediately drew back, saying, as he bowed again, “ I beg pardon—I intrude.” But before it was possible for Mrs. Deborah to press her visitor to come in, the Doctor had arisen from his seat, and, with three hasty steps, had crossed the room, and, reaching out his

hand to the old gentleman, exclaimed, "Oh, my good friend, to what happy circumstance am I indebted for this meeting!" So saying, with a countenance beaming with benevolence, he led him forward into the room, and placed him in his own arm-chair, drawing a seat for himself by his side.

Were I to live to be twice my present age, I could never forget the astonishment painted in the countenances of both sisters at this extraordinary circumstance; whilst, at the same time, Mrs. Jane betrayed in her face as much displeasure, as Mrs. Deborah exhibited of triumph. I was rejoiced to observe that the pleasure of the meeting between these good gentlemen was quite mutual, though Mr. Pearsall seemed to be somewhat taken by surprise.

After the first salutations had passed, the Doctor turned to Mrs. Deborah, and, with his usual ease and vivacity, said to her, "And now, cousin, I request you to introduce me to this gentleman; for though I believe we have met here with no inconsiderable pleasure, we are in one sense perfect strangers to each other."

"We are travelling companions," added Mr. Pearsall, when the Doctor ceased to speak,—“companions, I trust, on more than one journey.”

The Doctor smiled; and Mrs. Deborah, rising, formally introduced the two worthy gentlemen to each other, the one as her highly valued friend, Mr. Pearsall, Pastor of the Presbyterian congregation to which she had the happiness to belong—the other as Dr. Vyse, her

distant relation, the Rector of ——, in a remote county.

Mrs. Jane interrupted this explanation, by observing that Dr. Vyse was not a *distant* relation of her family.

Not one cloud of displeasure passed over the countenance of either of the gentlemen upon understanding the difference of their employments in their Master's vineyard; and, the ceremony of introduction being past, Dr. Vyse, extending his hand to Mr. Pearsall, "Allow me," he said, "to give you the right hand of fellowship; whatever unimportant differences there may be in our respective tenets, I am persuaded that we have one and the same grand hope of salvation,—one and the same object of pursuit in our labours." Mr. Pearsall warmly shook the hand of his brother, (for so I may call him,) as if to testify his perfect agreement with what the Doctor had said.

The two gentlemen soon entered into very interesting conversation, in which an hour passed quickly away; and I could willingly have spent an hour longer in listening to it, when Mrs. Jane reminded the Doctor that the morning was passing away. "Well, cousin," returned the Doctor, gaily, "if you choose to break up this agreeable meeting, you must, in return, indulge me, and, I will add, yourself too, with permission to invite my excellent brother to our evening party.—Sir," said he, "I must leave this neighbourhood the day after to-morrow, and it is more than probable that I may never revisit it."

Mrs. Jane stammered out a cold invitation, which was accepted without its being suspected, I believe, by either gentleman that it cost much real misery to the giver.

The chagrin of Mrs. Jane during the remainder of the day was so exceedingly great, that it seemed impossible it could elude the observation of the Doctor, though he did not appear to observe it; but when the evening guests arrived, I was obliged to exert myself as much as I dared to do in another person's house, to prevent her quite blazing out, and to see that the common civilities which the occasion required, were bestowed upon the little abhorred gentleman.

When the ceremony of tea was past, (a peculiarly formal meal at Mrs. Jane's house,) we became a little more agreeable.

The conversation of the old gentlemen was, as might be supposed, both highly interesting and profitable, and it seemed their desire to make it general, by addressing themselves from time to time to the old ladies, and the Doctor would even sometimes put a question to me, young as I was, for I believe I showed by my eyes, (a medium of attention allowable to the very youngest,) that I was interested in what was passing; yet I am sorry to say that the sisters were too much occupied by their own feelings, to attend to any thing else.

The conversation, as I have just said, was extremely interesting, but toward the close of the evening it took

a turn, which made a deep and lasting impression on my mind, and this turn was given to it through my own flippancy, for my spirits were not a little raised by witnessing what I considered the amusing distresses and prejudices of the sisters.

It seems that Mrs. Jane had been watching for a favourable break in the discourse, in order to complain to her sister, of a cold she had caught, in consequence of breathing the east wind, immediately after leaving the crowded church on Sunday. Having succeeded in entering upon this subject. She proceeded to give the names of a great variety of persons, not regular attendants upon the church, who had made their appearance there on Sunday, "And amongst them," she added, sarcastically, "were *your* friends, sister Deborah, the John Smiths——"

"Pray do not call them my friends," returned Mrs. Deborah, "nor friends of the Presbyterian interest; for they go to church or meeting, just as *curiosity* leads."

"Indeed," said I, (as I thought then, very smartly,) "I think, when I am grown up, that I shall imitate their example, at least in one respect, for I will have a pew in the church, and a pew in the meeting-house, and I will occupy them alternately, though I hope from better motives than curiosity." Both the old gentlemen turned and looked at me, and Mr. Pearsall, pointedly addressing me, said, "May I ask, young lady, what would be the motives of your conduct?"

“ To secure myself, Sir,” I replied, with some trepidation, “ from party spirit and prejudice.”

“ Will you allow me, Madam,” returned the old gentleman, “ to relate to you, by way of reply, a little story ?”——I bowed.

“ I once knew,” he proceeded, “ a worthy young woman, who gained a very respectable livelihood by her needle, in the house of her parents. It unfortunately happened, that, when these parents (persons of generally estimable character, and very fond of their daughter) were considerably advanced in age, an unhappy difference took place between them, in consequence of which the mother established herself in a separate house. The daughter was grown up, and capable of acting for herself. She was equally attached to both parties, and found herself unable, on many accounts, to enter into the merits of the distressing quarrel ; she therefore decided upon living half a year with each parent : but, in process of time, she found that it was quite impossible for her to get her livelihood upon this plan ; her time and thoughts were occupied with her perpetual changes, instead of being engaged, as was requisite, by her work, and many other incidental evils followed : she therefore quietly established herself once more in her father’s house, where she was born, and contented herself with giving every proof of attention and kindness to her mother which circumstances would permit.——”

The old gentleman paused here, and then continued :

I do not mean to say, young lady, that you can apply my little story in all points; but this one thing I would say, that, as through the infirmities and blindness of human nature, there will be divisions in opinion amongst us (and all divisions are to be lamented), we must not expect to remedy the evil by disorderly and irregular conduct on our own parts. It is evidently the design of Providence, that we should all possess a spiritual, as well as a temporal, home; the advantages of each will be found to correspond. Let us be very cautious how we leave, ourselves, or draw others from, that home to which the voice of conscience has led us, and which Providence seems to have appointed for us; but let us soberly abide in our own calling, patiently awaiting that time when there *shall be* one universal church; meanwhile stemming the progress of party spirit and prejudice by the exercise of true Christian love toward all, who neither *take from*, or *add to*, the word of God."

The good man had struck the chord upon which the Doctor's heart vibrated—the chord of love. He had hitherto remained silently attentive; and now, observing that his brother had concluded his little address to me, he instantly commenced, commenting upon the old gentleman's theme, drawing a sweet picture of Christian charity in its various branches and temper, contrasted with its odious opposite, pride and selfishness. He traced up the holy stream to the fountain of eternal love, manifested in the one unspeakable gift of

God to man. Then describing its progress through time, he painted, in glowing language (the impression of which I can never lose, though I know not how to give it utterance again), the ultimate possession which love, boundless love, shall take of those regions, where those who drank of its streams on earth shall rest on its peaceful banks throughout eternity. Surely, Mrs. Jane and Mrs. Deborah must have been softened by this; but I did not at that time bestow one thought upon them. We were at length unwillingly interrupted. I will add, that during the short remainder of the evening, there was at least more of self-government manifested on the part of the ladies. The separation of the old gentlemen was affecting, and the remembrance of it is particularly so to me, because after that evening I never again saw Doctor Vyse. He did, indeed, visit it again three years afterward, but I was then at a considerable distance from home.

In conclusion of my little narrative, I must in truth relate, that the example and sweet discourse of our two venerable pastors produced for some time very little apparent effect upon the minds of Mrs. Jane and Mrs. Deborah, though they were more cautious in refraining from religious arguments at the time of the Doctor's visit just alluded to. The last visit he ever paid to the town of K—, Mrs. Deborah had fallen into very bad health, but received few attentions from her sister. It was on this occasion that the Doctor conversed with his old friend upon her spiritual state

more earnestly and affectionately than he had ever done before; and perhaps she then saw, for the first time, that her uncharitable feelings toward her sister were but a stream flowing from an impure fountain. This view, however, was at first faint and obscure; but it was in administering to the wants of her sister out of her abundance, that she first made an effort, as I have often heard her say, to comply with the wise suggestion of the Doctor, and the formation of this habit of charity became the source of permanent good to herself.

When administering little cordials to her sister, her best feelings were in exercise, and she was then in a state of mind occasionally to hear with profit the language which fell from the mouth of Mr. Pearsall, as he sat by the sick-bed of Mrs. Deborah. This diseased sheep of Mr. Pearsall's flock needed much the same treatment as Mrs. Jane had received from the Doctor; Mr. Pearsall knew her state, and was faithful in administering the remedy.

Mrs. Deborah lingered several years in much infirmity; but I am happy and thankful to say, that during the latter years of her life a perfect union was established between herself and her sister; and that union seemed to arise in both, from a sense that "he who is much loved should love much, and he who has much forgiven should forgive much."

Mrs. Deborah died in peace, leaving her sister to spend the remainder of an active life, in the exercise of much private charity as well as general hospitality :

nor was an arm-chair ever wanting by her fire-side for Mr. Pearsall, as long as his staff was able to support him so far. There was great hope in her death. Upon one of the last occasions that I saw her, she said to me, "Should you ever find it profitable to relate the history of the *Pride and Prejudice*, in the indulgence of which my departed sister and myself past so many of our valuable years, I desire that you will not spare us, but hold us up as warnings to all those who would conceal their uncharitable tempers under the disguise of religious zeal."

I repeat this dying testimony to the change which had taken place in the mind of my old friend, with a view also to apologize for *any shade* I may seem to have cast upon her *memory*, in the course of this little recital.

Dr. Vyse and Mr. Pearsall never met after the last visit of the former to Mrs. Jane.

I have been told that they then parted from each other like men who never expected to meet again, till they should be reunited upon Mount Zion, in their Father's presence; and as they found it "good and pleasant when on earth, to dwell together in unity," on that sacred hill they have, no doubt, renewed their holy friendship. Love, immortal love, is still their theme, and the everlasting blessing of the Lord is descending like dew upon them.

