



Spare the Birds.

BY REV. G. W. BETHUNE, D. D.

Spare, spare the gentle bird,
Nor do the warbler wrong,
In the green wood is heard
Its sweet and holy song:
Its song so clear and glad,
Each listener's heart hath stirred,
And none, however sad,
But blessed that happy bird.

When at the early day,
The farmer trod the dew,
It met him on the way,
With welcome blithe and true;
So, when at weary eve,
He homeward wends again,
Full sorely would he grieve
To miss the well-loved strain.

The mother, who had kept
Watch o'er her wakeful child,
Smiled when the baby slept,
Soothed by its wood notes wild;
And gladly has she flung
The casement open free,
As the dear warbler sung
From out the household tree.

The sick man on his bed,
Forgets his weariness,
And turns his feeble head
To list its songs, that bless
His spirit, like a stream
Of mercy from on high,
Or music in the dream
That seals the prophet's eye.

O! laugh not at my words,
To warm your childhood's hours,
Cherish the gentle birds,
Cherish the fragile flowers:
For since man was bereft
Of Paradise, in tears,
God these sweet things hath left,
To cheer our eyes and ears.

From the New England Offering.

THE WOUNDED DOVE.

AN INDIAN TALE.

"Daughters of the red man, whither have ye wandered since the sun arose and smiled into the wigwam? Behold, his last red glance is upon the water, yet the brow of Sunny Cloud reflects not his ray, and thou, Talking Bird, what hath hushed thy ever joyous voice? Tell me have ye been upon the track of the wolf to-day?"

Thus spoke the Indian mother to two dark maidens, who came and stood before her as she rested at sunset from labor.

Talking Bird, the younger of the maidens, replied:

"Nay, we were but thinking of a new found friend. We are sad, because he is of a race our mother loves not. Bending Oak is a wise squaw. Her words are mild and fearless as the South wind over the prairie. Sunny Cloud and Talking Bird will tell their tale, and then listen to the wise words of Bending Oak."

"The sunbeams had not warmed the stream when we entered the canoe to go and seek medicine herbs in the great prairie far down the river. Everything was calm and glorious as the smile of the Great Spirit. Sunny Cloud and I were happy. We mocked the birds that sang above us, we repeated the wild legends of our tribe, and talked of all we have ever enjoyed, or hope to enjoy. So the time passed, till the noon-beams fell upon our heads, and the burning water dazzled our eyes. We rowed into the shelter of a willow grove, and rested. As we sat in the canoe, listening to the low tripples of the stream, and thinking pleasant thoughts, there came a flash like lightning through the trees, then a sound quicker and sharper than thunder; and a pretty dove fell wounded into the canoe beside me. I took the poor bird and smoothed down its feathers. It panted for one moment, and then its breath was gone. Just then a hunter appeared under the shade of a papaw tree. His robes were curiously fashioned, and he bore upon his shoulders a load of the choicest game. He was not like our chiefs; for his face was of the hue of the January snow, when the yellow sun shines upon it, and his eye was bright as the depths of the moonlit sky in summer."

"A white hunter! Why does Talking Bird use golden words when she speaks of him?" said the aged squaw, peering into the maiden's face. "The brows of our young men are like the wings of night; and methinks that the dark forest girl should admire them more than the bleached visages of her nation's foe."

The maiden turned and averted her eyes, and Sunny Cloud spoke in her defence.

"The pale hunter was bold and kind. He laid his burden upon the grass, and spoke to us as a brother speaks. He smiled upon Talking Bird, and told her it grieved him to have killed a warbler gentle as herself; whose voice was musical and tender, as her own."

"And did the silly Talking Bird return his smile? Those were not the words of a brother, but of a demon. The rattlesnake knows but too well how to lure the mocking bird. His charm is bewitching, but he hath a deadly sting."

"Yet surely this is no traitor," persisted Sunny Cloud. "He spoke of his home in a far-off land, as beautiful as the hunting ground of our dead warriors. And he called us sisters, saying that we had one Father. Then he lay dazzling ornaments into our baskets, and promised, before another moon to bring richer gifts to the wigwam."

