

PASSENGER LIST.

United States, and her at the Capitol they are made popular and fashionable by the favor, presence, and encouragement of the royal family, and the nobility. Charly too, is reduced to a system, and some lady of rank and benevolence generally, supervises all the bestowments that are made. The body is divided into wards and wards into districts; and thus the poor are well looked after by their friends. In all Austria the paupers are as one to two, and twice as many persons. You see but few of them, however, in the cities. And the Government intercesses to keep all such exhibited of distress from the public eye.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

"Never have their time to fall,
And flowers to scatter at the north wind's breath,
And death to all,
That but at death itself can kill Death.
There is no mortal care,
For pluck me round the joyful hearts,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer,
But all for their own mightiest of the earth,
The banquet fits its hour,
Its fervent joys of mind, and song, and love,
There comes a day for griefs a overwhelming power,
A time for tears—but all are still—
Truth and the opening rose
May look like things of glory for decay,
And melt them—but that art not of those
That wear the riven bloom to seize their prey,
Leave them to their time to fall,
And powers to wither at the north wind's breath,
There is no mortal care,
To set—metal—

AUSTRIA.

EDUCATION, TAXES, GOVERNMENT.
I have spoken generally of the system of Education in Germany, but the system here is peculiar. There are District Schools, we call them at home, and these are free for all ages. There are in many towns, too, schools for instruction in mechanical labor, schools besides designed for instructing the young in commerce and arts; beyond all these there are Normal schools where teachers are prepared for their vocation. These schools are free, and those of higher character, university and gymnasiums, as they are called, are supported by public endowment, by grants and by fees of the students. All branches of education are taught, and the Austrians are a well-educated people. Little, however, is expended on the schools, compared with the other services of the state. The standing army, for example, numbers 200,000 men, and in war it is easily increased to seven hundred and fifty thousand. There is a respectable navy which is expensive, and the expense of the civil service is heavy also. There are land taxes, indirect taxes, a Regal tax, made up from privileges connected with the imperial power, and tax upon domains, forests, the interest of government property, foreigners through their passports, &c.—The revenue of Austria is 150,000,000 florins, a portion of which is appropriated to the relinquishment of a large public debt. In the details of expenditure there seems to be much concealment, and the fact is occasionally made the subject of complaint by the more intelligent of the tax-payers. In material matters there is no concealment in the publicity of reports, and no concealments, perhaps, where the interests of the state would not be influenced by the report of the Press. The policy of the Austrian Government seems to be to turn the eyes of the people as much as possible from Sardinia. The result of those who believe it is to look after the public welfare, is exhausted in providing amusements for the people. The modes of pleasure reign supreme, and pleasures are provided so cheaply as to be within the reach of all. All glories of antiquity, with one who will keep clear of politics. Time nevertheless works out many changes in the government. The ecclesiastics are decreasing and the nobles and officers are increasing.

NEW STORE.

Agriculture is improving, and day by day, more attention is bestowed upon the welfare of the agricultural people. The production already is immense, and half a dozen years since one hundred parts of the land capable of cultivation was sown, and now it is three hundred. The surface of the soil, while the forest and woodlands are one-third of the whole, a tenth part of all land is occupied by vineyards, and the vineyards, with one or two exceptions are quite equal to the vines of the Rhine. One eleventh portion of the soil cultivated is devoted to meadow and grass, while the gross quantity of wheat has been estimated at 80,000,000 quarters. A sufficiency for consumption, and a rich abundance for export. The proportion of the agricultural population to the manufacturing is four to one. I have said already that the Government generally is anxious to do provide for the contentment of the people. The health of the subject of care and all necessary comforts are freely given to the poor, and the sick poor. There are state physicians with bordo in Münster, or spoiled food, though kind and good, and all physician's fees are paid by the state. The state has a hospital in Linz, and a hospital in Vienna, and a North German Select Hospital, the latter of the College and Hospital of Linz, and the former of the College and Hospital of Vienna, are both in Linz.

that United States, and her at the Capitol they are made popular and fashionable by the favor, presence, and encouragement of the royal family, and the nobility. Charly too, is reduced to a system, and some lady of rank and benevolence generally, supervises all the bestowments that are made. The body is divided into wards and wards into districts; and thus the poor are well looked after by their friends. In all Austria the paupers are as one to two, and twice as many persons. You see but few of them, however, in the cities. And the Government intercesses to keep all such exhibited of distress from the public eye.

THE MOTHER'S POWER.

Now, nearly all who avert to this affliction have largely dwelt on the depth, and strength, and warmth of a mother's affection. The most unquenchable of all earthly is that of a mother to her child, inasmuch that God has singled out this passion as the emblem of his own affection to his covenant people in Christ, saying, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."—Isaiah xlv. 13. This principle of attachment is as much a part of a mother's nature, as the heart, and the blood are parts of the human frame. A child may be wayward, and the cause of much disquietude to a mother's mind; but let that child become sick or diseased—instantly all is forgotten, and sleepless nights without a groan are spent in the sufferer's chamber. Or let the child grow up to manhood—let him even become reckless, and a prodigal—still a mother's affection clings to him, her half-broken heart feels whole again, even in the height of his being reclaimed to virtue and to God.

