# Poetry.

#### THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

Beside the ungathered rice he lay, His sickle in his hand: His breast was bare, his matted hair Was buried in the sand Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep He saw his native land.

While through the landscape of his dream, The lordly Niger flowed; Beneath the palm trees on the plain, Once more a king he strode And heard the tinkling earavans

Descend the mountain road He saw once more his dark eyed queen Among her children stand; They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks They held him by the hand-

A tear burst from the sleeper's lids, And fell upon the sand. And then at furious speed he rode Along the Nigar's bank; His bridle-reins were golden chains,

And with a martial clank.

At each leap, he could feel his scabbard of steel Smiting his stallion's flank. Before him, like a blood-red flag, The bright flamingoes flew. From morn till night he followed their flight. O'er the plains where the tamarind grew, Till he saw the roof of the Caffre huts,

And the ocean rose to view. At night he heard the lion roar. And the hyena scream;
And the river horse, as he crushed the reeds
Beside one hidden stream. And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums, Through the triumphs of his dream.

The forest with their myriad tongues, Shouted of liberty; And the blast of the Desert cried aloud, With a voice so loud and free, Still he started in his sleep and smiled At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip, Nor the burning heat of day; Death had illumed the land of sleep, And his lifeless body lay A worn-out fetter, that the soul Had broken and thrown away.

## 'KNOW-NOTHINGS.'

Hark to that silvery trump! It hath broken The perilons sleep of a nation beguited; To reason—to feeling—to honor hath spoken, It calls thee to action, O Liberty's child!

How noiseless their march, the invincible host! Mild and benignant their mission of light; No tumult, no pageant, nor impotent boast! The Savior of Freedom, their cause is their might

"Know-Nothings!"-true men! noble sons of brave Know nothing but country, and duty, and God; The spirit of party and section expires.

While patriot zeal revives where you've trod. Know nothing of doubt-be strangers to fear-Mark not the vile libel of minion and priest; The bought demagogues' lie-the taunt, and the

Accomplished their work-the rabble have ceased

They becken you onward, the glorious band— The Maccabees, Tells, Miltiades,—see. From high peaks of time, from far distant lands, Your kindred thy claim, worthy sons of the free

## Miscellaneous.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE

# MAJOR CAMACAN

BY THACKERAY.

"On the night of the 1st of November, in the year 1804, I had invited Mrs. Major-General Bulcher and her daughters, Mrs. Vandegobbleschroy, and, indeed, all the ladies in the cantonment, to a little festival in honor of the recovery of my health, of the commencement of the shooting-season, and indeed as a farewell visit, for it is my intention to take dawk the very next morning and return to my regiment. The three amateur missionaries whom I have mentioned, and some ladies in the cantonment of very rigid religious principles, refused to appear at my little party .-They had better never have been born than have done as they did, as you shall hear.

"We had been dancing merrily all night, and the supper (chiefly of the delicate condor, the luscious adjutant, and other birds of a similar kind, which I had shot in the course of the day) had been duly feted by every lady and gentleman present; when I took an opportunity to retire on the ramparts, with the interesting and lovely Belinda Bulcher. I was occupied, as the French say, in conter-ing fleurettes to this sweet young creature, when, all of a sudden, a rocket was seen whizzing through the air, and a strong light was visible in the valley below the little fort.

" What, fire-works! Captain Gahagan, said Belinda, 'this is too gallant.'

" Indeed, my dear Miss Bulcher,' said they are fire-works of which I have no idea perhaps our friends the missionaries-

"Look, look! said Belinda, trembling, and elutching tightly hold of my arm; 'what do I see? yes-no-yes! it is-our bungalou is in flames !

"It was true the spacious bungalow, occupied by Mrs. Major-General was at that mo- to state that to-morrow I shall storm the fort, ment seen a prey to the devouring elementanother and another succeeded it-seven bungalows, before I could almost ejaculate the twenty years of age. For yourself I shall rename of Jack Robinson, were seen blazing brightly in the black midnight air!

"I seized my night-glass, and looking towards the spot where the conflagration raged, what was my astonishment to see thousands of black forms dancing round the fires; whilst by their lights I could observe columns after columns of Indian horse, arriving and taking open square or tank, round which the bunga- enistle of the Latent Market Ballene bad and since the war with Mexico.

ened and trembling Belinda clung closer to my side, and pressed the stalwart arm that encircled her waist), 'down with the drawbridge! see that your masolgees (small tumbrils which are used in place of large artillery) be well time to be lost. That man, thought I, must tame monkey :loaded; you sepoys, hasten and man the ravelin! you choprasees, put out the lights in the

to-night, or my name is not Goliah Gahagan.'