"Have ye put the white foe on the Indian's trail?" said the squaw, angrily. "Doth the dove uncover its nest to the glaring eye of the hawk? Bending Oak is rightly named. She is like yon tree that leans from the crag across the stream. A few more storms will howl round her head, and she will fall broken and withered. But she will fall from a high place. She has looked over the tree tops, and seen the tempest sweeping up the valley, while others stood quiet, nor dreamed of danger. And she can tell her simple daughters, that in the track of the white man, the red race hath ever been swept away, like leaves before the wintry blast. The tongue of the pale face hath two sides; the one is smoother than oil, the other is like coals of fire. If Talking Bird listens to him, her fate will be like that of the bird that fell by his fire arrows. It was a token from the Great Spirit to warn her."

"But the Indian girls must not forget to be grateful," appealed Talking Bird, who had been standing a listener. "As I stood in the canoe, to turn its course down the stream, my blanket caught in a bough, and I fell. I could have swam to the shore, but the blanket choked me, and I hung like areed in the deep water. But for the strong hand of the white hunter, Talking Bird's voice might never again have mingled with the songs of the youths by the wigwam fire. Surely, when he comes, we must give him venison and a shelter."

The Indian mother's heart almost yielded, but the frown lingered on her brow, and she departed, muttering, "Where's the brave that once dwelt in the tent of Bending Oak? He fell long ago in the distant white village, and the buzzards have picked his bones. May the same fate come upon every one of the murdering race. The curse of Bending Oak is upon the white wolf, and on all who smile upon him."

The next day the aged squaw talked with the chiefs concerning the expected intrusion into their camp; and besought them, by removing to the borders of a distant river, to evade their visitor. But the girls of the tribe had preceded her with glowing descriptions of the treasures which the white trader would bring to offer in exchange for their furs; that curiosity and avarice overcame all her warnings and maledictions.

At the appointed time the boat of Elliott, the white hunter, was seen approaching the Indian encampment. He brought with him a supply of arms, beads and such other articles as might please the taste of his red friends. His gifts won for him a gruff welcome from the men; but Elliott read a warmer one in the beaming glances of Sunny Cloud and her young sister. But whenever, during his stay, he crossed the path of Talking Bird, the keen, suspicious glance of Bending Oak was bent upon them. His business was concluded, and he spoke of departing. The day was decided, and the evening previous, by some strange coincidence, Elliott and Talking Bird were standing side by side, in a deep woody glen, not far from the wigwams. The eyes of the dusky maid were humid and sorrowful as she said:

"You leave us too soon my brother!"

"But I will not forget my forest sister. Her memory will be like a sweet song from afar. May her life be as peaceful and happy as yonder beautiful stream, that is quietly sparkling in the long, low sunbeams."

"But will the waters be bright when the sun has ceased to shine upon them? Talking Bird's white brother has become the light of her life. When he is gone she cannot be glad, for it will be dark."

The young man started and trembled at this confession. His heart had yearned towards the gentle forest girl, but he had not realized that the feeling was so deeply reciprocated. He knew the odium that a connexion with her would attach to him in the view of his kindred and acquaintance; but, in the excitement of the moment, he felt that he could bear it all for the sake of her guileless love. He would be happy with her and let the world take its own course.

"Will the Talking Bird go and make the music in the lonely cabin of her white brother?" said he, "the holy man shall make us one, and, afar from both red and white, we will live for each other alone. Shall it not be so?"

The maiden laid her hand in his and said, "I will go."

At that moment there was a sudden rustling—something flashed swiftly through the air; Elliott fell to the ground

with a deep groan. An arrow had pierced his breast. In frantic agony Talking Bird tore it away, and staunching the blood with her garments. But the wound was fatal. The hunter could only whisper "farewell." Just as the word died upon his lips, Bending Oak issued from the shade, and muttered in a cold, satisfied tone:

"The pale demon that would lure the Indian fawn from her covert, is dead—and by a woman's hand. Leave his carcass, poor fool, and learn not to throw thyself again upon the coil of the serpent."

There was a wild stare in return, but Talking Bird heard her not. An arrow had entered her own soul. Thought forsook its throne, and she became a quiet, melancholy maniac. The Indian girls changed her name, and spoke of her now as the "Wounded Dove." Day after day she wandered with her favorite, Sunny Cloud, to the glen where the fatal event occurred, and together they would chaunt many a low, mournful song. After a few brief moons had waned, they laid her to rest beneath the turf where the white hunter fell, and the secluded spot was ever after called the "Glen of the Wounded Dove."

The Pennsylvania Germans.
It is a common thing for New England men, and men of the South, to speak contemptuously of the Pennsylvania Germans. The very name of Pennsylvania German, in some parts of the Union, is the synonym of ignorance and stupidity. You hear Yankees talk in nasal eloquence of the stupid Dutch, and too often the Southron forgets his natural courtesy and echoes the Yankee's sneer.

