



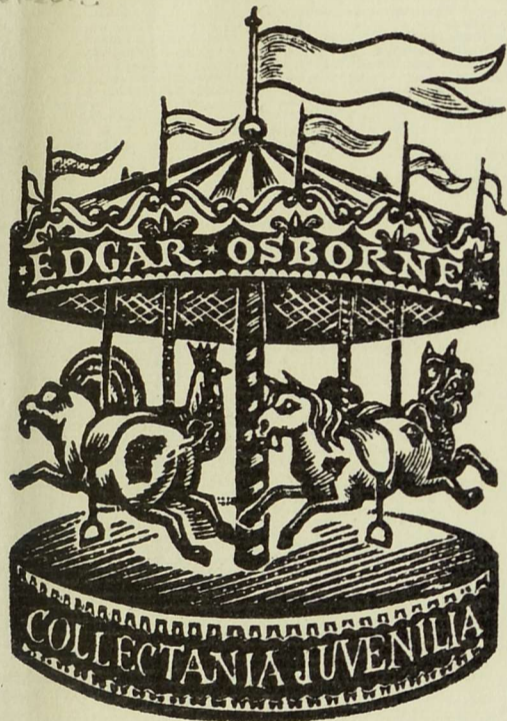
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THE
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A L B U M :

A Religious Souvenir.

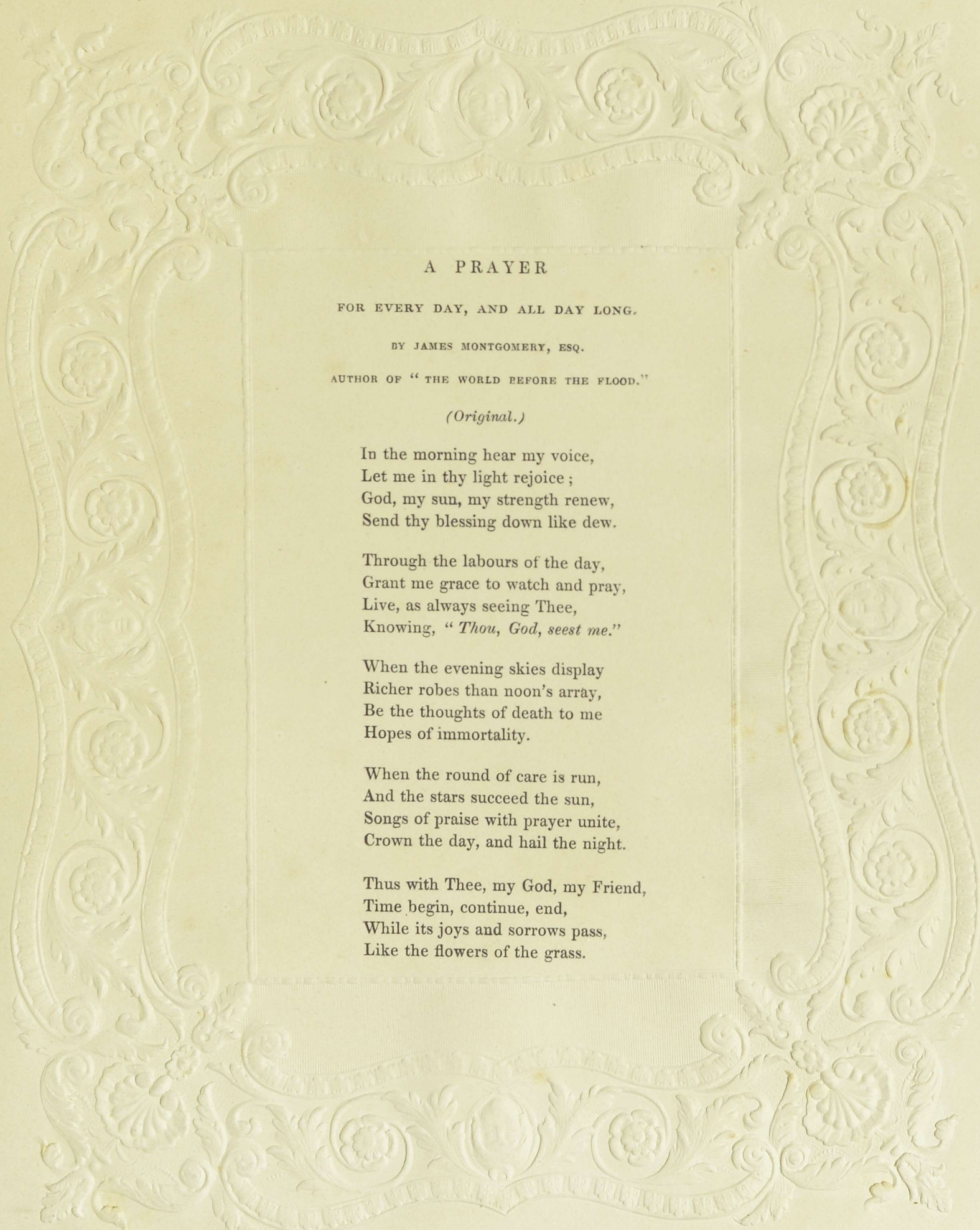
Taste may be combined with piety; the same heart may be occupied with all that is serious in the contemplations of religion, and be at the same time alive to the charms and loveliness of nature. CHALMERS.



ECCE HOMO



LONDON:—WILLIAM AND HENRY ROCK; SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, AND CO.



A PRAYER

FOR EVERY DAY, AND ALL DAY LONG.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD."

(Original.)

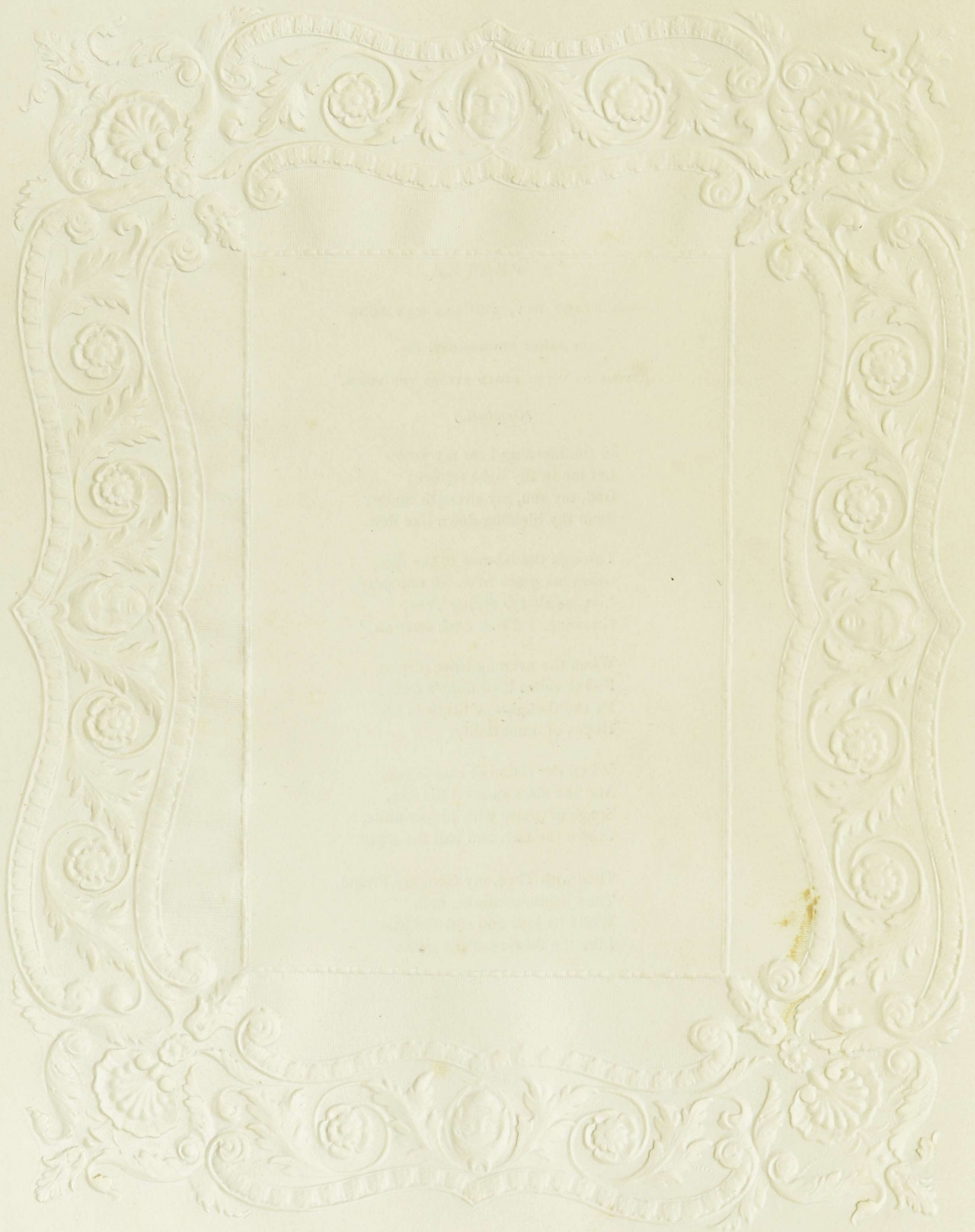
In the morning hear my voice,
Let me in thy light rejoice ;
God, my sun, my strength renew,
Send thy blessing down like dew.

Through the labours of the day,
Grant me grace to watch and pray,
Live, as always seeing Thee,
Knowing, "*Thou, God, seest me.*"

When the evening skies display
Richer robes than noon's array,
Be the thoughts of death to me
Hopes of immortality.

When the round of care is run,
And the stars succeed the sun,
Songs of praise with prayer unite,
Crown the day, and hail the night.

Thus with Thee, my God, my Friend,
Time begin, continue, end,
While its joys and sorrows pass,
Like the flowers of the grass.





Rose.

(ROSA MUSCOSA.)

SWEET ROSE! when summer sunbeams play
On lovely flowers on every side:
Thou, then the gayest of the gay,
Blushest, the garden's fairest pride.

And though when summer days are o'er,
(Alas, that lovely things will fade,)
Thy beauty and thy blush no more
Are in our gay parterres displayed.

Yet then, thy fall'n and wither'd leaves,
Retain their well known rich perfume;
And e'en a faded ROSE-BUD gives
An useful moral from its tomb.

The fairest form must fade; but worth
Will still survive though beauty dies;
When beauty stoops to kindred earth,
Virtue, immortal, seeks the skies.

EARLY EDUCATION.

It is of great consequence, in the education of the young, to encourage their instinctive taste for the beauty and sublimity of Nature. While it opens to the ears of infancy or youth a source of pure and of permanent enjoyment, it has consequences on the character and happiness of future life, which they are unable to foresee. It is to provide them, amid all the agitations and trials of society, with one gentle and unrepublishing friend, whose voice is ever in alliance with goodness and virtue, and which, when once understood, is able both to soothe misfortune, and to reclaim from folly.—It is to identify them with the happiness of that nature to which they belong; to give them an interest in every species of being which surrounds them; and, amid the hours of curiosity and delight, to awaken those latent feelings of benevolence and of sympathy, from which all the moral or intellectual greatness of man finally arises.—It is to lay the foundation of an early, and of a manly piety, amid the magnificent system of material signs in which they reside; to give them the mighty key which can interpret them, and to make them look upon the universe which they inhabit, not as the abode of human cares, or human joys, but as the temple of the living God, in which praise is due, and where service is to be performed.—ALISON.

TO THE MOON.

Occasioned by seeing its rays fall on St. Alban's Shrine.

BY THE LATE THOMAS JENNINGS.

(Original.)

Stay, thou pale mourner,
Hurry through the gloom,
Stay! grace for ever
The martyr's tomb.

Beams of bright beauty
Shed around him now,
Where in cold silence
He rests below.

Yet, do not linger
Always o'er his grave,
Go! from oblivion—
His high name save.

Go! with thy brightness,
Over realm and sea,
Melting each bosom
To sympathy;

And should'st thou meet one
Listening alone,
While swells so softly
The harp's deep tone;—

Love—though the theme be,
Breathing through the strings,
Dreams of ambition,
Or vainer things,—

Bid it be silent,—
Ask one glowing tear;
And in proud accent
Tell who lies here!

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

BY S. T. HUNT.

(Original.)

O God! how glorious are thy works,
How wondrous is thy power!
Revealed in earth's sublimest forms,
And in the simplest flower.

Where'er we roam, where'er we gaze,
Thy goodness doth appear,
Beams in the sky, and blooms on earth,
Throughout the rolling year.

Even the lightning-pinioned storm,
That rages fierce above,
Is summoned by thy mighty will,
Is guided by thy love;

Is sent to check the southern blast,
Whose pestilential breath,
Would scatter on the nations round
The baleful dews of death.

Tho' nature's veiled in mystery,
Yet bright thy wisdom shines,
And prompts the praise of trembling lips,
Hymn'd forth at hallowed shrines.

Thy voice attends us on our way,
And bids us Thee adore;
Its whispers come with every breeze,
'Tis heard in ocean's roar.

Accept this tribute of a heart,
That longs to dwell with thee,
Whose blest and boundless realm, is heaven,
Whose reign—eternity.

THE WATERS IN THE FIRMAMENT.

Who has branched out, and, with admirable judgment, disposed a variety of aqueducts for that immense collection of waters which float in the sky?—Who distributes those pendulous floods through all the borders of the earth?—Distributes them, not in dreadful cataracts, or promiscuous gluts of rain, but in kindly drops and refreshing showers, with as much regularity and economy as if they were conveyed by pipes from a conduit?—To WHOM shall we ascribe that niceness of contrivance, which now emits, now restrains them: sometimes drives their humid trains to one place, sometimes to another: disperses them to this soil in larger, to that in smaller communications; and, in a word, so manages the mighty fluid, that every spot is supplied in exact proportion to its want; none destroyed by an undistinguished deluge?—HERVEY.

THE TOMB.

(Original.)

Rest of the weary, comfort of the sad,
Sweet solace of the blighted wilder'd mind
Where is thy boasted gloom,
Thy chilly horrors where?

Kind cheerer of the comfortless, all hail—
Hail sweet forerunner of a morn of bliss;
Spring of eternal joy,
Bud of Eternity.

Warmed by the rays of an immortal hope,
Fled is thy gloom, thine icy fetters thawed:
Green is the earthy sward,
Nor chilly though a tomb.

Soft pillow for the torn distracted head,
Sweet, welcome couch for the all-wearied limbs:
Tell me, oh tell me, when
Shall I recline me there?

When shall I sink into the silent shade,
In heavenly listlessness to all below:
When shall I cease to hear
The little din of worlds.

Let not a stone point out the humble spot,
Lest there some pure and happy bosom sigh:
Why from the passer by
Should I extract a tear?

And why still tarries thus my smiling host,
His habitation no adorning needs:
The worm, his only guest,
Already waits me there.

Perhaps he stays to deck a daisied mound,
Or does he wait until the gold-cup blooms:
Ah no! he heeds them not—
Yet why this long delay.

O I would fain the taper now was lit,
To guide me through the short, the narrow path:
Which ends in Zion's hill,
The City of my God.

I long to rest me in the quiet tomb,
To sleep away the little night of death:
Then waking, hail the morn
Of blest Eternity.

Rest of the weary, comfort of the sad,
Sweet, only solace of the wildered mind:
Where—where is now thy gloom,
Thy chilly horrors, where.

*

THE WORLD TO COME.

If all our hopes, and all our fears,
Were prisoned in life's narrow bound,
If, travellers through this vale of tears,
We saw no better world beyond;
Oh! what could check the rising sigh,
What earthly thing could pleasure give?
Oh! who could venture then to die—
Or who could venture then to live?

