

to their crimes. The fisherman and his cōmrādes then rowed öff for the vessel, and tears of joy bedewed his weather-beaten face on finding that the wife of his guest had escaped uninjured. When he descended into the cabin, she at first seemed unconscious of his approach, so much had her senses been overpowered by the late scenes of hörror. When she was aroused from the stupor¹ in which he had found her, she informed him that she was the only survivor of all those who had taken passage in the vessel. "Alas," exclaimed she, "I regret that my life was spared. Far more dear to me would have been the watery grave of my husband."

12. For some moments, the tears of the wretched woman unmanned our generous fisherman; and when he at length collected himself, he was fearful of informing her too suddenly that her husband was alive, and in perfect safety. At first, he tried to soothe her agitated feelings by telling her that the murderers had no länger the power of doing her any injury; and that, though separated from the one she loved, she should never want a protector while he had an arm to raise in her defense.

13. As she became more calm, he continued, "Perhaps your husband may be still alive. Some of the passengers have been picked up, severely wounded, it is true, but not beyönd the hope of recovery." At last, he gradually unfolded the happiness that was in store for her. But with all his caution, nature fainted under the excess of joyful emotion; and he trembled lest all his labors should have been bestowed in vain.

14. The joy of the young couple at their meeting can not be adequately² described. Suffice it to say, that after having knelt in prayer to that Being who had, as it were, restored them to life, their first care was the welfare of the fisherman. A sum sufficient to render him independent was immediately bestowed, and the only return which they requested was, that they might retain the faithful dög, who had been so instrumental in producing this joyous meeting.

15. But here the fisherman pleaded in his turn. He said, that his reward had been greater than his labors deserved, or his

¹ Stü' por, insensibility; inability to perceive, act, or feel.—² Ad'equately, justly; fitly.

heart required. He hoped they would not charge him with ingratitude; but the dög, he said, patting him on the face, had been his only companion during the löng and dreary winters he had passed among those rocks—that there was no other living creature whom he could call his friend—and, in fine, rather than part with him, he would return their bounty; preferring his but, his poverty, and his dog, to wealth and solitude.

16. "Enough has been said," replied the stranger; "you shall not part with him,—and I am sörry that I made a request which could give one moment's pain to so good a heart. Take this," added he, presenting a large addition to his former donation; "and if it be more than sufficient for your wants, I know it will be employed—as all wealth ought to be—in alleviating¹ the distresses of your fellow-beings."

INDEPENDENT STATESMAN.

36. THE SON OF SORROW.—A FABLE.

1. ALL lonely, excluded from Heaven,
Sat Sörröw one day on the strand,²
And, mournfully buried in thought,
Form'd a figure of clay with her hand.
2. Jove³ appear'd. "What is this?" he demands:
She replied, "'Tis a figure of clay.
Show thy power on the work of my hand;
Give it life, mighty Father, I pray!"
3. "Let him live!" said the god. "But observe,
As I lend him, he mine must remain."
"Not so," Sörröw said, and implored,
"Oh! let me my öffspring retain!"
4. "'Tis to me his creation he owes."
"Yes," said Jove, "but 'twas I gave him breath."
As he spoke, Earth appears on the scene,
And, observing the image, thus saith:

¹ Al lë' vi ät ing, making lighter or more tolerable.—² Stränd, shore.—
Jöve, or Jü' pi ter, the chief of the fabulous gods of the ancients.

5. "From me—from my bosom he's torn,
I demand, then, what's taken from me."
"This strife shall be settled," said Jove;
"Let Saturn! decide 'tween the three."
6. This sentence the Judge gave. "To all
He belongs, so let no one complain;
The life, Jove, thou gavest him, shalt thou,
With his soul, when he dies, take again."
7. "Thou, Earth, shalt receive back his frame,
At peace in thy lap he'll recline;
But during his whole troubled life,
He shall surely, O Sörröw, be thine!"
8. "His features thy look shall reflect;
Thy sigh shall be mixed with his breath:
And he ne'er shall be parted from thee
Until he reposes in death!"