Good people of the North and South will you listen to a word in behalf of this German race of Pennsylvania, from a man who has his blood in his veins?

Among the Germans who came to Pennsylvania about the time of Penn, were a band of men as superior in religion to the bigoted Puritan, as superior in true Democracy to the aristocratic Southron, as the man who shares the education and progressional spirit of the Nineteenth century, is superior to the serf of the Dark Ages.

These Germans worked with their hands. They tilled fields, and built houses, and pursued all the branches of agricultural and mechanical labor. They were educated men—educated in the fullest sense of the word. They believed in God, and held that all men had a right to worship him according to the dictates of their conscience. They believed that God would destroy sin from the face of the Universe, without destroying the sinner. They believed that Labor and Education should always go together. They believed that it was every man's duty to work, and also believed in the elevation of Work, by the influence of true education and Religion. They combined, in fact, the Worker, the Scholar, and the Christian in one person; and looked forward to a day when labor and land, redeemed from the thralldom of bad laws, should bless the hearts and contribute to the peace and sustenance of all men.

Some of these Germans were Socialists. About the year 1713—if we mistake not—they founded a community on the Wissahikon, a wild stream, seven miles from Philadelphia, and here in the depth of the virgin forest, these men toiled with their hands by day, and gave the night to study and to prayer. The house which they built is still standing upon the banks of the Wissahikon, and is known as the monastery.

Here these men attempted to solve the great problem which divides the world—Can education and mental progress be conjoined with hard handed toil? The destructive feature of their organization was the injunction of celibacy. Had it not been for this, the communists of Wissahikon would be yet in existence.

About the year 1745, this Brother-hood emigrated to Ephrata, in Lancaster County, where a similar community was in existence.

Did you ever hear of Ephrata? It is an Eden, which rests in the lap of a valley, near a rivulet, and among the shadows of glorious woods. The Monastery of the community stands even now, where it stood an hundred years ago. There you may yet behold the house of the Brothers and the house of the Sisters. There you may meet the descendants of these people, who after the injunction of celibacy was removed, intermarried, and sat them down to cultivate the fields around the quaint old Monastery. The blood which flowed in the veins of these communists, flows even now in the veins of thousands of their descendants.

These descendants, having imperfectly understood the Christ-like idea of their ancestors—so far as regards living

in community—have now become a sect, and by the laws of Pennsylvania, can be put to jail every week, because they hold as their fathers held—Saturday to be the true Sabbath of the Lord.

But here at Ephrata, in 1745, books were printed, with type made in the Monastery, upon paper manufactured on the banks of the neighboring stream—the Cocaico—and embellished with engravings, executed by the Brothers of Ephrata. These books are still in existence. If you have not too much contempt for the Dutch, we would advise you to go to Ephrata and see them with your own eyes.

The Declaration of Independence was printed by the Monks of Ephrata, two weeks after the 4th of July, 1776.

The Monks of Ephrata gave home and food to the wounded soldiers of Brandywine, at the very time that the Tory Rector of Trinity Church, New York, was doing his best to confound the rebels and establish the power of Pope George. The graves of the dead of Brandywine, dot the hillsides of Ephrata at this hour.

You have heard of the Anabaptists of Munster, who are now only remembered for the extravagances and fanaticism of John of Leyden?

These Anabaptists were Christians, John of Leyden and his extravagances to the contrary notwithstanding. They were Land Reformers. When Luther was afraid to preach the whole Gospel, and declare the freedom of the body—the freedom of the land—as well as the freedom of the soul, these Anabaptists dared to preach that Gospel, and preach it in the face of sword and stake.

That Gospel was brought over the Atlantic—it bloomed one hundred years ago, in the solitudes of Pennsylvania.—It grew and flourished on the banks of the Wissahikon and in the Eden of Ephrata. And now, it sometimes comes in a rough rude way, from the pen of one of the descendants of the German people—of him who now speaks to you.

This is only a hint of German history—that is of the German history of Pennsylvania. Sometime we will resume the subject, and make you Southern Cavaliers, and you Pilgrim Yankees, open your eyes, from Boston to Charleston, at the history—the yet unwritten history of the German people of the land of Penn.

You ask us, why it is that education is neglected at the present day, in the German districts of Pennsylvania?

