THE STAR AND BANNER.

BY D. A. & C. H. BUEHLER

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The Voices at the Throne.

BY T. WESTWOOD.

A little child,
A little meek-faced, quiet village child,
Sat singing, by her cottage door at eve,
A low, sweet Sabbath song. No human ear
Caught the faint melody—no human eye
Beheld the upturned aspect, or the smile
That wreathed her innocent lips the while they breathed
The oft-repeated burden of the hymn,
"Praise God! Praise God!"

A seraph by the throne
In the full glory stood. With eager hand,
He smote the golden harp-strings, till a flood
Of harmony on the celestial air
Welled forth, unceasing. Then with a great voice
He sang the "Holy, Holy, evermore,
Lord God Almighty!" and the eternal courts
Thrilled with the rapture, and the hierarchies,
Angel, and rapt archangel, throbbed and burned
With vehement adoration; Higher yet
Rose the majestic anthem, without pause,
Higher, with rich magnificence of sound,
To its full strength; and still the infinite heavens
Rang with the "Holy, Holy evermore!
Till trembling from excess of awe and love,
Each sceptred spirit sank before the Throne,
With a mute hallelujah. But, even then,
While the ecstatic song was at its height,
Stole in an alien voice—a voice that seemed
To float—float upward from some world afar—
A meek and child-like voice, faint, but how sweet!
That blended with the Seraph's rushing strain,
Even as a fountain's music with the roll
Of the reverberate thunder. Loving smiles
Lit up the beauty of each angel's face
At that new utterance. Smiles of joy that grew
More joyous yet, as ever and anon
Was heard the simple burden of the hymn
"Praise God! praise God!" And when the seraph's song
Had reached its close, and o'er the golden lyre
Silence hung brooding—when the eternal courts
Rang with echoes of his chaunt sublime,
Still through the the abysmal space, that wandering voice
Came floating upward from its world afar,
Still murmured sweet on the celestial air,
"Praise God! praise God!"

[BY REQUEST.

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS.

A DISCOURSE PRONOUNCED BY C. POSTLETHWAIT, KRAUTH, AT WINCHESTER, VA.

"The way of a fool is right in his own eyes; but he that hearkeneth unto counsel is wise.—There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.—Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; and the end of that mirth is heaviness. Concerning the works of men, by the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer. Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word. Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes, but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment. Fornication and all uncleanness—let it not once be named among you—neither filthiness, nor foolish talking, nor jesting, which are not convenient (i. e. proper). Let no man deceive you with vain words; for because of these things cometh the wrath of God on the children of disobedience. Be ye not therefore partakers with them. Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them.—For it is a shame even to speak of those things that are done of them in secret. See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools but as wise, redeeming the time because the days are evil.

"Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me. For what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"—DAVID, SOLOMON, PAUL, JESUS.

When abstractions are attacked or truths presented in which the public feels that it has no stake, whatever may be the ability with which the onset is made or the argument urged, no interest is aroused, no excitement follows. But when momentous questions are discussed—when the unexpressed convictions which have been smouldering in many hearts, burst into flame for the first time, or after a long interval—the humblest instrument may be used by God to excite deep attention.—This large assembly, which has come together without reference to any of the prevailing social or religious divisions, confirms the fact already made manifest, by the agitation which followed the incidental allusion to some forms of popular amusement on last Sabbath, the fact of the existence of a deep feeling that the character and interests of our community are intimately connected with the decision of the questions that have been raised.

We do not stand here to attack persons. As we have done before, so do we again distinctly disavow any such intention.—If individuals apply general truths to themselves, it is they, not we, who make them personal. If there be those who have come here to listen to invective, they will be disappointed. It is inconsistent with the dignity of the truth, and of the pulpit, and with the mind of Christ, to handle even wickedness in its own spirit. We wish to utter the truth, not only in matter, but in measure. To his own Master a man standeth or falleth. To the judgment of the truth and of God we commit him; and, mindful that we too are subject to the same judgment, we appear as ministers of the living God, sworn to set forth Christian morality and to uphold it, no matter who may be wounded or offended.