MORAL.

9. The sentence of Heaven, then, is this;
And hence man lies under the sod:
Though Sörröw possesses him, living,
He returns both to earth and to God.

FROM THE SWEDISH.

37. STUART, THE PAINTER.

OF Stuart,² the painter, this amusing anecdote is related. He had put up at an inn, and his companions were desirous, by putting roundabout questions, to find out his calling or profession. Stuart answered, with a grave face and serious tone, that

¹ Sät'urn, the father of Jupiter.—² Gilbert Stuart was born in Newport, R. I., in 1755, and died in 1828. He lived successively in Philadelphia, Washington, and Boston. His portraits are among the finest specimens of modern art. On a near and sudden view, they appear like mere daubs and blotches of paint, but as the eye rivets its attention upon them, the canvas appears to be actually animated—there seems to be no paint, nothing but living flesh and blood, with the actual features of the person in relief before us. Hence Stuart's portraits are very highly estimated.

he sometimes dressed gentlemen's and ladies' hair. At that time, high-cropped pomatumed¹ hair was all the fashion.

2. "You are a hair-dresser, then?" "What," said he, "do I look like a barber?" "I beg your pardon, sir, but I inferred it from what you said. If I mistook you, may I take the liberty to ask what you are, then?" "Why, I sometimes brush a gentleman's coat or hat, and sometimes adjust a cravat."

3. "Oh, you are a valet,² then, to some nobleman?" "A valet! Indeed, sir, I am not. I am not a servant. To be sure, I make coats and waistcoats for gentlemen." "Oh, you are a tailor?" "A tailor! do I look like a tailor? I assure you, I never handled a goose,³ other than a roasted one."

4. By this time they were all in a roar. "What are you, then?" said one. "I'll tell you," said Stuart. "Be assured, all I have said is literally true. I dress hair, brush hats and coats, adjust a cravat, and make coats, waistcoats, and breeches,⁴ and likewise boots and shoes, at your service."

5. "Oh, ho! a boot and shoemaker, after all!" "Guess again, gentlemen. I never handled boot or shoe, but for my own feet and legs; yet all I have told you is true." "We may as well give up guessing." "Well, then, I will tell you, upon my honor as a gentleman, my *bona fide*⁵ profession. I get my bread by making faces."

6. He then screwed his countenance, and twisted the lineaments⁶ of his visage,⁷ in a manner such as Samuel Foote⁸ or Charles Mathews⁹ might have envied. His companions, after loud peals of laughter, each took credit to himself for having suspected that the gentleman belonged to the theater, and they all knew he must be a comedian¹⁰ by profession. When, to

¹ Po má' tumed, pomatum, a kind of scented ointment used on the hair.—² Vål' et, a servant who attends on a gentleman's person.—³ Góose, the iron with which the tailor smooths his work.—⁴ Breeches (brích' ez).—⁵ Bó'na fí' de, Latin words, meaning in good faith; truly; actual.—⁶ Lín'ea ments, features; outlines.—⁷ Visage (viz' aj), face.—⁸ Samuel Foote, an English author, actor, and mimic. Born 1721, died 1777.—⁹ Charles Mathews, an English comedian, celebrated as a mimic. Born 1776, died 1837.—¹⁰ Co mē' di an, an actor or player in comedy; that is, a representation on a stage of the lighter passions of mankind, which generally terminates happily. When the story terminates sadly, it is called tragedy, and the player is called a tragedian.

their utter astonishment, he assured them that he was never on the stage, and very rarely saw the inside of a playhouse, or any similar place of amusement. They all now looked at each other in utter amazement.

7. Before parting, Stuart said to his companions: "Gentlemen, you will find that all I have said of my various employments is comprised in these few words: *I am a portrait painter.* If you will call at John Palmer's, York Buildings, London, I shall be ready and willing to brush you a coat or hat, dress your hair *à la mode*,¹ supply you, if in need, with a wig of any fashion or dimensions, accommodate you with boots or shoes, give you ruffles or cravat, and make faces for you."

38. THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

1. I LOVE it, I love it; and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedew'd it with tears, and embalm'd it with sighs.
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart;
Not a tie will break, not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell?² a mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.
2. In childhood's hour I linger'd near
The hallow'd³ seat with listening ear;
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die and teach me to live,
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed⁴ and God for my guide,
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.
3. I sat and watch'd her many a day,
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray;

¹ *À la mode*, according to the fashion.—² *Spëll*, a charm, consisting of words of hidden power.—³ *Hål'lowed*, holy: sacred.—⁴ *Be tìde* befall; happen.—⁵ *Crëed*, belief; articles of faith.

And I almost worship'd her when she smiled
And turn'd from her Bible to bless her child.
Years roll'd on, but the last one sped—
My idol was shatter'd, my earth-star fled;
I learnt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

4. 'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow:
'Twas there she nursed me, 'twas there she died;
And memory flows with *lâva*¹ tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it, I love it, and can not tear
My soul from a mother's old arm-chair.

ELIZA COOK.

39. LOKMAN.

LOKMAN, surnamed the Wise, lived in very early times—probably in the days of King David and King Solomon—and his name is still famous in the East as the inventor of many fables and parables,² and various stories are told of his wisdom. It was said that he was a native of Ethiopia,³ and either a tailor, a carpenter, or a shepherd; and that afterward he was a slave in various countries, and was at last sold among the Israelites.

2. One day, as he was seated in the midst of a company who were all listening to him with great respect and attention, a Jew of high rank, looking earnestly at him, asked him whether he was not the same man whom he had seen keeping the sheep of one of his neighbors. Lokman said he was. "And how," said the other, "did you, a poor slave, come to be so famous as a wise man?"

3. "By exactly observing these rules," replied Lokman:

¹ *Lâ'va*, melted matter which flows from a volcano, or burning mountain.—² *Pâr'a ble*, a fable, or supposed history, representing something in real life or nature, from which a moral is drawn for instruction.—³ Ethiopia (e the ò' pe a), the name given by the ancient geographers to the countries in Africa, south of Egypt.

"Always speak the truth without disguise; strictly keep your promises; and do not meddle with what does not concern you." Another time, he said that he had learned his wisdom from the blind, who will believe nothing but what they hold in their hands: meaning that he always examined things, and took great pains to find out the truth.

4. Being once sent, with some other slaves, to fetch fruit, his companions ate a great deal of it, and then said it was he who had eaten it; on which he drank warm water to make himself sick, and thus proved that he had no fruit in his stomach; and the other slaves, being obliged to do the same, were found out.

5. Another story of him is, that, his master having given him a kind of melon, called the *cōloquín'tida*, which is one of the bitterest things in the world, Lokman immediately ate it all up, without making faces, or showing the least dislike. His master, quite surprised, said, "How was it possible for you to swallow so nauseous¹ a fruit?" Lokman replied, "I have received so many sweets from you, that it is not wonderful that I should have swallowed the only bitter fruit you ever gave me." His master was so much struck by this generous and grateful answer, that he immediately rewarded him by giving him his liberty.

6. At this day, "to teach Lokman" is a common saying in the East, to express a thing impossible. It is said, too, that he was as good as he was wise; and, indeed, it is the chief part of wisdom to be good. He was particularly remarkable for his love to Gōd, and his reverence of His holy name. He is reported to have lived to a good old age; and, many centuries after, a tomb in the little town of Ramlah, not far from Jerusalem, was pointed out as Lokman's.

AIKIN

40. LAZY PEOPLE.

YOU may see him, if you are an early riser, setting off, at peep of dawn, on a fishing expedition.² He winds through the dreary woods, yawning portentously,³ and stretching as if

¹ Nauseous (ná'shus), disgusting; causing sickness of the stomach.—
Expedition (eks'pe dsh'un), a march or voyage; an enterprise.—² Por-
tent'ous ly, showing that something is about to happen.

he were emulous¹ of the height of the hickory-trees. Dexterously swaying his lōng rod, he follows the little stream till it is lōst in the bosom of the woodland lake; if unsuccessful from the bank, he seeks the frail skiff, which is the common property of laborious idlers like himself, and, pushing off shore, sits dreaming under the sun's wilting beams, until he has secured a supply for the day. Home again—an irregular meal at any time of day—and he goes to bed with the ague; but he murmurs not, for fishing is not work.