My acquaintance with these two holy men I shall never recollect but with feelings of the most interest-

ing kind, with a sense of my increased responsibility, for having witnessed so fair an exhibition of Christian charity, and with lively gratitude to Him, from whom all good proceeds, that I was ever permitted to know these faithful disciples of Him whose name is Love.

SONNET

On Mr. Hofland's Picture of Jerusalem at the time of the Crucifixion.

BY MISS MITFORD.

Jerusalem ! and at the fatal hour !
 No need of dull and frivolous question here !
 No need of human agents to make clear
 The most tremendous act of human power.
 The distant cross, the rent and fallen tower,
 The opening graves, from which the dead uprear
 Their buried forms, the elemental fear
 Where horrid light and horrid darkness lour—
 All tell the holy tale : the mystery
 And solace of our souls. Awe-struck we gaze
 On this so mute yet eloquent history !
 Awe-struck and sad at length our eyes we raise
 To go ; yet oft return that scene to see,
 Too full of the great theme to think of praise !

ARTHUR.

[From an unfinished Epic.]

BY EDWIN ATHERSTONE.

The Scene is a Saxon Castle, beleaguered by the Northmen.

It chanced, one day, the Danes
Held a great feast, in honour of their Gods:
And, ere the sun declined, the wine cups oft
Were emptied. Hubba, in his regal tent,
Sat with his chiefs, carousing deep. That night
He vowed to give to pleasure. * * *

* * * * *

Arthur, meantime, from a high turret look'd
Upon their camp;—his very soul on fire
To rush upon them, and annihilate.
Yet strove he to be calm, and smother down
The flame that raged within him. But his face,
Now flushed,—now pale,—his lips compressed,—his
eyes
Glancing at times like wild-fire,—and his hand
Unconsciously to his huge battle-axe

Impell'd, and then withdrawn, show'd with what toil
 He held the mastery. As in some cloud,
 Angry, and black, and fiery-edg'd, that stands
 Alone in the hot sky of summer's eve,
 The lightnings lie, impatient to be gone;
 And seem to heave and swell their vapoury hold,
 And run around its edge, and light its depths,
 With short, quick gleams, and fretful quiverings,
 As tho' they strained upon their viewless chains
 To burst away along the infinite sky—
 So seem'd the chief with rage and hot desire
 Of instant battle fill'd and flowing o'er.

Meantime, with every hour the mirth and noise
 Grew louder. * * * * *

The sun went down,
 Buried in black and threatening clouds that spread
 Ere long athwart the sky, bringing quick night.
 The air was warm and moveless:—every sound
 Came from the camp distinct,—shout, jest, and laugh,
 And drunken brawl; and when the darkness grew
 Thick over head, by the huge watch-fires' glow
 He could behold the revellers as they sat
 In groups around the blaze;—or, on the earth,
 Lay at their length. The massy pitchers stood,
 Not unemployed;—and the huge horns went round,
 From hand to hand, full brimm'd. Some, overpower'd
 By the delicious foe, whom all the day

They coped with, and defied, lay motionless
 As stones :—and, every minute that he look'd,
 Another—and another tumbled down :
 One, at the instant that he drain'd the bowl,
 Sank backward, muttering :—another rais'd,
 With erring hand and rocking head, the cup,—
 But fell ere he could taste it. O'er the field
 Their arms were scatter'd as, from the loose grasp,
 They parted unperceiv'd ;—or where, remov'd
 For ease, they were flung down, and soon forgot.

Their height of merriment was past ;—and now
 Swiftly, tho' all unconscious, down the vale
 Of sleep they glided. Feebler grew the shout ;—
 The song died in a murmur ere its close ;—
 The cups mov'd slowly, as with toil o'erspent ;—
 The laugh came indistinct ;—the story paused
 Ere well begun ;—and he who on the field
 Stagger'd he knew not whither,—reel'd and fell ;—
 The fires grew dimmer,—and the torches lay
 Smouldering upon the earth : a voice or two
 Were heard at intervals,—but thick and low :—
 And the soft sounds of night were coming out,
 With their dim echoes. * * *

* * * * *

All now was still :—

The fires were almost out :—a dim, red glow
 That came,—and went ;—and now and then a stream
 Of upward-flying sparks, as some large brand,

Burn'd through, broke gently down with its own weight,
Were all that might be seen. Far off, the wolf,
Prowling the forest, rais'd his voice! the owl
Hooted as he flew by:—the beetle's hum
Became a noise:—the grass-drake in the fields
Kept his monotonous call:—the infinite sounds,
Like little whisperings, that the earth and air
Give out in the deep hush of a calm night,
Came crowding on the ear:—and the slow breath
Of all those heavy sleepers,—like the moan,
Scarce audible, of waters far away,
Floated upon the air.

Then Arthur saw
The hour was come:—and from the turret went,
And bade the impatient soldiers arm in haste!

THE MURMURER INSTRUCTED.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his works in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make them plain.

COWPER.

“ **PRIDE** and presumption are the sins of youth : it is seldom satisfied to submit its reason to the guidance of Him, who hath said, ‘ Learn of me, for I am lowly of heart ;’ but, forgetting that the ways of God are unsearchable, and past finding out, in its self-sufficient vanity it too often concludes, that what it cannot discern, the Almighty could not create. From doubts proceed murmurs, and they beget misery.”

These words were addressed to me by one, into whose society Providence had led me, to learn a lesson I shall not soon forget. He was an aged man ; his years had evidently numbered more than three-score and ten ; yet there was a serenity in his countenance, which showed that he was wearing, but not rusting out, and that his life had been spent in active and unceasing labours to

do good, in order that, when called from earth, he might not leave behind him such record—

“ As smoke in air,
Or surf upon the wave.”

The admonition was uttered in such a manner, as to realize my ideas of one of the inspired prophets of the age, when God dwelt among his own peculiar people—those prophets, in the presence of whom kings and rulers trembled, and before whom virtue alone could stand unabashed. I was still musing on the calm dignity with which my companion had spoken, when we entered the green lane that led to his cottage. It was a fine summer evening, and twilight was gradually overpowering the brilliant tints which the departed sun had left, as memorials of his glory. The cottage was partly hidden from observation by the branches of a huge oak; around the trellice-work the clematis, the jessamine, and the briar-rose, grew in luxuriant beauty; and the habitation received, for the support it yielded, the grateful embraces of its dependants. The interior was neither splendidly nor meanly decorated, but all was neat and tasteful; and it was evident that cleanliness was there regarded as the younger sister of godliness. The Bible lay open upon a small rustic table, around which a number of young and beautiful children were assembled, while their mother read aloud from the sacred volume. We entered, and my venerable friend seated himself in the old arm-chair

that was exclusively the property of the patriarch of the household. Smiles of welcome beamed on every rosy cheek ; but no word was uttered to disturb the solemnity of the scene. The book was then taken by the told man, and he read, in a clear and unbroken voice, the second chapter of our Saviour's sermon on the mount. The eldest girl, when prayer was finished, drew aside a crimson silk curtain that concealed a small organ, and after a few solemn chords, which are the best preludes to sacred music, she played a simple hymn. The little creatures raised their infantine voices in praise to their God ; and after receiving their grand-sire's blessing, which he gave with a peculiar and even thrilling earnestness, retired to their peaceful slumbers.

I felt increased respect for my aged friend. There was a solemnity in his every look and action, and a piercing, yet calm and dignified, expression in his eye, that made me doubt whether indeed he was, like myself, born to die. We were again alone ; and he continued his address. " I have said, young man, that youth is presumptuous ; it remembers not that there is ONE who is all-wise and omnipotent, who knoweth when a sparrow falls to the ground, and who clothes the lilies of the field ; but it is of little faith, and depends not on His wisdom, nor His goodness ; and, forgetting that man is the brother of the grave, and that corruption is his sister, its excellency would reach the heavens, and its pride tower above the clouds.

" Many, very many years ago, such were my feelings.

My pride, and *my* presumption, mounted up to heaven, and were witnesses against me: but I went still farther; I murmured at the dispensations of Providence, and dared to question the justice as well as the wisdom of the Most High. I murmured when I saw a man of worth and virtue pining in obscurity or want, while another, whom all good men hated, was ‘clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day.’ I murmured when I beheld the many sufferings that mortality has been doomed to endure;—when I saw the benevolent in heart, who had only pity to bestow, and the rich man, who at the sight of misery, like the Levite in the parable, ‘passed by on the other side;’—when I beheld the seed of the righteous begging their bread, and the unjust, who feared not God, neither regarded man, driving from his door the wretched, the helpless, and the forsaken!—but, most of all, I murmured when I thought myself doomed to sow that others might reap;—when I felt the milk of human kindness curdle in my veins, and all my best feelings turn to bitterness and gall: I beheld the unhappy around me, but for them I had no comfort; I saw the hungry, whom I could not feed,—the naked, whom I could not clothe; and, as the fool hath said in his heart—‘there is no God,’ often, very often, even so did I! I prayed for wealth, and I fancied that it was for the blessings wealth would give, and enable me to bestow. I murmured, and I was wretched.

“ My young wife, (for she who has but lately been

removed before me into Abraham's bosom, was then young and beautiful—*beautiful*, because in her countenance there shone forth gentleness, virtue, and religion, which always bring contentment and peace,) she vainly sought to give me comfort and hope, by speaking of Him who fed the prophet in the barren desert, and rained manna upon his people in the wilderness,—whose mercy and whose goodness have endured, when sin called loudly upon destruction!—and who is the Father as well as the Creator of those whom he hath raised from clay, and endowed with reasoning souls. For *her* I murmured, that one so young, so gentle, so good, should have been destined to share the hard fate of him whose mind converted all to gloom.

“ It pleased the Almighty to instruct my ignorance, and not to punish my wickedness.—I will tell you the mysterious means He used, that, without the suffering, you may reap the benefit.

“ One dark and cloudy evening, when the early spring yet struggled in the icy grasp of winter, and nature awaited the issue of the combat, I left my home and my smiling wife—she always smiled—and wandered to the borders of a neighbouring forest. The evening was in keeping with the tone of my mind; it was the dull and heavy termination of a cheerless day; the tempest howled fearfully among the still leafless trees, and, occasionally, furious gusts bent their branches, which seemed, in rising, to murmur against the winds

that were their oppressors ; the cold sleet was rapidly borne along by every bitter blast ; at times the flashing lightning severed the dark clouds—and, in an instant, some pride of the forest was torn from its rooted strength, and laid even with the lowly brier ;—loud thunders wearied the skies of their burden—and as they passed off into distant growlings, and then ceased, they seemed as if conscious of the uselessness of their complainings. I looked reproachfully toward heaven, and was about to plunge into the depths of the forest, when a light appeared among the dismal clouds, and a form, which I knew was too bright and beautiful to be of this world, descended through the storm and stood, firm and undismayed, upon the saturated earth. It was surrounded by a halo of light that emanated from itself ; long golden locks flowed gracefully over its shoulders ; and its wings were like the snow, soft and white, before it has mingled with earth. Its spotless robe trailed, but still unsoiled, along the ground, and there was a calm and dignified severity in its countenance, such as virtue would assume if confronted with a false witness.