Let us approach this as we should approach all questions which bear upon our character before God, not lightly, but soberly, "not as fools, but as wise." If we think of ourselves as bubbles, as bubbles will we float on the stream of time—if we are yielding ourselves to indifference and living only for the present, we cannot be aroused to deny ourselves an indulgence in those fleshly lusts which war against the soul. But there is a God above us whose law is written on our hearts—a judgment before us to which we are swiftly passing—an eternity for which life is but a preparation—and within these frail bodies, whose very life is but a long dying, are bear accountable spirits,

"The emanation of eternal light,
Ordained midst sinking worlds our dust to fire,
And shine forever when the stars expire."

Listen and decide then as those who though transient are immortal, and pray with me to God that I may speak as a dying man to dying men, and that this may be done aright, that I may speak also as a living man to living men Hear, Father, for thy Son's sake. Amen.

That we may not weaken the moral impression by dividing your minds among a variety of objects, we shall confine ourselves to two topics, in forming a right opinion on which you obtain a touchstone to all the rest:

I. The first favorite amusement inconsistent with popular morals to which we shall refer, is DANCING.

When we say that it is prejudicial to morality, we are far from asserting that all who from want of caution or reflection have been entangled in this or other sinful amusements are deliberate and conscious enemies of public morals. But we do say they are culpable for not having informed themselves on the subject; and if they love the truth, they will thank those who, having pondered the matter under a sense of responsibility to God, desire to give the true direction to the popular mind — We will leave to those who love abstractions, to discuss what dancing is and does *in itself*. It is enough for our purpose to discuss what it is, always has been, always must be, in our present social condition.

1. We pronounce *dancing*, then, in the first place, to be inconsistent with the *intelligence* and real refinement of modern society. Its most ardent advocates will admit that, for some cause or other, it has been waning. It prevails to a far less degree than it once did, and is far more difficult to keep up. Once it was universal and incessant. Now, though practiced by too many, it is confined to comparatively few; though indulged in too often, it has become comparatively rare. As the means of popular intelligence and a taste for reading have been diffused, it has daily increasing and has now insuperable difficulties in keeping its ground. A reading and intelligent population never is a dancing one. The highest refinement of all countries, and especially of our own, is separating itself more and more from the practice.—The truth is, that it is essentially vulgar, having no affinity whatever, with the finest culture. So much has this come to be felt, that not only has it been renounced by consistent Christians of every name, but even worldly gentility no longer espouses its cause with its former ardor; and Fashion herself appears to waver and to give but an equivocal support to her former favorite. A desperate effort here and there seems to revive it for a season or two, but its movements are those of galvanic spasms, not of natural life. It is an old tradition of fashion, indeed, that mainly serves to keep it alive in country towns. Among these there is always a deplorable subserviency to the large cities, which is, however, not always enlightened as to the real movements of those whom it tries to imitate. The aping is kept up even after it is superannuated, and the obsequiousness is manifested though it has become ridiculous to those whom it is thought to flatter. Feeble as this reason is, when compared with others, it will be the strongest we can urge, to those with whom the names of duty and of God have less weight than the approval of the fashionable world—those who are brave enough to risk the vengeance of Him "who can destroy both soul and body in hell," but too cowardly to endure the smile of the silly and the sneer of fools.

2. We assert, moreover, that dancing is in conflict with the teachings of the BIBLE It is true that dancing with its present peculiarities was unknown in Bible times, and therefore not an object of direct reprobation. The dancing there alluded to with approbation, had nothing in common with that to which we give the same name, except that it was a measured bodily movement. It was a solemn religious act—a part of worship, connected with the services of the sanctuary, performed with other devotional acts, by day, not mostly by the young, never by the sexes together, and no more an amusement than prayer itself. Thus Miriam and the women of Israel connected it with the solemn songs of praise to God for the deliverance of Israel from the Egyptians. David danced before the Ark of Jehovah; and in the time of the Saviour "all the Elders, the members of the Sanhedrim, the rulers of the Synagogue, the doctors of the Schools, and other persons deemed venerable for their age and piety, danced together in the court of the temple, to the solemn sound of the temple music, every evening during the feast of tabernacles."

