

19. CLEAR THE WAY.

1. **M**EN of thought! be up, and stirring night and day:
Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—CLEAR THE WAY!
Men of action, aid and cheer them, as ye may!
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow;
There's a midnight blackness changing into gray.
Men of thought and men of action, CLEAR THE WAY!
2. Once the welcome light has broken, who shall say
What the unimagined glories of the day?
What the evil that shall perish in its ray?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper; aid it, type;
Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
And our earnest must not slacken into play.
Men of thought and men of action, CLEAR THE WAY!
3. Lo! a cloud's about to vanish from the day;
And a brazen wrong to crumble into clay.
Lo! the right's about to conquer: CLEAR THE WAY!
With the right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us for their prey.
Men of thought and men of action, CLEAR THE WAY!

CHARLES MACKAY.

20. CONVERSATION.

NEVER speak any thing for a truth which you know or believe to be false. Lying is a great sin against God, who gave us a tongue to speak the truth, and not falsehood. It is a great offense against humanity itself; for, where there is no

regard to truth, there can be no safe society between man and man. And it is an injury to the speaker; for, besides the disgrace which it brings upon him, it occasions so much baseness of mind, that he can scarcely tell truth, or avoid lying, even when he has no color of necessity for it; and, in time, he comes to such a pass, that as other people can not believe he speaks truth, so he himself scarcely knows when he tells a falsehood.

2. As you must be careful not to lie, so you must avoid coming near it. You must not equivocate,¹ nor speak any thing positively for which you have no authority but report, or conjecture, or opinion. Let your words be few, especially when your superiors or strangers are present, lest you betray your own weakness, and rob yourselves of the opportunity which you might otherwise have had, to gain knowledge, wisdom, and experience, by hearing those whom you silence by your impertinent² talking.

3. Be not too earnest, loud, or violent in your conversation. Silence your opponent³ with reason, not with noise. Be careful not to interrupt another when he is speaking; hear him out, and you will understand him the better, and be able to give him the better answer. Consider before you speak, especially when the business is of moment; weigh the sense of what you mean to utter, and the expressions you intend to use, that they may be significant,⁴ pertinent,⁵ and inoffensive. Inconsiderate persons do not think till they speak; or they speak, and then think.

4. Some men excel in husbandry,⁶ some in gardening, some in mathematics. In conversation, learn, as near as you can, where the skill or excellence of any person lies; put him upon talking on that subject, observe what he says, keep it in your memory, or commit it to writing. By this means, you will glean the worth and knowledge of everybody you converse with; and at an easy rate acquire what may be of use to you on many occasions.

¹ Equivocate, to use expressions or words which may be understood in two ways, so that a lie is actually told under the appearance of truth.—² Impertinent, not relating to the subject; rude; intrusive; meddling with what does not belong to us.—³ Opponent, one with whom we differ.—⁴ Significant, full of meaning.—⁵ Pertinent, appropriate to the case; fitted to the end.—⁶ Husbandry, the business of cultivating the earth, raising cattle, and the management of the dairy.

5. When you are in company with light, vain, impertinent persons, let the observing of their failings make you the more cautious, both in your conversation with them and in your general behavior, that you may avoid their errors. If any one, whom you do not know to be a person of truth, sobriety, and weight, relates strange stories, be not too ready to believe or report them; and yet (unless he is one of your family acquaintances) be not too forward to contradict him. If the occasion requires you to declare your opinion, do it modestly and gently, not bluntly nor coarsely; by this means you will avoid giving offense, or being abused for too much credulity.

6. If a man, whose integrity¹ you do not very well know, make you great and extraordinary² professions, do not give much credit to him. Probably you will find that he aims at something besides kindness to you, and that when he has served his turn, or been disappointed, his regard for you will grow cool. Beware, also, of him who flatters you, and commends you to your face, or to one who he thinks will tell you of it; most probably he has either deceived and abused you, or means to do so. Remember the fable of the fox commending the singing of the crow, who had something in her mouth which the fox wanted.