"The ladies, the guests (to the number of eighty-three), the sepoys, choprasees, masolgees, and so on, had all crowded on the platform at the sound of my shouting, and dreadful was the consternation, shrill the screaming, occasioned by my words. The men stood irresolute and mute with terror; the women trembling, knew scarcely whither to fly for deprived him of all sensation, and then drag- it with his own eyes. He therefore proposed refuge. 'Who are yonder ruffians?' said I; a hundred voices velped in reply-some said the | bridge after me. Pindarees, some said the Maharattas, some vowed it was Scindiah, and others declared it was Holkar-no one knew.

" Is there any one here,' said I, 'who will venture to reconnoitre yonder troops?' There was a dead pause.

" A thousand tomauns to the man who will bring me news of yonder army!' again I repeated. Still a dead silence. The fact was that Scindiah and Holkar both were so notorious for their cruelty, that no one dared venture to face the danger. sOh for fifty of my ther occasion .- [Concluded. brave Ahmednuggaries!' thought I.

"Gentlemen,' said I, 'I see it-you are cowards-none of you dare encounter the chance even of death. "It is an encouraging prospect-know you not that the ruffian Holkar, if it be he, will with the morrow's dawn beleaguer our little fort, and throw thousands of men against our walls? know you not that, if we are taken, there is no quarter, no hope; death for us-and worse than death for these lovely ones assembled here?' Here the ladies shrieked and raised a howl as I have heard the jackalls on a summer's evening. Belinda, my dear Belinda! flung both her arms round me, and sobbed on my shoulder, (or it my waistcont-pocket rather, for the little witch could reach no higher.)

" Captain Gahagan,' sobbed she, Go-Go

" My soul's adored!' replied I.

" Swear to me one thing."

" I swear.'

se That if-that if-the nasty, horrid, odions black Mah-ra-a-a-attahs take the fort, you will put me out of their power."

"I clasped the dear girl to my heart, and swore upon my sword that, rather than she should incur the risk of dishonor, she should perish by my own hand. This comforted her: and her mother, Mrs. Major-General Bulcher. and her elder sister, who had not until now known a word of our attachment (Indeed, but for these extraordinary circumstances, it is probable that we ourselves should never have discovered it), were under these painful circomstances made aware of my beloved Belinda's partiality for me. Having communicated thus her wish of self-destruction, I thought her example a touching and excellent one, and proposed to all the ladies that they should follow it, and that at the entry of the enemy into the fort, and at a signal given by me, they should one and all make away with themselves Fancy may disgust when, after making this proposition, not one of the ladies chose to accede to it, and received it with the same chilling denial that my former proposal to the garrison had met with.

"In the midst of this hurry and confusion. as if purposely to add to it, a trumpet was heard at the gate of the fort, and one of the sentinels came running to me, saying that a Mahratta soldier was before the gate with a flag of truce!

"I went down, rightly conjecturing, as it turned out, that the party, whoever they might be, had no artillery; and received at the point of my sword a scroll, of which the following is translation :-

CO TO GOLIAH CAHAGAN GUJPUTI.

"Lord of Elephants, Sir,-I have the honor o inform you that I arrived before this place t eight o'clock P. M., with ten thousand cavalry under my orders. I have burned since my arrival, seventeen bungalows in Furruckabad and Futtyghur, and have likewise been under the painful necessity of putting to death three clergymen (mollahs), and seven English officers whom I found in the village; the women have been transferred to safe keeping in the harems of my officers and myself.

"As I know your courage and talents, I shall be very happy if you will surrender the fortress, and take service as a Major-General (hookabador) in my army. Should my proposal not meet with your assent, I beg leave and on taking it, shall put to death every male in the garrison, and every female above serve a punishment, which for novelty and exquisite torture, has, I flatter myself, hardly ever been exceeded. Awaiting the favor of a reply, I am, Sir,

.. . Your very obedient servant, " . JASWUNT ROW HOLKAR. . Camp before Futtyghur, Sept. 1, 1804.