Solomon indeed says, "there is a time to dance," but not only is he speaking of a different species of dancing from ours, but he is also setting forth, not what men ought to do, but the simple idea that every thing in life is changing; that one thing has one time, and another has a different one—that sorrow and joy alternate—one occupation, and one class of events succeeds another, so that all is fleeting. "To everything (good or bad) he says there is a season, and a time to every purpose (good or bad) under heaven—a time to be born and a time to die, a time to kill and a time to heal, a time to mourn and a time to dance, a time to love and a time to hate, a time of war and a time of peace." The thought on which he wishes to fix the eye is not that we are allowed to dance, but that we live in a world of changes—a truth on which the lovers of the dance have least desire to dwell. We live in a social state and under a dispensation so different from that of the Jews, that dancing as a religious rite would now not only be inappropriate but ridiculous; but if any part of mankind could build a plausible sophism upon the dancing mentioned in the Bible, it would not be dancers but the Shakers.

If we turn to the *spirit* of the Bible, we shall not remain long in doubt as to its decision on this amusement. It tells us to "redeem the time." What so utterly tends to waste time as the dance? It tells us ever to *watch*. Dancing is the recreation only of those who cannot or will not think. The Bible teaches us to love God with our whole soul, mind and heart.—Nothing tends more effectually to drive Him completely from the soul—to turn every thought away from Him—to stir up in the heart aversion and fear towards Him, than dancing. The Bible tells us to have the mind of Christ. It creates a shudder like that of blasphemy, to intimate that it was possible for Him to have sanctioned by his example what we know as dancing. Would not the most ardent devotee of the dance consider it as utterly overthrowing any claims of Christ to be the Redeemer of the world, had it been on record that he had personally participated in such a scene? We are told to be followers of the saints. Did they partake in or countenance amusements of this sort?

The Bible teaches us to pray: "Lead us not into temptation." Who can lay his hand upon his heart and deny that he thrusts himself into manifold temptations by engaging in the dance? The Bible teaches purity. The dance can be demonstrated to lead directly to every form of licentiousness. The Bible warns us against the world, and forbids us to be conformed to it The dance is the creature of the world and its fleshly lusts.—No regenerated heart loves it. No sanctified soul could find delight in it, even were it not clear that God had not expressly or virtually forbidden it. There is not a chapter of the New Testament, which, if carefully read and thoroughly felt in all its heavenly tendencies, will not completely destroy all appetite for the revels of the ball-room. Even if we could allow that there was any force in the apologies offered for it, still the Bible would decide against it. We are to avoid the "very appearance of evil;" and here is something which to all Christians and reflecting men is fraught with peril. The Bible teaches us that where we are in doubt of the moral propriety of an act, God condemns us if we commit it. And what dancer is free from doubt, at least of the propriety of his course? But even if he were perfectly free from all scruple, still the word of God binds him fast—for it solemnly commands him to abstain from things indifferent if his example wounds and tends to destroy his brother. All admit that dancing is injurious to some. If you did not need to renounce it for yourself, you would still be called on to abandon it for the welfare of others. For the good of the young, the excitable, the unbalanced, whom it may, even on your own admission, help onward to ruin, God calls you to abandon it, were it certainly harmless to you. He calls on you, too, to spare the hearts of His people whom it wounds so deeply. You cannot say that it is only the weak among them whom it offends; but were it so you would not be held guiltless, "for whoever shall offend one of these *little* ones that believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck and he were cast into the sea"—"and if thy foot cause thee to offend, cut it off; it is better for thee to enter into life halt, than having two feet to be cast into hell, into the fire that shall never be quenched, where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

