MORNING THOUGHTS.

BY MARY GRIGGS.

The morning sun is shining
Upon a world so bright,
The dew upon each grassy blade
Is sparkling in the light,
The golden light, the depth of shade,
All seem as they were only made
To gratify delight.

From giant trees, strong branched,
And all their veined leaves;
From little birds that madly sing;
From insects fluttering on the wing;
Aye, from the very meanest thing,
My spirit joy receives.

I think of angel voices,
When the birds' sweet songs I hear,
Of that celestial city, bright
With jasmine, gold, and chrysolite,
When, with its blazing pomp of light,
The morning doth appear!

I think of that great river,
That from the throne flows free;
Of weary pilgrims on its brink,
Who, thirsting, have come down to drink
Of that unfailing stream I think,
When earthly streams I see.

I think of pain and dying,
As that which is but nought,
When glorious morning warm and bright,
With all its voices of delight,
Breaks the chill darkness of the night,
Life's new life is brought.

I think of human sorrow
But as of clouds that brood
Upon the bosom of the day,
And in the next moment pass away;
And with a trusting heart I say,
Thank God, *all things are good!*

☞ At the recent Semi-Centennial Celebration of the founding of Union College at Schenectady, New York, Chancellor Walworth gave as a toast, "Our venerable and venerated President, who understands the true secret of teaching others to govern, by teaching them to govern themselves." The venerable Dr. NOTT responded, and the following sketch of his remarks is taken from the New York Tribune:

"He was dressed in a long black coat and a blue or purple cap, from beneath which his silver hair trembled in the breeze. No one could see him without loving him, and at the same time mourning that his life must end so soon, for

"Upon his aged temple grow
The blossoms of the grave."

My children, said he, I come at the request of many pupils. Though sickness told me not to speak, yet I could not refuse a request coming from my children and their children. My children, we have but one life to live, and therefore let us live it well. Man is mortal. Institutions such as this never die. By them we transmit to other generations our influence. They have done much good by reviving letters, but more by reviving the reading of the Bible. Where has the bible gone and has not carried with it love of art, love of letters, love of liberty! The bible alone meets the case of man. Chemistry can never discover an Elixir which can reanimate the urn—but the bible teaches us how life shall spring from death—how mortality shall be clothed with immortality.

When fifty years more shall have passed away others shall come here—I shall not be here. Many of you my older children, shall not be here—be it so. We shall separate after the ceremonies are ended but not forever, we shall meet in another world. I have been young but now am old, yet I declare, had I to live my life over again I would live more than I have done for my God and my country. Were I to live ever so short a time, even as longer than the merest ephemra floating in the sunbeams, I would rather soar with the eagle and be lost among the stars, than meanly to grovel on the earth with things that perish.

Some of you will be alive at the next Jubilee, when I shall be forgotten. The cold earth shall soon rest on this aged bosom and this arm shall be cold and senseless to the appeal of the poor and the distressed. But you, my children, see to it that while you live the poor shall never want a friend, nor the defenceless defender. And should it be my happiness to reach—oh! happy thought—those mansions of the blest, let every angel bear tidings from East to Heaven of your good works. Let it be told in these mansions that other Dunmores and Hales, and Granville Sharps have arisen. And do not feel your work accomplished until misery and vice shall cease on this planet, and virtue and happiness be universal. I shall close these remarks, my children, by offering the following sentiments. The Alumni of Union College—distinguished less by honors received than conferred—having rendered their Alma Mater, while in the precincts of old Union, venerable in their needs."

The feeling speech and sentiment, addressed to a people received with great applause. The speech was a true piece of eloquence, more for the beauty of its language than for the tones and manner of delivery, which cannot be reported.

☞ Reading away is like running from a beautiful and lovely virgin whom we admire, but cannot love; in the summer of a country we visit that blooms, but which we cannot cultivate; in the winter of a city we visit Madam Nature's beautiful gardens, but which we cannot call our own. Works of art are like the beauties of the country, they are the ornaments of the city, they are the [illegible]

☞ Reading makes a full man, meditation a profound man, discourse a clear man, writing a correct man. [illegible]

☞ Quotations will be found in the best authors, as gems are in the richest mines, but the finder must have the skill to discover them, and the taste to set them in their proper places.

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