“ The storm ceased, and the branches of the trees rose once more in quiet, as the angel thus addressed me :—

“ ‘ Creature of clay ! on whom the Creator hath bestowed that reason which thou hast perverted,—thou, whose every breath is discontent, whose every thought is ingratitude, I am sent to teach thee reflection—follow and attend.’ ”

“ In an instant, a change had taken place, and I was conscious of it.—My heavenly guide was still near me, as I trod the long avenue that led to a lofty mansion, whose proud turrets glistened in the morning sun.—Where it was, or how I stood before it, I knew not—but I retained a perfect sense of the circumstances under which I was placed; and I felt that the mysterious change had not been created in vain. We reached the splendid habitation; and passed on through crowds of brilliant company who were fast departing; and on my way I heard many a whispered slander against the lavish host. The lights were burning dimly—the flowers were faded—the music was unheeded—the dance was without spirit—and all bespoke a scene that satiates ere it is concluded.

“ In one of the apartments, into which the sun shone gloriously, in mockery of the dwindled lamps that left a sickly gloom, I beheld a person half reclining on a couch, his head upon his hands, and his whole manner betraying weariness of body, and sickness of heart.—He groaned, and looked up. What was my astonishment when I saw my own features!—I turned to my guide.

“ ‘ These are the *world's* pleasures,’ said he; ‘ the end of that mirth is heaviness. In such, reflection is death. Behold, the *rich* reveller is discontented and wretched.’

“ Again the scene was changed, and I knew by the rattling of the dice, and the oaths of those who con-

tended over their cards, that I was in one of those houses where the robber steals his victim's purse, and plunges his soul into despair; where the eternal enemy employs his worst ministers, and finds his easiest prey. One player started from the table, retired into a corner, beat his brow, and raved wildly of ruin and death. I shuddered, when I again beheld my own image.

“ ‘Ay,’ said my companion, ‘look on the scene and learn! The rich are like the discontented, never satisfied; the soul is staked for money, and both are lost; *he* hath been gifted with reason, *he* hath had his warnings; yet he hath walked the path of destruction, and the Spirit of God will not always strive with man.’

“ The scene once more changed, and I saw two persons opposed to each other in mortal combat: they fired; one fell, and died blaspheming; the other approached, savagely gazed upon his victim, and sneered, when he beheld the death struggle. I looked in the face of this incarnate demon, and it was my wretched self: I clasped my hands in agony, and turned to the angel.

“ ‘Who hath woe?’ said he; ‘Who hath sin? Who hath death eternal? They who tarry long at wine; they who curb not their passions; they who say not to their anger, be thou satisfied. What is it that suffereth long, and is kind,—that vaunteth not itself,—that is not puffed up?’

“ I turned, horrified, away, and instantly beheld the

noble mansion I had first visited. On the steps that led to the portal, a wretched looking female with her children sat. One, whom I shudderingly recognized, drew near; his step was irregular, and his looks were bent to earth: as he passed to the entrance, the woman with her young ones knelt, imploring a morsel of bread, but he spurned them with his foot, looked contemptuously upon them, and entered his palace.

“ ‘Behold,’ said my conductor, as his finger pointed to the group that was fading into indistinctness; ‘behold, the rich worldling will not stoop to feed the hungry, or clothe the naked; as soon would the wolf foster the timid lamb. The heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked,—who can know it?’

“The scene changed yet once more. I was in a building where I heard a fearful mingling of laughter, shrieks, and the clanking of chains; the madmen passed me by,—the raving, and the melancholy, and the drivelling idiot. I looked through the grating of one cell, and saw a wretched object sitting on the ground, passing straws from one hand to the other; when he had counted them, he madly laughed, and counted them again. He raised his eyes, and I beheld my own image.

“ ‘Father of mercies!’ I exclaimed, ‘let not this be.’

“ ‘Son of man!’ said the angel, ‘it will *not* be, if with an humbled heart, and a contrite spirit, thou attendest to the counsels of the Most High, and listeneth to the words he hath spoken by the mouths of his prophets.



Drawn by E. Westall, R.A.

Engraved by Chas Heath.

THE MURMURER INSTRUCTED.

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Canst thou, by searching, find out God, and wilt thou not believe that *He* who created this fair world for such as thou art, is merciful and just, as well as omnipotent? Wilt thou set thy little knowledge against that unerring Wisdom, who alone seeth futurity, and knows what is best for man? Thou hast beheld thy destiny, thy heart's desire shall be given thee; take wealth, and be wretched, or leave the Almighty to choose for thee, and be thou content. Thy next prayer shall be answered, and thou shalt have that which is thy heart's desire. Farewell!

“ My blessed instructor ascended to heaven, and I marked him soaring on high, until he became a speck amongst the clouds, and my eye could no longer trace his course.

“ I looked around,—I was on the borders of the same forest, and on the very spot, where the angel met me; but, Oh! how altered was every object. The sun was rising gloriously, the birds were hailing the morn with their liveliest notes, the trees had sent forth their buds, the earliest spring-flowers had appeared, and all was cheerful and happy. I knelt beneath the branches of a lofty oak—whose offspring now shadows my home,—and prayed to the Almighty, and my prayer, as that of the son of Sirac, was, ‘ give me neither poverty nor riches.’

“ I returned home; my sainted Mary met me with tears and smiles, and anxiously inquired where I had spent the night.

“ I related to her the lesson I had learnt from my heavenly friend: she would have persuaded me, and you perhaps will feel convinced, that it was a dream, but it was *no dream*. I wait to have the mystery solved, until it shall please my Creator to make it plain, and this mortal shall have put on immortality. The lesson taught by my instructor was not taught in vain. I laboured, and God blessed my labours, and ‘ gave me neither poverty nor riches :’ ever since, I have been prosperous, contented, and happy.”

A. M. H***.

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

HE knelt—the Saviour knelt and pray'd,
When but His Father's eye
Look'd thro' the lonely Garden's shade,
On that dread agony!
The Lord of All above, beneath,
Was bow'd with sorrow unto death.

The sun set in a fearful hour;
The heavens might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power,
So to o'ershadow *Him!*
That He who gave man's breath might know
The very depths of human woe.

He knew them all!—the doubt, the strife,
The faint perplexing dread;
The mists that hang o'er parting life,
All darken'd round His head;
And the Deliverer knelt to pray—
Yet pass'd it not, that cup, away!

It pass'd not—tho' the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath His tread ;
It pass'd not— tho' to Him the grave
Had yielded up its dead.
But there was sent Him, from on high,
A gift of strength, for man to die !

And was *His* mortal hour beset
With anguish and dismay ?
How may *we* meet our conflict yet
In the dark, narrow way ?
How, but thro' Him, that path who trod ?—
Save, or we perish, Son of God !

SKETCHES OF VILLAGE CHARACTER.

By the Author of "Michael Kemp," &c.

THE lilacs and laburnums were in meridian beauty, although slightly tarnished by the late rains that had opened the light foliage of the waving acacia; the glowing green of the young oak-leaves, and the deeper tint of the fir, presented a fine contrast to the gay branches of the birch, that waved its fragile stems with every breath. But the chief ornaments of the village scene were the animated figures that flitted around, whether village maidens, in their neat attire, or the graceful girls in higher walks of life; whether the strong, muscular lads, reared for plough and harrow, or the infant train, who had just found a firm footing on mother earth. Here stand two infant sisters, the roundings of whose cheerful countenances are tinged with rose, whose dark eye gives the glow of intelligence and speaks animation and joy; the younger has not long passed from the bosom of her parent; and their hands are locked in each other. They form a strong contrast to the slim little maid, who walks beside them: here nature has drawn a finer line, and

described a mind of a graver cast ; composure sits on her thoughtful brow, and the impress of premature womanhood marks her lengthened contour ; she steps carefully, and quietly places her basket beneath the laurel, and waits respectfully the notice of her superiors, has a smile and a curtsy for each, happy when noticed, and satisfied when passed by. She hath been early taught the lesson of subjection, and we will hope that a deeper impress, and a more lasting benefit, now in the bud, may one day blossom in full beauty.

Who is that animated boy, who stands beside the clustering roses, that creep round the verandah,—his clear blue eye full of ardour, a countenance with the keenness of a fox, anticipating every proposal with a ready “ *Yes*” for his superiors, and an animated “ *No*” for his equals ; awake to mischief, yet not unwilling to be useful ? It is the son of the village school-mistress ;—but a few years have passed since his agile foot first stepped to earth, and now he can walk many a weary mile on a useful errand ; his foot, his hand, his tongue, all called into active exercise : he is first in the race, and hope points to the day when his expanded powers shall be usefully and happily employed. But see the force of contrast ; observe that square lad, whose every word seems measured, whose very hat sits straight upon his head, who seems to weigh each footstep as he plants it, yet, beneath that grave look, there lurks an arch smile, giving the anticipation of future drollery, and latent ability.

Observe the little creature, with her round, projecting forehead, and eyes deeply set in her young head—the scattered hairs, of a dark and downy brown—the keen, quick twinkle, and sparkling intelligence of her common ordinary face, while she repeats chapter after chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, selected by chance, and brought forward with vain-glory as a trial of ability, which really so astonished her good-natured teacher, that she could do no more than say, “Another time, pray come to me, and I will find you something which you can understand better.”

And mark him who is sitting yonder, compact in form, every feature enlightened by mind—of pliant muscle, and countenance full of playful gaiety; no jest lost its aim from blunted capacity; no little courtesy unheeded, or dropped in ungrateful soil: awake, alive, warm, animated, he seems born to push his way through scenes of bustle and gaiety, and to make a friend at every corner he turns. How many hair-breadth escapes hath this young rogue got through, where one less hardy and flexible would have sunk!—Full of equanimity, always in temper, how lovely would the grace of God make such an one! and O! my little, animated friend, may that grace visit you abundantly! Small will be the advantages of nature compared with a drop from that fountain, of which, whosoever drinketh, shall thirst no more. Thy poor mother hath passed through the dark valley; she, perhaps, is now near thy side, watching thy wandering footsteps; and

who can say but she may be permitted to guide and guard her young ones—him, and the little, loving Mary, whose heart is perpetually overflowing, and going out in expressions of tenderness and endearment; and the retired, quiet Johnny, the very prince of bachelors, to whom disorder is distress, who hangs up his hat, and places his gloves in the destined corner, and knows no enjoyment till there is a place for every thing, and every thing in its place.