3. In this matter, as everywhere else, the word of God appears as the best and safest guide to the welfare both of body and soul. Dancing is injurious to both. It is the frequent cause of bodily disease. It has been, indeed, advised as exercise; but all will admit that there are other modes calculated to promote this end, equally with dancing, even under the most favoreble form or circumstances in which it is possible to conceive of it. But in all its guilty connections and tendencies, the physician who advises it to the young, steps from his proper province as the healer of men's bodies to that of destroyer of their souls. It is, could it even be shown to be good exercise, like that dangerous remedy of ardent spirits, which never leads a man as rapidly toward health as it does toward drunkenness. But dancing is not good exercise. On the contrary, looking at its general results on health, it is the most insidious destroyer which can be introduced into a community. It takes a place in the very van of that host which prepares the path of the "King of Terrors." Did the young know the perils to life which accompany their festivity, the ring of the dancer's feet upon the floor would sound like the distant though quick beat of that pallid horse by which death's fearful form of shadows is borne through the world.

Dancing a beneficial exercise? Do not physicians tell us that morning is the best time for exercise, and daylight almost essential to it.

"The breath of night's destructive to the hue
Of every flower that blows."

Night, natural or artificial, is essential to dancing. It turns day into night, and night into day. Midnight is its noontide. It toils during darkness and sleeps during light. It inverts the order of Nature's God, and seems to have an invincible repugnance to all His light. Not only can it not endure the light of His holiness, but it cannot bear the feebler light of the sun, which, like the great eye of JEHOVAH in the heavens, would look upon it too reprovingly. Does it love the darkness rather than the light because its deeds are evil?

Exercise, we are told by the gardians of health, should be *regular*. This occurs at intervals, and is determined by no fixed principle.

Exercise should be conducted in the *open air*. Dancing leads to dense crowds, in heated rooms, breathing the vitiated air from many lungs, and inhaling the vapor of glaring lamps, and of bodies panting and reeking from their violent efforts.

Exercise should be *moderate*. Dancing is almost invariably carried to the greatest extremes. The lady who could not walk a few squares to relieve the sick or watch by the dying, or who is too indolent to take the daily exercise she needs, will under the excitement of dancing, pass through a fatigue which the most powerful constitution could not with safety undergo.—The swollen eyes, and pale face—the complete prostration, mental and bodily, which follow these scenes, show how pernicious they are to health. The fashionable woman grows prematurely old. The haggard face, and sunken eye—the stooping gait, the weariness and satiety, revealing themselves in every feature and every motion, and which all the resources of art can hide but for a little time, prove how dangerous it is to trample on the laws which God has written on our physical constitution, and warn us that our *bodies* as well as our spirits are to be presented as a living sacrifice to Him.

Could I summon before you the shadowy hosts of those who have laid down their lives, and their souls with them, at the shrine of this dangerous amusement—as they glide by, their wan and sad countenances, and thronging numbers, would appal your very souls. How many constitutions have been taxed until worn-out nature lost the power of resisting, and the victim sunk into the grave. How many, unconscious of latent disease of the heart, have nursed it in the ball room, or in the violence of the dance have burst the last thin barrier of life, and died in a moment. Ah, how many have found the dread realities of consumption, the hectic check and hollow cough, follow the exposure of the ball-room—have passed from the high and heartless mirth of nights of dissipation, to the wasting away in the dim, hushed room—the cold exhausting sweats—the struggles ever wilder against ever approaching suffocation—and the last tremendous convulsion, which left death in quiet possession of that form whose beauty had charmed and whose grace had attracted so many. Often has the young girl, just freed from the restraints of childhood and of school, with her inexperienced heart running over with dreams of the pleasures she has not tasted—hearing no warning, or unwilling to hear—often has she exhausted the vital energy of years in the course of a single winter; and the flowers and birds of spring breathed fragrance and song upon her early grave.

Often the bride, joining with an eager heart in the festivities which attended her marriage, has laid the foundation of disease, which ere long summoned those with whom she had danced so gaily, to gaze upon that pale face, whose beauty had withered almost as quickly as the bridal flowers on her brow.