Sir, it is because there has been a conflict of languages among these Germans, for 150 years. They did not like to forsake the bold and vigorous German for the English tongue. They have been vacillating between these languages for a hundred years. This conflict, this hesitation to leave the German—the tongue of their Fathers—for the English will explain to you why it is that so many Pennsylvania Germans of the present day, are neither good English nor German scholars—are educated well in neither tongue.

And, good people of the North and South, if you knew all the history of our fathers; if you knew the full story of their unyielding democracy, their Christ like faith, their hard work in shop and field, their night-long watches of study and of prayer—you would join one of their descendants, in the heart-felt ejaculation:

"GOD BLESS THE MEMORY OF THE GERMAN PEOPLE OF THE LAND OF PENN!"—*The Quaker City.*

Curiosities of the Earth.

At the city of Modena, in Italy, and about four miles around it, wherever it is dug, whenever the workmen arrive at the distance of sixty-three feet, they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an auger five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the auger is removed, and upon its extraction, the water bursts up through the aperture with great violence, and quickly fills this new made well, which continues full, and is affected neither by rains nor droughts. But what is most remarkable in this operation, is the layers of earth as we descend. At the depth of fourteen feet, are found the ruins of an ancient city, paved streets, houses, floors, and different pieces of mosaic.—Under this is found a soft, oozy earth, made up of vegetables, and at 26 feet deep, large trees entire, such as walnut trees, with the walnuts still sticking on the stem, and their leaves and branches in perfect preservation. At twenty-eight feet deep, a soft chalk is found, mixed with a vast quantity of shells, and this bed is eleven feet thick. Under this, vegetables are found again with leaves and branches of trees as before, and thus alternately chalk and vegetable earth, to the depth of sixty-three feet.

Why is a merchant that has failed, like a river in a freshet?

He has over-run the banks.

A Clear Field and no Favor.
BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

Within a short distance of the wild shores of Barnegat, there lies an inconsiderable settlement, which can scarcely be denominated a village; in which spite of the well-known character of the denizens of that ilk, is located a small building, which is appropriated for the purpose of a school house, and which, occasionally, long time ago—when an itinerant chanced to appear in the vicinity—was used as a church.

The inhabitants of Barnegat are notorious the world over, for their "wrecking" propensities. The hard-fisted residents, for many miles along the coast, are educated wreckers, they know nothing better, and are not the most scrupulous community in Christendom, in the conduct of their vocation. Notwithstanding this fact, they would gather at the little school-house above mentioned, occasionally when not busy upon a Sunday, to listen to the words of admonition and instruction, which availed them very little, however, during the week.

It chanced some years ago, that there happened to pass along there a smooth-looking individual, who halted on Saturday in this little neighborhood, and who proposed to remain over the Sabbath and submit a sermon to the people of the modest school-house. The offer was accepted, and the reverend gentleman made his appearance in due season, before a very respectable sized congregation. The day being rather pleasant, a full house greeted the speaker, and the service had been carried on for half an hour, very much to the gratification of the smooth-faced parson and his rough auditory.

The text had been given out, the preacher divided his subject into the requisite number of "heads" to answer his purpose, and the attention of the audience was fixed upon the speaker, when the propriety of the occasion was suddenly interrupted, and the multitude were unexpectedly startled from their quiet, by the entrance of an outsider, with the exclamation that a brig had just stranded upon the beach, half a mile below.

In an instant the whole crowd were upon their feet, some turning towards the door, some rushing for their head gear, some one way, and some another; when the clear full voice of the "itinerant"—whom they respected for his calling, in spite of their generally rough character—was heard above the confusion, and the throng came to a dead halt, in their tracks!

"Brethren," said the sleek-haired speaker, "it is the Sabba' day; this is a sakrid place," and the reverend gentleman secured his hat from the peg behind him.

"Let no runde nor unbecomin' conduct be exhibited in this place, brethren," continued the itinerant, and he slowly descended the steps of the rostrum, and entered the aisle of the church.

"But rather let us, brethren, show a dispersion to be calm; and not disgrace these sakrid premises by any act of undoo disturbance, on this day," and by this time, he had worked himself pretty well through the crowd, who gathered around him, and amid their innocence and respect for the cloth, stood listening carefully, though impatiently, hats in hand, to his quieting remarks.

"Quick, brethren, continued the parson, still moving towards the door—"Speak low; and remember we should respect this day, above all others;" and he emerged from the hall to the door.

"It's a great misfort'n this wreck, at such a time, brethren," added the itinerant, as he placed his foot on the step outside, "but you see, fellers, I've been round some myself, so let's all have a fair start!"