7. Be careful that you do not commend yourselves. It is a sign that your reputation is small and sinking, if your own tongue must praise you; and it is fulsome³ and displeasing to others to hear such commendations. Speak well of the absent whenever you have a suitable opportunity. Never speak ill of them, or of anybody, unless you are sure they deserve it, and unless it is necessary for their amendment, or for the safety and benefit of others. Avoid, in your ordinary communications, not only oaths, but all imprecations and earnest protestations. Forbear scoffing and jesting at the condition or natural defects of any person. Such offenses leave a deep impression; and they often cost a man dear.

8. Be very careful that you give no reproachful, menacing,⁴ or

¹ In tēg'ri ty, uprightness; the highest degree of honesty.—² Extraordinary (eks trā' di nary), uncommon; remarkable.—³ Ful'some, disgusting; grossly unpleasant.—⁴ Mēn'a cing, threatening.

spiteful words to any person. Good words make friends; bad words make enemies. It is great prudence to gain as many friends as we honestly can, especially when it may be done at so easy a rate as a good word; and it is great folly to make an enemy by ill words, which are of no advantage to the party who uses them. When faults are committed, they may, and by a superior they must, be reprov'd; but let it be done without reproach or bitterness: otherwise it will lose its due end and use and, instead of reforming the offense, it will exasperate the offender, and lay the reprover justly open to reproof.

9. If a person be passionate, and give you ill language, rather pity him than be moved to anger. You will find that silence, or very gentle words, are the most exquisite¹ revenge for reproaches; they will either cure the distemper in the angry man, and make him sorry for his passion, or they will be a severe reproof and punishment to him. But, at any rate, they will preserve your innocence, give you the deserved reputation of wisdom and moderation, and keep up the serenity and composure of your mind. Passion and anger make a man unfit for every thing that becomes him as a man or as a Christian.

10. Never utter any profane speeches, nor make a jest of any Scripture expressions. When you pronounce the name of God or of Christ, or repeat any passages or words of Holy Scripture, do it with reverence and seriousness, and not lightly, for that is "taking the name of God in vain." If you hear of any unseemly expressions used in religious exercises, do not publish them; endeavor to forget them; or, if you mention them at all, let it be with pity and sorrow, not with derision or reproach.

SIR MATHEW HALE.

21. THE DEFORMED CHILD.

IN my school-boy days, there lived an aged widow near the church-yard. She had an only child. I have often² observed that the delicate and the weak receive more than a common share of affection from a mother. Such a feeling was shown

¹ Exquisite (eks'kwe zit), choice; nice, complete.—² Often (ōf'n).

by this widow toward her sickly and unshapely boy. There are faces and forms which, once seen, are impressed upon our brain; and they will come, again and again, upon the tablet¹ of our memory in the quiet of night, and even flit around us in our daily walks. Many years have gone by since I first saw this boy; and his delicate form, and quiet manner, and his gentle and virtuous conduct, are often before me.

2. I shall never forget,—in the sauciness of youth, and fancying it would give importance to my bluff² outside,—swearing in his presence. The boy was sitting in a high-backed easy-chair, reading his Bible. He turned round, as if a signal for dying had sounded in his ear, and fixed upon me his clear, gray eye: that look! it made my little heart almost choke me. I gave some foolish excuse for getting out of the cottage; and, as I met a playmate on the road, who jeered³ me for my blank⁴ countenance, I rushed past him, hid myself in an adjoining corn-field, and cried bitterly.

3. I tried to conciliate⁵ the widow's son, and show my sorrow for having so far forgotten the innocence of boyhood, as to have my Maker's name sounded in an unhallowed⁶ manner from my lips. My spring flowers he accepted; but, when my back was turned, he flung them away. The toys and books I offered to him were put aside for his Bible. His only occupations were, the feeding of a favorite hen, which would come to his chair and look up for the crumbs that he would let fall, with a noiseless action, from his thin-fingers, watching the pendulum and hands of the wooden clock, and reading.