2. Then come the whortleberries; not the little, stunted, seedy things that grow on dry uplands and sandy commons, but the prōd'uce of towering bushes in the plashy² meadow; generous, pulpy berries, covered with a fine bloom; the "blackberry" of Scotland; a delicious fruit, though of humble reputation, and, it must be confessed, somewhat enhanced³ in value by the scarcity of the more refined productions of the garden. We scorn thee not, O bloom-covered neighbor! but gladly buy whole bushels of thy prolific⁴ family from the lounging Indian, or the still lazier white man. We must not condemn the gatherers of whortleberries, but it is a melancholy truth that they do not gēt rich.

3. Baiting for wild bees beguiles the busy shunner of work into many a wearisome tramp, many a night-watch, and many a lōst day. This is a most fascinating chase, and sometimes excites the verry spirit of gambling. The stake seems so small in comparison with the possible prize—and gamblers and honey-seekers think all possible things probable—that some, who are scarcely ever tempted from regular business by any other disguise of idleness, can not withstand a bee-hunt.

4. A man whose arms and ax are all-sufficient to insure a comfortable livelihood for himself and his family, is chopping, perhaps, in a thick wood, where the voices of the locust, the cricket, the grasshopper, and the wild bee, with their kindred, are the only sounds that reach his ear from sunrise till sunset. He feels lonely and listless; and, as noon draws on, he ceases from his hot toil, and, seating himself on the tree which has just

¹ Em'ulous, rivaling; desirous to excel.—² Plash'y, watery.—³ En-
hanced', increased.—⁴ Pro lific, fruitful; bringing forth in abundance.

fallen beneath his ax, he takes out his lunch of bread and butter, and, musing as he eats, thinks how hard his life is, and how much better it must be to have bread and butter without working for it.

5. His eye wanders through the thick forest, and follows, with a feeling of envy, the winged inhabitants of the trees and flowers, till at length he notes among the singing throng some half-dozen of bees. The lunch is soon dispatched; a honey-tree must be near; and the chopper spends the remainder of the daylight in endeavoring to discover it. But the cunning insects scent the human robber, and will not approach their home until nightfall. So our weary wight plods homeward, laying plans for their destruction.

6. The next morning's sun, as he peeps above the horizon, finds the bee-hunter burning honey-comb and old honey near the scene of yesterday's inking.² Stealthily does he watch his line of bait, and cautiously does he wait until the first glutton that finds himself sated with the luscious feast sets off in a "bee-line"—"like arrow darting from the bow"—blind betrayer of his home, like the human inebriate.³ This is enough. The spoiler asks no more; and the first moonlight night sees the rich hoard transferred to his cottage, where it sometimes serves, almost unaided, as food for the whole family, until the last drop is consumed.

7. One hundred and fifty pounds of honey are sometimes found in a single tree, and it must be owned the temptation is great; but the luxury is generally dearly purchased, if the whole cost and consequences be counted. To be content with what supplies the wants of the body for the present moment, is, after all, the characteristic⁴ rather of the brute than of the man; and a family accustomed to this view of life, will grow more and more idle and thriftless, until poverty and filth, and even beggary, lose all their terrors. It is almost proverbial among farmers, that bee-hunters are always behindhand.

CAROLINE M. KIRKLAND.

¹ Ho ri' zon, a line that bounds the sight where the earth and sky appear to meet.—² Ink' ling, hint; desire.—³ In é' bri ate, one intoxicated a drunkard.—⁴ Char ac ter is' tic, mark of character.