Were life a dark and desert moor,
When mists and clouds eternal spread
Their gloomy veil behind, before,
And tempests thunder over head;
When not a sunbeam breaks the gloom,
And not a flow'ret smiles beneath,
Who could exist in such a tomb—
Who dwell in darkness and in death?

And such were life, without the ray
Of our divine religion given;
'Tis this that makes our darkness day—
'Tis this that makes our earth a heaven.
Bright is the golden sun above,
And beautiful the flowers that bloom;
And all is joy, and all is love,
Reflected from the world to come.

Bowring.

TIME.

Oh! never chide the wing of time,
Or say 'tis tardy in its flight;
You'll find the days speed quick enough
If ye but husband them aright.

Thy span of life is waning fast,
Beware, unthinking youth, beware;
The soul's *eternity* depends
Upon the record *moments* bear.

Time is, indeed, a precious boon,
But with the boon a task is given;
The heart must learn its duty well
To man on earth and God in heaven.

Take heed, then, play not with thine hours;
Beware, unthinking youth, beware:
The one who acts the part he ought,
Will have but little time to spare



Painted by B. West P.R.A.

Drawn & Engraved by H. Moses.

AARON STAYING THE PLAGUE.

MENTAL SUPERIORITY.

Much has been said of the comparative mental powers of man and woman, and it is pretty generally assumed that superiority rests with the former. Those however who pursue the investigation fairly, will scarcely fail to arrive at the conclusion, that in most of those powers to which man owes his happiness the female mind is the more excellent, and that while we must yield the palm to man as possessing the power and the propensity to scatter misery and ruin, they may prefer the claim to the more noble powers of healing the wounds which man has made, and soothing the misery which he has occasioned. The records of man are indeed blood-stained volumes, while the book of woman's fame tells of love, and patience, of constancy, and of endurance. Man holds the thunder which he cannot justly hurl, woman sprinkles but the dew, and that too on the evil and on the good, she asks not for desert, enough for her, that pity and that care is needed.

Shelves of thousands, and libraries of millions of volumes tell us of the reveries of man; the best thoughts of the best men have been treasured up for ages, though a small compass would perhaps contain every important necessary truth; but we are restless after fame, and must forsooth register our thoughts for posterity, for posterity whom they will little concern, and who will at best keep them but as an ostentatious display of learning which may be acquired. Woman's best thoughts are expended in her nursery, handed down through infant minds, to be traced in our best feelings, none dream of their origin, none think of them but as instinct, until they are recorded by some ambitious one of our own sex, and woman is robbed of her due.

It is a poor resort for discussion, a mere restless disturbance of the mind, to attempt to decide whether man or woman is superior. Shall we condemn the oak because it has not fragrance, or the rose because it has not strength? Man and woman are not formed as rivals, their powers are different, as are their employments, and they neither clash with, or oppose each other. Man excels in strength, as woman in beauty. Man is noble: woman is lovely. Man is daring: woman enduring. Both are alike capable of the highest emotions of the mind; both especially adapted for their particular pursuits, and each can boast endowments, which the beneficent Creator has made perfect in their kind.

Man's bravery and heroism, it is true, are loudly sung, but we must allow that history records vices which almost outweigh the virtues; while little on either side is said of woman. Man courts the bustle and the glare of day, woman the quietness and stillness of eve: from this let us not endeavour to allure her, nor let us disturb the charm of calmness and repose with which her name is associated.

There appears, indeed, an indelicacy in drawing aside the veil of seclusion which ages have concurred in casting around woman. The hero of antiquity to give a picture of female excellence showed his wife at her loom; and it should ever be thus. It is in her family, surrounded by "the household divinities" that woman is ever seen to the best advantage. The camp, the court, the senate and the mart, "men have all these employments"—woman has, and should have but one—to still the bad passions which intercourse with the world will sometimes rouse in us—to subdue our manners—to refine our minds.

Who is so enchanted with the bustle and turmoil of the world as to desire to leave any part of the sad struggle to woman? Who can point to any one of his pursuits which is so unalloyed with care, so "unmixed with baser matter" as gravely to desire that a mother, sister or wife of his should leave her domestic duties to adopt it? Why should we seek to deprive them of their present serenity, without being enabled to substitute anything more pleasing? Can ambition if greatly (and it cannot be wholly) gratified, compensate for forfeited contentment; or yield a pleasure equal to the repose which she would have to leave: or is spending a life in dreamy imaginings for the public good, higher or more useful employment than assiduous attention to the wants of the individual members of a family or circle?

Oh let us not attempt to render the female mind the subject of our criticisms and differences. Since we must be creatures of party, let man be the subject of our discussions, let half the nation worship one statesman, and the other desecrate his memory; let us applaud this warrior if we please, and erect a statue to that philosopher. Let "Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter" be familiar in our mouths as household words, but perish the lore which would profane the divinity of our homes or ruffle the pure spirit which presides over our fire-sides.

Desire not to find in woman a rival instead of a companion, nor even wish that a few solitary females should signalize themselves for qualities which are not feminine; think of them all rather as retiring from the contest for superiority—think of them indeed as they are—too pure to fear the light, though too modest to dare it.

*

THOUGHTS.

(Original.)

Days of my youth ! your sunshine has fled,
 Friends of my youth ! ye rest with the dead,
 Scenes of my youth ! ye no longer are known,
 Hopes of my youth ! ye are faded and flown,
 Joys of my youth ! your delights are no more,
 Fears of my youth ! your sorrows are o'er,
 Home of my youth ! how, how art thou changed,
 Loves of my youth ! ye too are estranged,
 Smiles of my youth ! ye've forgotten to glow,
 Tears of my youth ! no longer ye flow,
 Dreams of my youth ! your visions are past,
 All were too bright—too lovely, to last !

W. H. Prideaux.

HEAVEN'S EUREKA.

In vain we yearn, we pine on earth to win
 The Being of the Heart, our boyhood's dream ;
 Thou, the Egeria of the world within,
 The creature of the West-wind and the beam—
 The embodied music of most sweet emotion ;
 Thou seem'st but *art* not in each human love ;
 Thou shinest star-like o'er this nether ocean,
 And, star-like, hold'st thy unreached home above.
 Still from thy light we turn the gaze away,
 To feel the more the cumber of our clay,
 For dimly guessed and vague desires to sigh
 And ask from earth the *Eureka* of the sky !

Bulwer.

THE LAST TIME.

There is something pathetic in the words, *the last time*. It is an appeal to some of the latent feelings of our nature which lie deep within the heart, and which we are scarcely sensible are in existence. The last time—the end—the termination—it is like separating us from our hold ; like withdrawing some support. Is it the last time we are to behold a friend ; the last time we are to look on places which we love ; the last time we are to receive offices of kindness from the hands of affection ? Is it any of these, or of the thousand other things to which the term may be applied ? it is sure to strike upon a discordant string. So prone are we to glide into this feeling, that I verily believe we at length grow fond of incumbrances, and attach ourselves to them. We declaim against the annoyances we find either in our houses, our situations, or our friends ; at first we are honest in our complaints, but we gradually out grow the feeling while we continue the language.—

The meanest thing to which we bid adieu
 Loses its meanness in the parting hour,
 When long neglected worth seems born anew ;
 The heart that scorns earth's pageantry and power,
 May melt in tears, or break, to quit a flower.

TO THE SKY-LARK.

(Original.)

Upward thou art soaring,
 The sun-illumined sky,
 Fervently outpouring
 Thy chrystal melody.
 High hast thou ascended
 The canopy of Heav'n ;
 With pinions extended
 Thy soul to song is given.

Madly art thou greeting
 The blazing orb of day,
 Loud thy heart is beating
 Symphonious to thy lay.
 Exquisite emotions
 In thy breast arise ;
 Deep are thy devotions
 Thou scanner of the skies.

Whence those shrilly numbers
 So passionately wild !
 Art thou to thy slumbers
 By sweet songs beguiled ?
 Dost thou pant for glory
 In thy heaven-ward flight ?
 Never song, or story
 Yet were half so bright.

Couldst thou to me render
 A portion of thy bliss,
 I would not ask the splendour
 Of a world like this.
 Descend thee not, thou charmer !
 Still upward, upward fly,
 Thou lay-inspired alarmer
 Of the earth and sky.

H. W. Prideaux.

THE FIRST SABBATH.

BY G. MOIR BUSSEY.

(Original.)

And was it thus, glad sun, that thou
On Eden's earliest sabbath rose,
To sink, as calmly bright, as now
Thou sinkest to repose?
Did our first father gaze on thee
With thoughts as rapt as throned on me?

Thou, and the stars, and moon, alone,
Of all that bless'd the sinless earth,
Remain to shine as ye first shone
At the creation's birth;
When Man walk'd forth, the lord of all,
Fresh from his Maker's sovereign call!

Unchang'd through all mutations, still
Thou wear'st the joyous look of youth;
Unbann'd for crime, with death or ill,
Thy smile still glows with truth;
And part of Eden lives in thee,
From gloom, and woe, and passion free.

And such a Sabbath, rife with bliss,
So sweetly mild, and soft, and lone,
And fraught with pensive happiness,
As thou now shinest on,—
Be mine, when breaks within the sky
The day-spring of Eternity!



THE
CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY GOD! who once did say,
Let little children come and pray;
I would, Almighty Parent, come,
And bless thee with the morning sun.

Thy care has guarded through the night,
And brought me to the hours of light;
So guard and guide me through the day,
That I may all this love repay.

How blessed, thus to have a guide
And Guard Almighty by my side—
Whate'er I think, and say, and do,
My heavenly Father knows it too.

O, I can never dare offend,
So kind a guide, so dear a friend;
But I will strive throughout the day,
His holy precepts to obey.

And may no angry passions move me,
To pain the minds of those who love me;
But may I live my long life through,
As a good Christian ought to do.



Tulip.

(TULIPA.)

If rainbow tints, or gracefulness of form,
Could chain the sun-blast or resist the storm ;
Or if the crowds which hang on beauty's neck,
Were fond and faithful after beauty's wreck ;
Queen of the flowers, gay TULIP, thou should'st be,
And all would bow to beauty and to thee :
But since, when past thy little day of bloom,
Thy fading beauty leaves us no perfume,

We dare not bow before thy beauty's shrine,
Or worship charms which fade so fast as thine.
Ah no !—the beauty which leaves not behind
Some lasting charm, some loveliness of mind,
Some perfume of the soul, which will live on,
When grace of form and rainbow hues are gone,
May for a day our admiration move—
May please our fancy, but not gain our love,

If miracles be ceased, yet marvels will never cease. There is no creature in the world wherein we may not see enough to wonder at; for there is no worm of the earth,—no spire of grass, no leaf, no twig,—wherein we may not see the footsteps of a Deity. The best visible creature is man; now, what man is he that can make but a hair, or a straw, much less any sensitive creature; so that no less than an infinite power is seen in every object that presents itself to our eyes. If, therefore, we look only upon the outsides of these bodily substances, and do not see God in every thing, we are no better than brutish, making use merely of our sense without the least improvement of our faith or our reason. Contrary, then, to the opinion of those men who hold that a wise man should admire nothing,—I say, that a man truly wise and good should admire every thing.—BISHOP HALL.



THE BIRD'S NEST.

It wins my admiration,
To view the structure of that little work,—
A bird's nest. Mark it well within, without.
No tool had he that wrought, no knife to cut,
No nail to fix, no bodkin to insert,
No glue to join; his little beak was all,
And yet how neatly finished. Fondly, then,
We boast of excellence, whose noblest skill
Instinctive genius foils.

HURDIS.

Common happiness is sustained, not by great exertions, which are in the power of a few, and happen rarely even to them, but by great numbers doing every one a little,—every one something in his particular province, to his particular neighbourhood. This is the way in which Providence intended society to be carried on, and beneficence to be exercised. PALEY.



THE STORK.

“Yea, the stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow, observe the time of their coming.”

Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown
before;
Who calls the council; states the certain day;
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the
way?

POPE.

DISCOVERY OF THE VALUABLE PART OF THE MINDS OF OTHERS.

Acts of benevolence cannot be better exercised on occasions when we are forced, as it were, into the company of others, than by the choice of pleasurable topics of conversation: a little attention will discover those topics.—To DETECT WHAT ARE THE PECULIAR RICHES OF ANOTHER MAN'S MIND, OR EXPERIENCE, OR KNOWLEDGE, IS AMONG THE HAPPIEST OF RESOURCES. Its exercise is alike complimentary to the other party, and instructive to ourselves.—BENTHAM.

FLOWERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRAY FLOWERS."

"Silent they seem, yet each to thoughtful eye,
Glows with mute Poesy"

F. Hemans.

The Flowers!
Oh they are glorious in the morning light,
Of a spring morning—beautiful and bright,
As Childhood's hours.

They seem
Radiant with promise of the blissful day—
The rainbow-tints that gild our childhood's way,
In Life's first dream.

They bring
All fond emotions to our hearts once more,
The faces, forms we loved so well, before
Hope first took wing.

They tell
Of love's first meeting, vows that now are broken,
The tears and sighs 'mid which all sad was spoken
The word—Farewell!

And where
Flowers of all glory, and all beauty, bloom,
'Touched by no blight, and fearless of the tomb—
For ever fair!

At eve,
Flowers, 'mid the Autumn have a witching charm,
Pouring a comfort, and a breath of balm,
O'er hearts that grieve.

For then,
When the gay glitter of life's day is gone,
When earthly Hope is like a primrose wan,
In the dark glen;

And Love,
E'en as a rose o'er which the storm hath passed,
Scattering its leaves on the relentless blast,
Seems borne above;

The heart
Looks for the coming of that fadeless day,
When we shall meet the friends now passed away,
Never to part.

THE DEW OF THY YOUTH.

"The dew of thy youth devote thou unto God."

In a well plann'd and pleasant bed
A modest rose-bud grew;
And, blushing, reared its mossy head
To catch the morning's dew.

And silently the treasure fell
On the sweet flowret's breast,
Constant, though imperceptible:
The rose-bud thus was blest.

On such sweet nourishment it fed,
It still in beauty grew:
And still it daily rose its head,
To catch the morning's dew.

Till worthy of a honoured place—
Praised, envied, and caressed;
Now does the modest flow'ret grace
The sweet Matilda's breast.

And while I there admired the flower,
A simple truth it gave;
Nor do I scorn an idle hour,
The moral thus to save.

Who in the dew of youthful days
Apply for grace divine;
Shall flourish midst temptation's rays,
And peerless here shall shine.

But they shall shed more rich perfume
In better soil above;
By Sharon's rose for ever bloom,
In bowers of bliss and love.

There ever sip the dew of grace,
And praise the heavenly soil;
Gaze on the charms of Jesu's face,
And blossom in his smile.



Hyacinth.

(HYACINTHUS.)

SPRUNG from a humble stock and modest hue,
This, once a floweret of the lowly cells,
Proclaims what culture and what care may do,
For all its rainbow, many colored bells,
Hung on their parent stem in humble dells.
The lowly flower of scarce-empurpled blue,
By culture nourished, soon with vigour swells
In brightening colors, beautiful as new ;
And, to the proud of pedigree, it tells
That wisdom may be learnt, e'en from low heather bells.

They tell the proud of place and high descent,
That genius fears not lowliness of birth ;
That lofty minds on high aspirings bent
Are great, though born but to a cottage hearth.
And if they seek again their parent earth,
Finished the mission on which they were sent,
No bar to fame is their ancestral dearth ;
With qualities improved and lives well spent ;
They proudly vie with those of noble birth :
For oh, the only true nobility is worth.



Drawn & Engraved by H. Alcock.

CHRIST CONVERSING WITH THE DOCTORS.

Printed by A. Hesse 1841.



GOD OUR GUARDIAN.