4. Although I could not, at that time, fully appreciate⁷ the beauty of a mother's love, still I venerated⁸ the widow for the unobtrusive,⁹ but intense¹⁰ attention she displayed to her son. I never entered her dwelling without seeing her engaged in some kind offices toward him. If the sunbeam came through the

¹ Tab'let, a little table; something flat on which to write, paint, or draw.—² Bluff, blustering.—³ Jeered, made a mock of; ridiculed.—
Blank, want of expression.—⁴ Concl'iate, to reconcile; to gain by kindness.—⁵ Unhallow'ed, unholy; impure; wicked.—⁶ Appreciate (ap prè'shâte), to ascertain the value of a thing.—⁷ Vén'erât ed, revered; honored.—⁸ Unobtrusive (un ob trô'siv), modest; not forward.—⁹ Intense', earnest; devoted.

leaves of the geraniums, placed in the window, with too strong a glare, she moved the high-backed chair with as much care as if she had been putting aside a crystal¹ temple. When he slept, she festooned² her silk handkerchief around his place of rest. She placed the earliest violets upon her mantel-piece for him to look at; and the roughness of her own meal, and the delicacy of the child's, sufficiently displayed her sacrifices. Easy and satisfied, the widow moved about. I never saw her but once unhappy. She was then walking thoughtfully in her garden. I beheld a tear. I did not dare to intrude upon her grief, and ask her the cause of it; but I found the reason in her cottage; her boy had been spitting blood.

5. I have often envied him these endearments; for I was away from a par'ent who humored me, even when I was stubborn and unkind. My poor mother is in her grave. I have often regretted having been her pet, her favorite; for the coldness of the world makes me wretched; and, perhaps, if I had not drunk at the very spring of a mother's affection, I might have let scorn and cön'tumely³ pass by me as the idle wind. Yet I have afterward asked myself, what I, a thoughtless, though not a heartless boy, should have come to, if I had not had such a comforter. I have asked myself this, felt satisfied and grateful, and wished that her spirit might watch around her child, who often met her kindness with passion, and received her gifts as if he expected homage⁴ from her.

6. Everybody experiences how quickly school years pass away. My father's residence was not situated in the village where I was educated; so that when I left school I left its scenes also. After several years had passed away, accident took me again to the well-known place. The stable, into which I led my horse, was dear to me; for I had often listened to the echo that danced within it, when the bells were ringing. The face of the landlord was strange; but I could not forget the in-kneed,⁵ red whiskered hostler: he had given me a hearty thrashing as a return for a hearty jest.

¹ Crys'tal, made of glass; resembling glass.—² Festooned', arranged like a suspended wreath or garland.—³ Cön'tumely, contemptuous language; haughty rudeness.—⁴ Hom'age, act of submission; respect showed by an inferior.—⁵ In-kneed, having the knees bent inward.

7. I had reserved a broad piece of silver for the old widōw. But I first ran toward the river, and walked upon the mill-bank. I was surprised at the apparent¹ narrowness of the stream; and, although the willōws still fringed the margin, and appeared to stoop in homage to the water-lilies, yet they were diminutive.² Every thing was but a miniature³ of the picture in my mind. It proved to me that my faculties⁴ had grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength. With something like disappointment, I left the river side, and strolled toward the church. My hand was in my pocket, grasping the broad piece of silver. I imagined to myself the kind look of recognition⁵ I should receive. I determined on the way in which I should press the money into the widow's hand. But I felt my nerves slightly tremble, as I thought on the look her son had given, and again might give me.

8. Ah, there is the cottage; but the honeysuckle is older, and it has lost many of its branches! The door was closed. A pet lamb was fastened to a loose cord under the window, and its melancholy bleating was the only sound that disturbed the silence. In former years I used, at once, to pull the string that lifted the wooden latch; but now I deliberately knocked. A strange female form, with a child in her arms, opened the door. I asked for my old acquaintance. "Alas! poor Alice is in her coffin: look, sir, where the shadow of the spire ends: that is her grave." I relaxed my grasp of my money. "And her deformed boy?" "He, too, is there!" I drew my hand from my pocket.