But, say, who comes here, with an eye dark as the sloe, whose very step speaks intrigue, and love of mischief? Not a water-course but bears testimony to his destructive ingenuity; the very foe of clean stockings, and the disturber of all order and regularity. Bear witness, ye poor little pigs, who had so nearly breathed your last amidst smoking straw and crackling timbers!—bear witness to his unintentional mischief, and sincere terror!

Those three little sisters, who stand side by side, the eldest not yet ten, are motherless; and that infant is the only one to light her father's fire, to dress his food, or put on the garments of her younger sisters. How soon does poverty find hands! About six weeks since, the mother, in a state of weakness and depression, expecting every day to add another infant to her already large family, came to ask the assistance of a bundle of baby clothes: she was of that texture and make, who, had she been a lady, one should have thought too delicate for common air; but she was

poor, and called to strive with poverty. She had not an unkind, but a rough, husband ; she had been imprudent in early life ; and never can I forget the expression of her mild, attentive eye when she said, “ Ah ! Madam, I shall counsel my children never to let a husband have cause to suspect them : it is a hard struggle, Ma’am, if they do ! ” How dearly she had bought her wisdom, she felt every day ; but He who looks with pity on suffering weakness, called her to himself in mercy ; and I have no doubt but her last hours, which passed in sleepless weakness, found her in a state of humble dependence on a Saviour’s merits. A few short years, and these infants will find their hands ; and their father, who will prove their usefulness, will increase in his affectionate care, and rear them to pass their days in useful poverty. May the eye of the Father of all mercies watch over them ! May the emanations of his Holy Spirit reach their souls, and left, as they seem, to struggle alone and unfriended, may they pass safely through this scene as strangers and pilgrims ! Scarce one, on whom my eye rests now, is unknown to me : most of them are younger than our trees, and have grown as much beneath our eye, and under our culture, and we find comfort in the injunction,—“ In the morning, sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper.” How may we rejoice to know that the work is the Lord’s ; that “ he calleth his sheep ; ” that “ they follow him ! ”—If

the village pastor were to consider conversion as his work, he would, in truth, be "of all men most miserable;" but, sent into the vineyard to perform "as a hireling his day;" to tell the glad tidings to the people; to deliver his own soul, and to warn fellow-mortals that "Time shall be no longer,"—he ploughs in hope, sows in hope, and waits the great day, which shall try every man's work. He alone, who made the heart, can know the heart! How often have I seen the decent pall wave to the evening breeze! How often hath that heavy bell pressed upon my ear, and seen the open forehead of the pastor tinged with the setting sun; while, clothed in the linen vest of the priest, his deep, sonorous voice hath slowly uttered those fine, impressive words,—"I am the resurrection and the life!" Young or old, infancy or maturity, all alike have seemed at some time to claim our anxious care; and how painful that care hath been, when unsatisfied thought, as respected their eternal state, hath pressed down the spirit, my pen cannot describe; but He "willeth not that any should perish," but that all should be saved; and to His almighty care, who formed them, they must eventually be left; for, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

We now sauntered to the village churchyard, on entering which something pathetic always steals upon the heart:—human hopes lie there extinguished, bustling ambition, proud distinction, all the depraved train of man's low energy has sunk in sleep, and, "it

is over !" thrills the shivering frame.—Ah, there I see a memorial to poor Thomas, rich in faith !—How time steals ! We can scarce believe that the turf has so long covered his bosom. Thus it is,—and many a spirit hath met him on that shore ;—some, I trust, happily, who at one time differed from him on earth. But say, to whom is that slight memorial erected ? John, Mary, and two infants,—all within the short space of five months. Was it fever ?—No : their history is affecting, though brief, and probably what thousands are called upon to realize. John was a village workman, of the superior cast ; his life had passed decently, though not religiously ; he was a proud man, and considered improvement as innovation—every effort to benefit the neighbourhood met the cold sneer which too often waits on the anxious exertion of the humble pastor. Thus circumstanced, though the Vicar and his wife wished them well, there was little opportunity for useful intercourse, and the visits to the village carpenter were short and unfrequent. At length, some little job was to be done, and in the spring of 1811, he bent his steps to their dwelling. He was observed to look very ill, and in reply to sympathetic inquiry, he said that he had gone through more that winter than any of the poor of the village.—Yet pride prevented his applying for assistance where surely it would not have been denied. But the pressure of calamity had bowed the haughty spirit, and the conviction followed that those held distant were not unfriendly. Weakness increased

daily, and those sure attendants on decline, cough and debility, the hectic and the fluttered streak, marked the near approach of the last enemy.—Then came the softened tone, and anxiety for survivors,—three little ones had already shared the humble board, and there was hourly expectation of an addition to their family.

One morning early, tidings came that Mary had given birth to twins. Never shall I forget my first visit after this event: the poor suffering father had crept to his orchard plot, and was seated beneath a flowering apple-tree, breathing the balmy air of spring: I could scarcely congratulate him, except that the event he had desired had been accomplished. He looked piteously: “O Ma’am!” “God will provide!” was my reply. “Yes, Ma’am; I don’t doubt it.” I said, “I shall not visit Mary to-day; she had better be quiet.”

Till Tuesday, all went on well; the pastor was out;—she sent for him, in great haste, in the village phrase, to “read to her.”—As he was not at home, a hasty message came, entreating his wife to attend: and O! in the eagerness of that day, how did deferred duty rise in all its terrors to harass the departing soul! “I had no thought of dying, Ma’am; I thought only of my husband and children! O read, Ma’am, read! my time is short!” And then psalm after psalm and chapter after chapter were presented to instruct and to console. “’Tis very fine, ’tis very beautiful, but I can’t rest upon it.” When I would have left her, with a look of entreaty she repeated, “O read a little more! my time is short!

I had no thought of dying, I thought only of my husband!" Thus, each day, while sense remained, did she call on those around her to read and pray. On Friday her earthly sufferings ceased, and she left her dying husband and her little infants to struggle yet longer with the ills of life: but the young ones pined for a mother's care, and followed her to the grave a few weeks after.

Connected with their history, while sorrows thickened round them, was a poor creature, whose disordered imagination gave her the appellation of a witch. Poor Ruth dwelt in a cottage where the wind and rain found way, and the falling timbers often threatened her safety; and while needful repair was securing the ruined dwelling, she found nightly shelter in the cottage of John and Mary.

A fair-haired infant named Anne, was often soothed to rest by this strange wayward being: habit had so endeared this repulsive creature to the lovely babe, that she was continually found wandering near her; and when sorrow visited the dwelling of her friends, and the increase of family, combined with sickness, rendered the attendance on Anne really inconvenient, the old woman would take her daily to her dwelling, and watch her with the tenderest care.

One day, feeling fatigued and poorly, she said, "I will not have the child to-day," and returned alone toward her cottage: but, alas! poor destitute creature! whether weakness and giddiness seized her, or the care-

less driver of some team caused the accident, is not known ; but as the pastor went for his afternoon walk, he found her in a pool of stagnant water, where, as nearly as could be calculated, she must have been four hours. Had she taken the infant with her, it would in all probability have perished too ; but a gracious Providence preserved the babe.

Thus the dying man saw his wife, two infants, and the poor old wanderer, sink before him. At length his hour came, he met it with composure, and there was rational hope, that he was released from sorrow and suffering to enter on a scene of bliss unfading. Youthful hands reared a frail memorial to point the place where John and Mary rest together, and many a passing sigh hath been breathed over their lowly grave !

A VERNAL ODE.

BY THE REV. W. B. CLARKE.

OH, who, on such an eve as this,
Would wander 'mongst the haunts of care?
Unmindful of the balmy bliss,
That breathes from out the tranquil air,—
Unmindful of the charms that cling,
To all around us and above;—
The blessing and the pomp of Spring,
That fill the gladden'd soul with love.

Spirit! we call'd thee in the time
Of cold and darkness to our land;
We woo'd thee with the suppliant rhyme;
We rais'd to thee the suppliant hand!
Thou camest faithful to our call;
Once more the voice of joy was loud,—
In pastoral glen, and lordly hall,
Our hearts before thine altars bow'd.

The woods hung out their ensigns gay,
The vales with shouts of laughter rang,
The hills look'd forth, in green array,
Whilst Nature thy approaches sang.
Once more the primrose, from the shade
Of Autumn's tangled remnants, smil'd ;
The violet in the grassy glade
With her blue eye the day beguil'd.

The flocks, that in the piercing cold
Of bleak December were undone ;
Leap'd up within their mountain fold,—
The sports of Summer were begun.—
Thy presence all our fears dispell'd ;
Thy influence set the rivers free,
Unbound the icy chains which held
Their fleetness and their melody.

So was it, when along the plain
Of Enna roam'd the virgin band,
Invoking pleasure's frolic train,
And tripping blithely hand in hand,
Among the lily-border'd ways
That skirt the vale to fable dear,
Where to the lovely damsel's gaze
Uprose the grisly charioteer.

But Spring, within Sicilian groves,
Hath ever since deserted stray'd ;
Still through the fields, in tears, she roves,
Wailing her own beloved maid :
And Arethusa's fabled stream,
And Cyane, with voice of woe,
To mourn the mortal goddess seem,
Her altars leaving as they flow.

Fain would I seek that heav'nly clime,
Where Glory's altars rose of yore ;
Where Nature's features are sublime,
And fragrance breathes from shore to shore !
Yet not to me 'tis given to roam,
Where Spring's fresh flow'rets deck the spear
Of those who combat for the home
Of hopes to fame and virtue dear.

Yet, Spirit ! unto whom 'tis given
To cheer the human soul, by signs
Of that ethereal change in heaven,
Which many a silent thought enshrines ;—
Oh ! take me to yon realms so bright—
Those isles of blessedness—that lie
Among the scatter'd worlds of light,
Within yon soft and tranquil sky !

There let me rove on fancy's wing,
As joyous as the western cloud,
Where every breeze betokens Spring,
And warring wings no more are loud :
There let me rove, till earthly things
Are lost amid the calm serene,
And quiet, such as virtue brings,
Hallows and glorifies the scene.