The eye of God is upon every hour of my existence. The Spirit of God is intimately present with every thought of my heart. His inspiration gives birth to every purpose within me. His hand impresses a direction on every footstep of my goings. Every breath I inhale is drawn by an energy which God deals out to me. This body, which, upon the slightest derangement, would become the prey of death or of woeful suffering, is now at ease, because He, at this moment, is warding off from me a thousand dangers, and upholding the thousand movements of its complex and delicate machinery. His presiding influence keeps by me through the whole current of my restless and ever-changing history. When I walk by the wayside, He is along with me; when I enter into company, amid all my forgetfulness of him, He never forgets me. In the silent watches of the night, when my eyelids have closed, and my spirit sunk into unconsciousness, the observant eye of Him who never slumbers is upon me.—I cannot fly from his presence. Go where I will, He tends me, and watches me, and cares for me; and the same Being who is now at work in the remotest domains of Nature and of Providence, is also at my right hand, to eke out to me every moment of my being, and to uphold me in the exercise of all my feelings, and of all my faculties.—CHALMERS.

HOPE.

Eternal HOPE! when yonder spheres sublime
Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time,
Thy joyous youth began—but not to fade;—
When all the sister-planets have decayed,—
When rapt in fire the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below,—
Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile,
And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile!

CAMPBELL.

THE LOVELIEST OF CONJUGAL ADDRESSES.

Beautiful Being, whom now, in no wild and boyish vision, I behold, with thy soft eyes, which are as the mirrors of human tenderness,—and thy pure brow, where never cloud or shade ruffled the abode of all gentle and woman thought,—and thy fairy and fond step, where the vigilance and care of love preside, and sleep not,—hast thou filled the fountains of my heart with a mighty and deep stream, and shall they not overflow? Thy cheek is paler than it was, my love, and thy smile has a fainter play, and the music of thy sweet voice is more low and hushed, and the zephyr that waiteth on thy footsteps flags, at times, with a weaker wing; so that, when I look on thee, my eyes have tears, but they are not tears of sorrow; for to *me* there is a brighter lustre in thy youth, than when in the glory of an earlier spring the cheek of the very Hebe would have been dim to thine! Has not the bloom of affection a richer damask than the bloom of health? In thy looks I behold the loveliness of comfort and of hope; and thy smile has the beauty of the steps which, upon the mountain top, are the messengers of glad tidings. Thou hast trusted thine ALL with me; and while the vessel yet lives through the stormy tide, thy treasures shall be safe! But the blast and the tempest have already shattered the bark, and the clouds are still black, and the land lies viewless and afar; and, in truth, the wayward heart that thou hast so often borne with, thou mayest have yet, but a little longer to endure, for my wanderings have not been without a shadow, nor my slumbers without a vision; and even now the voice of a warning, that will not be stilled, falls low but ominously on my ear! Ah, sweeter far than fame is the still sleep in which all contests, all envy, are at rest,—the early doom where the eye dwelleth in death upon the vigils of affection, and the heart is not sentenced to survive youth, and love, and hope, a mourner over many tombs!—for time bereaves us of all, nor could aught that has earth's mixture (and what but *thy* tenderness has not?) endure its test; it is not only the links but the garlands of life that are loosed with the silver cord, and the heart's last treasure is broken long before the heart itself breaks with the golden bowl at the cistern. But for thee, my latest and living dream,—for thee what blessing shall I invoke? In the silence I have made a vow; in the night I have recorded a pledge.—Come under the shadow of my soul, and while it yet lives to the things of earth, it is in my vow and my pledge that thy blessing shall be found!—BULWER.

Oh, what is man! the pilgrim of a day,
Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay;
Frail as the leaf in autumn's yellow bower,
Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower.

THE FERTILITY OF THE EARTH DEPENDS ON THE CREATOR.

Author of being!—life-sustaining king!
Lo! Want's dependent eye from thee implores
The seasons, which provide nutritious stores;
Give to her prayers the renovating spring,
And Summer's heats all perfecting, that bring
The fruits which Autumn, from a thousand shores
Selecteth, provident! When earth adores

Her God, and all her vales exulting sing.
Without thy blessing, the submissive steer
Bends to the ploughman's galling yoke in vain;
Without thy blessing on the varied year,
Can the swart reaper grasp the golden grain;
Without thy blessing all is blank and drear;
With it the joys of Eden bloom again.

WORDSWORTH.

PARADISE TREE.

"Not only famous, but of that good fame,
Without which glory's but a tavern song."

BYRON.

How many a summer's sun
Has danced thy leaves upon;
And when the night winds have awoken,
What honours of thine have they shaken!
For a tree more fair
Never waved in the air,
Or perhaps more gracefully twined a bough,
Than thine, so shrivelled and wrinkled now.

There garlands, perhaps, have hung,
And woodland songsters sung,
And lovers have sat and sighed
That the moon its beam might hide;
And a moment's relief,
To darken thy leaf,
Has been seized on by them for a rapturous kiss,
No witness but thou to their innocent bliss.

Perhaps thou wert part of a wood,
And hast all thy tall neighbours outstood;
And while, like the "lords of the ground,"
They were nodding and falling around,
The roots of thy birth
Grew more fast in the earth;
And, though not so green, thou continu'st as firm,
As if thou wert still unexpected thy term.

I can fancy that under thy shade
The pipe and the fiddle have played,
And that round in circuitous ring
The youth of the village would fling;
For fame must be wrought,
Or 'tis quickly forgot,—
And how many a heart must have bounded with glee,
To give thee the sweet name of PARADISE TREE.

Oh, that Story, old Stump, should withhold
These tales of the pleasures of old;
If the joys of *these times* are so few,
Come, tell us the old ones anew;
Or the task shall be mine
To sing of the time
When the lads and the lasses at eve came to thee,
To dance in the shade of OLD PARADISE TREE.

"I was reared, then,"—hark! hark!—"I was reared—
But age has my memory seared;
Yet many have shaken my bough
Whose faces I never see now;
And I tremble to hear
Their names, once so dear,
Now talked of as heading a funeral stone,
While I am left here, and must weep them alone.

"I have heard the soft sighs of the heart,
And taken of sorrow a part;
I have heard the loud laugh by my boughs,
And joined in the joyous carouse.
The wanderer's feet
Have turned to my seat,
And, in storms and in sunshine, for ever were free
The shade and the shelter of PARADISE TREE.

"I've administered oft to the mirth
Of the village to which I owe birth,
Given shade 'mid the summer day's toil,
And added at eve to its smile:
Nor did I withhold,
When the winter blew cold,
A straggling branch from the shivering poor,
And *what could the Lord of the Manor do more?*

"My young boughs have waved in the air,
When beauty and freshness were in the air,
And now, when the wintry wind
Has bleached and disfigured my rind,
Enjoying the fame
Of a *well-acquired* name,
I can smile at the crowds who only are known
By their names on a half-decayed, mouldering stone.

"But what shall I say to the one
Who admires me when beauty is gone?
When the dark howling wintry blast
Has withered my top as it past?
I have nought to repay,
For I fall to decay;
But softly my ashes shall crumble o'er thee,
If they bury thee under OLD PARADISE TREE."

SPRING.

Favourite of Providence, view the goodness of thy benefactor: behold, O man, the bounty of thy God.

The winter is over and gone: the hoar frost has dropped from the trees.

The snow has fled from the hills: and at the smile of Spring the vallies become green.

Winter swept away the leaves which Autumn had seared: and now the young bud spreads a new mantle for the boughs.

The woodland songs were hushed at the whistle of the wintry storm: but now from a thousand throats is sung the welcome of Spring.

The young grass shoots its tender blade, and gives a delicious food for the new dropped lambs: the clear rivulet again flows for their refreshment.

Behold, O man! behold creation around: pride whispers it is for thee.

The flower blossometh, and fadeth away; the tree groweth up, and is cut down; the beasts of the hills are consumed, and heard of no more; creation itself must decay; man alone is immortal.

Child of futurity, improve the spring of life; the bud of youth hath within it the germ of eternity: the winter of age may sear its leaf, and its stem may be buried in the dust; but it is intended for a better soil, and for a climate where winter will never intrude.

The years of youth are given thee to prepare for eternity. Child of futurity, improve the spring of life.

AUTUMN.

Who is that, light of heart, and gay in apparel, who lately fled over the land? The primrose and the cowslip sprang from her footprint, balmy was her breath, and beautiful her smile. The name of the maiden was SPRING.

She came but to announce her sunnier and gayer sister, at whose approach nature assumed a livelier hue, and roses and flowers of warmer and deeper blush arose.

And the Sister's name was SUMMER, and the day of her smiling over, she departed for the brown housewife, AUTUMN.

One long harvest day is the life of Autumn, it is for her to gather in the bounteous store, which, sown in Spring, and nourished in Summer, is to be matured and garnered now, and left for subsistence and comfort in Winter, the year's decline.

And who is it who makes Spring and Summer, Autumn and Winter, thus to succeed in delicious variety? It is He who is the Sun of all seasons,—the Giver of all gifts,—it is Providence,—it is God!

Let us then be grateful to Him, who thus gives to Spring its promises, to Summer its roses, to Autumn its fruits, and to Winter its comforts and its charms. Let us remember, that to use his gifts aright, is the best mode of thanks, and our only means of evincing our gratitude for his bounty.

SUMMER.

Delightful is it to notice the blending of the Spring and Summer days; how the buds of trees and flowers burst into blossoms from day to day; like the fulfilment in youth of the buds and promises of childhood.

Look at the soil, rich with the repayment of its culture; the rooted germs lift their heads to receive the dews of heaven, and the promised bounty shall not fail.

The hills wave with the leafy honours of their hundred trees, and the vallies wave, as the light winds rustle the clover, and the barley, and the wheat; and the birds—sweet winged voices—come over to us from colder climes, and pour here their sweetest song.

O listen to the warblers, as they rejoice among the tree blossoms; blessed is their voice, for it is the echo of the voice of eternal love.

The flowers, too, in their thousand shapes, and tints, and perfumes! Each is a miracle of beauty, yet are they plentiful as the drops of dew which nourish them.

O SUMMER, blessed and happy time!—noontide of the seasons!—expansion and manhood of the year! Nature now perfecteth her delights, for the eye and the ear, for the taste and the touch of man, and in return asketh but a sigh of thankfulness from his heart to the Giver of these good and perfect gifts.—Hallelujah!—it is the Lord!

WINTER.

Hear, O heir of the morning,—thou who rejoicest in the fulness and freshness of youth,—the words of the declining year; pause in the sunshine of thy days, and listen unto the moral of WINTER.

Providence hath blest the Spring and Summer with sunshine, and fruits he hath claimed of these and of Autumn: for Winter he hath appointed the repose of Nature, and repose hath then its charms.

But if the year hath so passed that Winter comes, and we have not garnered in our store, we are at best but disregards of his commands, and contemners of his bounty.

Yet even then it is not for the living to despair, or for the dying to depart without hope.

For as the white snow descends from heaven, and warms and dissolves upon the cold and wintry ground, so may the pure mercy of God drop upon us, even in the winter of our days.

But blessed is the good husbandman, who hath worked throughout his day, for he shall bring in his sheaves with rejoicing,—even so, for he shall rest from his labours, and his works shall follow him.

THE SWEET BRIAR.

Our sweet autumnal western scented wind
Robs of its odours none so sweet a flower,
In all the blooming waste it left behind,
As that the sweet briar yields it; and the shower
Wets not a rose that buds in beauty's bower
One half so lovely; yet it grows along
The poor girl's pathway, by the poor man's door,—
Such are the simple folks it dwells among;
And humble as the bud, so humble be the song.

I love it, for it takes its untouched stand,—
Not in the vase that sculptors decorate;
Its sweetness all is of my native land;
And e'en its fragrant leaf has not its mate
Among the perfumes which the rich and great
Buy from the odours of the spicy east.
You love your flowers and plants, and will you hate
The little four-leaved rose that I love best,
That freshest will awake, and sweetest go to rest?

BRAINARD.

THE CAPTIVE.

Who can divine what impulses from God
Reach the caged lark within a town abode,
From his poor inch or two of daisied sod.

WORDSWORTH.

MORALITY.

Such is the
connection that
exists between all the
faculties of man, that even
by improving his literary taste
you contribute to raise
and dignify his
character.

DE STAEL.

Morality lays the foundations
upon which Glory may raise its super-
structure; and Literature, independently of
its alliance and connection with morals, contributes,
moreover, still more directly to the production
and existence of that glory, which is the
noblest motive and highest incen-
tive to all public virtues.

DE STAEL.

What a con-
solation it is that he
who sees all our bad motives
and knows our manifold infir-
mities, sees also what sincerity we
have, even when our fellow
creatures may doubt
its existence.

JANE TAYLOR.

THE OCEAN.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his controul
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deeds, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own;
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into the depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

Thou glorious mirror, when th' Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,—
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime—
Dark-heaving, boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; e'en from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee, thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

BYRON.

THE MORAL OF MAN'S THREE ERAS.

INFANCY.—Beautiful is the first lesson which nature reads to man. It is HUMILITY. We enter the world weak and defenceless; with many wants which we are unable to supply; liable to many dangers against which we cannot provide; and yet how seldom are the wants unsatisfied or the dangers messengers of ill. The very weakness of the lovely and smiling infant is its defence; its wants a secure claim for ceaseless providence; out of the strong cometh forth sweetness, and out of the weak cometh forth strength, an interesting solution of one of nature's loveliest mysteries. Look at the little cherub; a day's or hour's neglect and the just-burst blossom would close for ever to that sun in whose beam it hath but now began to rejoice; but no; a protecting angel guards it,—do you not see, where, over the smiling child, the bright mirror of its little mind bends with ceaseless love, returning smile for smile and sigh for sigh? the first evidence of each want is the signal for its supply. See, the little thing has just proclaimed, by a slight inward cry, which perhaps you saw not, that it hungered,—and now full and richly flows the milky treasure; nay, turn not from the lovely sight; 'tis not in any age, from childhood to grey hairs, to profane with one impious thought so holy a sight. See the sweet child receiving the blessed bounty, and lifting its baby eyes first to its mother's face as the loved agent, and then looking beyond her still upward, to the first and prime giver of all goodness. How weak, how lowly, how submissive, is the child: how humble a recipient of bounty; how cheerful and grateful a repayer with the whole of its little heart of all the kindnesses bestowed. Listen, ye proud of heart, and read aright this lesson of humility,—“of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

YOUTH.—Youth is the middle of the three stages of life. It comprehends a great and important period, beginning with the development of the physical and mental powers, and ending with their decline. It is the day of man's life; the twilight of morning has passed, and the full and bright hours of light are ours, and much is to be done before eve. Now is man seen in all the glory of his matured powers. Beautiful over all the beasts of the field he walks, the sovereign of the world; while his mind, swoln and invigorated by every fresh stream of knowledge which flows into it, spreads into immensity and deepens into grandeur. His glance penetrates to the uttermost parts of the earth; the northern and southern poles are familiar to him; he systemises the hidden strata of the ground and reasons on them of the wreck of empires and the convulsion of continents; he analyses the different natural substances and defines accurately their component parts; he chains down the waves of the wide sea and makes them the slaves of his chariot,—and yet what is the moral of youth? nay, of manhood, in its fullness and its prime? it is HUMILITY. Look at his proud and sinewy frame,—the breath of fever passes over it and it falls, like leaves before the sunblast; and “that same eye whose bend doth awe the world doth lose its lustre.” Look still more closely at his mind and note its weakness. See the soul which would have searched out nature, foiled in its simplest enquiries; the stone which it has analysed it cannot form, and a wave of that ocean which he had hoped to chain, threatens to engulf him,—the return of the heavenly wanderers he can foretel, but unknown to the self-confident philosopher, haply “the day returns, but not to him returns.” The friend which he has cherished, and whose mind he has bound to his own may be the destroyer of his peace. The child of his hope may be his bitterness and his grief. Even his reason, his mind, his soul, this, the great distinguishing feature of his race,—the separating barrier between man and brute, even this may be impaired, and he, left an abject and broken hearted thing, bowed down to changeless and hopeless pity. What a lesson of humility does this read to man.