9. It was a hard task for me to thank the woman, but I did so: I moved to the place where the mother and the child were buried. I stood for some minutes, in silence, beside the mound of grass. I thought of the consumptive lad, and as I did so, the lamb, at the cottage window, gave its anxious bleat. And then all the affectionate attentions of my own mother arose on my soul, while my lips trembled out: "Mother! dear mother! would that I were as is the widow's son! would that I were

¹ Appār'ert, seeming; clear; plain.—² Diminutive, small.—³ Miniature (mīn'e tūr), a small likeness; on a small scale.—⁴ Faculties, power of the body or the mind.—⁵ Recognition (rek og nish'un), knowing again a thing that has been absent; acknowledgment

sleeping in thy grave! I loved thee, mother! but I would not have thee living now, to view the worldly sorrows of thy ungrateful boy! My first step toward vice was the oath which the deformed child heard me utter."

10. But you, who rest here as quietly as you lived, shall receive the homage of the unworthy. I will protect this hillock from the steps of the heedless wanderer, and from the trampling of the village herd. I will raise up a tabernacle to purity and love. I will do it in secret; and I look not to be rewarded openly.

C. EDWARDS.

22. SCENES OF CHILDHOOD.

"I came to the place of my birth, and said, 'The friends of my youth, where are they?' and echo answered, 'Where are they?'"

1. LONG years had elapsed¹ since I gazed on the scene,
Which my fancy still robed in its freshness of green—
The spot where, a school-boy, all thoughtless, I stray'd,
By the side of the stream, in the gloom of the shade.
2. I thought of the friends who had roam'd with me there,
When the sky was so blue, and the flowers were so fair—
All scatter'd!—all sunder'd² by mountain and wave,
And some in the silent embrace of the grave!
3. I thought of the green banks, that circled around,
With wild-flowers, and sweet-brier, and églantine³ crown'd;
I thought of the river, all quiet and bright
As the face of the sky on a blue summer night.
4. And I thought of the trees, under which we had stray'd,
Of the broad leafy boughs, with their coolness of shade;
And I hoped, though disfigured, some token to find
Of the names and the carvings impress'd on the rind.
5. All eager, I hasten'd the scene to behold,
Render'd sacred and dear by the feelings of old;

¹ Elapsed, passed away.—² Sundered, separated.—³ Eglantine, a species of rose; the sweet-brier; according to Milton, the honeysuckle.

And I deem'd that, unalter'd, my eye should explore
This refuge, this haunt, this Elysium of yore.

6. 'Twas a dream!—not a token or trace could I view
Of the names that I loved, of the trees that I knew:
Like the shadows of night at the dawning of day,
"Like a tale that is told," they had vanish'd away.
7. And methought the lone river, that murmur'd along,
Was more dull in its motion, more sad in its song,
Since the birds that had nestled and warbled above,
Had all fled from its banks, at the fall of the grove.
8. I paused; and the moral came home to my heart:
Behold how of earth all the glories depart!
Our visions are baseless; our hopes but a gleam;
Our staff but a reed; and our life but a dream.
9. Then, oh, let us look—let our prospects allure²—
To scenes that can fade not, to realms³ that endure,
To glories, to blessings, that triumph sublime
O'er the blightings of change, and the ruins of time.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

23. ANECDOTE OF A DOG.

A MAN on horseback, with a fine dog, was joined by another horseman; they entered into conversation, and the owner of the dog began to boast of the cleverness of his animal. By way of proof he dismounted, took a shilling from his purse, marked it, and put it under a stone, mounted again, and rode away with his companion. When they had gone four or five miles, he told the dog to go back and fetch the shilling.

2. He was perfectly understood by the sensible and willing creature, and in a very short time the dog had found the stone, and endeavored to obtain the shilling. But the stone was large

¹ Elysium (el'iz'e um), place of delight for happy souls after death, as the ancients thought; abode of the happy.—² Al'lure', draw, or entice.—³ Realms, regions; countries.

and heavy, and after trying in vain to turn it over, or to scratch away the hard soil underneath it, he gave up the attempt, sat down beside it, and waited patiently. He had not waited long before two horsemen came up, traveling in the opposite direction to that by which his master had gone. When the dog saw the travelers approach, he began to scratch and howl, and show the plainest signs of anxiety to overturn the stone.