41. THE WORTH OF HOURS.

1. BELIEVE not that your inner eye
Can ever in just measure try
The worth of Hours as they go by;
2. For every man's weak self, alas!
Makes him to see them, while they pass,
As through a dim or tinted glass:
3. But if in earnest care you would
Meté out to each its part of good,
Trust rather to your after-mood.
4. Those surely are not fairly spent,
That leave your spirit bow'd and bent
In sad unrest and ill-content:
5. And more,—though free from seeming harm,
You rest from toil of mind or arm,
Or slow retire from pleasure's charm,—
6. If then a painful sense comes on
Of something wholly lost and gone,
Vainly enjoy'd, or vainly done,—
7. Of something from your being's chain
Broke off, nor to be link'd again
By all mere memory can retain,—
8. Upon your heart this truth may rise,—
Nothing¹ that altogether dies
Suffices² man's just destinies!³
9. So should we live, that every Hour
May die as dies the natural flower,—
A self-reviving thing of power;
10. That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future need;⁴

¹Nothing (núth' ing).—²Suffices (suf fíz' ez), satisfies; to be enough.—
Dés' ti nies, necessities; final end.—³Méed, a reward; that which is
given on account of merit.

11. Esteeming sorrow, whose employ
Is to develop¹ not destroy,
Far better than a barren joy.

R. M. MILNE.

42. THE SABBATH IN NEW ENGLAND.

THE observance of the Sabbath began with the Puritans, as it still does with a great portion of their descendants, on Saturday night. At the going down of the sun on Saturday, all temporal² affairs were suspended;³ and so zealously⁴ did our fathers maintain the letter, as well as the spirit of the law, that, according to a vulgar tradition in Connecticut, no beer was brewed in the latter part of the week, lest it should presume to work on Sunday.

2. It must be confessed, that the tendency of the age is to laxity;⁵ and so rapidly is the wholesome strictness of primitive times abating, that, should some antiquary,⁶ fifty years hence, in exploring his garret rubbish, chance to cast his eye on our humble pages, he may be surprised to learn, that, even now, the Sabbath is observed, in the interior of New England, with an almost Judaical⁷ severity.

3. On Saturday afternoon an uncommon bustle is apparent. The great class of procrastinators⁸ are hurrying to and fro to complete the lagging business of the week. The good mothers, like Burns's matron, are plying their needles, making "auld claes look amais as weel's the new;" while the domestics, or help (we prefer the national descriptive term), are wielding, with might and main, their brooms and *mops*, to make all tidy for the Sabbath.

4. As the day declines, the hum of labor dies away, and, after

¹ De vél' op, uncover; lay open to view.—² Pú'ri tans, those desirous of purer forms of worship; reformers.—³ Tém'po ral, belonging to this life or world, or to the body only.—⁴ Sus pënd' ed, stopped.—⁵ Zéal' ous-ly, earnestly.—⁶ Lâx' i ty, looseness; carelessness of duty.—⁷ An' ti qua-ry, one who is well acquainted with things that took place in old times.—⁸ Ju dá' ical, pertaining to the Jews. The Jews are noted for the strict manner in which they observe the Sabbath.—⁹ Pro crás' ti na tors, persons who delay things to a future time; delayers.

the sun is set, perfect stillness reigns in every well ordered household, and not a foot-fall is heard in the village street. It can not be denied, that even the most scriptural, missing the excitement of their ordinary occupations, anticipate¹ their usual bedtime. The obvious² inference³ from this fact is skillfully avoided by certain ingenious reasoners, who allege, that the constitution was originally so organized as to require an extra quantity of sleep on every seventh night. We recommend it to the curious to inquire, how this peculiarity was adjusted, when the first day of the week was changed from Saturday to Sunday.

5. The Sabbath morning is as peaceful as the first hallowed day. Not a human sound is heard without the dwellings, and, but for the lowing of the herds, the crowing of the cocks, and the gossiping of the birds, animal life would seem to be extinct, till, at the bidding of the church-going bell, the old and young issue from their habitations, and, with solemn demeanor,⁴ bend their measured steps to the meeting-house;—the families of the minister, the squire, the doctor, the merchant, the modest gentry of the village, and the mechanic and laborer, all arrayed in their best, all meeting on even ground, and all with that consciousness of independence and equality, which breaks down the pride of the rich, and rescues the poor from servility, envy, and discontent.