# . R. S. V. P . "

". Ho, warder!' shouted I (while the fright- | mous Pitan soldier, with a shirt of mail, and a steel cap and cape round with his turban wound, was leaning against the gate on his matchlock, and whistling a national melody. I no, who last summer was stationed at Pernamread the letter, and saw at once there was no buco, Brazil, gives the following sketch of a ties of the animal, and its master's talents for never go back to Holkar. Were he to attack ns now before we were prepared, the fort merchant's. The conversation turned upon embrasures! we shall have warm work of it would be his in half an hour.

> the officer; he was standing, I said, on the wood. Every one praised the accomplished galed the monkey with almonds. Jack had slow salaam, after the fashion of the country, derful, that I could not help expressing some gave him a violent blow on the head which results of animal education until he had seen ged him within the wall, raising the draw- to me to call with him on Mr. Vanneck.

"I bore the body into my own apartment; turbun, cammerbund, peijammahs, and papooshes, and putting them on myself, determined to go forth and reconnoitre the enemy."

Here I was obliged to stop, for Cabrera, Ros d'Eroles, and the rest of the staff, were sound asleep! What I did in my reconnaissance, and how I defended the fort of Futtyghur, I shall have the honor of telling on ano-

#### HARRY SAMPSON OBTAINS REVENGE.

Mr. Snarl resides in Forsyth street. Mr. Snarl is an old bachelor, with an Irish girl for a housekeeper. Snarl lives in good style, but has some queer notions. He dislikes dogs above all things, organ-grinders and beggars

Snarl's next door neighbor is Harry Sampson. Now, Harry is the very opposite of old Mr. Snarl. He sets a high value on a dog, and thinks there is only one article equal to a Newfoundlander, and that's a woman. Harry has several specimens of the cannine race. The other evening they got up a howling match because the moon became eclipsed. They commenced about ten o'clock, and kept it up till the sun got an inch and a half above Williams-

This so annoved Mr. Snarl that he had \$10. Harry paid the money, but resolved on revenge. The next morning the following advertisement appeared in the Herald :

WANTED .- At Forsyth street, two Bull Dogs and four Spaniel Pups. For full-blooded Dogs the highest price will be paid. Call between 4 and 6 JAMES SNARL.

We need not say that the advertisement was inserted by Harry. His reasons for making the calls between four and six P. M., was because Mr. Snarl was always out at that hour taking an airing around the Battery.

At the hour specified, dogs and pups might have been seen going up the Bowry to Grand. to Forsyth, and up Forsyth to the mansion occupied by Mr. Snarl. The first person that pulled the door-bell

was a butcher-boy from Centre Market, with a pair of bull-dogs that would stear h-l out of a tigor.' Maggie answer the bell, when the following collogny took place:

Does Mr. Snarl live here ?' He does. Why do you ax!"

'I've got some dogs for him.'

Dogs for Mr. Snarl-mother of Moses, did you ever; you've mistook the door.' Devil a bit of it-read that.

Here Syksie took out the Morning Herald, and showed Maggie the advertisement. Maggie was thunderstruck, still there was no ' denying the advertisement.' She accordingly told Syksie to go into the backyard wid the dogs,' and await the return of Mr. Snarl. Syksie did so. In about two minutes Maggie was again summoned by the door-bell.

What do you want?

'Mr. Snarl: I've got them dogs he wanted.' 'You have-well, then go into the yard wid the other blackguard.'

No. 2 followed No. 1; No. 2 was soon followed by No. 3, who was succeeded by lots 5, 6 and 7. By half-past five the back yard contained twenty-one bull-dogs and fourteen spaniels. The former got up a misunderstanding, and by the time Mr. Snarl arrived, seven spaniels had been placed hors du combat, while a brindle bull-dog from Fulton Market was going to the third fight with 'a yaller tarrier' from Mott street.

Mr. Snarl reached home a few minutes before six. Maggie opened the door, and burst

For the love of the Lord go back and stop em. They are ateing one another up, and it not choked off will devour the cestern. Since the days of Crummell, I've not seen such bull-

abalo entirely.' Snarl 'went back'-Snarl looked into the yard and would have sworn, out he could not find oaths sufficiently powerful to do justice to his feelings. When we left, Mr. Sparl was emptying the back yard with an ax helve .-The next morning Harry Sampson complained of him for having 'a dog fight' on his premises. Snarl was fined twenty-five dollarsfifteen dollars for having 'such a fight,' and ten dollars for being 'an old hypocrite. It is not necessary for us to say that Harry Sampson slept better that night than any night the gun without being in the least startled by

From Chamber's Journal. THE MAN-MONKEY OF BRAZIL.