AGE.—And for age, bent and thoughtful age, with tottering step, quivering voice, palsied arm, dulled ear and departed sight; oh, what is left but humility? The pride of beauty and of strength is departed,—the hope of excellence is gone, and cold mediocrity has left its mean realities; much might have been done and few things have been accomplished,—and the day is past and the night is at hand, and little more will be recorded in the book of life. Already the fallen eye lids shade every thing from view but the ground, the cold ground, into which the already bowed-down frame must shortly sink. The snowy head tells of a winter which shall know no spring-tide here; all the frail materials of the soul's tenement seem to speak of its speedy departure from the falling and already half “deserted house.”

But as in our most joyful thoughts, a passing gloom will sometimes intervene, so in our most sombre reflections, bright gleams of sunshine will break in beauty through the darkness. And though the moral of youth, of manhood, and of old age, is humility, it is humility mingled with hope,—hope the purest, brightest, serenest, best. True, the infant is weak and pitiful, and the man is impotent even in his strength, and old age bends its feeble knees; but youth, manhood, and age, are but the three first stages of man,—his first stages and his lowest. The worm is a child of air, formed for higher realms—for pure and halcyon skies; the corruptible must put on incorruption, the mortal must put on immortality.

Cold in the dust his perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once shall never die!
That spark, unburied in its mortal frame,
With living light, eternal, and the same,
Shall beam in joy's interminable years,
Unveiled by darkness—unassuaged by tears!

TEMPORAL HAPPINESS.

Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.

Seek not to be rich, but happy. The one lies in bags, the other in content; which wealth can never give.

We are apt to call things by their wrong names. We will have prosperity to be happiness, and adversity to be misery; though *that* is the school of wisdom, and oftentimes the way to eternal happiness.

If thou wouldst be happy, bring thy mind to thy condition, and have an indifference for more than what is sufficient.

The generality are the worse for their plenty. The voluptuous consumes it: the miser holds it. It is the good man that uses it, and to good purposes.

William Penn.

TO THE CROCUS.

(Crocus vernus.)

Lowly, sprightly little flower!
Herald of a brighter bloom,
Bursting in a sunny hour
From thy winter tomb.

Hues you bring, bright, gay, and tender,
As if never to decay,
Fleeting in their varied splendour—
Soon, alas! it fades away.

Thus the hopes I long had cherished—
Thus the friends I long had known,
One by one like you have perished,
Blighted, I must fade alone.

R. Patterson.

W O M A N .

Nature has given woman an influence over man, more powerful, more perpetual, than his, over her; from birth to death, he takes help and healing from her hand, under all the most touching circumstances of life: her bosom succours him in infancy, soothes him in manhood, supports him in sickness and in age. Such influence as this, beginning at the spring of life, and acting in all its most trying moments, must deteriorate or improve man's character, must diminish or increase his happiness, according to the moral and intellectual gradation of woman. Thus, upon her improvement in particular, depends human improvement in general.

M. L. Grimston.

SACRED MELODY.

Fount of all joy! we pray to thee,
Thou art the God of life and light;
Thy power can make the captive free,
Or bind him to this scene of strife:
We long to soar beyond the sky—
On fancy's pinions seek the spot,
Where golden harps' soft music sigh,
And, earth is, like a dream, forgot.

The world is but a sin-girt shrine
On which the christian's heart is bound;
Oh! make us like thyself, divine,
Our brows with holy laurel crown'd:
Fain would we with an eagle's wing,
Soar free as air beyond the skies;
And, like a young bird, upwards spring,
To pour forth fervent Melodies!



SONG OF SOLOMON.

"I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley."

I am the rose of Sharon, fresh and fair,
As golden morning in the eastern clime,
As Beauty tinted by its bloomy air—
As starry beauty in its radiant prime:—
I am the rose of Sharon, and I claim
The statelier boast of that superior name.

I am the lily of the lowly vale,
Of spotless purity and chaste attire,—
Odorous with love—a love that will not fail,
But deeper strengthen in its fond desire;
And virgins pine for me, their love to show,
With arduous zeal, and most melodious woe.

W. H. Prideaux.

THE CUCKOO.

The note of the cuckoo, though uniform, always gives us pleasure, because we feel that summer is coming; but this pleasure is mixed with melancholy, because we reflect that it will soon be going again. This is the consideration which embitters all sublunary enjoyments. Let the delight of my heart be in thee, O Lord, and Creator of all things, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of changing.

Bishop Horne.

THE CAPTIVE BIRD.

Time was, when I was free as air—
The thistles downy seed my fare,—
My drink the morning dew;
I perched at will on every spray,—
My form genteel, my plumage gay,
My strains for ever new.

But gaudy plumage, sprightly strain,
And form genteel—were all in vain,
And of a transient date;
For caught, and caged, and starved to death—
In dying sighs—my little breath
Soon passed the wiry grate.

Cowper.

PERFECTION.

What an immense workman is God! in miniature as well as in the great. With the one hand, perhaps, he is making a ring of one hundred thousand miles round a planet like Saturn, and with the other is forming a tooth in the ray of the feather of a humming bird, or a point in the claw of the foot of a microscopic insect. When he works in miniature, every thing is gilded, polished, and perfect, but whatever is made by human art, as a needle, &c., when viewed by a microscope, appears rough, coarse, and bungling.

Bishop Law.



Amaranth.

(AMARANTHUS.)

I sought the fairest and gayest flowers
Of the new spring's beautiful blossoms :
And I gathered them in at morn's first hours,
And placed them in childhood's bosom.
Yet sorrowing there
The dewdrop hung,
And the pearly tear
To the young flower clung.

I culled the best sprigs of the rose and vine,
By the summer's noonday sun ;
And twined me a garland for manhood's prime,
And in truth 'twas a lovely one.
But withered the rose,
Ere the day was done ;
And the purple hues
Of the grape were gone.

I wandered at night o'er the dreary lea,
'Mid the wintry tempest's rage ;
And I took of the yew and the cypress tree,
And wove a dark wreath for age.
And when I arose,
I beheld them wave
Their sable hues
O'er the old man's grave,

Then I thought of the ne'er fading AMARANTH bowers,
Which blossom for ever above :
And knew that eternity's beautiful flowers,
Must blow in those regions of love.
And I sigh to reach there,
To twine me a wreath,
Unprofaned by a tear,
Or mortality's breath.

In endeavouring to convey some idea of a future life, it has been said, that the soul of man returning, in some bosom of his Creator. This was describing, in some measure, the emotion we feel, when after being long bewildered in the labyrinth of the passions, we suddenly hear the august and awful voice of Virtue.
De Stiel.

Passion is a sort of fever of the mind, which ever leaves us weaker than it found us.
But, being intermitting, to be sure it is curable with care.
It, more than anything, deprives us of the use of our judgment; for it raises a dust very hard to see through.
Wm Penn.

FALLEN FLOWERS.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

(Original.)

Our child is dead—strew o'er her grave
The frailest flowers,
Emblems of hopes she vainly gave
Of brighter hours;
I'll watch them, while their bloom can give
A passing breath,
And think our child, while yet they live,
Sleeps not in death.

But see, their forms already fade
Beneath my eye,
Thus, all things beautiful are made
To bloom—and die:
Fair child—fair flowers, how tranquilly
Ye pass away,
Oh! may I thus, unconsciously,
Death's call obey.

He that will not hear cannot judge; and he that cannot bear contradiction may, with all his wit, miss the mark.
Objection and debate sift out truth; which needs temper as well as judgment.
But, above all, observe it in resentment; for there passion is most extravagant.
Never chide for anger, but instruction.
Wm Penn

The soul, considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines that may be drawn nearer to another for all eternity, without a possibility of touching it; and can there be a thought so transporting, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches, as to Him, who is not only the standard of perfection, but of happiness.
Addison.

THE COTTAGER'S ADDRESS TO THE MORNING STAR.

Star of the morning, tellest thou of day?
Sweet is the visit of thy silvery ray—
 A gentle bud of light,
 More beautiful than bright,

Thou bringest promises of sunshine hours,
Liftest the drooping eye-lids of the flowers,
 And breathest musical words
 To wake the sleeping birds.

I hear their chirpings from the leafy wood,
A twitter first, and then a swelling flood
 Of gratitude to Him,
 Who claims their morning hymn.

Delicious star! Thy twinkling from above,
Awakes the flowers to smiles, the birds to love;
 And when all these have smiled,
 Thou call'st thy favourite child.

Then man awakes! The sovereign of the whole,—
Creation's lord—the CREATURE WITH A SOUL!
 He wakes to life, to thought,
 Which worlds could not have bought.

He wakes, and looks around, below, above,
All is for him, and all is full of love,
 And his swoln heart is full,
 All is so beautiful.

And then he wonders at creation's plan,
Who could have formed the earth, and seas, and man,
 And his knee meets the sod,
 While his lips breathe out God.

Yet thought will wander, and he heaves a sigh,
At the reflection that he still must die,
 And all these beauties leave,
 Perhaps before the eve.

Still thought flows on! Yes, he indeed will fade,
Returning to the dust as he was made;
 But wherefore should he sigh?
 His SOUL can never die!

Star of the morning! shine, and wane, and shine,
More fixed than thou, eternity is mine;
 Yes! man is nobler far,
 E'en than the Morning Star.

*

THE COTTAGER'S ADDRESS TO THE EVENING STAR.

Bright evening star, my harbinger of rest;
The spot where thou first twinklest must be blest;
 My own dear *family sun*,
 My toil, I see, is done.

Blest star, if worlds indeed around thee move,
They must be worlds of bliss—be worlds of love:
 For rest to us thou bringest,
 And love's sweet song thou singest.

At thy first glimmer in the soft'ning sky,
Brown labour smiles, and lays his mattock by,
 And youth looks up to see
 The eye of love in thee.

When the bright beams of day begin to leave,
For the soft twilight of the love-fraught eve,
 Spell-bound I scarce can turn
 From where thy beauties burn.

At thy soft smile was hushed the city's din;
The little lark, too, ceased his vesper hymn,
 And echo, in its pride,
 Repeated it and died.

Silence is loved by thee, and all is still;
Though eloquence the bursting heart may fill,
 The voice of love alone,
 Sweet twinkler, is thy own.

Thou twinklest o'er thy cotter's home, sweet star,
Where all his hopes and all his pleasures are:
 All but one spot is dim
 To point that out to him.

A needless task! for what is all beside
The tender pleasures of "our own fire-side"?
 What luxury, what bliss,
 To have a spot like this!

My wife's sweet welcome to my cottage door—
(My noisy prattlers meeting me before:)
 What more can riches give?
 The richest can but live.

Shine, lovely one—O twinkle as before;
And though thou canst not give thy cotter more,
 Shine on, and may you see
 Each cotter blest as me.

*

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

It is truly a most Christian exercise to extract a sentiment of piety from the works and the appearances of nature. It has the authority of the Sacred Writers upon its side, and even our Saviour himself gives it the weight and the solemnity of his example;—"Behold the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet your heavenly Father careth for them;"—He expatiates on the beauty of a single flower, and draws from it the delightful argument of CONFIDENCE IN GOD. He gives us to see that taste may be combined with piety, and that the same heart may be occupied with all that is serious in the contemplations of religion, and be at the same time alive to the charms and the loveliness of nature.—CHALMERS.

A MOTHER'S HOPE.

So speaks affection, ere the infant eye
Can look regard or brighten in reply;
But when the cherub lip hath learnt to claim
A mother's ear by that endearing name;
Soon as the playful innocent can prove
A tear of pity or a smile of love,
Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care,
Or lisps, with holy look, his evening prayer,—
Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear
The mournful ballad warbled in his ear:
How fondly looks admiring HOPE the while,
At every artless tear and every smile!
How glows the joyous parent to descry
A guileless bosom, true to sympathy.

Campbell.

EDEN WITHOUT WOMAN.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!
In vain the viewless seraph lingering there,
At starry midnight, charmed the silent air;
In vain the wild-bird caroll'd on the steep
To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep:—
In vain to soothe the solitary shade
Aërial notes in mingling pleasure play'd;
The summer wind that shook the spangled tree,
The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee;—
Still slowly pass'd the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to stray—
The world was sad! the garden was a wild!
And man, the hermit, sigh'd—till woman smiled!

Campbell.

SWEET RECOLLECTIONS OF THE DEPARTED.

In looking back to the life of one we have loved, how dear is the thought, that the latter days were the days of light,—that the cloud never chilled the beauty of the setting sun, and that if the years of existence were brief, all that existence has most tender, most sacred, was crowded into that space! Nothing dark, then, or bitter rests with our remembrance of the lost; *we* are the mourners, but pity is not for the mourned—our grief is purely selfish: when we turn to its object, the hues of happiness are round it; and that very love which is the parent of our woe, was the consolation—the triumph—of the departed!—BULWER.

DANGERS OF PROSPERITY.

Happy were it for us all, if we bore prosperity as well and wisely as we endure an adverse fortune. The reason wherefore it is not so, I suppose to be, that the same disposition which in the one state ferments into pride, in the other is refined into fortitude; and that the cares which eat the heart are less injurious to our spiritual nature, than the vanities that inflate and corrupt it.—SOUTHEY.

BEAUTY.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly,—
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud—
A little glass that's broken presently;—
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower—
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

Shakspeare.

TRANSIENT PLEASURES.

Few are the fragments left of follies past,
For worthless things are transient—those that last
Have in them germs of an eternal spirit,
And out of good their permanence inherit.
Baseness is mutability's ally;
But the sublime affections never die.

Bowring.

THE LIFE OF THE MIND.

There are two lives to each of us—gliding on at the same time, scarcely connected with each other!—the life of our actions—the life of our minds; the external and the inward history; the movements of the frame—the deep and ever restless workings of the heart! They who have loved know that there is a diary of the affections, which we might keep for years without having occasion even to touch upon the exterior surface of life, our busy occupations—the mechanical progress of our existence;—yet by the last we are judged, the first is never known.—BULWER.

C H I L D H O O D .

The hour arrives, the moment wish'd and fear'd !
The child is born by many a pang endear'd,
And now the mother's ear has caught his cry,
Oh grant the cherub to her asking eye !—
He comes—she clasps him. To her bosom prest,
He drinks the balm of life, and drops to rest.

Her by her smile how soon the stranger knows !
How soon by his, the glad discovery shows ?
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
What answering looks of sympathy and joy !
He walks, he speaks in many a broken word,
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard ;
And ever, ever, to her lap he flies.
When rosy sleep comes on with sweet surprise,
Lock'd in her arms, his arms across her flung,
(That name most dear, for ever on his tongue,)
As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
And, cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings ;
How blest to feel the beatings of his heart,
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart ;
Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,
And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love !

But soon a nobler task demands her care,
Apart she joins his little hands in prayer,
Telling of Him who sees in secret there !
And now the volume on her knee has caught

His wandering eye ; now many a written thought
Never to die, with many a lispings sweet,
His moving, murmuring lips endeavour to repeat.

Released, he chases the bright butterfly ;
Oh he would follow, follow through the sky !
Climbs the gaunt mastiff slumbering in his chain,
And chides, and buffets, clinging by the mane ;
Then runs, and kneeling by the fountain side,
Sends his brave ship in triumph down the tide,
A dangerous voyage ; or, if now he can,
If now he wears the habit of a man,
Flings off the coat so long his pride and pleasure,
And, like a miser digging for his treasure,
His tiny spade in his own garden plies,
And in green letters sees his name arise !
Where'er he goes, for ever in her sight,
She looks, and looks, and still with new delight.
Ah who, when fading of itself away,
Would cloud the sunshine of his little day !
Now in the May of life. Careering round,
Joy wings his feet—joy lifts him from the ground !
Pointing to such, well might Cornelia say,
When the rich casket shone in bright array,
“These are my jewels !” Well of such as he,
When Jesus spake, well might his language be,
“Suffer these little ones to come to me.”