6. If a morning salutation is reciprocated,⁵ it is in a suppressed voice; and if, perchance, nature, in some reckless urchin, burst forth in laughter—"My dear, you forget it's Sunday," is the ever ready reproof. Though every face wears a solemn aspect, yet we once chanced to see even a deacon's muscles relaxed by the wit of a neighbor, and heard him allege, in a half-deprecating, half-laughing voice, "The squire is so droll, that a body must laugh, though it be Sabbath-day."

7. The farmer's ample wagon, and the little one-horse vehicle, bring in all who reside at an inconvenient walking distance,—that is to say, in our riding community, half a mile from the church. It is a pleasing sight, to those who love to note the happy peculiarities of their own land, to see the farmers' daugh-

¹ An tic'i páte, take beforehand.—² Ob' vi ous, plain; clear.—³ In' fer-ence, that which follows as certainly or probably true; conclusion.—⁴ De mêm' or, manner.—⁵ Re cip' ro cã ted, given and received by turns.

ters, blooming, intelligent, well-bred, pouring out of these homely coaches, with their nice white gowns, prunella shoes, Leghorn hats, fans, and parasols,¹ and the spruce young men, with their plaited ruffles, blue coats, and yellow buttons. The whole community meet as one religious family, to offer their devotions at the common altar. If there be an outlaw from the society,—a luckless wight, whose vagrant taste has never been subdued,—he may be seen stealing along the margin of some little brook, far away from the condemning observation and troublesome admonitions of his fellows.

8. Toward the close of the day (or to borrow a phrase descriptive of his feelings, who first used it), “when the Sabbath begins to *abate*,” the children cluster about the windows. Their eyes wander from their catechism to the western sky, and, though it seems to them as if the sun would never disappear, his broad disk does slowly sink behind the mountain; and, while his last ray still lingers on the eastern summits, merry voices break forth, and the ground resounds with bounding footsteps. The village belle arrays herself for her twilight walk; the boys gather on “the green;” the lads and girls throng to the “singing-school;” while some coy maiden lingers at home, awaiting her expected suitor; and all enter upon the pleasures of the evening with as keen a relish as if the day had been a preparatory penance.²

MISS C. M. SEDGWICK.

43. THE COUNTRY CHURCH.

1. ABOUT the chapel door, in easy groups,
The rustic people wait. Some trim the switch,
While some prognosticate³ of harvests full,
Or shake the dubious⁴ head, with arguments
Based⁵ on the winter's frequent snow and thaw,
The heavy rains, and sudden frosts severe.

Par a sôls', a small umbrella to keep off the sun.—² Pên'ance, punishment.—³ Prog nôs' tic âte, to foretell by signs.—⁴ Dú' bi ous, doubtful: not clear or plain.—⁵ Bâsed, founded.

2. Some, happily but few, deal scandal out,
With look askance¹ pointing their victim. These
Are the rank tares² in every field of grain—
These are the nettles stinging unaware—
The briers which wound and trip unheeding feet—
The noxious vines, growing in every grove!
Their touch is deadly, and their passing breath
Poison most venomous!³ Such have I known—
As who has not?—and suffer'd by the contact.
Of these the husbandman takes certain note,
And in the proper season disinters⁴
Their baneful roots; and, to the sun exposed,
The killing light of truth, leaves them to pine
And perish in the noonday!