The captain of the French schooner Adrion-

the well tutored chimpanzee of Mr. Vanneck, "Tying my white pocket-handkerchief to a a creole gentleman, whose slave had brought stick, I flung open the gate and advanced to him the monkey, which he had caught in the little bridge across the moat. I made him a animal, giving accounts of its talents so wonand, as he went forward to return the compli- incredulity. My host smiled, saying that I ment, I am sorry to say, I plunged forward, was not the first who would not believe in these

"I gladly consented, and the following morning we set out. The house of the creole lies there, swift as thought, I stripped him of his on the road to Olinda, about an hours' ride from town. We proceed along splendid hedges of cactus, shaded by bananas and palm trees, and at length observed his charming villa. A negro received us at the entrance, and took us to the parlor, hastening to tell his master of our visit. The first object which caught our attention was the Monkey, seated on a stool, and sewing with great industry. Much the summer to learn the golden rule of arithstruck, I watched him attentively, while he, not paying any attention to us; proceeded with for his neighbor. [Laughter.] his work. The door opened; Mr. Vanneck, reclining on easy chair, was wheeled in. Tho? his legs are paralyzed, he seemed bright and | could always succeed in changing a worse for cheerful; he welcomed us most kindly. The a better, always keeping the blind eye of a monkey went on sewing with great zeal. I could not refrain from exclaiming: "How won- looking right at it when he wanted to buy it; derful!" for the manner and process of the ani- and the village said that certainly Aladdin mal were those of a practised tailor. He was would succeed. When he left, "he will be sewing a pair of striped pantaloons, the nar- rich," said the village, with more approval row shape of which showed that they were in- than it would say, "he will be generous and tended for himself.

ame Jasmin, whom Mr. Vanneck introduced For him there was no beauty, no history, no as his neighbor. Madame Jasmin was accom- piety, no heroism. Vainly the stars shone panied by her little daughter, a girl of twelve over him-vainly the South wind blew. In ger and stronger form as his character was years; who immediately ran to the monkey, greeting him as an old friend, and beginning Jason and his companions sailed for the Golden to prattle with him. Jack furtively peeped at Fleece, over the Mediterranean, where the dark eye. The complexion of his face was stern, the tailor went on sewing. Suddenly been before him-through the pillars of Her-Harry jerked up 'for a nuisance' and fined his thread broke; and he put the end to his cules, through which sailed Columbus to find mouth, smoothed it with his lips, twisted it fame in the New World-now sailed Aladdin. with its paw, and threaded the needle again. to find fortune. To him all lands are alike. Mr. Vanneck then turned to him, and speak. No Homer sung for him in the Ægean; he ing in the same calm tone in which he had only curses the wind that will not blow him to conversed with us: Jack, put your work aside, and sweep the floor.'

"Jack hurried to the adjoining room, and came back without delay, a broom in his paw and swent and dusted like a clean housemaid I could not perfectly make out his size, as he always walked upright, not on his four hands. He was about three feet in height, but stooped a little. He was clad in linnen pantaloons, a colored shirt, a jacket, and a red neckerchef. At another hint from his master, Jack went and bro't several glasses of lemonade on atray. He first presented the tray to Madame Jasmin and her daughter, then to us, precisely like a footman. When I had emptied my glass, he hastened to relieve me from it, putting it back on the tray. Mr. Vanneck took out his watch and showed it to the monkey; it was just three. Jack went and brought a cup of broth to his master, who remarked that the monkey did not know the movements of the watch, but that he knew exactly the position of the hands when they pointed to three, and kept it in mind that it was then his master required luncheon. If the watch was shown to him at any other hour, he did not go to fetch the broth; while if three o'clock was past without the luncheon being called for, he got fidgety, and has a home for a poet, and he makes it his at last run and brought it; in this case, he was

always rewarded with some sugar-plums. "'You have no notion,' said Mr. Vanneck, how much time and trouble, and especially how much patience. I have bestowed on the training of this animal. Confined to my chair, however, I continued my task methodically. Nothing was more difficult than to accustom with me he wears a straw hat, but never withevery day, and is, on the whole, very cleanly. " 'Jack,' exclaimed Mr. Vanneck, pointing to me, this gentleman wants his handkerchief.' The monkey drew it from my pocket,

and handed it to me.