Rogers.

G O D O M N I P R E S E N T .

The same Being, whose eye is abroad over the whole universe, gives vegetation to every blade of grass, and motion to every particle of blood which circulates through the veins of the minutest animal. Though his mind takes into its comprehensive grasp immensity and all its wonders, I am as much known to him as if I were the single object of his attention: he marks all my thoughts; he gives birth to every feeling and every movement within me; and with an exercise of power which I can neither describe nor comprehend, the same God who sits in the highest heaven, and reigns over the glories of the firmament, is at my right hand to give me every breath which I draw and every comfort which I enjoy.—CHALMERS.

T H E E F F E C T S O F P L E A S U R E .

Every one has felt, after a course of amusement, how little they are inclined to drop again into the dull current of common life: a fever is on them; they are weary—it may be of excitement; yet they would toil on, and pursue the phantom, pleasure, wherever it may lead, rather than pause, rather than look at the past hours steadily, or allow themselves to make an estimate of their real value. The least bad part of dissipation is its actual idleness: its deadly quality is the apathy which it sheds over the sober enjoyments of existence.

T H E T W O R O S E S .

Being with my friend in a garden, we gathered each of us a rose. He handled his tenderly, smelt to it but seldom and sparingly. I always kept mine to my nose, or squeezed it in my hand; whereby in a very short time it lost both its colour and sweetness, but *his* still remained as sweet and fragrant as if it had been growing on its own root.

The roses, said I, are the true emblems of the best and sweetest enjoyments in the world, which being moderately and cautiously used and enjoyed, may for a long time yield sweetness to the possessor of them; but if once the affections seize too greedily upon them, and squeeze them too hard, they quickly wither in our hands, and we lose the comfort of them.

It is a point of excellent wisdom to keep the golden bridle of moderation upon the affections.—FLAVEL.

C O N T E N T M E N T .

Can any man charge God that he hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless, for nature is content with a little, and yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want, even when he seems to be provided with all things; and thus when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves.

ISAAC WALTON.



Ivy & Convolvulus.

(CONVOLVULUS MAJOR.)

WHERE stocks and harebells blossoming,
Shed fragrance o'er a flow'ry bed ;
A sapling of the last year's spring,
Waved to the wind its feeble head.

And oft it dropped a tear, as though
It wept, because it upward grew ;
And bent a frequent look below,
As loth to bid the sweets adieu.

But flowers will fade, and one by one
Did each its scent or beauty lose ;
Now were the rose's blushes gone,
And faded now the tulip's hues.

Fair, fragile, and inconstant friends !
A summer past, they all were gone ;
And as the oak tree upward tends,
It stands deserted and alone :

And so had liv'd, and so decayed :—
But, springing from its wither'd bough,
An IVY spread its mantling shade,
And bursting blossoms o'er it now.

And the two friends so closely twine,
The tree supports—the flower adorns :
The oak need not for youth repine,
Nor the frail IVY fear the storms.

And thus should friendship ever be
Founded on qualities which last :
That it may live on sympathy,
When beauty and when youth are past.

SWEET MUSIC.

(Original.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRAY FLOWERS."

It has been said by a celebrated living author, that sweet music makes us melancholy, because we know that it must soon pass away. This feeling of sorrow, however, arises, probably, in most sensitive minds, while experiencing any of the beauties of the world, that like sweet music are doomed quickly to perish. But in the melancholy produced by the loveliness of music, there is something "sweeter even than pleasure;" it acts like the spell of a magician upon the spirit, bringing again to our mind's eye the loved of other years, who have sunk into the darkness and silence of the tomb: it brings again upon the spirit the gush of warm affections, delights, and hopes, that made the heart of boyhood fair as a paradise. But there is something more even than this produced by sweet music: it not only speaks to us of the past, with its thousand joyous recollections, and its myriads of tenderest sympathies,—of home, happiness, love, and friendship; but it speaks to the soul in that mysterious language which is nevertheless prophetic, and which seems to be one of the incontestible evidences of immortality; of that time, and of that place, when, and where, all that we have lost shall be restored to us; it bears us upon the wings of Faith into the "Heaven of Heavens," and seems to blend our spirit with the eternal origin of the harmony of nature. It is this, we believe, that makes the music of sweet sounds sad, and yet dear to us,—sad, as it strikes upon a link of that mysterious chain which "binds to the past,"—dear to us, as it speaks with no less mystic eloquence of the unfading and glorious future.

THE VOW.

(Original.)

I have loved thee in youth—I will love thee in age,
When thy raven locks change into grey,
And those eyes now so bright, dull and languid, presage
That the flame hastens fast to decay.

I have loved thee in Spring, when the flow'rets were sweet,
And their fragrance was shed all around;
And when desolate Winter all dreary we meet,
My affection still warm shall be found.

I have loved thee in life—I will love thee in death,
When the cold damp collects on thy brow,
And when thou art struggling and gasping for breath,
In thy ears I will utter this vow.

I have loved thee on earth, and none other shall share
The affection to which thou gav'st rise;
To follow thee now will I only prepare,
And meet thee again in the skies.

S. Plumbe.

THE LILY.

(Original.)

Fairest of flowers, so gracefully bending
O'er nature's rich carpet thy beautiful head,
Thou'rt lovelier still while unconsciously lending
A charm to the flow'rets which blow near thy bed.

The rose may still reign in the garden and bower,
And fling its sweet odours abroad with the gale,
But thou shalt wave on in thy beauty, fair flower,
Sweet emblem of purity! queen of the vale.

I marked thee thou lone one, and thought while admiring
Thy beauties which shrink from the gaze of the crowd,
That 'tis thus we may find modest worth oft retiring,
And shunning the sneer of the thoughtless or proud.

Farewell, gentle flower—I would not transplant thee,
Ambition in vain seeks a lovelier spot;
Ah! would I could dwell with thy sweetness around me,
And fix in the valley my peaceful low cot.

Kelly.

KINDNESS FROM THE AGED.

Is there one being, stubborn as the rock to misfortune, whom kindness does not affect? it comes with a double grace and tenderness from the old: it seems in them the hoarded and long purified benevolence of years: as if it had survived and conquered the baseness and selfishness of the ordeal it had passed; as if the winds which had broken the form, had swept in vain across the heart, and the frosts which had chilled the blood and whitened the locks had possessed no power over the warm tide of the affections. It is the triumph of nature over art: it is the voice of the angel which is yet within us. Nor is this all, the tenderness of age is twice blessed—blessed in its trophies over the obduracy of encrusting and withering years, blessed because it is tinged with the sanctity of the grave; because it tells us that the heart will blossom even upon the precincts of the tomb, and flatters us with the inviolacy and immortality of love.—BULWER.

RESENTMENT TOWARD OTHERS.

The reflection, calculated above all others to allay that temper which is ever finding out provocations, and which renders anger so impetuous, is that we ourselves are, or shortly shall be, suppliants for mercy and pardon at the judgment-seat of God; casting ourselves on his compassion—crying out for mercy. Imagine such a creature to talk of satisfaction and revenge—refusing to be entreated—disdaining to forgive—extreme to mark and to resent what is done amiss. Imagine this, and you can hardly bring to yourself an instance of more impious and unnatural arrogance.—

PALEY.

T R E E S .

THE TREES OF THE FOREST! What beauty in those few words: what greenness and freshness—what shadowy seclusion—what melancholy—what Poetry—what sublimity! Oh for a few moments of contemplation under the green tree on the beauty of the Woods, and of worship to Him who formed each shrub and bush and tree, and scattered these verdant Temples over hill and valley and plain, “that Man where'er he walks may see, at every step the hand of God.”

O, with what rich bounty—what lavishment of beauty—what countless tints of green, and yellow and auburn—with what majesty and loveliness are these bird-palaces formed! What beautiful contrasts in shade, from the brightest emerald, as in the Acacia, to the darkest green, even to an almost invisible departure from ebony, as in the Cedar and in the Yew: and what varieties in form; from the erect Poplar or graceful and smooth Birch, to the gnarled and knotted and twisted Oak and Chesnut: some with a few fluttering leaves dancing in the air, and admitting a tracery of light, and some so densely leaved as to dare the daunted sunbeams to a retreat.—Let us think of some of the most prominent.

The OAK (*Quercus robur*) that Tree of Trees, in the maturity of its hundredth year, with its knotted boughs and trunk, its scalloped leaves, its May apples, its acorns and carved acorn cups, those cradles of future navies. There are too some other beauties which are not generally noticed, but will well repay the search: the flower of the Oak is peculiar and beautiful, the anthers are collected on long pendulous strings, and the pistils and germs of the acorn are protuded from between the leaves of the young shoots.

The next in grandeur is perhaps the majestic hippo-castanum, or HORSE-CHESNUT, with its pyramidal spikes of white and rose-coloured blossoms, and its palmate and superb leaves; nor must we neglect the SWEET CHESNUT, less beautiful perhaps in its appearance than its bitter relative, but scarcely less remarkable, from the twisted and trelliced peculiarity of its trunk, its cat-o-nine tail strings of blossom, and the richness and expanse of its foliage.

The ASH (*fraxinus excelsior*) is one of our tallest and most graceful trees, with smooth grey bark, leaves “stalked of five or six pair with an odd one at the top,” and small brown flower, consisting only of a pistil and one short stamen on each side. The KEY or seed of the Ash is well worthy the attention of the curious observer of Nature—on opening the kernel with a penknife, the trunk and branches of the future tree may be plainly discovered without the aid of a magnifying glass.

The ELM (*ulmus campestris*) has a rather crooked trunk, with rugged bark and spreading zig-zag and leafy branches. Its leaves are dark green, doubly serrated and contracted towards each end, very rough to the touch on the upper side, and smoother beneath.

The BEECH (*fagus sylvatica*); The SYCAMORE, with its broad vine like leaves; The Alpine Wanderer, the LARCH, now happily domesticated, and the WALNUT (*juglans regia*) are all beautiful and important additions to our woodlands; nor must we forget the tall and elegant BIRCH, clothed in a delicate and silvery bark—It has been, not unaptly, named the “Lady of the Forest.”

We have hitherto chiefly employed ourselves on the larger Forest Trees, but how many remain which are endeared to us by the most tender and poetical associations.

The HAWTHORN, the “May” of the Poets, has beautiful bunches of white and pink blossoms, all along its slender twigs; sometimes exhibiting a very singular appearance, the side exposed to the cold prevailing wind of the season frequently showing nothing but its dark and jagged leaves, while the sheltered and leeward half of the tree, is, in singular contrast, entirely covered with blossom. How many delightfully rural ideas are connected with the Hawthorn, the Peasant's bush, the Tree of the British Arcady; how many tales and songs of love!

The Honeysuckle, the Jessamine, and the Clematis, are all remarkable for the sweetness of their scent, and for their associations with rustic felicity and cottage life: the Elder and the Yew may be added to the Catalogue of the Cotter's Trees; from the first is made the famous winter wine of our Peasantry, and the latter is the Tree of our Village Churchyards, where it sheds its sorrowing shade over the Cotter's Grave, faithful even unto Death.

The LILAC, LABURNUM, and GUELDER ROSE have almost claim to the double beauties of tree and flower; but (as in too many instances where beauty abounds) Nature, as if to equalize her bounties, lessens their pretensions to usefulness, that greater claimant on our admiration; and the charm of beauty when it is unaccompanied by worth, is ever transient.

The ACACIA about June puts out its elegant and bright foliage, and its tassels of white papilionaceous flowers, which emulate the orange in scent: the motion of its elegant pennated leaves is particularly worthy of attention, folding back at night, and opening to catch the morning rays.

The ALMOND tree, “blooming on leafless bough” is an interesting object in March and April—The ROSE tree and the TULIP tree might also be noticed but that they pertain rather to the flower garden—The WILLOW and the POPLAR require however a remark, the former being essentially female, and the latter male, they are therefore not perpetuated by seed as other plants, but by slips and cuttings only.

Deem not such enquiries as these unimportant, or believe that even the slightest notice of the works and beauties of nature is unproductive of good. Nature ever repays her followers; and a taste for her beauties when the pursuit is not purchased by the neglect of our social duties, refines and elevates the mind, by yielding the highest and purest occupation for its powers, contemplation on the Omniscience, Omnipotence, and never-failing goodness of Nature's God. Oh if the writer could hope that he had directed aright any enquiring mind to the woods—that he had given rise to any fresh pleasure by awakening attention to the manner in which the germs are enfolded in their mantle “russet and rude” during the early year; how the leaves are thrown out to supply air and sustenance in Summer; how Nature, even in Autumn charms with variety and beauty of tint, and in Winter, by the opportunity of a better study of the vegetable “anatomies” in the ramifications of the trunks and boughs and sprays of what are then but the skeletons of the woods. If he could hope that he had engaged the thoughts of any to these pleasing and refreshing and humanising studies, happy indeed would he be—for THE PRODUCTIONS OF NATURE ONCE PROPERLY ADMIRER, THE NEXT TRANSITION OF THOUGHT MUST BE TO LOWLY REVERENCE AND CONFIDING GRATITUDE TO THE GREAT CREATOR AND GIVER OF THE WHOLE!

*



Heart's-ease.

(VIOLA TRICOLOR.)

In youth I planted a sweet flower
Beside my own dear infant bower ;
Its first sweet buddings all were noted,
For on my little gem I doted.
'Twas not a gay or gaudy blossom,
Which gladdened thus my infant bosom,—
No flaunting flower the proud to please :
'Twas but the violet flower, HEART'S-EASE.
I loved it on through youth to age ;
It did my every thought engage ;

Each day to tend my charge I flew,
And with attention it so grew—
So well repaid my anxious care—
I had enough, and had to spare.

Sweet reader, may I ask if you
Would have a stock of heart's-ease too ?
List to the moral of the Sage—
“ Plant it in youth, 'twill last to age !”



Painted by B. West P.R.A.

Drawn by H. Corbould.

Engraved by H. Moses.

CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.



AN ANGEL'S LOVE.

To love, as her own seraph loved,
With Faith, the same through bliss and woe ;
Faith that, were e'en its light removed,
Could, like the dial, fixed remain,
And wait till it shone out again :
With patience that, though often bowed,
By the rude storm can rise anew,
And Hope, that e'en from Evil's cloud,
Sees sunny Good half breaking through.

MOORE.

AN ANGEL'S SONG.

Of God she sung, and of the mild
Attendant, Mercy, that beside
His awful throne for ever smiled,
Ready with her white hand to guide
His bolts of vengeance to their prey,
That she might quench them on the way !
Of Peace—of that Atoning love,
Upon whose star shining above
This twilight world of hope and fear,
The weeping eyes of Faith are fixed,

MOORE.

THE MORAL OF WINTER.

'Tis not in spring, in summer, in the sun,
The cloudless sky, and the reposing storm,
The soul can glean such lessons,—these awake
Thoughts of light interest, vacant joyfulness,
Fantastic visions ; but the dim aspect
Of all earthly beauties fading,—the hoarse winds,
The heavy clouds, and the unsheltered fields,
Calls to their silent home the wandering thoughts ;
Hushes unruly passion ; quenches pride ;
And in a still voice whispers to the heart—
“ Prepare, for thy departure is at hand.”

D. M. MOIR.

THE DANGERS OF EARTHLY LOVE.

Alas, that it should e'er have been,
That nothing fond or bright is seen,
But it hath pain and peril near ;
Here, right and wrong so close resemble,
That what we take for virtue's thrill,
Is often the first downward tremble
Of the heart's balance into ill.
O, Love hath not a shrine so pure,
So holy, but the serpent sin,
In moments e'en the most secure,
Beneath his altar may glide in.