O ye forms from the Land of Spirits! what will ye say to those who are now as young, as gay and thoughtless as ye once were, who are wasting the precious moments of that time that fixes eternity, wasting it in the same career which brought you to a premature grave? Hark! do you not hear a sorrowful moaning, which comes back—a voice from the tomb—which says: 'God is a just Judge. If ye would not reach that dark land to which we have descended so untimely, tread not the path of sinful amusement which conducted us hither.'

4. But the practice of dancing furthermore injures the *soul* as well as the body.

It fosters a love of unhealthy stimulation. It imparts to the soul a craving for sensual enjoyments. If the dancer turns to reading to fill up hours of tedium, it is to the most unwholesome species of literature—that in which the scenes and characters he loves are reproduced in the most fascinating form. Followed as dancing is by ennui and satiety, it tempts to indulgence in the intoxicating cup—a temptation which it has already offered in the side-room during the course of the evening of festivity.

Every thing is forgotten in preparing for it and pursuing it. It tends to absorb the whole soul. To the trifling its fascinations are resistless. It draws off the mind from healthful interest in the proper duties and cares even of this life, and hardens the heart against truth and the Spirit of God. The wife deserts her home, the mother leaves even the pining and weeping babe, for the ball-room, and sometimes hears of its death amidst the scene of gaiety. Intoxicated by witnessing it, a sensual King promised to a heartless woman whatever she might ask, and she, taught by the wicked mother from whom she had learned to dance, asked for the head of the faithful servant of God.—"She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth." She extinguishes the holiest light of woman's bosom, loses the spirit of self-sacrafice and tenderness, and acquires the hard selfishness of fashionable dissipation:

"Blending cruelty with art—
Woman's grace, without the heart,
Hateful makes the fairest."

We charge it with exercising an influence hostile to *virtue*, whether you take the word in its widest or most limited sense. In those *countries* where there is most dancing, there is least virtue. In those *parts* of each country where there is most dancing there is least virtue; and so closely does the line of vice follow that of the dance, that in those very *localities*, among those classes (especially in our cities, where, as we see most of every other vice, so also we see most of this) where there is most dancing, there is least virtue. In our cities the dance is the known companion of the worst forms of vice—the prelude, preparation and attendant of the vilest orgies of the dregs of the worst part of the population. When the police officer searches for the dens of infamy, the harbors of common thieves, housebreakers, pickpockets, prostitutes and murderers, he is guided to them by the sounds of the dance. What but a moral fitness between the class and the amusement can account for this?

All the tendencies of dancing are at war directly or indirectly with the duties and happiness of domestic life; and such is the character of some of its most fashionable forms, that the snowy whiteness of woman's character cannot pass through them without losing its lustre, even where it does not, as it too frequently does, receive a positive stain.

As a social amusement, the old Pagan word rejected it. Those who pratised it as a profession were ranked among the infamous, and their occupation was regarded as a voluntary degradation. In the more polluted times of Paganism, it was united with those licentious rites paid to their gods, of which no pure lip dares to speak. Among the Romans it was considered in the bigest degree disreputable. We have an oration of CICERO, in which he defends MURENA, the Consul elect, whom CATO endeavored to eject from his office partly on the ground that he had been guilty of indulging in this effeminate amusement. Let us hear CICERO repelling the charge: "CATO," he says, "calls MURENA a dancer. If this reproach be true, it is a weighty accusation; if false, it is an outrageous calumny. Wherefore, CATO, as your authority carries so much influence with it, you ought never to snatch a charge from the mouths of the rabble, or the slanderous language of buffoons; nor ought you rashly to call the Consul of the Roman people a dancer; but to consider how many other vices a man must needs be guilty of before that of dancing can be truly objected to him: *for no one ever dances, even in solitude or in a private meeting of friends, who is not either drunk or mad.* Dancing is always the last act of riotous banquets, gay places, and profuse pleasures." Such is the language which shows the advantage possessed by a Heathen, exercising his reason, over a Christian, who is debasing his to the office of apologist for his passions.