" Now show your room to my guest," continned his master; and Jack opened a door, at which he stopped to let us pass, and then followed himself. Everything was extremely tidy in the small room. There was a bed with a matrass; a table, some chairs drawers, and various toys; a gun hung on the wall. The bell Above the grave, the stars he never saw, now was rung; Jack went and re-appeared with his burn with a soft lustre, which no lamps about master, wheeling in the chair. Meanwhile I a king's tomb can emulate; his hot brow was had taken the gun from the wall; Mr. Vanneck | never grateful, strews his bed with anemonics handed it to the monkey, who fetched the powder flask and the shot bag, and in the whole process of loading acquitted himself like a rifleman. I had already seen so much that was astonishing, that I hardly felt surpri-

set at this feat. Jack now placed himself at

"It would be too long to jot down all Mr. Vanneck told us about his method of education and training; the above fact witnessed by myself, bear sufficient evidence of the abilituition. We staved to supper, to which there "A short time ago, I dined at a Brazilian came more ladies and gentlemen. Jack again exhibited his cleverness in waiting, at which he acquitted himself as well as any man-servant. Going home, my companion missed a small box of sweets, out of which he had remanaged to steal is from his pocket; and on being afterwards found convicted of the theft, he was severely punished by his master.

## THE AMERICAN ALADDIN.

We take the following extract from a recent lecture delivered by G. W. Curris, at Boston. The reader will find it a familiar and life-like

When we go out on Sunday afternoon to noralize, and see the new houses, we usually take the young ones by the Aladdin's palace-Aladdin was a Yankee. [Laughter.] He started in life by swapping jack knives, then putting the balves of broken marbles together, and passing them off as whole ones. When he had gathered some brass he went to school all metic-Addition for himself and Subtraction At an early age Aladdin was considered to

be good at a bargain, which meant that he horse to the wall when he had to sell it, and true." To Aladdin, the whole world was but "A negro now appeared, announcing Mad- a market in which to buy cheap and sell dear. Odessa. No syrens sing for him, but he loves the huge oath of the lively boatswain. With a Bible in his hand, and a quid of tobacco in his mouth, he goes about the holy places of Jerusalem, and "calculates" their exact site. He sees the land of Ramesis and the Ptolemys. and the reverend record of the Lybian desert whose echoes have slumbered since they were trampled over by Alexander's army, are now awakened by the shrill whistle of Old Dan Tucker. [Laughter.] He insults the Grand Lama, hobnobs with the Great Mogul, turns his back upon emperors, and takes a pinch out of the Pope's snuff box. He chews with the Arabs, smokes opium with the Turks, and rides for a bridle with the Calmuck Tartars. Aladdin comes home again, and the admir-

ing village points him out to the rising generation as a successful man. "My son, look at him; he began with nothing, and now-see!' "My son" does see, and beholds him owning a million of dollars-of all societies of which he is not president, a director. His name is good as gold; he has bought pictures and statues-he has also bought a Mrs. Aladdin, [Laughter,] and housed her in luxury; but he pricks his mouth with a silver fork. He boast that he reads nothing but the newspaper. He goes to church twice on Sundays, and only wakes up when the preacher denounces the sinners of Sodom and Gomorrah, and those "tough old Jews" of Jerusalem. His head is bald and shiny with all the sermons which have hit it, and glanced off. [Loud laughter and applause.] He clasps his hands Jack to his clothes; he used to take off his in prayer, but forgets to open them when the pantaloons again and again, until at last I had poor-box is passed round, and he goes home them sewed to his shirt. When he walks out like a successful man, thanking God that he was not as other men are, and after dinner he out making fearful grimaces. He takes a bath sits before the fire in his casy chair, lights a large cigar, and looks languidly at Mrs. Alad- Him, tenderer than thou to love, wiser than din through the thick black smoke. [Laughter and applause.]

By-and-bye, old Aladdin dies. The conventional virtues are told over, as the mourning carriages are called out. The papers regret they are called upon to deplore the loss of a revered parent, generous friend, public-spirited citizen, and pious man; and then the precocious swapper of jack-knives and model set up to the young generation, is laid in the dust. and violets that his heel crushed in living: and we, who are to be formed upon that model, carelessly remark, as we stir our toddies, "So Aladdin is gone at last, and by-the-bye, how much did he leave?" [Loud Laughter.]