3. The horseman very naturally thought that underneath the stone there was a rat, or weasel, or some other creature, and one of them dismounted and overturned it; to his great surprise he found a shilling, and never imagining for a moment that this could be the object of the dog's anxiety, he put it into his purse, and that into his trowsers' pocket. The dog had now quite recovered his composure; he paid no more attention to the stone, but followed the two strangers on their journey. In vain they tried to drive him away, and at length, supposing he had lost his master, they allowed him to have his own way.

4. In the evening, when they reached the inn, the dog was still with them, lay quietly under the table, and took readily the food they gave him. But when they prepared to go to bed, nothing would satisfy the dog but he must sleep in the same room with the man he seemed to have chosen for his new master, the man who had taken the shilling; he had his own way again, and a mat was provided for him at the foot of the bed.

5. Meantime the other two horsemen had reached their journey's end, and put up for the night. The master of the dog had boasted all the way that Peto would soon join them again, and certainly bring the shilling; but as time passed he grew uneasy, and when bedtime arrived he retired with a heavy heart, feeling certain that his dog was killed; for nothing else, he said, could have prevented his return, and he was sure that no one could ever take him alive by force, or entice him away.

6. But Peto, far from being dead, was sleeping very comfortably on his mat at the foot of a stranger's bed; the moment, however, that daylight appeared he was stirring. Whether "boots" opened the door, or whether he made his way through the window, which the traveler had opened for air in the hot

¹ Nothing (nūth'ing).

summer night, certain it is, that when the unfortunate man arose, the dog was gone—and his trowsers were gone, too!

7. And now for Peto's master again. He arose disconsolate, met his friend at the breakfast, and sighed while he confessed that his dog had not appeared. But in the middle of breakfast, Peto rushed into the room, and with great demonstrations of joy, and evidently² in perfect health and high good humor, laid down a pair of trowsers at his master's feet.⁽¹⁾

8. The whole proceeding was at first perfectly incomprehensible,³ but a light soon broke in upon the gentleman's mind, and turning to his companion, he exclaimed, "In these trowsers we shall find the lost shilling." He drew forth a purse as he spoke, and there indeed he found, among other coins, the very shilling he had marked the day before. Some months passed away before an explanation took place, and the unfortunate owner of the trowsers received his property.

24. A HUMAN BEING WITH NOTHING TO DO.

MOST miserable, worthy of most profound pity, is such a being! The most insignificant⁴ object in nature becomes a source of envy; the birds warble on every tree in ecstasy⁵ of joy; the tiny flower, hidden from all eyes, sends forth its fragrance of full happiness; the mountain stream dashes along with a sparkle and murmur of pure delight. The object of their creation is accomplished, and their life gushes forth in harmonic work.

2. O plant! O stream! worthy of admiration, of worship, to the wretched idler! Here are powers ye never dreamed of—faculties divine,⁶ eternal;⁷ a head to think, but nothing to concentrate⁸ the thoughts; a heart to love, but no object to bathe with the living tide of affection; a hand to do, but no work to

¹ Dem on strá' tions, marks; proofs.—² Ev' i dent ly, easily seen; clearly.—³ In com pre hén' si ble, not understood.—⁴ In sig nif' i cant, small; mean; contemptible.—⁵ Ec' sta sy, highest degree of joy; rapture.—⁶ Di vine', heavenly; belonging to God.—⁷ E tər' nal, without beginning or end; endless.—⁸ Con cén' tráte, to fix; to bring into a common center

be done; talents unexercised, capacities¹ undeveloped,² a human life thrown away—wasted as water poured forth in the desert. Birds and flowers, ye are gods to such a mockery of life!

3. Who can describe the fearful void³ of such an existence, the yearnings⁴ for object, the self-reproach for wasted powers, the weariness of daily life, the loathing of pleasure, of frivolity,⁵ and the fearful consciousness of deadening life—of a spiritual paralysis⁶ which hinders all response⁷ to human interest—when enthusiasm⁸ ceases to arouse, and noble deeds no longer call forth the tear of joy; when the world becomes a blank, humanity a far sound, and no life is left but the heavy, benumbing weight of personal hopelessness and desolation.