On the demoralizing tendency of dancing, we might cite the names of sensible and great men of every shade of opinion on other points. The members of the Romish Church will not be accused of too great a severity in regard to amusements; yet hear what VIVES, one of the greatest writers of that Church, says: "In the cities of Christendom we have dancing schools permitted, though they powerfully promote impurity: a thing which the Heathen themselves would by no means suffer." His most striking language, in which he details and demonstrates its evils, we dare not quote.

Hear the language of BAYLE, the most illustrious of skeptics, whom none will charge with the slightest disposition to excess of prudery. He says: "The Reformed Churches, which forbid dancing, cannot be sufficiently praised for it. The manner of it occasioned a thousand disorders, and in the very room wherein the ball was held, it made impressions dangerous to virtue. The proverb concerning convents, 'As dangerous as the return from matins,' might have produced another, 'As dangerous as the return from a ball.'"

If such is the sentiment of those whose views are most likely to be loose, you will not be surprised to hear that the pure Churches of ancient and modern times have condemned the practice. I might cite at great length from the writings of fathers and reformers, and of men most eminent in every branch of the Christian communion. I could present the ordinances and canons of Councils and Synods. There has been no point of social morals on which good men in every age and country have been more united. They have all explicitly denounced it as unfavorable to that command of GOD, whose violation goes more directly than any other into the very heart of social life.

We charge, then, upon dancing, that it presents temptations of the strongest kind, at the period of life when the passions are not only ready, but eager to yield—when the judgment is immature, and the experience of danger not such as to excite a resistance of evil. When we remember its origin and uses, the forms into which it continually runs, the places and scenes in which it delights and flourishes most—when we think of the insufficient dress and drapery which accompany it, whose materials the old poet described when he spoke of "woven air"—when he marked the quick pulse and sparkling eye—when we recall the fact that those who love it have ventured to introduce into any community, even a single degree above savages such an indecency as waltzing—when we array before us facts overwhelming which may not here be spoken—we must be satisfied that there is in dancing, in the only form in which its advocates think it worth while to contend for it, a radical impurity. It is one of the last remnants of the old barbarism by which depraved men wish to keep woman as near as possible to her former state of degradation—to arrest the progress she is so rapidly making in all enlightened countries to the true sphere of her heart and mind—to sink the human and the womanly, and to cultivate the sensual. We proclaim, and defy contradiction from any one who will make himself familiar with all the facts, that dancing is an old running sore of animalism not yet healed up on the body of society. The slimy trail of the destroyer too often follows it to leave us in doubt of their connection. Let the family which would guard its purity and its peace, forbid the entrance of that which has proved the deadliest foe to both.

But there are those who, though they do not approve of dancing in all its forms, have an idea that it may be surrounded with such safeguards as to ward off its perils—they think at least that children may be taught to dance, under an impression (how produced it is hard to tell) that there will be some great gain in their carriage and manners

Now, suppose this were so. Is it worth the tremendous risks we have pointed out? Can you maintain the respect of your children, to say nothing of your self-respect, when, after you have paid so much and caused so much time to be devoted to acquiring a certain accomplishment, you tell your daughters that you highly disapprove of its exercise where those who love it most are to be found? You tell them that you have done all this to foster their taste for a gratification and fit them to indulge in it, which, nevertheless, in the very form in which they will be most tempted to engage in it, is so dangerous that it must be shunned by them. With all your caution, the first ball which occurs will find them eager to go and you ready to yield. You have tied your own hands. They go, and run the risk you dreaded, of being drawn into the whirlpool of dissipation. We might give many proofs of this. We know one in which the young persons of a family were taught to dance with these very restrictions. Their characters, and all the influences under which they were formed, made it as improbable as could well be imagined, that they would be drawn in. Yet they were perfectly absorbed and enchanted.—The very first ball which was given afterward they attended, though it was a strict stipulation at first, that they were *never* to go to a ball, and to such an extent were they carried by the fascinations of dancing, that, though reared religiously, they made appointments for their favorite amusement on the Sabbath of the LORD.