MOORE.

DEATH THE LOT OF ALL.

That sad disheartening fear,
Which all who love, beneath the sky,
Feel, when they gaze on what is dear :
The dreadful thought that it must die !
That desolating thought which comes
Into men's happiest hours and homes ;
Whose melancholy boding flings
Death's shadow o'er the brightest things :
Sicklies the infant's bloom, and spreads
The grave beneath young lovers' heads.

MOORE.

THE LARK.

I have seen a lark rising from its bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and in hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighing of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than all the vibrations of his wings served to exalt him, till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was overpast; and then it made a prosperous flight, for then it did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from some angel as he passed sometime through the air. So is the prayer of a good man, when agitated by any passion; he fain would speak to God, and his words are of this earth—earthly; he would look to his Maker, but he could not help seeing also that which distracted him, and a tempest was raised, and the man over-ruled; his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words ascended to the clouds, and the wandering of his imagination recalled them, and in all the fluctuating varieties of passion they are never like to reach to God at all; but he sits him down, and sighs over his infirmity, and fixes his thoughts upon things above, and forgets all the little vain passages of this life; and his spirit is becalmed, and his soul is even still, and then it softly and sweetly ascends to heaven, and dwells with God, till it returns like the useful bee laden with a blessing and the dew of heaven.—JEREMY TAYLOR.

THE VIOLET.

(*Viola odorata.*)

Sweet flower!—Spring's earliest, loveliest gem,—
While other flowers are idly sleeping,
Thou rearest thy purple diadem,
Meekly from thy seclusion peeping.

Thou from thy little secret mound—
Where diamond dew-drops shine above thee—
Scatterest thy modest fragrance round;
And well may nature's poet love thee!

Thine is a short, swift reign, I know,
But here thy spirit still pervading,
New violet tufts again shall blow,
Then fade away as thou art fading,—

And be renewed; the hope now blest,—
O may that hope desert me never,—
Like thee to sleep on Nature's breast,
And wake again and bloom for ever.

BOWRING.

THE MOSS ROSE.

(*Rosa muscosa.*)

The Angel of the flowers, one day,
Beneath a *Rose-tree*, sleeping, lay,—
That spirit—in whose charge was given,
To bathe young buds in dew from heaven—
Awakened from his light repose,
The Angel whispered to the *Rose*:—
“Oh, fondest object of my care,
Who shelterest me from daylight's glare,
Under thy green and fragrant bough,
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis given thee now.”
“Then,” said the *Rose*, with deepened glow,
“On me another grace bestow.”
The Angel paused, in silent thought,—
“What grace is there this flower has not.”
'Twas but a moment,—o'er the *Rose*
A veil of moss the Angel throws,
And, robed in Nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower the *Rose* exceed?

BLACKWOOD'S *Magazine*.

RIGHT MARRIAGE.

Never marry, but for love; but see that thou lovest what is lovely. Do thou be wise; prefer the person before money, virtue before beauty, the mind before the body; then thou hast a wife, a friend, a companion, a second self, one that bears an equal share with thee in all thy toils and troubles. Choose one that measures her satisfaction, safety and danger, by thine; and of whom thou art as sure, as of thy most secret thoughts; a friend as well as a wife, which indeed a wife implies; for she is but half a wife that is not, or is not capable of being, such a friend. Sexes make no difference, since in souls there is none, and they are the subjects of friendship. He that minds a body, and not a soul, has not the better part of that relation, and will consequently want the noblest comfort of a married life. The satisfaction of our senses is low, short, and transient; but the mind gives a more raised and extended pleasure, and is capable of a happiness founded upon reason, not bounded and limited by the circumstances that bodies are confined to. Here it is that we ought to search out our pleasure, where the field is large and full of variety, and of an enduring nature,—sickness, poverty, or disgrace, not being able to shake it; because it is not under the moving influences of worldly contingencies. The satisfaction of those that do so is in well doing, and in the assurance they have of a future reward; but they are best loved of those they love most; and that they enjoy and value the liberty of their minds above that of their bodies; having the whole creation for their prospect,—the most noble and wonderful works and providences of God,—the histories of the ancients, and in them the actions and examples of the virtuous; and, lastly, themselves, their affairs, and family, to exercise their minds and friendship upon. Between a man and his wife nothing ought to rule but love;—as love ought to bring them together, so it is the best way to keep them well together. Nothing can be more entire and without reserve,—nothing more zealous, affectionate, and sincere,—nothing more contented and constant,—than such a couple; nor is there any greater temporal felicity than to be one of them.—WILLIAM PENN.

FLOWERS IN CHURCH-YARDS.

Beautiful is nature for ever, and for ever, and for ever,—at once changeful and enduring,—an eternity of revolutions—a sweet succession of varied beauties to attract our attention and engage our sympathies; and among the beautiful works of nature, what more lovely than flowers? their first buddings in spring—their thousand tints in summer—their fruits or seeds in autumn—and even their shrivelled stalks and faded leaves in winter, gravated in the old years snow sepulchres. Oh! they are sweet types of the brief space of man's allotted time; blest monitors and comforters of his musing hours.

I am delighted to see that the custom of planting flowers in church-yards is becoming prevalent. We have too long persevered in planting them with yews and cypress, and other trees of gloom; gloom might befit such places, if the sleep of death were indeed an eternal sleep,—if the grave could shut us out from the bright hope of a more glorious waking; but He who is the resurrection and the life has banished such fears,—He has declared that though we be dead yet shall we live; our funeral grounds are not the grounds of oblivion but the GARDENS OF REPOSE.

Yes, and I would adorn them: not perhaps that the sleepers are cognizant of our care, though even *that* has been imagined by men of religion as well as poetry, but chiefly that they might whisper morals as they blossom and as they fade, to those who meditate among the tombs. I would plant "the lilies of the field" by the grave,—of whom?—not of the faded and heart-broken maid, but with less poetry, though more solemnity, over him who had sunk beneath his struggles for riches,—that unrepaying mammon. I would bid the reader in divine words "to consider these lilies how they grew, that they toiled not, neither did they spin; and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them."

The GOLD-CUP, shooting into the skies, with eye upturned to heaven, would also be an instructive monitor on a grave. Dear family flower! its infant buds as they open into day, following the example of the parent flower, look upward to Him from whom all their bounties flow; holy community of feeling, sweet remembrancers of family worship.

The DAISY too, devout though humble plant, tied to the ground, as a labourer with his daily toil, yet looking firmly for a beaming smile from the eye of the bright God of day, reflecting, though at an immeasurable distance, his image, and rejoicing, though humbly, in his name.

The PRIMROSE and VIOLET might tell—the one of the youth, and the other of the virtue of the sleeper beneath. The primrose, pale blossom of the spring, and the fragrant hidden nectary of the meek violet, might almost reconcile us to a short life, thus endeared by such delightful qualities.

The DAFFODIL, that drooping and downcast penitent; the PASSION FLOWER, holy enthusiast! the IRIS, bright reflector of the bow of promise: and the SUNFLOWER, unswerving follower of its Lord; each would yield a text on which even the most uninstructed and superficial might enlarge.

How many sweet appeals to feeling might be made by the simple myosotis, friendship's own blossom, the ever dear FORGET ME NOT; how would the cerulean purity of its cherub eyes move us to sympathy; while Lethe's dull opiates distilling from the gay POPPY would remind that gaudy and flaunting qualities have no claim on love or on remembrance.

The ROSE, beautiful and fragrant, as goodness ever is; the SWEET-BRIAR yielding its Christian-like return of sweetness for injuries; the CONVULVULUS, clinging ever upon its great supporter, there alone blooming and perfecting itself; and the HEART'S-EASE, admired lesson to humility, all yield rich morals to those who read nature aright; as what flower, or bush, or tree, will not?

We ask not the aid of art to form *fleurs immortelles*; (apt emblems of man's notions of immortality, a substitution of years for months,) for look at this faded bulb, this wrecked and withered harebell!—faded, fallen, and rotten,—it is departed,—it is gone! Aye, departed,—but for a while; gone,—but not for ever. Faded, but like the sleeper in whose grave it rests; faded BUT TO THE GROUND; the blossoms of its first day are over, and it is dead,—but the bulb, the germ of second life is there. A brighter day will dawn, and it shall, like him, again live!

Who will say that flowers are not as useful as they are beautiful,—that they are not fitted to improve the heart as well as to please the eye? Oh! sweet lessons of morality and religion do they preach, as fragrant to the soul as their material essences are to the sense. Let them adorn our dwelling places; let them be at our births, our bridals, and our rejoicings; and oh! let them be upon our bier and upon our graves,—planted there by those whom we loved, and who, even in death, will still love us.

Soothing, holy thought! that they of our kindred and of our love will sometimes steal even from the pleasures of the world to commune with heaven at our graves, to visit the spot where we lie,—a little unobtrusive spot, unknown and unregarded by all but them, or only otherwise noticed by some stray admirer of church-yard flowers, who will wonder at the love, the devotion, which to a distant date has kept up the blossoms of the little mound with untiring care. Yes, the dear relicts of our home and of our love will then feel a soft delight in dwelling on the now unimportant fact, that we have admired a daisy together; such pleasure is there in harmless and virtuous sympathy.

Farewell, dear flowers, for a while.

*



Sunflower.

(HELIANTHUS ANNUUS.)

Flower of the morning sun,
Thy worship is begun,—
To bless thy anxious and impassioned gaze
Thy radiant God appears,
To dry up all thy tears;
With the first glance of his refulgent rays.

Flower of the noon-day, turn
To where his beauties burn,
In splendour and in light enthroned high :

He from his throne of gold
Thy service doth behold,
And blesseth with his smiles from farthest sky.

Flower of the evening sun
Thy task of love is done!
Farewell, a last farewell to all thy sorrow,
Constant throughout thy day,
Thy God, in parting ray,
Promised to smile again on thee to-morrow.

LEVITY AND CHEERFULNESS.

Between levity and cheerfulness there is a wide distinction; and the mind, which is most open to levity, is frequently a stranger to cheerfulness. It has been remarked that transports of intemperate mirth are often no more than flashes from the dark cloud; and that in proportion to the violence of the effulgence is the succeeding gloom. Levity may be the forced production of folly or vice; cheerfulness is the natural offspring of wisdom and virtue only:—the one is an occasional agitation; the other a permanent habit:—the one degrades the character; the other is perfectly consistent with the dignity of reason, and the steady and manly spirit of religion. To aim at a constant succession of high and vivid sensations of pleasure, is an idea of happiness altogether chimerical. Calm and temperate enjoyment is the utmost that is allotted to man. Beyond this we struggle in vain to raise our state, and in fact depress our joys by endeavouring to heighten them. Instead of those fallacious hopes of perpetual festivity with which the world would allure us, religion confers upon us a cheerful tranquillity. Instead of dazzling us with meteors of joy which sparkle and expire, it sheds around us a calm and steady light, more solid, more equal, and more lasting.—BLAIR.

MERCY BEAUTIFUL IN ITSELF.

Independent
Of what it lights, e'en as the sun
That shines on flowers would be resplendent
Were there no flowers to shine upon.

MOORE.

DESIRE FOR KNOWLEDGE.

There's nothing bright above, below,
In sky, earth, ocean, that this breast
Doth not intensely burn to know;
And thee, thee, thee, o'er all the rest!

MOORE.

RE-ACTION OF BENEFICENCE.

It may happen that the effort of beneficence may not benefit those for whom it was intended; but when wisely directed it must benefit the person from whom it emanates. Good and friendly conduct may meet with an unworthy and ungrateful return; but the absence of gratitude on the part of the receiver cannot destroy the self-approbation which recompenses the giver. *And we may scatter the seeds of courtesy and kindness around us at so little expense.* Some of them will inevitably fall upon good ground, and grow into benevolence in the minds of others, and all of them will bear fruit of happiness in the bosom where they spring. *Once blessed are all the virtues always, twice blessed sometimes.*—BENTHAM.

LAST WORDS.

Refresh me with the bright blue violet,
And put the pale faint-scented primrose near,
For I am breathing yet.
Shed not one silly tear;
But when mine eyes are set,
Scatter the fresh flowers thick upon my bier,
And let my early grave with morning dew be wet.

I have passed swiftly o'er the pleasant earth,
My life has been the shadow of a dream;
The joyousness of birth
Did ever with me seem;
My spirit had no dearth,
But dwelt for ever by a full swift stream,
Lapt in a golden trance of never failing mirth.

Touch me once more, my father, ere my hand
Have not an answer for thee;—kiss my cheek
Ere the blood fix and stand
Where flits the hectic streak;
Give me thy last command
Before I lie all undisturbed and mute,
Wrapt in the soothing folds of funeral swathing-band.

ALFORD'S SCHOOL OF THE HEART.

RE-ACTION OF MALEFICENCE.

The influence of the baneful and immoral qualities upon others may be undefinable, not so their influence on the person who exhibits them; he must be deteriorated. Cases may occur in which incivility, asperity, anger, ill-will, may as far as regards others, produce consequences opposed to their natural tendencies; but they can only have a pernicious effect upon him who makes the foolish experiment of trifling with the happiness of others.—BENTHAM.

WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?

What is that, mother?

The lark, my child!

The morn has but just looked out and smiled,
When he starts from his humble grassy nest,
And is up and away, with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart to yon pure bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.—

Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, mother?

The dove, my son!

And that low sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For his distant dear one's quick return.—

Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, mother?

The eagle, boy!

Proudly careering his course of joy;
Firm on his mountain vigour relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying;
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.

Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward, and true to the line.

What is that, mother?

The swan, my love!

He is floating down from his native grove.
No loved one now, no nestling nigh,
He is floating down by himself to die;
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.—

Live so, my love, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home.

G. W. DOANE.

While we are yet young and the passions, powers, and feelings, in their full activity, create to us a world within; we cannot fairly look on the world without;—all things then are good. When first we throw ourselves forth, and meet burrs and briars on every side, which stick in our very hearts,—and fair tempting fruits, which turn to bitter ashes in the taste,—then we exclaim, with impatience, all things are evil. But at length comes the calm hour, when they who look beyond the superficialities of things begin to discern their true bearing; when the perception of evils, or sorrow, or sin, brings also the perception of some opposite good, which awakens our indulgence; or the knowledge of the cause which excites our pity.—MRS. JAMIESON.

ALL THAT'S BRIGHT MUST FADE.

See you the eastern orb which glows
So pure, so beautiful, so bright:
The bird which hailed it as it rose
Shall sing its farewell song at night.

See you the gems which deck the rim
Of evening's sparkling coronet:
The twilight beams—their glow is dim;
The morning smiles—their ray is set.

See you the new-blown summer rose
That spreads its blossoms on the bough:
The winter frowns, the night wind blows—
Where are its fragrant beauties now?

There's not a smile on maidens' lips—
Or glance of love from beauty's eye,
But soon from its possessor flits,
To be succeeded by a sigh.

There's not a heavenly thrill of love
But rises soon to sink again;
Scarcely to joy our senses move,
Ere they subside again to pain.

There's not a tree, a leaf, a flower,
A dancing moonbeam on the wave,
But calls for pity's sigh to pour
Untimely requiems o'er its grave.

The brightest ray which pleasure throws
Is but a meteor gleam displayed:
For all that's bright, its charms must lose,
And all that's beautiful must fade. *

One great source of vexation proceeds from our indulging too sanguine hopes of enjoyment from the blessings *we expect*, and too much indifference for those we possess. We scorn a thousand sources of satisfaction which we might have had in the interim, and permit our comfort to be disturbed, and our time to pass unenjoyed, from impatience for some imagined pleasure at a distance, which we may perhaps never obtain, or which when obtained, may change its nature, and be no longer pleasure.—MOORE.



Honeysuckle.

(LONICERA PERICLYMENUM.)