4. Happier far is the toiling drudge⁹ who coins body and soul into the few poor shillings that can only keep his family in a long starvation; he has hope unceasingly to lighten him, a duty to perform, a spark of love within that can not die; and wretched, weary, and unhuman as his life may be, it is of royal worth—it is separated by the immeasurable distance of life and death from the poor wretch who is cursed for having no work to do.

25. OUR NATIVE SHIPS.

1. **O**UR native ships! in fleet¹⁰ career,¹¹
 They linger not behind,
 Where gallant¹² sails from other lands
 Court favoring tide and wind.
 With banners on the breeze, they leap
 As gayly o'er the foam,
 As stately barks from prouder seas,
 That long have learn'd to roam.

¹ Ca pác' i ties, those powers by which we are enabled to receive instructions; talents; ability to do or to receive.—² Un de vèl' oped, not brought out; hidden.—³ Void, emptiness.—⁴ Yéarn' ings, strong desires.—⁵ Frivól' i ty, lightness; fondness for vain and foolish pursuits.—⁶ Pa rál' ysis, loss of power; palsy; inability to move the limbs.—⁷ Re sponse, answer; interest in a thing.—⁸ En thús' i asm, an ardent zeal with respect to some object or pursuit.—⁹ Drúdge, one who labors hard without thought.—¹⁰ Fléet, swift.—¹¹ Ca -er', course; way.—¹² Gál' lant, noble; brave; generous.

2. The Indian wave, with luring¹ smiles,
Swept round them bright to-day;
And havens² of Atlantic isles
Are opening on their way;
Ere yê't these evening shadôws close,
Or this frail sông is o'er,
Full many a straining mast will rise
To greet a fôreign shore.
- 3 High up the lashing northern deep,
Where glimmering watch-lights beam,
Away in beauty where the stars
In tropic³ brightness gleam,
Where'er the sea-bird wets her beak,
Or blows the stormy gale,
On to the water's furthest verge⁴
Our ships majestic sail.
4. They dip their keels in every stream
That swells beneath the sky;
And where old ocean's billôws roll,
Their lôfty pennants⁵ fly:
They furl⁶ their sheets in threatening clouds
That float across the main,
To link with love earth's distant bays,
In many a golden chain. J. T. FIELDS

26. THE AUTHOR OF "SWEET HOME."

"AS I sit at my windôw here in Washington, watching the course of great men, and the destiny⁷ of party, I meet often⁸ with strânge contradictions⁹ in this eventful life. The most remarkable was that of John Howard Payne, author of

¹Lûr'ing, winning; enticing; attractive.—²Hâ'vens, ports; harbors; places where ships may float securely, without danger from storms.—³Trôp'ic, belonging to that portion of the earth where it is always warm.—⁴Vêrge, edge; border.—⁵Pên'nants, flags; banners.—⁶Furl (fêrl), to draw up; to fold and fasten.—⁷Lês'ti ny, fate; fortune.—⁸Often (ôf' fû).—⁹Con tra dîc' tions, things opposite.

'Sweet Home.' I knew him personally. He occupied the rooms under me for some time, and his conversation was so captivating, that I often spent whole days in his apartments.

2. "He was an applicant for office at the time—consul¹ at Tunis—from which he had been removed. What a sad thing it was to see the poet subjected to the humiliation of office-seeking! In the evening, we would walk along the street. Once in awhile we would see some family circle so happy, and forming so beautiful a group, that we would stop, and then pass silently on.

3. "On such occasions he would give a history of his wanderings, his trials, and all the cares incident² to his sensitive³ nature and poverty. 'How often,' said he, once, 'have I been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, and London, or some other city, and heard persons singing, or the hand-organ playing "Sweet Home," without a shilling to buy the next meal, or a place to lay my head.

4. "The world has literally⁴ sung my sông until every heart is familiar with its melody. Yet I have been a wanderer from my boyhood. My country has turned me ruthlessly⁵ from office; and in old age I have to submit to humiliation⁶ for bread.' Thus he would complain of his hapless lot. His only wish was to die in a fôreign land, to be buried by strângers, and sleep in obscurity.