When our children are taught other branches, we charge them to make all the proficiency they can, and to avail themselves as much as possible of the knowledge they acquire But here, whilst you are having instruction given, you tremble lest it should lead to the very results which are almost inevitable. You know how much more swiftly and certainly example acts than precept, especially when the precept is flatly contradicted by the example. Yet you fire the train, and expect to be quick enough to arrest it before it produces the explosion.

Let me test the consistency of your conduct by a single question. How would you look upon it at that hour when the judgment of the things of earth and heaven is clearest—when the better emotions of the heart are strongest and most purified? If you were dying, would you, as you turned to the partner of your life to give the last directions about rearing your child, would you charge her that your child be taught to dance? Would not even a question about it seem to be mockery at that hour? Or if your child were dying, and those languishing eyes seemed to your stricken heart to be reproving every omission of your life, would you count it then among them that you had not taught her to dance—or if you had would not the silent form on which you gazed, tell you how thoughtless and wicked it is for so frail a creature as man to waste those moments which he may never recall?

How death and the dance harmonize, you may judge when you remember the emotions which filled your heart when you read that narrative which was so widely circulated, which told us of a young lady who went in the pride of beauty to the ball room, her heart throbbing with a consciousness of loveliness and power.—In the midst of the gay throng, she was struck with death while she was moving in the mazes of the dance. When her mother saw that her child was dying, the awful incongruity of the scene seemed to press more upon her heart than death itself. She begged, swiftly though life was ebbing, that her daughter might be removed from the room. "Oh, for God's sake," she cried, "if my daughter must die, let it not be *here*. Any *place* but *here!*" And should we, who know not when we may die—should we *ever* place ourselves, or help to place others, in scenes which would invest death with horrors greater than its own? Let us not be found moving and living where we would fear to die.

But these impalpable graces and mysterious benefits which are supposed to be imparted by the dancing master, are the sheerest delusions. If they exist at all, they are totally unworthy the attention of a rational mind. Why should a man incur a heavy expense in securing for his daughter what he acknowledges would add nothing to his wife? Why should we think it desirable for her to have an accomplishment which will only tend to increase her attractiveness with the most trifling of mankind, with a class with whom he would least desire that daughter to contemplate a union for life? No man of sense, who valued domestic happiness, would wish to marry a woman devoted to dancing. But when we have taught our daughters to dance, we have done much toward converting them into those fluttering things of fashion which we ourselves despise.

One familiar specimen of the sort of refinement which the propensity for dancing imparts, is the pertinacity with which those who love it, urge it under circumstances, and in companies, which make the mere proposal of it a breech of good feeling. They will take advantage of a kind-hearted reluctance on the part of their entertainers to forbid any thing which their guests desire, to entrap them into a permission contrary to their principles and wounding their consciences. They will have their dance, though it is a source of pain and grief to a majority of those present, who have come under an implied understanding that nothing shall be done calculated to compromit their Christian character, or put them into an equivocal attitude toward and before the world.—But what respect for the consciences of others can we look for in those who have no regard for their own—what real refinement from those who imagine themselves superior to others, not for any quality of mind or heart, but because they can "caper nimbly" to the sound of the violin?