3. 'Gainst a tree,
With strong arms folded o'er a giant chest,
Stands Barton, to the neighborhood chief smith;
His coat, unused to aught save Sunday wear,
Brown too oppressive by the morning walk,
Gangs on the drooping branch: so stands he oft
Beside the open door, what time the share
Is whitening at the roaring bellows' mouth.
There, too, the wheelwright—he, the magistrate⁵—
In small communities a man of mark—
Stands with the smith, and holds such argument
As the unletter'd but observing can;
Their theme⁶ some knot of scripture hard to solve.
And 'gainst the neighboring bars two others fan,
Less fit the sacred hour, discussion hot
Of politics; a topic which, inflamed,
Knows no propriety of time or place.
4. There Oakes, the cooper, with rough brawny hand,
Descants⁷ at large, and, with a noisy ardor,
Rattles around his theme as round a cask;

¹ As kânce, sideways; toward one corner of the eye.—² Târes, weeds.
—³ Vôn' om ous, deadly; mischievous.—⁴ Dis in têts', unburies; digs out.
—⁵ Mâg' is trâte, a judge; a justice of the peace.—⁶ Thème, subject.
—⁷ Des cânts', talks; makes remarks

While Hanson, heavy brow'd, with shoulders bent,
Bent with great lifting of huge stones—for he
A mason and famed builder is—replies
With tongue as sharp and dexterous as his trowel,
And sentences which like his hammer fall,
Bringing the flinty fire at every blow!

5. But soon the approaching parson ends in peace
The wordy combat, and all turn within.
Awhile rough shoes, some with discordant creak,
And voices clearing for the psalm, disturb
The sacred quiet, till, at last, the veil
Of silence wavers, settles, falls; and then
The hymn is given, and all arise and sing.
Then follows prayer, which from the pastor's heart
Flows unpretending, with few words devout
Of humble thanks and askings; not with lungs
Stentorian,¹ assaulting heaven's high wall,
Compelling grace by virtue of a siege!
This done, with loving care he scans his flock,
And opes the sacred volume at the text.
6. Wide is his brow, and full of honest thought—
Love his vocation, truth is all his stock.
With these he strives to guide, and not perplex
With words sublime and empty, ringing oft
Most musically hollow. All his facts
Are simple, broad, sufficient for a world!
He knows them well, teaching but what he knows.
He never strides through metaphysic² mists,
Or takes false greatness because seen through fogs,
Nor leads 'mid brambles of thick argument
Till all admire the wit which brings them through;
Nor e'er essays, in sermon or in prayer,
To share the hearer's thought; nor strives to make

¹ Sten tó' ri an, extremely loud. Stentor was the Greek name of a man having a very loud voice.—² Met a phys' ics, the science of the principles and cause of all things existing; the science, or regulated knowledge, of the mind.

The smallest of his congregation lose
One glimpse of heaven, to cast it on the priest.

7. Such simple course, in these ambitious times,
Were worthy imitation; in these days,
When brazen tinsel bears the palm from worth,
And trick and pertness take the sacred desk;
Or some coarse thunderer, arm'd with doctrines new
Aims at our faith a blow to fell an ox—
Swinging his sledge,¹ regardless where it strikes,
Or what demolishes—well pleased to win
By either blows or noise!—A modern seer,
Crying destruction! and, to prove it true,
Walking abroad, for demolition² arm'd,
And boldly leveling where he can not build!
8. The service done, the congregation rise,
And with a freshness glowing in their hearts,
And quiet strength, the benison³ of prayer,
And wholesome admonition, hence depart.
Some, loth to go, within the graveyard loiter,
Walking among the mounds, or on the tombs,
Hanging, like pictured grief beneath a willow,
Bathing the inscriptions with their tears; or here,
Finding the earliest violet, like a drop
Of heaven's anointing blue upon the dead,
Bless it with mournful pleasure; or, perchance,
With careful hands, recall the wandering vine,
And teach it where to creep, and where to bear
Its future epitaph of flowers. And there,
Each with a separate grief, and some with tears,
Ponder the sculptured lines of consolation.

T. BUCHANAN READ.

¹ Slêdge, a heavy hammer.—² Demolition (dem o lish' un), act of overthrowing or destroying; ruin.—³ Benison (bên' ne zn), benediction; a blessing; reward

44. THE CYNIC.

THE cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant² in darkness, and blind to light; mousing for vermin,³ and never seeing noble game.⁴ The cynic puts all human actions into only two classes—*openly* bad, and *secretly* bad.