5. "I met him one day, looking unusually sad. 'Have you got your consulate?' said I. 'Yes, and leave in a week for Tunis; I shall never return.' The last expression was not a political faith. Far from it. Poor Payne! his wish was realized—he died at Tunis. Whether his remains have been brought to this country, I know not. They should be; and, if none others would do it, let the homeless throughout the world give a penny for a monument to Payne. I knew him, and will give my penny for an inscription⁸ like the following:—

¹Côn'sul, a person appointed by a government to represent it, or act for it, in a foreign country.—²In'ci dent, befalling; happening to.—³Sên'si tive, easy to feel, or to perceive.—⁴Lit'erally, strictly; to the letter.—⁵Ruthlessly (rôth'les ly), without pity or mercy.—⁶Hu mil i á'tion, act of humbling; state of being abased.—⁷Côn'su late, office of a consul.—⁸In scrip'tion, that which is written or marked on something.



"HERE LIES
 J. HOWARD PAYNE,
 THE AUTHOR OF 'SWEET HOME,'
 A WANDERER IN LIFE; HE WHOSE SONGS WERE
 SUNG IN EVERY TONGUE, AND FOUND
 AN ECHO IN EVERY HEART,
 NEVER HAD A HOME.
 HE DIED
 IN A FOREIGN LAND."

HOME, SWEET HOME.

6. Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
 Still, be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow¹ it there,
 Which, go through the world, you'll not meet with elsewhere.
 Home, home, sweet home!
 There's no place like home!
7. An exile from home, pleasure dazzles in vain:
 Ah! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again;
 The birds singing sweetly, that came to my call—
 Give me them, and that peace of mind, dearer than all.
 Home, sweet, sweet home!
 There's no place like home!

27. THE OLD FAMILY BIBLE.

WHOEVER has traveled among the Scottish hills and dales, can not have failed to observe the scrupulous² fidelity³ of the inhabitants to the old family Bible. A more honorable trait⁴ of character than this can not be found; for all men, whether Christians or infidels,⁵ are prone to put reliance in those who make the Bible their companion, the well-thumbed pages of which show the confidence their owners repose⁶ in it.

Håll löw, to make sacred, or holy.—² Scrupulous (skrö' pu lus), care fu.; conscientious; faithful.—³ Fi dël' i ty, loyalty; faithfulness.—⁴ Tråit, mark; line or feature.—⁵ In' fi dels, unbelievers.—⁶ Re pöse place, as in confidence.

2. A few years ago, there dwelt in Ayrshire¹ an ancient couple, possessed of this world's gear² sufficient to keep them independent from want or woe, and a canny³ daughter to bless their gray hair and tottering steps. A gallant⁴ of a farmer became enamored⁵ of the daughter, and she, nothing löth,⁶ consented to be his. The match being every way worthy of her, the old folks gave their approval, and as they were desirous to see their child comfortably settled, the two were made one. In a few short years, the scythe of time cut down the old people, and they gave their bodies to the dust, and their souls to the Creator.

3. The young farmer, having heard much of the promised land beyond the sea, gathered together his property, and, selling such as was useless, packed up what was calculated to be of service to him at his new home. Some neighbors, having the same desire for adventure, sold off their homes and homesteads, and, with the young couple, set sail for America.

4. Possessed of considerable property in the shape of money, this company were not like the generality of emigrants,⁷ poor and friendless, but happy, and full of hope of the future. The first thing done after the landing, was the taking out of the old family heir-loom,⁸ the Bible, and returning thanks and praise to Him who had guided the vessel to a safe haven.

5. The farmer's object in coming to this country was to purchase a farm and follow his occupation; he therefore⁹ spent but little time in the city at which he arrived; and as his fellow-passengers had previously determined on their destination, he bid them farewell, and, with a light heart, turned his face toward the setting sun. Indiän'a, at this time, was fast becoming settled, and, having heard of its cheap and fertile lands, he determined on settling within its borders.