Yes ! bright, as is yon glorious sky,
Are virtue's dwellings—calm as those
Aerial mansions, rais'd on high,
A holy life's illumin'd close :
And, like the early flow'rs, that spread
Their odours on the evening air,
The promise that awaits the dead,
When fades the day of mortal care.

THE BEGGAR'S DOG.

A SKETCH.

“They are honest creatures.”—OTWAY.

“AND so we must part, my old friend, my poor Rover!” was the exclamation addressed by a very aged man to his dog, who looked wistfully into his face, as if conscious that there was something more than usually melancholy in the countenance of his master.

“And so we must part!”—The poor man wept as he leant upon a long staff, gazed down upon, and patted the animal, who licked his hand, and seemed to know that he had some share in his master's sorrows.

There are few who have not known abundant instances of the fidelity of the dog. Providence has evidently intended them to live in social intercourse with man, whom they regard as their natural protector, to whom they must render good service in return.—Every one with whom this animal has been domesticated has some story to tell of its kindness, its intelligence, and its worth—and those who seek amusement in contemplating the “lower world,” find

especial delight in noticing the dog. He attends to all the motions, watches every turn and change of the countenance, and appears to understand even the language of his master. Is he glad?—the dog is happy. Is he sorrowful?—the dog sympathizes in his sorrow. Faithful and devoted to death—and often when the grave closes over the body of his master, the dumb servant is the only earthly being that seeks no where else for hope or comfort. Man has many calls and many duties to wean his memory from the dead, and woman, even woman, soon ceases to think of the departed—but the dog seldom forgets the first object of its attachment. Absence, (which is death without death's hopelessness,) be it of ever so long a duration, scarcely ever weakens the affection of the animal; and the long remembered voice of kindness awakens to its full vigour the devotion of the dog.

“ And so we must part, Rover!” repeated the old man; and the dog asked as plainly as a dog could ask, why was his master sad.

The story of this aged man was not of the every-day order. Near the place where he now stood was the cottage in which his parents had dwelt, in which he had himself passed many happy years, and in which four children had been born to him. Fifteen years ago, he had committed a crime for which he had been obliged to leave his country; that crime, although one which the law punishes with peculiar severity, is not one which, in a moral point of view, can be considered of

a very heinous nature. He had been a poacher, and, like many sturdy Englishmen, had considered the game that passed over his own fields as his own property. Having persevered, notwithstanding frequent warnings and minor punishments, in a course which the law had forbidden, he was at length tried as an incorrigible poacher, and transported from his country for fourteen years. The term having expired, he had now again entered his native village: his wife had been dead several years, and his sons were scattered no one knew whither. The only information he could obtain was, that one had enlisted into a regiment of the line; that another had been pressed into the navy; that a third had left the village in the service of a gentleman, who was a temporary resident there; and of the fourth no one knew any thing, except that he was a wild, mischievous boy, who had not been seen after the death of his mother.

His former cottage was now without inhabitant, and the weeds covered the little garden that in his time was so neat and beautiful. In the village there were few who recognized him, and of those few, there were none to welcome him to a place from which his memory had almost passed away, and which had long ceased to be the home of any of his kindred.

From the parish only he could obtain relief, and there his claim had been acknowledged. But by a late regulation, no pauper was suffered to keep a dog; and this was the sorrow that now pressed so heavily upon him.

“ And so we must part, Rover !” he repeated a third time. “ They will not give your master food, if he shares it with his dog. And there is no one else to give me bread. I told them I would ask no allowance for you, but would give you a part of mine, and they cruelly asked me, what did a beggar want of a dog? What do I want of you, Rover! My companion, my friend, my only child—my poor, poor dog !”

And the old man sat down on the steps before his once happy home, and wept bitterly. The animal whined, and licked his master's cheek.

“ If I could even find a master for you, Rover, that would be kind to you, as I have been, I should be almost satisfied ; but it would take time to know your worth, my poor dog, and me, time to know the worth of him to whom I gave you, and we must part to-day, for we are both hungry ; yet happy would be the master of such a servant. My poor, poor dog !”

The aged man covered his cheek with his hands, and the big tears fell upon his tattered garments.

While he continued in this attitude of deep sorrow, a gentleman alighted from his horse at the cottage-gate, and gazed around him, as if upon a scene to which he was not a stranger. The old man rose,—their eyes met,—and in an instant the father and the son were locked in each other's arms. It was his fourth son, the wild, thoughtless boy, of whom no one knew any thing.

When the first expressions of astonishment were over, and the father had related his tale,—which was

merely that he had spent his years in bondage, and had returned to seek support from his parish; he pointed to his dog, and spoke of the agony he had just felt in the fear of purchasing existence, by the loss of his long-tried companion and friend.

The animal shared in his joy, and capered to show that he felt it; while the son patted the faithful animal, and said:

“The world has prospered with me, father; God has given me enough, and to spare; and I came to this place to purchase this little cottage and the piece of land that was so dear to my remembrance. You shall see my wife, and my dear children, and we will live here happily once more. Give thanks to the God who gave me the means.

“Blessed be the name of the Almighty, he would not suffer a repentant sinner to be desolate,—but my dog, my son, my dog!”

“He shall never want a friend, father, and you shall keep him till he dies.”

The old man again wept, but his tears were now tears of gratitude and joy, as he turned to his old companion, patted him, and said, “We will *not* part, Rover, we will *not* part.”

Rover whined, wagged his tail, and followed them proudly into the village.

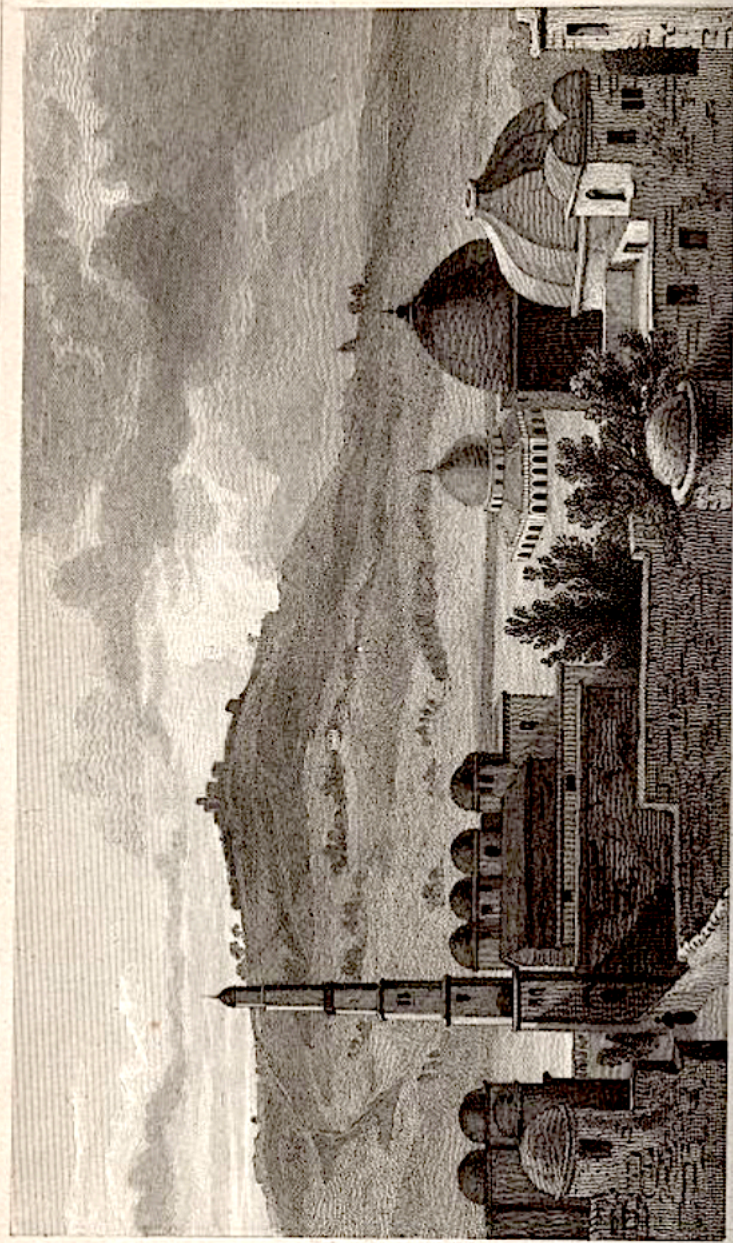
P. D.

STANZAS.

BY JOHN BOWRING.

Go ! and list to the foaming sea,
Glorious in its monotony ;
Go ! and look at the star-lit scroll,
Which the high heavens to earth unroll ;
Go ! to the mountains, for they be
From and for eternity.

Ask them, where is their Maker—where ?
Every one shall answer, “ Here ! ”
Wouldst thou know more, the ocean's roar,
The starry sky, and the mountains high,
Will all reply,—
“ Wisdom, love, and power ! ”



V.C. Engraved from a Sketch by Sir W. Chatterton Bart.

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES FROM JERUSALEM.

Engraved by E. B. Pinson.

JERUSALEM.

BY JOSIAH CONDER.

“ Is this thy place, sad city ! ”——BISHOP HEBER.

How potent is the magic exerted by a geographical name ! Rome—Athens—Jerusalem ! What a host of images do they call up ! what a thrill of feeling do those words excite ! No single name of sage or hero acts so powerfully on the imagination, as that of some once favoured resort of the illustrious dead, which therefore stands to us for a hundred names of individual interest and sanctity. When we think of Socrates, or of Cæsar, fancy can but suggest the imaginary portrait of the man ; but the name of Rome calls up the long line of Cæsars, with all the splendours of the Augustan age, and those who made it illustrious—Virgil, and Horace, and Cicero. A crowd of brilliant but indefinite images rush upon the mind, which operate the more powerfully from that indefiniteness : for the next step which the mind takes, is, to shape to itself some material form, or ideal being, as the object on which to concentrate those

feelings. It is obvious, that mere scenery cannot fix and sustain this local enthusiasm : the soul and centre of the scene is a shadowy abstraction, combined of all the material and moral elements of the landscape, or rather sublimed from them, which forms the genius or deity of the place. For instance, when we speak of Rome, "the Eternal City"—who thinks of the modern capital, with its narrow, filthy streets, the Campo Vaccino and the Corso, the Castle of St. Angelo, or even of St. Peter's, and the Vatican?—No ; the Rome which we picture to ourselves, is the queen of nations, the *Mater Dea* of the ancient world, who, throned on her seven hills, once complacently beheld her sceptred or laurelled sons, those master spirits of heroic mould, who in successive ages made her name glorious ;—now, prostrate and conscious of her fall, surrounded by a desert of her own creation, looking up half-disdainful at the paltry palaces and churches, with their still more insignificant tenants, who have usurped the scenes of her former grandeur.—Thus, with a sort of intellectual idolatry, the mind bows down before its own immaterial workmanship, made after the likeness, not of the human figure, but of the human spirit, yet invested with an obscurity and vastness related to the attributes of Deity.