Byron's partiality toward America is well the open window, and took aim, discharging known, but perhaps never more strongly expressed than in a letter to Tom Moore, where he observes: than he was yesterday. the report. He then went through the sword "I would rather have nod from an American than a snuff box from an Efuperor " interesting of Cheeren at Camera, one opened with divine content in Chara, writes that he will be

# Sabbath Rending.

### GOD HATH A VOICE.

BY ELIZA COOK. God hath a voice that ever is heard. In the peal of the thunder, the chirp of the bird. It comes in the torrent, all rapid and strong. In the streamlet's soft gush as it ripples along. It breathes in the zephyr just kissing the bloom, It lives in the rush of the sweeping simoon, Let the hurricane whistle or warblers rejoice—

What do they tell thee but God hath a voice! God hath a presence, and that ye may see In the fold of the flower, the leaf of the tree; In the sun of the noon-day, the star of the night In the storm-cloud of darkness, the rainbow of light

In the waves of the ocean, the furrows of land: In the mountains of granite, the atom of sand; Turn where ye may, from the sky to the sod, Where can ye gaze that ye see not a God ?

HOW PAUL AND PETER LOOKED. It is allowable to mention that general notion of the forms and features of the two apostles which has been handed down in tradition. and was represented by the early artists. St. Paul is set before us as having the strongly marked and prominent features of a Jew, yet not without some of their finer lines indicative of Greek thoughts. His stature was diminntive, and his body disfigured by some lameness or distortion, which may have provoked the contemptuous expressions of his enemies. His beard was long and thin. His head was bald. The chracteristics of his face were a transparent complexion, which visibly betrayed the quick changes of his feelings; a bright greveve, thickly-overhanging, united eye brows; a cheerful and winning expression of countenence, which invited the approach and inspired the confldence of strangers. It would be natural to infer from his continual journeys and manual labor, that he was possessed of great strength of constitution. But men of delicate health have often gone through the greatest exertions; and his own words, on more than one occasion, showed that he suffered much from bodily health.

St. Peter is represented to us as a man larthe wake of the great ship Argo, in which and more abrupt. The quick impulses of his soul revealed themselves in the flashes of a his master; but as Mr. Vanneck's glance was ships of Tyre, Rome, and of the Crusades, had full and sallow; and the short bair, which is described as entirely gray at the time of his death, curled black and thick round his temples and his chin, when the apostles stood together at Antioch, twenty years before their martyrdom. Believing, as we do, that these traditionary pictures have probably some foundation in truth, we gladly take them as helps to the imagination .- Life and Epistles of St. Paul by W. J. Conybeare and J. S. Howson.

## THE PLEASURES OF SIN.

There are those who affect to believe that he wicked have great comfort in their evil ourses; and that the way of the transgressor is not hard. All human experience centradicts the statement, and accords with Bible truth that men are happy in this world only in proportion as they are good. We have been reminded of this great truth again, on seeing the account of Col. Gardiner, an officer in the British army, who for years devoted himself to seeking sensual pleasures; and in the degraling pursuit was so far successful, as Dr. Dodlridge, his biographer, remarks, that multitudes envied him, and called him, by a dreadful kind of compliment, "the happy rake."-Yet the Doctor says:- "I particularly remember, he told me, that when some of his dissoute companions were once congratulating him on his distinguished felicity, a dog hapoened at that time to come into the room, he could not forbear groaning inwardly, and saying to himself, 'O that I were a dog!' Such was then his happiness; and such perhaps is that of hundreds more, who bear themselves highest in the contempt of religion and glory in that servitude which they affect to call lib-

What art thou to the All-Directing and Omniscient? Canst thou yet imagine that thy presence on earth can give to the hearts thou lovest the shelter which the humblest take from the wings of the Presence that live in-Heaven? Fear not thou for the future?-Whether thou live or die, their future is the care of the Most High! In the dungeon and on the scaffold looks everlastingly the eye of thou to guide, mightier than thou to save!

The love of truth is the stimulus of all noble conversation. This is the root of all the charities. The tree which springs from it may have a thousand branches but they will all bear a golden and generous fruitage. It is the loftiest impulse to inquire-willing to communicate, and more willing to receivecontemptuous of petty curiosity, but passionate for glorious knowledge.

The child of God, if in the way, and in the place which the Lord's providence has allotted him, is well employed, though he should have no higher services than to sweep the streets; provided he does it humbly, thankfully, heartily, as to the Lord. An angel so placed could be no more.

A man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong. It is only but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day

Be kind to the poor.

raceter, which to approve to Lot relatinged

by staping that threats!

lows were built! The forms of English correspondence), an enor-