6. He fixed on a farm on the banks of the Wabash, and

¹ Ayrshire (år' sher), a county in the southwest part of Scotland, bordering on the sea.—² Gëar, goods; furniture.—³ Can' ny, skillful; dexterous; prudent.—⁴ Gål' lant, a brave, high-spirited man; a wooer; one who is polite to ladies.—⁵ En åm' ored, in love with.—⁶ Löth, unwilling.—⁷ Em' i grants, persons who leave their own country, to settle in another.—⁸ Heir-loom (år' löm), a thing which has long been in the family, or which descends to the heirs.—⁹ Therefore (thër' för).

having paid cash for one half, gave a mortgage¹ for the balance, payable in one year. Having stocked his farm, and put seed in the ground, he rested from his labor, and patiently awaited the time when he might go forth to reap the harvest; but, alas! no ears of grain gladdened his heart, or rewarded his toil. The fever of the country attacked him, and at the time when the fields are white with the fullness of the laborer's skill, death called him home, and left his disconsolate wife a widow, and his only child an orphan.

7. We leave this first sorrow, and pass on to witness the struggles of the afflicted widow a year afterward. The time having arrived when the mortgage was to be paid, she borrowed the money of a neighbor, who had been very attentive to her husband and herself. Hard and patiently did she toil to repay the sum at the promised time; but all would not do; fortune frowned, and she gave way to her accumulated² troubles. Disheartened and distracted, she relinquished her farm and stock for less than she owed her neighbor, who, not satisfied with that, put an execution³ on her furniture.

8. On the Sabbath previous to the sale, she took courage, and strengthening herself with the knowledge of having wronged no one, went to the temple of her heavenly Father, and with a heart filled with humanity and love, poured out her soul to Him "who turneth not away;" and having communed⁴ side by side with her neighbor, returned to her desolate home.

9. Here her fortitude had like to have forsaken her, but seeing the old "family Bible," she reverently put it to her lips, and sought for consolation in its pages. Slowly she perused⁵ its holy and inspiring verses, and gathered hope from its never-failing promises.

10. The day of sale having arrived, her few goods and chattels⁶ were, in due course, knocked off to the highest bidder. Unmoved she saw pass from her possession article after article,

¹ Mortgage (már' gaj), a pledge given for the repayment of borrowed money.—² Ac cú' mu lát ed, heaped up; greatly increased.—³ Ex e cú' tion, the warrant by which an officer carries into effect the judgment of a court.—⁴ Com múned', partaken of the sacrament, or Lord's Supper.—⁵ Perused (pe rózd'), read with attention.—⁶ Chát' tels, things which a person owns, excepting lands and buildings.

without a murmur, till the constable¹ held up the old family Bible. This was too much. Tears flowed, and gave silent utterance to a breaking heart. She begged the constable to spare her this memento² of her revered and departed par'ents; and the humane³ man of the law would willingly have given it to her, but her inex'orable³ creditor declared every thing should be sold, as he was determined to have all that was due to him.

11. The book was, therefore, put up, and about being disposed of for a few shillings, when she suddenly snatched it, and, declaring she would have some relic⁴ of those she loved, cut the slender thread that held the brown linen cover, with the intention of retaining that. The cover fell into her hands, and with it two flat pieces of thin, dirty paper.

12. Surprised at the circumstance, she examined them, and what was her joy and delight to find each to be a bank-note, good for five hundred pounds, on the bank of England! On the back of one, in her mother's handwriting, were the following words: "When sorrow overtakes you, seek your Bible." And on the other, in her father's hand, "Your Father's ears are never deaf."

13. The sale was immediately stopped, and the family Bible given to its faithful owner. The furniture sold was readily offered to her by those who had purchased it, and she gladly took it back. Having paid off her relentless⁵ creditor to the uttermost farthing, and rented a small house, she placed the balance of her money in such a way as to receive interest enough to keep her comfortable, and is now able to enjoy the precepts of the old family Bible without fear or molestation.⁶

28. MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

1. **T**HIS book is all that's left me now!—
Tears will unbidden start—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.

¹ Constable (kún' stabl), an officer of the peace.—² Memén' to, memorial; something which causes remembrance.—³ In èx' o ra ble, that can not be moved by prayers or entreaties.—⁴ Rêl' ic, that which remains, or is left after a loss; something kept in remembrance.—⁵ Re- lènt' less, cruel; having no pity.—⁶ Mo les tá' tion, trouble; annoyance.