Childhood has its own loveliness and grace, which none of the borrowed tricks of art can improve. It would be better to send the dancing master to the child, than the child to the master. The graces of youth and of maturer life are cultivated by intercourse with polished Christian society. It is refinement of feeling that produces genuine refinement of manner. It depends not upon the turn of the foot; its seat is the heart, its revelation is the word of unpretending kindness; the act of soul-deep courtesy. It is to the production of refinement like this, the education of our children is rightly directed. If woman knew in what her true dignity and abiding power over man consisted, she would treat as an insult, and as a dangerous suggestion, the statement that it is essential to her to learn to dance. Is it not an *insult*, after all that Christianity, and modern culture which has sprung from it, have done for her, is it not an insult to tell her that she needs, for her perfect development, an accomplishment which most flourishes where woman is most degraded—which *every* woman possesses among the outcast tribes of Africa, where almost all points of affinity with humanity, except human vices, are lost, and which *few* women possess in the most cultivated and Christian parts of the brightest land under heaven! It is *dangerous* to make a suggestion which keeps out of view woman's real might—dangerous to absorb in vanity and folly those powers, whose right direction is indispensible to the well-being of society. It is that nature, quick to what is highest and best ready to imbibe good, and prompt by its delicate moral sensibility to repel impurity and evil—it is that soul so faithful to the instincts which God has placed in it to leaven the world, that the attempt on the part of man for six thousand years, to degrade it, has not succeeded—it is that heart, whose soft light first beamed on us from a mother's brow, and which follows man through every form of woe, faithfully watching him even, through the horrors that attend and close a life of crime—that heart which having once loved never ceases to love, which, when life is ebbing, tells by its sad, quick beating beneath the head pillowed above it, for the last struggle, that its love is mightier than death—it is these that give woman her true power—it is these, to which education is to be directed. The day must pass away, is now passing away, when female education is a systematized effort to make woman superficial, useless and silly. In proportion as correct views on this point obtain currency, will it seem more monstrous to assert that such a being needs to be surrounded with fictitious graces, whose acquisition and use will peril all the qualities which fit her to form, to elevate and be the friend of man—monstrous to take the finished picture from the hand of God, and, giving it to the man who lives by the infirmity of heads and the restlessness of heels, tell *him* to *complete* it.

"To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To add another hue unto the rainbow,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess."

I yearn for the Spring.

I yearn for the Spring, when the birds shall sing,
And each morning awake fresh flowers,
We have waited long for the lark's blithe song,
And the lengthening evening hours,
A shroud of snow has lain on the earth,
And icy hand on each stream,
The sun in the sky opens its languid eye,
And sends but a sickly gleam;
And the frosty breeze moans among the trees,
And the rattling hail and rain
Come sweeping past, with an angry blast,
And dashes 'gainst the window pane;
And never a flo wer, in this stormy hour,
Dare to raise up its tiny head—
For all the gentle things fled on the Summer's wings
Or else in the snow lay dead!

I yearn for the spring when the birds shall sing,
And each morn shall awake new flowers;
We have listened long for the woodlarks song,
And the thrush at the evening hours.
'Tis a beautious thing when the bud first bursts,
And child-like the young leaf stands,
And catches the drops of the gentle shower
In its small and velvety hands;
When the tender grass feels the south winds pass
In its chariot unseen,
And old mother earth, at the new Spring's birth,
Arrays her in robes of green—
When the unbound stream, as if in a dream,
Murmurs on to its unknown home,
And tells the tall reeds, as onward it speeds,
That the fair Lady Spring hath come!
Oh, I yearn for the Spring—for the balmy Spring—
Who floats like a fairy queen,
And toucheth the land with a magic wand,
Till all beauteous things are seen.

I long to be out at the early dawn,
When the eastern light is new,
'Mong the odors born from the scented thorne,
And the shadows of silver dew;
Oh, I cannot tell how my soul doth swell
With an inward happiness,
For simply to BE is a bliss to me
For which my God I bless!
With an unknown source comes a nameless force
Which pervades my being through—
A joy, and a love, and a strength from above,
And I seem to be made anew!
Oh, come, then, Spring—let woodlarks sing—
Let the flowerets ope its eye;
Like the lark I'd soar to the heaven's blue floor—
Like the flower, gaze up to the sky.

FACTS FOR AMERICAN TAX PAYERS.—Our country is overrun with foreign paupers. In every city, county or town, a very large majority of beggars, and those supported by charity are foreigners. The following facts taken from the records of Philadelphia show also that a very large majority of the criminals in our country our foreigners. The total arrests in that city in 1855 were 38,657, of whom there were Americans 10,470, Colored, 2,281, and foreigners 22,906! of these latter 19,906 were from Ireland. Do such facts need any comment to an American citizen or tax-payer.

THE WHEAT.—The Centreville (Md.) Times is already complaining of the appearance of the wheat, which is said to have been injured by the sleet which fell previous to the first snow of the winter. It says the forward wheat fields look yellow as sedge, while the latter sowed appears to be completely dead.