By rustic seat, and garden bower,
There's not a leaf, or shrub, or flower,
Blossom, or bush—so sweet as thee,
Lowly, but fragrant honey-tree.
By stately halls we see thee not,
But find thee near the lowly cot,
On lattic'd porch, by humble door,
Thou leanest with thy honey store,
Dropping from thy bee-bosom'd flowers,
Sweetness, through evening's dewy hours.

Tree of the cottage and the poor!
Can palace of the rich have more?
No,—sweet content as seldom dwells
In palaces as lowly cells.

Oh! I would scorn the mansion fair,
If pomp, and pride, and care were there;
And to the humbler cottage flee,
Leaving each proud and lofty tree,
For thee—dear HONEYSUCKLE, thee!

RELIGION—MUSIC—POESY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRAY FLOWERS."

This world would be too full of grief,
Too shadowed o'er with care ;
Joy's visits would be far too brief,
And withered the soft rose's leaf
On childhood's cheek so fair—
Had not our God in kindness given
To suffering hearts the dreams of Heaven !

Companions too, our way to bless,
If we but seek, we find ;—
How deep soe'er be the distress,
E'en though in utter hopelessness
May seem the downcast mind ;
Companions we may find, to fling
On Autumn's cheek the hues of Spring.

And first, Religion, with a bland
Sweet look and downcast eye,
Points with her fair uplifted hand
To a far brighter, happier land,
Beyond this nether sky ;
And bids our troubled thoughts to cease,
By whispering hopes of love and peace.

And Poesy, scatt'ring on our way
Her "ever blooming" flowers,
Maketh our every footstep gay,
With the all-beautiful array
From Nature's fadeless bowers ;
Making all our pathways seem
As cloudless, as a May-day dream.

And Music, with her heavenly lyre
Of a sweet, witching tone,
Imparteth an intense desire
To other hearts, the lambent fire
That burns within her own ;
Bidding each thought of discord flee,
And soothing all to harmony !

Then tell us not of life's lone way,
When friends like these can cheer,
But rather chase each fear away,
Each cloud that darkens o'er our day,
And dry each starting tear ;
Grief owns not such companions three—
RELIGION, MUSIC, POESY !



THE
CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY GOD! who always hears
When little children humbly pray,
I thank thee, Lord, for all thy cares,
And all the mercies of the day.

I have received, and 'twas from thee,
From thee alone, my daily bread;
All day thy love has followed me,
And gives me now a downy bed.

If I have dared this day to sin,
Or lived as I ought not to live;
I would a better life begin,
And O, past errors, Lord, forgive.

My parents' love, my friends' respect,
Do thou, the friend of all, repay;
Do not my youthful prayer reject,
For them—for all the world, I pray.

Already slumbers o'er me creep;
Still smile as thou hast always smiled;
Protect me, Father, while I sleep,
For I am but a little child.

THE DAISY.

Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep,
Need we to prove a God is here;
The daisy fresh from winter's sleep,
Tells of his hand in lines as clear.
For who but He that arched the skies,
And pours the day-spring's living flood,
Wondrous alike in all He tries,
Could rear the daisy's purple bud?

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spun,
And cut the gold-embossed gem,
That, set in silver, gleams within?
Then fling it, unrestrained and free,
Over hill, and dale, and desert sod,
That man, wherever he walks may see,
In every step, the stamp of God.
J. M. GOOP.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

Lo, the lilies of the field,
How their leaves instruction yield;
Bark to Nature's lesson given,
By the blessed birds of heaven;
Every bush and tufted tree
Warbles sweet philosophy.
Mortal, flee from doubt and sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow.

One there lives, whose guardian eye,
Guides our humble destiny;
One there lives, who, Lord of all,
Keeps our feathers lest they fall;
Pass we blithely, then, the time,
Fearless of the snare and lime,
Free from doubt and faithless sorrow,
God provideth for the morrow.
HERR.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

In eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears.

The Rose is a sign of Joy and Love,—
Young blushing Love in its earlier dawn,—
And the mildness that suits the gentle dove,
From the Myrtle's snowy flower is drawn.

Innocence shines in the Lily's bell
Pure as the heart in its native heaven;
Fame's bright star, and Glory's swell,
By the glossy leaf of the box are given.

The silent, soft, and humble heart,
In the Violet's hidden sweetness breathes;
And the tender soul, that cannot part,
A twine of Evergreen fondly wreathes.

The Cypress, that daily shades the grave,
In Sorrow, that mourns her bitter lot,
And Faith, that a thousand ills can brave,
Speaks in thy blue leaves, Forget-me-not.

Then gather a wreath from the garden bowers,
And tell the wish of thy heart in flowers.

I. G. PERCIVAL.

BUDS.

There lives and works
A soul in all things, and that soul is
God:
He sets the bright procession on its
way,
And marshals all the order of the year;
He marks the bounds which winter
may not pass,
And blunts his pointed fury; *in its
case,*
*Russet and rude, folds up the tender
germ,*
Uninjured, with inimitable art;
And ere one flowery season fades and
dies,
Designs the blooming wonders of the
ext.

COWPER.

BLOSSOMS.

Not a flower
But shows some touch, in freckle,
streak, or stain,
Of an unrivalled pencil—God inspires
Their balmy odours, and imparts their
hues:
Happy who walks with Him, whom,
what he finds
Of flavour or of scent, in fruit or
flower,
Or what he views, of beautiful or
grand
In nature, from the broad majestic oak
To the green blade that twinkles in
the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a pre-
sent God.

COWPER.

THE IRIS.

Fair Boyer! while I look on thee,
My suit a nobler wreath can see:
Thou, raised by nature from the earth,
Thy birth from the heavens derives its
birth;
Thou with each varied tint how
bright,
But softer rays in that unite;

For God in mercy placed it there,
That sinful man might not despair;
But when the threatening storm dis-
mayed,
And guilt would make his heart afraid,
His token in the blending rays
Might chase distrust and guilt away;
And in the arch, so kindly thrown,
Reveal the rainbow round the throne.

HEART'S EASE.

I used to love thee, simple flower,
To love thee dearly,—when a boy,
For thou didst seem in childhood's hour
The smiling type of childhood's joy.
But now thou only mock'st my grief,
By waking thoughts of pleasure fled;
Give me, give me the withered leaf
That falls on Autumn's bosom dead.

For that ne'er tells of what has been,
But warns me what I soon shall be,
It looks not back on pleasure's scene,
But points into futurity.
I love thee not, thou simple flower,
For thou art gay, and I am lone;
Thy hearty bid with childhood's hour,
The heart's-ease from my path is
gone.
London Mag.

F A I T H .

Faith is the star o'er the lonely sea,
When waves roll high and dark,
To guide unto the port of peace
The seaman's threaten'd bark.

J. F. C.

H O P E .

Hope is the rainbow's glorious hue,
That tells of happier hours,
When gloomy clouds around us shed
Their fastly falling showers.

J. F. C.

IF IT WERE NOT FOR HOPE THE HEART WOULD BREAK.

The wintry wind blows chilly and bleak,
And sorrows the joyless plain,
And an opening flower 'neath the snow I seek,
But I fear I shall seek in vain:
The wintry wind blows chilly and bleak,
And if 'twere not for HOPE the heart would break.

Fled is the twilight's latest streak,
Not a star does the sky illumine;
Oh, when shall I see the morning break,
To brighten this desolate gloom:
Fled is the twilight's latest streak,
And if 'twere not for HOPE the heart would break.

The sad tear falls on my care-worn cheek,
And my brain is well nigh wild;
And for pleasure, alas, I vainly seek,
For, O! I am sorrow's child:
The sad tear falls on my care-worn cheek,
And if 'twere not for HOPE the heart would break.

Soon will be cold this sorrowing cheek,
And closed this weeping eye,
And never on me will the morning break,
Or on me smile a summer's sky:
Soon will be cold this sorrowing cheek,
And if 'twere not for HOPE the heart would break.

But of Hope's bright star I discern a streak,
Which cheers in the wintry gloom,
And it bids me believe I shall soon awake,
Though I sleep a short night in the tomb:
And while of HOPE I have this bright streak
I never will bid my heart to break.

T E A R S .

Tears are but dew that Mercy throws
Upon this world of ours,
Like "beads of morning" on the rose—
To nourish Feeling's flowers!

J. F. C.

M E M O R Y .

Memory—the perfume of the rose,
When all its bloom hath fled,
Shedding a glory, and a charm
Above the lost, and dead!

J. F. C.



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MOSES VIEWING THE PROMISED LAND.

BIRDS.

Ye birds that fly through the fields of air,
What lessons of wisdom and truth ye bear;
Ye would teach our souls from the earth to rise,—
Ye would bid us its grovelling scenes despise,—
Ye would tell us that all its pursuits are vain;
That pleasure is toil,—ambition is pain,—
That its bliss is touched with a poisoning leaven,—
Ye would teach us to fix our aim on heaven.

Beautiful birds, of the azure wing,—
Bright creatures that come with the voice of spring;
We see you arrayed in the hues of the morn,
Yet ye dream not of pride, and ye wist not of scorn!
Though rainbow splendour around you glows,
Ye vaunt not the beauty which nature bestows:
Oh! what a lesson for glory are ye,
How ye preach the grace of humility.

Swift birds that skim o'er the stormy deep,
Who steadily onward your journey keep,
Who neither for rest nor for slumber stay,
But press still forward by night or day,—
As in your unwearying course ye fly,
Beneath the clear and unclouded sky;
Oh! may we, without delay, like you,
The path of duty and right pursue.

Sweet birds that breathe the spirit of song,
And surround heaven's gate in melodious throng;
Who rise with the earliest beams of day,
Your morning tribute of thanks to pay;
You remind us that we should likewise raise
The voice of devotion, and song of praise;
There's something about you that points on high,—
Ye beautiful tenants of earth and sky.

C. W. THOMPSON.

FRIENDSHIP.

Thou art at first so tender, that no care
Can be too great, if we would cherish thee;
But firmly fixed, so well united then
Are all the links which bind thee, that no power,
Not even death, can rend thy ties asunder;
So pure, that nought can sully thee,—so void
Of any sordid feeling, that no passion,
Which hath its source within the breast of man,
Can be compared with thee.

TO THE STARS.

Oh! tell me, ye children of heavenly light,
That in the blue firmament sparkle so bright,
From whence comes the fire that enlightens ye thus?
 Say—oh, say,
 Is it glowings of love
 From your Maker above,
Thrown directly o'er you, to be beamed upon us.

Yes, yes, it is so!—for they kindle in me
A glow of devotional purity,
The warmest and brightest I ever have known;
 Heaven-born ray,
 Oh, it fills my fond eyes
 As I gaze at the skies,
And worship my God through his starry throne.

J. L. STEVENS.

NATURE.

Who can forbear to smile with nature?
Can the strong passions in the bosom roll,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody?

MILTON.

Literature can only derive its permanent beauties from the most delicate and refined morality. Men may devote their actions to vice, but it can never controul their judgment. Never was it in the power of any poet, however ardent his fancy, or vivid his imagination, to draw forth a tragic effect from the description of a situation, which admitted the direction of an immoral principle.

DE STAEL.

HUMILITY.

Humility is the first lesson we learn from reflection and self-distrust,—the first proof we give of having obtained a knowledge of ourselves.—ZIMMERMAN.

There is a beauty in the name appropriated by the Saxon nations to the Deity, unequalled, except by His most venerated Hebrew appellation,—they called him “GOD,” which is literally “THE GOOD.”—SHARON TURNER.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn—good and ill together; our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not, and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.—OLIVER MOORE.

They tell me life is like a dream,—a bright brief dream,—and o'er,—
They tell me life is like a stream, that seeks the ocean shore,—
They tell me life is like a flower, that blooms but to decay,—
If so, then life is only death in holiday array.

H. C. DEAKIN.

Our dispositions will be suitable to that which we most frequently think on; for the soul is, as it were, tinged with the colour and complexion of its own thoughts.

MARCUS ANTONINUS.

Religion is equally the basis of private virtue and public faith; of the happiness of the individual, and the prosperity of the nation.

W. BARROW.

What a consolation it is that he who sees all our bad motives, and knows our manifold infirmities, sees also what sincerity we have, even when our fellow-creatures may doubt its existence.—TAYLOR.

O! how the passions, insolent and strong,
Bear our weak minds their rapid course along;
Make us the madness of their will obey,
Then die and leave us to our griefs a prey.

CRABBE.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

Not all that heralds rake from confied clay,
Nor florid prose, nor honied lies of rhyme,
Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.

BYRON.

THE morning's sun o'er the dim hills broke,
The rattle of the drum the chiefs awoke,
And the pealing notes of the trump afar
Told of the glory and the pomp of war.
The plume of the chief waved in haughty pride,
And many a victim fell by his side;
His clotted sword was of crimson hue
With the blood which the triumphing victor drew.
But I, shuddering, turned from the deadly stroke,
And thought of the heart-woven ties which it broke;
But they told me all this was the pomp of war,—
For widows must follow the conqueror's car.
The hero, they said, but for glory was born,
And his young brow formed for a wreath to adorn;
But a fatal ball lightly whizzed through the air,
And he sank to the earth, to seek glory *there*.

They bore him (“by night,” I suppose) to his rest,
Perhaps “turned with their bayonets the sod on his breast;”
I looked on his face, thinking glory was there,—
I saw but a cold grisly look of despair.
They told how the weapon of war he could wield,
And spoke of his *glorious death* on the field;
How the world would repair to his funeral spot;—
I asked if 'twas thought such a hero could *rot*?
They spoke of a sculptured group for his tomb,
And huddled up fame amid mortar and bomb:
I drew them a widow in agony wild,
And on either side traced them an orphan child.
The trophies that hang o'er a conqueror's dust—
What are these—what are these, if his cause were unjust?
We scan o'er his epitaph's blood-purchased rhymes,
And turn from the sickening list of his *crimes*.



Passion Flower.

(PASSIFLORA.)

MYSTERIOUS plant, where holy emblems grow
In golden splendour, and in heaven-like glow,
We hail the love which pours
Instruction from thy flowers.

The hammer, nails, and crown of thorns appear,
Sad emblems of the Saviour's sufferings here ;
While round his glories shine,
All radiant and divine.

Ranged round thee too the chosen twelve appear,
Sharing thy glory as they did thy tear ;
High o'er them waves the cross,
At once their gain and loss.

And may it still be thus.—where two or three
Are met together let thy glory be,—
Warming with its glad rays
Thy chosen's prayer and praise.

Thus be each flower a book, where we may see
Dear records of Religion and of thee,
And may all nature move
Thoughts of thy matchless love.

THE LANGUAGE OF BIRDS.

Birds are perhaps the most beautiful, certainly the most elegant, of creatures; the symmetry of their form, and the beauty and delicacy of their plumage, claim attention and admiration from the most superficial observer; while their seclusive habits, and their flights, are full of mystery to half the world, and replete with poetry to all. Their song, too, breathes of the heaven, towards which they soar; and it is so full—so brimful—of love and joy, that the mind of man, distracted by viler passions, is scarcely fitted to enjoy such extacy; yet sweet and soothing is the delicious music,—from the quick chirping of the homely sparrow, to the fuller and wilder melodies of those woodland choristers who pour forth a rich and perfect song.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waste of music is the voice of love,
That even to birds the tender arts
Of pleasing teaches.

So early in the year as January the robin redbreast (*motacilla rubecula*) begins to chaunt its pretty song, from the topmast twig of the thorn. The hedge-sparrow (*motacilla modularis*), also, commences its chirping note. The harsh loud voice of the wild and wary missel-thrush (*turdus miscivorus*) is heard between the flying showers, continuing its song till August. And the throstle (*turdus musicus*), second only to the nightingale in song, charms us with the sweetness and variety of its lays. Early in February the wood-lark (*alauda arborea*) appears; and by the latter end of this month the green wood-pecker (*picus viridis*) makes the woods echo with its loud note. In March the linnet, the gold-finch, the golden-crowned wren (*motacilla regulus*), and the green-finch (*loxia chloris*) join the concert. About the middle of April the family of swallows arrive, and they are immediately succeeded by that sweet warbler the *motacilla lusciniæ*, or nightingale,—“Most musical, most melancholy, bird.”