2. All virtue and generosity and disin⁵terestedness are merely the *appearance* of good, but selfish at the bottom. He holds that no man does a good thing, except for profit. The effect of his conversation upon your feelings is to chill and sear⁶ them; to send you away sour and morose.⁷ His criticisms and innuendoes⁸ fall indiscriminately⁹ upon every lovely thing, like frost upon flowers.

3. "Mr. A," says some one, "is a religious man." He will answer: "Yes; on Sundays." "Mr. B has just joined the church:" "Certainly: the elections are coming on." The minister of the G^öspel is called an example of diligence: "It is his trade." Such a man is generous:—"of other men's money." This man is obliging:—"to lull suspicion and cheat you." That man is upright:—"because he is green."

4. Thus, his eye strains out every good quality, and takes in only the bad. To him, religion is hypocrisy,¹⁰ honesty a preparation for fraud,¹¹ virtue only want of opportunity, and undeniable purity asceticism.¹² The live-l^ong day he will sit with sneering lip, uttering sharp speeches in the quietest manner, and in

¹ Cyn'ic, a surly, snarling man. The Cynics were a sect of philosophers in ancient Greece, who affected to despise all the refinements of life. The sect was founded by Antisthenes, and supported by Diogenes. The name is derived from the Greek word for "dog," because they lived more like dogs than men. Hence, any ill-natured person, despising the common courtesies of life, is called a cynic.—² Vig'ilant, watchful.—³ V^{er}'min, noxious animals, as rats, mice, worms, &c.—⁴ G^ame, animals that are hunted.—⁵ Dis'in'ter'est ed ness, fairness; not favoring one's self.—⁶ S^{ear}, burn; harden.—⁷ Mo'rose', sour; peevish.—⁸ In nu'ën'do, a hint carefully given; a sly suggestion.—⁹ In dis'crim'i'nate ly, without distinction.—¹⁰ Hy'poc'ri sy, the putting on of an appearance of virtue, or goodness, which one does not possess.—¹¹ Fr^aud, deceit; dishonesty.—¹² As c^{et}'ic ism, the practice of undue severity and self-denial.

polished phrase transfixing every character which is presented; "His words are softer than oil, yet are they drawn swords."

5. All this, to the young, seems a wonderful knowledge of human nature; they honor a man who appears to have *found out mankind*. They begin to indulge themselves in flippant sneers; and with supercilious³ brow, and impudent tongue, wagging to an empty brain, call to naught the wise, the long-tried, and the venerable.

6. I do believe, that man is corrupt enough; but something of good has survived his wreck; something of evil, religion has restrained, and something partially restored; yet, I look upon the human heart as a mountain of fire. I dread its crater.⁴ I tremble when I see its lava⁵ roll the fiery stream.

7. Therefore, I am the more glad, if upon the old crust of past eruptions,⁶ I can find a single flower springing up. So far from rejecting appearances of virtue in the corrupt heart of a depraved race, I am eager to see their light, as ever mariner was to see a star in a stormy night.

8. Moss will grow upon gravestones; the ivy will cling to the moldering pile; the mistletoe⁷ springs from the dying branch; and, God be praised, something green, something fair to the sight and grateful to the heart, will yet twine around and grow out of the seams and cracks of the desolate temple of the human heart!

H. W. BEECHER

45. EPITAPH ON A CANDLE.

1. **A** WICKED³ one lies buried here,
Who died in a *decline*;
He never rose in rank, I fear,
Though he was born to *shine*.

¹ Trans'fix'ing, piercing through; stabbing.—² Flipp'ant, smooth easily spoken; pert.—³ Super'cil'ious, scowling; proud; haughty.—⁴ Cr^a'ter, the cup, mouth, or hollow top of a volcano.—⁵ La'va, melted matter from a volcano.—⁶ Erup'tions, outpourings; burstings out.—⁷ Mistletoe (miz'z'l t^o), a plant that grows on trees.—⁸ Wick'ed, having a wick. The reader will notice that every stanza of this piece contains a very happy play on words.