And with these words, the smooth-tongued preacher—who was one of 'em—darted off at full speed, at the head of the crowd, and was the first man aboard the wreck.

All he asked for, was "clear field and no favor." But whenever a "missionary" has ventured among those wreckers since, the committee on plunder respectfully hint to him that his clerical services will be dispensed with.

"Well, Nimrod how long were the children of Israel in the wilderness?" "Till they found their way out." "Who was cast into the lions den?" "Van Amburgh."

A Sister's Love.
More constant than the evening star
Which mildly beams above—
That diadem—oh! dearer far
A sister's gentle love!

Brighter than the dew-drop on the rose,
Than nature's smile more gay—
A living fount which ever flows,
Warmed by love's pure ray.

Gem of the heart! Life's gift divine,
Bequeathed as from above,
Glad offering at affection's shrine—
A sister's holy love!

HOW BRIEF IS LIFE.

The morning sun of life may gild a horizon unclouded by a single care or unruined by the prospect of reverses in our common journey; Nature may bloom in all her heaven-born beauty, and her glittering romance and brightest realities add zest and loveliness to the new born life; the beneficent hand of an all-wise Providence may seem to strew the pathway with life's best offering to the sojourner; but all may fade and vanish in an hour, and leave but a lingering recollection with those who survive, that life's brightest hopes are often rested with those who fall the earliest beneath the fatal stroke of our common destroyer. So is life. It blooms and withers in a day—in a single hour its fondest anticipations are frustrated by the hand of Him who holds our destinies subject to his will.

How brief is life! is the involuntary lamentation of the dotting parent as a lovely child, in whom is concentrated all that affection can lavish or indulgence bestow, yields its spotless spirit to the God that gave it. The hopes and labors of that brief life-time are buried in the grave, and the clay tenement in which moved that type of Heaven, is consigned to the dust by the irrevocable mandate of its giver. So is life; a work but half begun—a tender, fragile flower, watered by tears and nourished by incessant care, blooms but a day to wither in an hour.

How brief is life! is the exclamation of scarcely matured manhood, when all the high hopes of future success and usefulness, or peradventure fame, are frustrated by the hand of death. Scarcely has childhood made way for the years of maturity; scarcely has life begun to yield what the toil and study of earlier days promised, until it is palsied by disease and hurried off by the last enemy of man. How hard to yield when the hopes of youth seem ready to be lost in full fruition; how hard to obey the summons when it bids the setting of the sun of life ere it has reached its meridian. So is life; it blooms but a day and withers in an hour.

How brief is life! almost unconsciously falls from the lips of one in the noonday of life, as he revolts from the icy grasp of death. He has scarce begun to live, yet a score and ten have fled past him, and time has already begun to mark the ravages of care and disappointments on his brow. The extravagant hopes of earlier days have never been realized; they had vanished beneath the realities of life as the morning dew beneath the rays of the sun; he has long since learned that sorrows and unexpected mortifications must find a place in each one's cup; but he clings to the breaking thread to glance at the past. It breaks upon him like a fleeting vision. It seems but the work of a day; it withers in an hour.

How brief is life! is heard from him who has braved his three score and ten. The sunken eye, the furrowed cheek, the palsied limbs, the racked and feeble constitution, all tell that he has withstood the storms of many winters; that he has seen life in its saddest hours, its brightest smiles, yet he shrinks from dissolution to pause a moment and contemplate the dreamy fiction presented by a retrospective glance. He has done his work; he has filled the time allotted to mortals; yet it seems but the work of a day, and withers in an hour.

How brief is life! may be heard from the quivering lips of him who has filled the measure of a century and shared more than the ordinary calamities of our journey. That form once full of all the vigor and freshness of youth—once dotting in infancy, now dotting in age, has stood like the sturdy oak in the forest blast when destruction fell around it on every side, yet it sinks in death with the reluctance of a vigorous mind, and sees the past as but a dream; a chequered fancy. So is life. It seems still but the work of a day—it withers in an hour.—*Kelly.*

"Twenty-two carats! They make a great fuss about the California carats! I've got mor'n fifty in my garden as they've got there—and my blood boils—don't talk to me of your twenty-two fine carats." And Mrs. P. looked into her jar of pickles with the utmost complacency.

The Czar of Russia has sent a snuffbox worth 1,100 guineas to Joseph White, ship builder at Portsmouth, in return for some ship drawings. The Emperor will doubtless make good use of the drawings.

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