These lofty raptures, however, are a flight too high for vulgar minds ; and, in them, the local enthusiasm must ally itself to something more tangible, which shall still represent and typify the genius of the place.

And now this topographical passion puts on the form of grosser idolatry, as it blends with the fanaticism of the pilgrim or the crusader; and the Holy Sepulchre or the Kaaba, the Heathen Temple or the Christian *Basilica*, becomes the shrine of the presiding genius,—the *nomen loci*. But the shrine must have its altar and its visible symbol of divinity. Hence, the pælladium of Troy and the *diopetes* of Ephesus, the black stone of Mecca and the gray stone of the Mosque of Omar, the marble sarcophagus of Calvary and the manger of Bethlehem.

If idolatry had not grown out of the very constitution of our nature,—if it had not been an instinctive feeling taking on, as it were, a diseased action, it could never have become so universally prevalent. Originating at once in the strength and the imbecility of the human mind, it results from the effort to localise and embody the invisible objects of those awful hopes, and fears, and devout emotions, which bear witness within us to the Deity. Thus, the old pagans assigned gods to the hills, and gods to the valleys; while Christian Rome has its Olympus and Pantheon of patron saints and tutelary demigods. But the local enthusiasm is in itself a blameless and even an exalted moral sensation; and the faculty by which we identify with the outward forms of inanimate nature, the moral spirit or historic soul of the scene, seems like a reflection of that creative power which has linked in the human being, in most intimate connexion, two substances

as distinct from each other, and as incapable of spontaneously uniting, as the hills, and streams, and pillared fanes are distinct from the spirits of the mighty dead.

“What went ye out for to see?” may well be inquired of the Christian traveller on his return from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. A splendid capital? Then you must visit St. Petersburg, Mexico, or Rome. The monuments of ancient magnificence? For these you must go to Persepolis or Thebes. For objects of wonder and admiration, the traveller must ascend the Nile or the Hellespont; for scenes of beauty, visit Naples or Damascus. But what in Jerusalem does the traveller go forth to see? The city of David? Not a trace of it remains. The city of Herod? Of that too not a stone exists that has not been subverted. The colonial city of Adrian? That has been overthrown. The Jerusalem Delivered which Tasso sang? That has been reconquered by the victorious sword of the Moslem. What remains? A Turkish walled town, inclosing a number of heavy, unornamented stone houses, with here and there ruined heaps and vacant spaces!—seated amid rugged hills on a stony and forbidding soil,—“a cemetery in the midst of a desert.”

Is this thy place, sad city,—this thy throne,
 Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone?
 While suns unblest their angry lustre fling,
 And way-worn pilgrims seek the scanty spring?
 Where now thy pomp?

HEBER.

Jerusalem is no more. What exists on its site, serves only to mislead topographical inquiries. Not a monument of Jewish times is standing; the very course of the walls is changed, and the boundaries of the ancient city are become doubtful. The monks pretend to show the sites of the sacred places; but neither Calvary, nor the Holy Sepulchre, much less the Dolorous Way, the house of Caiaphas, &c., has the slightest pretensions to even a probable identity with the real locality to which the tradition refers. "The mistaken piety of the early Christians," Dr. Clarke remarks, "in attempting to preserve, has either confused or annihilated the memorials it was anxious to render conspicuous. Viewing the havoc then made, it may now be regretted, that the Holy Land was ever rescued from the dominion of the Saracens, who were far less barbarous than their conquerors." But the less there remains to be seen here, the more remarkable is the intense interest which still brings pilgrims from all quarters to the sacred city. At the beginning of the eleventh century, the *mania* of pilgrimage was at its height. It was a prevalent belief, that the end of the world was at hand; and among the armies of devotees, who at that time flocked to the Holy Land, were found kings, earls, and prelates, with immense numbers of women, many of whom had taken the resolution there to die, or wait the coming of the Lord. One corps, which is said to have amounted to 7,000, had three bishops and one archbishop among its leaders. To-

ward the close of that century, in consequence of the preaching of Peter the Hermit, still larger masses of European population began to roll toward the East. The poor rustic, who, equally with the proud baron and valorous cavalier, caught the enthusiasm, would place his whole family in the cart to which he had yoked his oxen, to perform this unknown journey; and the children, as they approached any large town or castle, would inquire whether that was Jerusalem. Then came the bloody days of the Crusaders, when the love of rapine, blending with the hope of salvation, became stimulated to the pitch of a diabolical frenzy. A three days' massacre of men, women, and children, signalized the entrance of the pious Godfrey into the city where the Saviour of mankind shed his blood for a guilty world. When Saladin, in 1187, retook the place, he released the greater part of his prisoners, and loaded them with presents. Those days are past; and the Templars, the Hospitallers, and the Saracens are extinct. But still, as Easter returns, some few thousands of Greek, and Latin, and Armenian, and Moggrebin pilgrims repair to the Holy City, to kiss the consecrated marbles, to light their tapers at the sacred fire, and to wash away their sins in the Jordan. In them, the local enthusiasm exists in all its vigour and simplicity, or rather grossness. When they catch from the summit of the last hill over which the road from Jaffa passes, the first sight of the embattled walls, their transport is at its height; for they see in imagi-

nation, the Jerusalem of other days, and the very castle of king David is seen rising on the one hand, while the church of the Holy Sepulchre forms the principal object on the other.

Ecco apparir Gierusalem si vede ;
 Ecco additar Gierusalem si scorge ;
 Ecco da mille voci unitamente
 Gierusalemme salutar si sente.

TASSO.

The first sight of an eastern city is generally imposing; and the effect is the more striking, when the traveller comes upon it after having for hours, or perhaps days, traversed a desolate and cheerless region. The general aspect of the country in the immediate neighbourhood of Jerusalem, is blighted and barren: "the bare rock looks through the scanty sward, and the grain seems in doubt whether to come to maturity or die in the ear." On approaching the city from the west toward the Jaffa or Pilgrims' Gate, little is seen but the embattled walls and the Gothic citadel, the greater part of the town being concealed in the hollow formed by the slope of the ground toward the east. But, from the high ground in the road to Nablous and Damascus, when the distant city first bursts on the traveller, the view is exceedingly noble and picturesque. Amid a seemingly magnificent assemblage of domes, and towers, and minarets, the eye rests with delight on the elegant proportions, the glittering gilded crescent, and the beautiful green blue colour of the Mosque of Omar,

occupying the site of the Temple of Jehovah ; while, on the left, the lovely slope of Mount Olivet forms a soothing feature in the landscape. The general character is a sort of forlorn magnificence : but the distant view is all. On entering at the Damascus Gate, meanness, and filth, and misery soon reveal its fallen and degraded state. You lose yourself among narrow, unpaved, deserted streets, where a few paltry shops expose to view nothing but wretchedness ; the houses are dirty and dull, looking like prisons or sepulchres ; scarcely a creature is to be seen in the streets, or at the gates ; and throughout the whole city, there is not one symptom of either commerce, comfort, or happiness. “ How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people ! How is she become as a widow, she that was great among the nations ; and the princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary ! From the daughter of Zion all her beauty is departed....All that pass by say, Is this the city that was called the Perfection of Beauty, the Joy of the whole Earth ?”*

But even that distant view of the modern town, which has been pronounced so exceedingly beautiful, is revolting to the mind. For what can reconcile the feelings of a Protestant Christian to the monstrous incongruity of Turkish domes and minarets towering over the site of the Temple, and the triumphant symbol of the Mohammedan imposture glittering amid the towers

* Lamentations i. 1—6 ; ii. 15.

of convents and churches dedicated to fraud and idolatry? The Roman, to whom the city was given in vengeance, might be allowed to insult its ruins by erecting over them shrines and altars to his fabulous deities; and were any of the edifices of the Ælian colony still standing, they would speak a language in unison with the scene. But the monuments of Saracenic prowess and of Christian fanaticism are alike disgusting here; and when one thinks of all the mummeries that have been acted since the days of the Empress Helena down to the present time, of all the blood that has been shed in the successive crusades for the conquest of Jerusalem, and of all the unutterable abominations which have polluted the once sacred precincts, —one can hardly suppress the wish, that the earth would upheave and shake off the paltry burden which encumbers the soil, or ingulf all that usurps the site and holy name of the guilty and devoted city. Jerusalem, utterly waste and untenanted, a sad and savage desert, were a sight less melancholy, less uncongenial with the feelings appropriate to the scene.

The features of nature, however, possess an unchangeable interest; and it is on these, not on the pretended holy places and intrusive structures, that the eye reposes with complacency: with these it is that the heart communes. “The beautiful gate of the Temple,” remarks Dr. Clarke, “is no more; but Siloa’s fountain haply flows, and Kedron sometimes murmurs in the valley of Jehoshaphat.” A few gar-

deas still remain on the sloping base of Mount Zion, watered from the pool of Siloam; the gardens of Gethsemane, the Vale of Fatness, are in a sort of ruined cultivation; the olive is still found growing spontaneously in patches at the foot of the Mount to which it has given its name; there, too, the road to Bethany still winds round the declivity; and Mount Olivet itself retains a languishing verdure.

The Mount of Olives forms part of a ridge of limestone hills, running N. E. and S. W. It is the second of its summits which overlooks the city. The annexed plate represents the appearance which it presents as seen from the terrace of the Latin Convent of St. Salvador. "On rising," says the Rev. Mr. Jowett, "it was pleasant to view from my chamber window, the mild scenery of the Mount of Olives. This mountain gradually increases in beauty till about the second hour after sun-rise, when the swells and slopes upon its side, present at this season of the year (November), a very soft variation of light and shade. If the heart desire the solace of some holy reminiscences, these may still be enjoyed, pure and native, as the eye turns toward Mount Olivet. There no violence, or none that merits notice, has been done to the simplicity of the scene." From this summit is obtained a bird's-eye view of the city, which many travellers have pronounced to be the best. It commands the whole circumference of the town, and nearly all the more striking details,—the Church of the Sepulchre; the Castle of the

Pisans; the Armenian Convent; the Mosque of Omar, in the midst of its beautiful garden; the Mosque El Aksa; St. Stephen's Gate, near which is the Turkish burying-ground; the barren vacancies and ruined heaps which occur within the walls; and the Christian burial-ground and the tomb of David, on the unenclosed part of Mount Zion. In returning from Bethany by the nearest path, as you wind round the side of the mountain, you come almost suddenly in view of the city; and the mind is irresistibly led to indulge the conclusion, that this must have been the spot whence, as our Saviour drew nigh to the city, he beheld it and wept over it, foreseeing and predicting its destruction.