About the same time appears the beautiful little wryneck, and in a few days after the well-known cry of the cuckoo is heard in our woods. Among the arrivals of this month are also the ring ousel, the redstart, the yellow wren, the swift, the white throat, the grasshopper lark, the willow wren; to these a few are added in May; and about the latter end of June, the delicious music almost ceases.

Who is there that is not charmed by the melody of birds? What variety of note, and sweetness of modulation:—“the cheerfulness of the sky-lark, the mellowness of the throstle, the imitative talent of the bull-finch, the varied and familiar language of the red-breast, endeared to us from our youth by so many agreeable associations; the vivacity of the wren, the soft note of the linnet, and even the monotonous note of the cuckoo, and the solemn cry of the owl,”—not one of these birds but is listened to with pleasure.

Listen to the lark, our first and sweetest songster,—upward soars the heavenly bird,—upward and upward still it tends, and as each fresh ascent is achieved by a new impulse of its wing, it pours forth a flood of rich notes, which seem almost too much for its tiny breast;—sweet music is it of the upper and purer air, redolent of feeling, hallowed and sublime even when after sinking through the lower and duller clouds it reaches us. As when some pure spirit, leaving the earth awhile, and soaring to God in devout and holy thought, catches some breathings of immortal love, of seraphic rapture, of heavenly peace, and whispers his recollections of them to us on his return.

The language of birds is a musical language, and has been reduced by a pitch-pipe to a musical key. They have their notes of fear and sorrow; but their song is generally the song of happiness and love,—the expression of their soft and agreeable emotions. During the whole period of nestling and incubation the cares of the hen bird are relieved by every charm of song of which her mate is capable, and with the accomplishment of these duties the song of beguilement ceases. Delightful arrangement—that the enjoyments even of birds should administer to the happiness of man. The bird sings because it is happy—it pours the thrilling sounds from its throat to relieve the overflowings of its own heart; the liquid notes come from and go to the heart, dropping balm into it, as the gushing spring revives the traveller's parched and fainting lips. That stream of joy comes pure and fresh to the longing sense, free from art and affectation. It rises over vernal groves, mingled with the breath of the morning, and the perfumes of the wild hyacinth, that exhausts its raptures, and still—“Hymns its good God, and carols sweet of love.”

Happy are they who acquire in youth, and retain to age, a taste for simple pleasures:—The love of flowers, of birds, of rural sights, and sounds, and smells. Happy they who mark fair-handed Spring unbosom every grace; who note when she “throws out the daisy and the crocus first,” and when the lark, and the thrush, and the nightingale arrive; who listen to the melody, and catch the song, of those hymners to the Deity. Oh! these are sweet employments, to let flower, and bird, and beast, speak to us of God,—to let all nature remind us of his kindness.

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her;—tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed,
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.

ATTRACTIONS OF VIRTUE.

If we draw equally from nature in the one as in the other, we may render virtue no less attractive than glory or love; for she hath so divine a beauty, that could she be represented corporeally to our eyes, she would instantly and for ever engage the adoration of our souls.—BULWER.

THE HERMIT.

WANDERER—Reverend sire, with locks of grey,
Turn not from a wanderer so;
Though, perhaps, my look is gay,
I could tell of years of woe.

HERMIT — What have you to do with woe,
You ne'er knew deception's guile;
Prithee, youthful traveller, go—
Go and live in beauty's smile.

WANDERER—I have lived in beauty's smile,
Loved how fondly and sincere;
I but dreamed of joy awhile—
I awoke to meet despair.

HERMIT — Did your fair one faithless prove?
To repine were worse than weak.
If you pleasure found in love,
Seek it still on beauty's cheek.

WANDERER—Hermit, as the wild bees sip
Honey from each opening flower,
I have roamed from lip to lip,
Still a stranger to its power.

HERMIT — Strike the merry viols' string,—
Music soon will banish care;
Rush into the mazy ring,
You perhaps will find it there.

WANDERER—Will yon bubbling streamlets flow
Give a bursting bosom rest;
Will it soothe a mourner's woe,—
Will it ease a wanderer's breast?

HERMIT — Let your moments lighter fly;
Loosen virtue's dull controul;
Bask again in beauty's eye;
Toss again the midnight bowl.

WANDERER—Holy father, I have sought
Pleasure in the wanton's strain,—
Wine, a moment banished thought,
But the torturer came again.

HERMIT — Youthful pilgrim, then, farewell!
Stranger, woe indeed is thine;
But I seek my mossy cell,—
Hark! I hear the vespers chime.

WANDERER—Yet another moment stay,—
Tell me, where does pleasure dwell,—
Reverend sire, with locks of grey,
Is it in the hermit's cell?

HERMIT — Stranger, no,—lonely and drear
Is seclusion's silent cell;
Oft' the still abode of care;
Seldom there doth pleasure dwell.

WANDERER—What can cause a hermit pain?
Careless must his minutes glide;
Placid as the constant stream,
Dimpling heaves its summer tide.

HERMIT — Can retirement soothe despair?
Stranger, ask my listless eye;
Can seclusion hide from care?
Ask,—but no, I cannot sigh.

WANDERER—Hermit, gentle hermit, stay,
Lest I give thy bosom pain,—
Hide not, then, thy locks of grey,
In the lonely cell again.

HERMIT — Stranger, in the desert-air,
Haply yet may bloom a rose,—
If contentment blossoms there,
There the flower of pleasure blows.

WANDERER—Hermit, pardon while I speak,—
If contentment be thy lot,
Why not have a wanderer seek
Pleasure in the lonely cot.

HERMIT — Not alone in hermits' cells
Pleasure takes her sweet abode,—
Pilgrim, no, she always dwells
With the wearied pilgrim's God.

WANDERER—Yes, religion soothes the mind,
And restores our peace again;
Yet I scarce can hope to find
Pleasure in the haunts of men.

HERMIT — Bid its follies but farewell,
And happiness may still be thine;
Yet I seek the hermit's cell,—
Hark, again, the vespers chime.

A WHISPER.

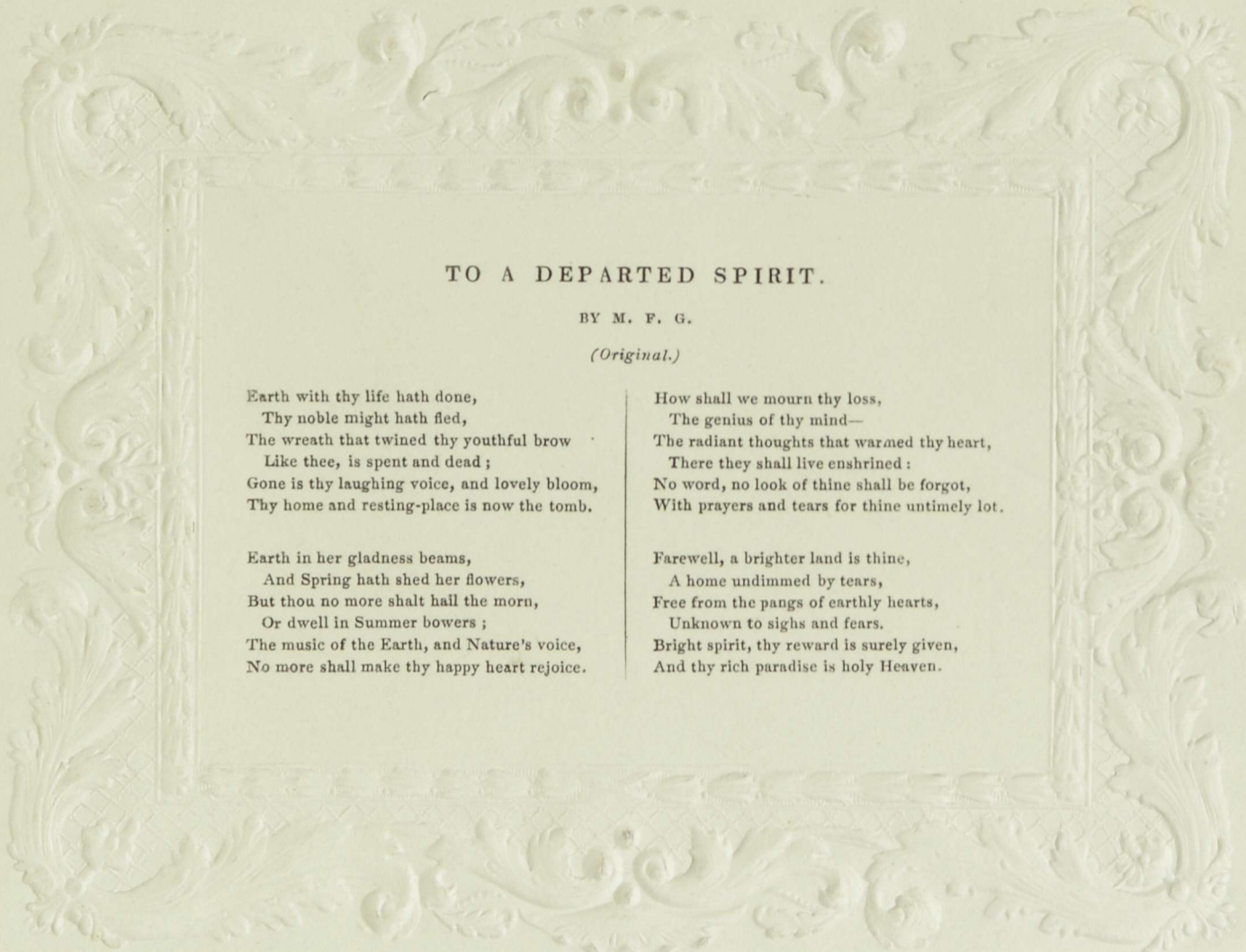
A whisper!—O delicate and fairy sound!—music that speaketh to the heart, as if loth to break the spell that binds it while it listens!—Sigh breathed into words, and freighting love in tones, languid, like homeward bees, by the very sweets with which they are charged.—BULWER.



AUTUMN.

Autumn, I raise the song to thee,
 And greet thy riches on the plain,
 Where poppies mingle with the grain,
 Bright rubies on a golden sea !
 The clustering grapes upon the vine—
 The downy peach and nectarine—
 The blushing pear, and luscious pine,
 And all earth's richest fruits are thine !
 My life is one long harvest-day,
 My sickle is its scythe of Time ;
 And peasant boys with uncouth rhyme,
 And merry faces, sing their lay ;
 As bearing the last sheaf they come,
 And join the village shout of harvest home.

J. L. Stevens.



TO A DEPARTED SPIRIT.

BY M. F. G.

(Original.)

Earth with thy life hath done,
 Thy noble might hath fled,
 The wreath that twined thy youthful brow
 Like thee, is spent and dead ;
 Gone is thy laughing voice, and lovely bloom,
 Thy home and resting-place is now the tomb.

Earth in her gladness beams,
 And Spring hath shed her flowers,
 But thou no more shalt hail the morn,
 Or dwell in Summer bowers ;
 The music of the Earth, and Nature's voice,
 No more shall make thy happy heart rejoice.

How shall we mourn thy loss,
 The genius of thy mind—
 The radiant thoughts that warmed thy heart,
 There they shall live enshrined :
 No word, no look of thine shall be forgot,
 With prayers and tears for thine untimely lot.

Farewell, a brighter land is thine,
 A home undimmed by tears,
 Free from the pangs of earthly hearts,
 Unknown to sighs and fears.
 Bright spirit, thy reward is surely given,
 And thy rich paradise is holy Heaven.

ADVERSITY.

————— If sore experience may be thought
 To teach the uses of adversity,
 She said, alas ! who better learned than I
 In that sad school ! Methinks if ye would know
 How visitations of calamity
 Affect the *pious soul*, 'tis shown ye there ;—
 Look yonder at that cloud, which, thro' the sky
 Sailing alone, doth cross in her career
 The rolling moon ! I watched it as it came,
 And deemed the deep opake would blot her beams :
 But melting like a wreath of snow, it hangs
 In wavy silver round, and clothes
 The orb with richer beauties than her own—
 Then passing leaves her in her light serene.

Southey.





Poppy.
(PAPAVER.)

“ FLOWER of the reaper, why so gaily drest
“ In scarlet coat and spotted yellow vest ?
“ Why dance at the first breath of each slight breeze,
“ While stillness sits upon the leafy trees ?
“ And why, thus gay and lively, not adorn
“ Our garden beds, but grow among the corn.”

Thus to the POPPY. Ere my questions flew,
Quickly were formed the ready answers too ;
For ever thus can flowers a language find,
They wake to thought the lowliest, humblest mind.

“ Poppies appear in smiling dress.
“ To shew the charms of Cheerfulness—
“ They stir with the first winds that rise,
“ To lesson us to Exercise—
“ They grow in fields and lowly dells,
“ For there alone Contentment dwells—
“ O happy they to whom are sent
“ Cheerfulness, Exercise, Content :
“ The man with this sweet trio blest,
“ Has found the talisman of rest ;
“ And of the mystery knows the whole
“ Of the sweet Poppy of the soul.”

A MOMENT AT CALVARY.

Ere the cross was raised
He looked around Him, even in that last anguish,
With such a majesty of calm compassion,
Such solemn adjuration to our souls,—
But yet 'twas not reproachful, only sad,—
As though our guilt had been the bitterest pang
Of suffering. And there dwelt about Him still,
About His drooping head and fainting limb,
A sense of power, as though He chose to die,
Yet might have shaken off the load of death
Without an effort. Awful breathlessness
Spread round, too deep, and too intense for tears.

TWILIGHT.

What heart has not acknowledged the influence of this hour,—the sweet and soothing hour of twilight,—the hour of love,—the hour of adoration,—the hour of rest!—when we think of those we love, only to regret that we have not loved them more dearly; when we remember our enemies only to forgive them.—D'ISRAELI.

What is to be expected from our pursuits of happiness, when we find the state of life is such that happiness itself is the cause of misery? Why should we endeavour to attain that of which the possession cannot be secured. I shall henceforth fear to yield my heart to excellence, however bright, or to fondness, however tender.

JOHNSON.

It is easy to produce sentences which will fall harmoniously on the ear, and charm the sense, without benefitting the heart or the understanding. It is not difficult to repeat axioms of virtue with mathematical precision and undoubted accuracy; but to marry axioms of goodness to beauty of language and novelty of expression,—to give invitations to virtue in originality of thought and loveliness of language,—oh, this is a talent which good men must desire for its usefulness, and even bad men might envy for its fame.

THE BIRD.

In April
The Cuckoo shows its bill;
In May
He sings both night and day;
In June
He altereth his tune;
In July
Away he'll fly;
In August
Go he must.

Old Calendar.

THE MAN.

In childhood's spring
Man's but a helpless thing;
In youth
He hears the voice of truth,
Singing all day
Of Virtue's pleasant way.
In manhood's hours
God claims his ripened
powers;
Ere winter fly
Works cease and man must
die.

CONFIDENCE.

Great God! I would not seek to know
The number of my earthly hours,
Nor, if the path that I must go,
Be paved with thorns, or strewn with
flowers.
It is enough for me to see,
My all is governed by thy will;
And that which I receive from thee
Has been, and will be kindness still;

But this I would for ever pray,
And here I cannot be denied—
That whether dark or light the way,
Thy spirit would my spirit guide;
Then in the flow of prosperous years
I shall not raise my heart too high;
Nor yield to clouds, or doubts, or fears,
Should prospects fail, and comforts
die.

S. PLUMBE.