On the other hand, this love is in general reciprocated by the child. That affection, which many waters cannot quench, and which a mother's love is responded to by her offspring often with equal warmth. Even a long course of sin cannot extirpate that attachment for in some cases guilty youth have been known to confess, that amid all their wanderings, they could never escape from the power of their mother's love.

Even a long course of sin cannot extirpate that attachment for in some cases guilty youth have been known to confess, that amid all their wanderings, they could never escape from the power of their mother's love.

Leaves have their time to fall;

And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,

But who shall teach us when to look for leaves?

It is when spring's first gale

Comes forth to whisper, "Lo, the winter is gone!"

Is it when our path grows pale?

They have one season—all are ours to die!

There art where hillsions grow,

There art where mists wrap the morn;

There art around us in our peaceful home,

And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

There art where friends meet friend,

Beneath the shadow of the em' to rest—

There art where meets foes, and tempts rend

The skies, and swords beat down the proudly bold;

Leaves have their time to fall;

And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,

But who shall teach us when to look for leaves?

It is when spring's first gale

Comes forth to whisper, "Lo, the winter is gone!"

Is it when our path grows pale?

They have one season—all are ours to die!

There art where hillsions grow,

There art where mists wrap the morn;

There art around us in our peaceful home,

And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

There art where friends meet friend,

Beneath the shadow of the em' to rest—

There art where meets foes, and tempts rend

The skies, and swords beat down the proudly bold;

Leaves have their time to fall;

And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,

But who shall teach us when to look for leaves?

It is when spring's first gale

Comes forth to whisper, "Lo, the winter is gone!"

Is it when our path grows pale?

They have one season—all are ours to die!

There art where hillsions grow,

There art where mists wrap the morn;

There art around us in our peaceful home,

And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

There art where friends meet friend,

Beneath the shadow of the em' to rest—

There art where meets foes, and tempts rend

The skies, and swords beat down the proudly bold;

Leaves have their time to fall;

And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,

But who shall teach us when to look for leaves?

It is when spring's first gale

Comes forth to whisper, "Lo, the winter is gone!"

Is it when our path grows pale?

They have one season—all are ours to die!

There art where hillsions grow,

There art where mists wrap the morn;

There art around us in our peaceful home,

And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

There art where friends meet friend,

Beneath the shadow of the em' to rest—

There art where meets foes, and tempts rend

The skies, and swords beat down the proudly bold;

Leaves have their time to fall;

And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,

But who shall teach us when to look for leaves?

It is when spring's first gale

Comes forth to whisper, "Lo, the winter is gone!"

Is it when our path grows pale?

They have one season—all are ours to die!

There art where hillsions grow,

There art where mists wrap the morn;

There art around us in our peaceful home,

And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

There art where friends meet friend,

Beneath the shadow of the em' to rest—

There art where meets foes, and tempts rend

The skies, and swords beat down the proudly bold;

Leaves have their time to fall;

And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,

But who shall teach us when to look for leaves?

It is when spring's first gale

Comes forth to whisper, "Lo, the winter is gone!"

Is it when our path grows pale?

They have one season—all are ours to die!

There art where hillsions grow,

There art where mists wrap the morn;

There art around us in our peaceful home,

And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

There art where friends meet friend,

Beneath the shadow of the em' to rest—

There art where meets foes, and tempts rend

The skies, and swords beat down the proudly bold;

Leaves have their time to fall;

And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,

But who shall teach us when to look for leaves?

It is when spring's first gale

Comes forth to whisper, "Lo, the winter is gone!"

Is it when our path grows pale?

They have one season—all are ours to die!

There art where hillsions grow,

There art where mists wrap the morn;

There art around us in our peaceful home,

And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

There art where friends meet friend,

Beneath the shadow of the em' to rest—

There art where meets foes, and tempts rend

The skies, and swords beat down the proudly bold;

Leaves have their time to fall;

And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,

But who shall teach us when to look for leaves?

It is when spring's first gale

Comes forth to whisper, "Lo, the winter is gone!"

Is it when our path grows pale?

They have one season—all are ours to die!

There art where hillsions grow,

There art where mists wrap the morn;

There art around us in our peaceful home,

And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

There art where friends meet friend,

Beneath the shadow of the em' to rest—

There art where meets foes, and tempts rend

The skies, and swords beat down the proudly bold;

Leaves have their time to fall;

And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,

But who shall teach us when to look for leaves?

It is when spring's first gale

Comes forth to whisper, "Lo, the winter is gone!"

Is it when our path grows pale?

They have one season—all are ours to die!

There art where hillsions grow,

There art where mists wrap the morn;

There art around us in our peaceful home,

And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.