That destruction has been consummated; and it is now difficult to recall even to imagination the scene which it then presented.* “To conceive of its ancient aspect, we must endeavour to shut our eyes to the domes, and minarets, and castellated towers which now revolt every pleasing and sacred association—we must forget the Turks, the Arabs, and the monks, and blot out from the picture the Holy Sepulchre, with all the horrible mummery connected with it. We must imagine ourselves looking down from Mount Olivet on a well-peopled and strongly fortified city, occupying the oblong area of two sloping hills, about four

* The concluding passages are extracted from the *Modern Traveller*; an interesting and valuable monthly publication, vide *Palestine*, part 2, page 192—4.—ED.

miles in circumference, and sheltered on almost every side by more commanding elevations, cultivated in terraces, and clothed to their very summits with the olive, the fig-tree, and the palm. We must bear in recollection, that artillery was not invented when Jerusalem was approached by the Roman armies; and that its natural position, as surrounded on three sides with deep ravines, and on the fourth side with a triple wall, rendered it all but impregnable. In point of strength, therefore, the site was admirably chosen; while its numerous springs and water-courses, a circumstance of the first importance in that country, rendered it 'beautiful for situation,'—imparting fertility to the rich alluvial soil of the surrounding valleys, where the Jews had their gardens, according to the custom of the East; the gardens and burying-places which environ the towns, as at Gaza and Jaffa, being their greatest ornament. It was in a garden thus situated, that Joseph of Arimathea had hewn out a sepulchre in the rock which rose from the other side of the valley—probably in some part of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, through which flowed the river Kedron, with its little tributaries, the Silos and the Gibon, 'making glad the city of God.'⁶ The city itself, if it could not boast of a Parthenon, was probably equal, in architectural decoration, to any one then standing

⁶ Psalm xlvi. 4; Isa. viii. 6; John xviii. 1."

in the world.* It could not, indeed, compare with Babylon, or Nineveh, or the hundred-gated metropolis of Egypt, either in extent or magnificence; but its two temples—the one built by Solomon, and the other repaired and completed by Herod—were successively the admiration of the world. Of the latter, Josephus has left us a description, which, making every allowance for his national partiality, must be held to prove that it was every way worthy of the founder of Cesarea and Sebaste, and the other cities which attest the greatness of the Jewish monarch. The stupendous foundations on which the terrace rested, at the height of 600 perpendicular feet from the valley, which was formed to extend the area of the temple, still remain to indicate the gigantic nature of the work. From the temple the city had the appearance of an amphitheatre, the slope of the hill being just sufficient to present it to the greatest advantage. At certain distances, towers of not less strength than architectural beauty, broke the line of the walls; while on the left, the acropolis of Zion overlooked the whole city. Modern Jerusalem, though now disfigured by intervals of waste ground and ruined heaps, still suggests the idea of ‘a compact city;’† but when every part was built upon, it must have peculiarly deserved this appellation. Its ancient populousness we read of with surprise; its

“ * Psalm xlvi. 12, 13.”

“ † Psalm cxxii. 3.”

gates received an influx of strangers from all parts; and the wealth thus poured into it, rendered it probably one of the richest cities in the world. If to these topographical and political advantages, we add the local sanctity which dignified the scene of so many proud historical recollections, and connect with the bulwarks, and palaces, and gardens of the metropolis of Judea, its consecrated character as the peculiar abode of Deity—the chosen mountain of Jehovah—the ‘city of God;’ we shall obtain some idea of the aspect which it once presented, when the light of Heaven, which no where comes with a purer ray, shone on a free and favoured people, and the voice of joy and thanksgiving was heard ascending from the dwellings of her citizens.”

TO A CROCUS,

The first flower in my own garden, growing up and blossoming
beneath a wall-flower.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

WELCOME, mild harbinger of Spring !

To this small nook of earth ;
Feeling and Fancy fondly cling
Round thoughts which owe their birth
To thee, and to the humble spot
Where chance has fix'd thy lowly lot.

To thee—for thy rich, golden bloom,
Like Heaven's fair bow on high,
Portends, amid surrounding gloom,
That brighter days draw nigh,
When blossoms of more varied dyes
Shall ope their tints to warmer skies.

Yet not the lily, nor the rose,
Though fairer far they be,
Can more delightful thoughts disclose,
Than I derive from thee :
The *eye* their beauty may prefer ;
The *heart* is THY interpreter !

Methinks in thy fair bloom is seen,
 By those whose fancies roam,
 An emblem of that leaf of green
 The faithful dove brought home,
 When o'er the world of waters dark
 Were driven the inmates of the ark.

That leaf betoken'd freedom nigh
 To mournful captives there ;
 Thy flower foretells a sunnier sky,
 And chides the dark despair
 By winter's chilling influence flung
 O'er spirits sunk, and nerves unstrung.

And sweetly has kind Nature's hand
 Assign'd thy dwelling-place
 Beneath a Flower whose blooms expand,
 With fond, congenial grace,
 On many a desolated pile,
 Bright'ning decay with beauty's smile.

Thine is the flower of HOPE,—whose hue
 Is bright with coming joy ;
 The Wall-flower's that of FAITH, too true
 For ruin to destroy ;—
 And where, O, where, *should* Hope up-spring
 BUT UNDER FAITH'S PROTECTING WING ?

THE MARTYRDOM OF AGNES MORTON:

A TALE.

By the Author of "The Lollards."

IN Smithfield, opposite St. Bartholomew's Church, assembled thousands waited the commencement of the last inhuman ceremonies which were to terminate the sufferings of Agnes Morton.

This female was one of those who, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, opposed the church with such ardent zeal and eloquent enthusiasm, as seemed to justify the fears of the original opposers of "Wickliff learning," inasmuch as "women" proved themselves competent "to argue with priests."

The houses which separated the church from Smithfield had their windows filled with spectators, and in front of one of them a temporary scaffold, even with the first-floor, surmounted by a canopy, and covered with black cloth, was erected. This was provided with chairs for the accommodation of the Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, the Bishops of London and Canterbury, and other personages of importance expected to attend.

Distant from the scaffold about twenty feet, was a circle of posts, connected with strong bars of timber, enclosing a considerable area. A yeoman armed with

a partisan and sword was stationed at each post to prevent the crowd from trespassing. In the centre of the open ground, a solid stake was inserted, to which chains were attached. Between that and the houses, and on a line with the extremity of the temporary erection we have described, stood a pulpit, and piles of faggots appeared in different parts of the ring.

Mingled with the idlers there collected, was one whom feelings, of a character very different from those which animated the great body of the crowd, had brought to that spot. This was a young man of noble mien and handsome countenance. He, while the rabble around him struggled for those situations, which, from their being nearer the scene of expected suffering, were deemed the best, resolutely maintained the station he had gained. The wretched ribaldry which was sometimes addressed to him by those who in vain attempted to displace him, he seemed not to hear, or, if it ever for a moment forced itself on his attention, a silent tear was all the answer he returned.

Edwin Forrester had been the companion of Agnes when both were in their childhood. As years advanced, their intimacy grew into friendship, and their friendship expanded into love. A soldier by profession, he had served with credit, and the wars now over, he returned to claim the promised hand of Agnes.

It was evening when he arrived at Shene; and, as the last faint reflection of the departed sun vanished from the bright surface of the dimpled waters, he exultingly thought, "I shall witness its return with

Agnes! How grateful," the lover mentally continued, as he approached her house, "will be the sound of the returning wanderer's voice!" And then he commenced the following stanzas, in which he had formerly embodied the genuine sentiments of his heart:—

THE ABSENT CHARM.

SWEET is the calm, sequester'd cell,
 Sweet is the daisy-spangled dell,
 And sweet the breath of early day,
 When zephyrs with young sunbeams play;
 But, dearest, these are all forgot,
 And fall to charm where thou art not!

I love the brilliant courtly scene,—
 I love the grove's delightful green,—
 The fountain and the bright cascade,—
 The rose-wreath'd bower, and grotto shade;
 But palace, fountain, grove, or grot,
 Can never charm where thou art not!

Edwin had anticipated a joyful interruption. The door opened, and he saw, not Agnes, but her parents. Their appearance was sufficiently indicative of sorrow to assure him that his fear had not been vain, and his eager, anxious inquiries soon obtained the mournful intelligence that his mistress was then a prisoner in Newgate, and doomed to suffer death by fire.

Edwin was of Catholic parents, and himself a Catholic. Shocked at what he heard, he hastened to the captive, trusting that it might be his to convince her of the errors into which he considered she had fallen, and to induce her to make that submission which the church required.

Very different was their meeting from that which flattering hope had whispered to the ardent lover it would be theirs to enjoy on his return! Strong in the truth, the unbending mind of Agnes yielded nothing to the arguments and denunciations which from day to day assailed her faith and menaced her life; but the bright bloom of youthful health which had once glowed on her cheek, was there no more. Though her heart could brave undismayed the most appalling dangers, her constitution was not proof against the frightful tortures to which she had already been subjected.

“And is it thus,” Edwin exclaimed, “that I again approach my Agnes?”

“Peace!” cried an awful voice, the owner of which, though sufficiently distinguished by the gown and insignia of office, Edwin, occupied by one object alone, had not previously observed. This authoritative personage was no other than the Lord Mayor, who now, accompanied by the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury, came to make a final effort, as they said, to avoid the necessity of shedding a sinner’s blood, by prevailing on the prisoner to abjure her imputed errors.

The reproving admonition which had been given, was unheard by Edwin, but it seemed to command instant obedience, for the fast-falling tears which burst from his eyes, and the wild emotion which filled his heart, interdicted further speech.

There was something in his manner which excited

the curiosity of those by whom he was surrounded; and on its being explained that he had been the early companion and the lover of Agnes, himself a good Catholic, they approved of the discretion exercised by the Sheriffs, who, it was communicated to them, had sanctioned his approach at that moment. It struck them as not unlikely that he might prove a most efficient instrument in their hands to procure a recantation.

They therefore offered no new hindrance to Edwin when he was sufficiently collected again to address the sufferer.

“I little dreamed,” Edwin resumed, “when last we parted, that Agnes would thus bring herself into jeopardy by any act against religion.”

“Nor did I dream,” she replied, “that Edwin could ever be numbered with the persecutors, who falsely accuse me of so great a crime. I have not sinned against religion.”

“O, Agnes, bethink thee well. This is an awful subject, and little adapted to woman’s wit.”

“It is the light from above which, shining upon me, now leads me from the maze of error, in which my benighted soul was long involved, and guides me into pleasant paths, from superstition, bigotry, and hell.”

The unexpected energy of her voice, and the boldness of her language, astonished Edwin. He had not had time to attempt an answer, when the Archbishop broke silence and exclaimed,

“Wretch!—Obstinate and impenitent still? Who now shall venture to offend the insulted Majesty of Hea-

ven by idle intercession, that thy guilty life may be spared?" Edwin had been about to reprove the words of Agnes, which to him appeared too daring, when the voice of the prelate arrested the course of his thoughts and feelings, and he turned to supplicate for mercy.

"Speak not thus, my Lord. Recall those awful words, nor let such dreadful vengeance descend on a helpless maiden, albeit she may err in speech."

"Is it in speech alone she errs?" inquired the Archbishop with bitterness. "No; a foe to God, she errs in heart as well as tongue."

"I know full well my cruel destiny, and not to you do I appeal for mercy. Much have I already endured, and you must answer for the tortures I have suffered."

"And so I will in the Eternal Presence," the Bishop solemnly rejoined. "Placed here on earth, among the guardians of mortal salvation, I have watched, the Creator knows it, even with a parent's anxiety, over the souls intrusted to my care; and as a father chastises in love his refractory offspring with severity, so do I thee."

"But your Grace knows," Edwin interposed, "the loving father pursues not to the death, the child who may offend."

"Ere now the power of consuming fire, image of that prepared for sin hereafter, has scared the froward soul from its iniquity, and dismissed it from the scene of its transgressions in saving penitence."

"Your words are daggers—daggers did I say?—O! they are firebrands to my withering heart. Reflect, my

Lord, on the imprisonment, and all the pains which have been inflicted on that tender frame : remember these, and pardon."

"Pardon to her were cruelty to mankind, and insolence to Heaven."

"So it strikes thee, thou thirster after blood," Agnes calmly remarked.

"Dearest, be silent," Edwin entreated, "and, pitying me, if reckless of thyself, cease for awhile; for I enough am wretched, to see thee thus unlike thyself, who wast (how fondly memory to that season turns!) so bright, so seraph-like, that, while I gazed upon that countenance, I scarcely thought it mortal."

"Thou seemest in her to have found an idol for thy worship. It matters little what she was. Behold her now, fallen and despised as she is. Thy influence has been in vain essayed, and she is proved false to thee, and past affection, as to her God and her religion."

"But true, God knows it,—true in heart to all," cried Agnes, looking earnestly on Edwin, while a tear of tenderness trembled on her eye-lid, as a voucher for her sincerity.

"Baffled mercy has vainly strove to save thee, and now withdraws to leave thee to thy fate,—that fate, which was before announced."

"O no!" Edwin groaned, detaining the Bishop, if any, name a milder punishment,—a punishment fit for the offence."

"Youth," the Archbishop replied, "you are misled

by a grovelling passion, and, regardless of heavenly interests, forget the horrors of the crime of which you great backslider stands convicted."

"I seek but to assuage severity, which shocks my senses as unmeet; and forgive me when I say it, as most unholy. Deign, my Lord, to mitigate your rigour, and let your justice be associated with humanity."

"The appeal is vain, for he who has blinded their eyes, has steeled their hearts to every prayer for mercy."

Such was the remark of Agnes; and Edwin felt that it was too well founded; for while he still pleaded, those to whom his prayer was addressed, withdrew, declaring that nothing remained but to furnish, by the death of one so hardened, a salutary warning to others who might wander.

"Farewell! Farewell!" Agnes sighed, "to part from thee, Edwin, is to sustain life's final pang."

"I would save—I would comfort!"

"Already I am saved, and for further comfort, you can none impart, unless it were to tell me, ere I die, that my fondest, holiest hope is realized, and that you are no longer misled by the delusions from which my spirit has been emancipated."

"Now, mistress, you must away," interrupted the jailer. "Much blame will fall on me, for suffering such discourse to go on."

"I am as a bird in the fowler's snare, and cannot resist. Lead me whither thou wilt."

His voice broken by sobs, Edwin again attempted

to prevail on the prisoner to eschew opinions which he held to be erroneous. But the effort was unsuccessful: Agnes repeated the declaration, that she was content to die, and entreated him to be witness of her firmness in the last trying scene.

The following day was passed by him in making new applications for mercy. He urged her youth, her sex, and all the arguments which love and zeal could use, to obtain the remission of her sentence; but the utmost he could gain was a promise, that if, at the stake, she would abjure the opinions she had espoused, her life should yet be spared; and he was counselled to be present to press on her the wisdom of making this concession.

It was the earnest request of Agnes, and the strong recommendation of the prelates whom he had solicited on her behalf, that he should be present, which caused Edwin to be found in the crowd on the day appointed for the execution.

The fatal hour rapidly approached: louder and louder grew the hum of expectation; and "They are here!" repeatedly burst from hundreds of voices, when some fresh movement occurred within the enclosed area, or near it. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs were now seen ascending the scaffold prepared for their accommodation. The Bishops soon followed, having previously visited the prison, and ascertained that the resolution of the devoted Agnes remained unshaken.

With them came the Lord Chancellor. To make

room for these great personages the Sheriffs retired, but soon returned in awful state as part of the sad procession which ushered the prisoner into the fatal circle. She was attired in white, her hair flowed loosely over her shoulders, and her countenance, though ghastly pale from former suffering, was perfectly serene.

“ We shall meet again in a happier state of being,” she exclaimed, while her eye glanced on Edwin with a look of kindly recognition.

A chair was brought, in which she was permitted to seat herself, and then Dr. Shaxton, who had accompanied the Sheriffs, passed to the pulpit.

He preached of mércy and repentance, but withal enforced the necessity of firmly performing the solemn duty imposed on the guardians of Christ’s church, by extirpating those whose wilful obstinacy tended, not only to their own perdition, but also to the undoing of millions, who, were it not for them, would be “ safely gathered into the fold by the good Shepherd.”

Agnes listened attentively to his discourse: to those parts which seemed to her in accordance with the Scriptures, she bowed assent, but when some of the tenets of the Catholic faith were insisted upon, she shook her head, or breathed her conviction that *there* was displayed the vain bigotry of Rome.

The sermon ended, it was intimated to her that having heard the cogent and unanswerable reasoning of a learned doctor, well calculated to dispel the errors into which she had been betrayed, if she had happily so

profited by his labours, as to be content to yield her opinion, her pardon, already signed, should forthwith be given into her hands.

To this she replied, that having been guilty of no crime against religion, she could profess no repentance. The grand charge against Agnes was, that she had denied the real presence of the Deity in the bread used for the Sacrament. Her opinion she again defended. The bread so used, if put away for a time, would become mouldy, and this she urged as a proof that it could not be God. When reminded of the words of the Saviour declaring it to be his flesh, she insisted that his language was figurative; as when stating that he would raise the *Temple* again in three days, he had spoken of the temple of his body.

In vain the churchman argued, in vain the lover prayed, the martyr was resolute. Edwin had passed the bar, had entreated Agnes to change her determination; and failing with her, had implored the Sheriffs to stay the execution, pledging himself to bring her to repentance, and offering to suffer in her stead if his efforts should fail.

But all was to no purpose. He was denied the satisfaction, which for an instant he promised himself, that of dying for her on whose account alone he had wished to live.

“I cannot save! O might I share thy death!” Edwin sighed with anguish of heart.

“Would thou mightest share my faith! If in the fiery moment which is now at hand, you would sustain

my infirmity under suffering, give me a sign that thy thoughts are at length in accordance with mine, and death will be a triumph."

The word to "withdraw" was given. Edwin attended not to the mandate, but continued speaking, when the officers by main force removed him. The executioner bound Agnes to the stake. He deposited a bag of gunpowder on either side of the victim.

The wood was piled round the sufferer, reaching up to her neck. One of the Sheriffs drew near, and again required her to renounce her errors.

"My errors," said Agnes, "I have already renounced, and therefore am I brought to this.

"She refuses pardon!" cried the Sheriff.

The Bishops looked at each other in astonishment, and with apparent horror, in which the chief magistrate fully participated; the latter then proceeded to give the last awful command.

"Enough," said he, "has been done for mercy. Now"—he paused for a second, to give more impressive force to the mandate which was to follow—"now, *Fiat Justitia!*"

Prompt to perform his dreadful task, that instant saw the executioner apply the lighted torch to the straw and tarred shavings, which formed the base of the pile prepared for the immolation of Agnes. The crackling flame rose rapidly, and completely encircled the sufferer. Her hair was in a blaze, and her face, already scorched, presented a frightful contrast to what it had lately been. It was now veiled by the

ascending smoke, and then displayed by the vivid light which succeeded. Amidst the roar of the increasing fire, the accents of thankfulness and prayer were heard to ascend. The powder exploded, and enveloped her in its frightful glare, but it had not the effect of extinguishing life. She continued, aloud, her appeal to the Deity.

It would be useless to attempt to pourtray the anguish of Edwin. The reader would profit little from perusing the record of the incoherent ejaculations for her deliverance,—the wild execrations against her persecutors,—and the passionate bursts of sorrow which escaped from his lips. He was with difficulty restrained from seeking death by throwing himself into the fire which consumed his mistress. Withdrawing her thoughts for a moment from prayer, Agnes thought of her lover. “I feel it not,” she exclaimed; “I am wonderfully sustained: now, Edwin, can you doubt?”

“That these are fiends—that you are a martyr? No; this constancy must be from Heaven! A convert to thy faith, I pant but to follow thee, and die for the truth!”

“It is finished!” Agnes sighed, repeating the words which closed the awful scene of Calvary; and, looking upward with exultation, while she spoke. Her limbs were consumed:—she sank, and ceased to exist!

Those by whose decision she suffered expressed their conviction, that the awful warning thus supplied would not be lost on others.

Vain was the hope. The Eternal has decreed, and the decree is immutable, that faith shall not be put down by persecution. The stake and the faggot could not impede its march. Bigotry laboured with useless industry to subdue truth, but sacred zeal converted torture and ignominy into joy and glory! The crown of martyrdom was sought with eagerness, and the flaming pile, from which human weakness, under other circumstances, would have shrunk with trembling horror, was likened, by the intrepid Christian of that day, to the fiery chariot in which the prophet, favoured by the direct interference of the Most High, had passed at once from earth to heaven,—from the troubles of mortal life to the presence of the God he adored!

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