

THE SUGAR-MAKING EXCURSION.

It was on a beautiful morning in the month of March, (one of those mornings so exhilarating that they make even age and decrepitude long for a ramble,) that friend H. called to invite me to visit his sugar-lot—as he called it—in company with the party which, in the preceding summer, visited Moose Mountain upon the whortleberry excursion. It was with the pleasure generally experienced in revisiting former scenes, in quest of novelty and to revive impressions and friendships, that our party set out for this second visit to Moose Mountain.

A pleasant sleigh-ride of four or five miles brought us safely to the domicile of friend H., who had reached home an hour previously, and was prepared to pilot us to his sugar camp. "Before we go," said he, "you must one and all step within doors, and warm your stomachs with some gingered cider." We complied with his request, and after a little social chat with Mrs. H., who welcomed us with a cordiality not to be surpassed, and expressed many a kind wish that we might spend the day agreeably, we made for the sugar camp, preceded by friend H., who walked by the side of his sleigh, which appeared to be well loaded, and which he steadied with the greatest care at every uneven place in the path.

Arrived at the camp, we found two huge iron kettles suspended on a pole, which was supported by crotched stakes driven in the ground, and each half full of boiling syrup. This was made by boiling down the sap, which was gathered from troughs that were placed under spouts which were driven into rock-maple trees, an incision being first made in the tree with an auger. Friend H. told us that it had taken more than two barrels of sap to make what syrup each kettle contained. A steady fire of oak bark was burning underneath the kettles, and the boys and girls, friend H.'s sons and daughters, were busily engaged in stirring the syrup, replenishing the fire, &c.

Abigail, the eldest daughter, went to her father's sleigh, and taking out a large rundlet, which might contain two or three gallons, poured the contents into a couple of pails. This we per-

ceived was milk, and as she raised one of the pails to empty the contents into the kettles, her father called out, "Ho, Abigail! has thee strained the milk?" "Yes, father," said Abigail.

"Well," said friend H., with a chuckle, "Abigail understands what she is about, as well as her mother would; and I'll warrant Hannah to make better maple sugar than any other woman in New England, or in the whole United States—and you will agree with me in that, after that sugar is turned off and cooled." Abigail turned to her work, emptied her milk into the kettles, and then stirred their contents well together, and put some bark on the fire.

"Come, Jemima," said Henry L., "let us try to assist Abigail a little, and perhaps we shall learn to make sugar ourselves; and who knows but what she will give us a 'gob' to carry home, as a specimen to show our friends; and besides, it is possible that we may have to make sugar ourselves at some time or other; and even if we do not, it will never do us any harm to know how the thing is done." Abigail furnished us each with a large brass scummer, and instructed us to take off the scum as it arose, and put it into the pails; and Henry called two others of our party to come and hold the pails.

"But tell me, Abigail," said Henry, with a roguish leer, "was that milk really intended for whitening the sugar?"

"Yes," said Abigail, with all the simplicity of a Quakeress, "for thee must know that the milk will all rise in a scum, and with it every particle of dirt or dust which may have found its way into the kettles."

Abigail made a second visit to her father's sleigh, accompanied by her little brother, and brought from thence a large tin baker, and placed it before the fire. Her brother brought a peck measure two-thirds full of potatoes, which Abigail put into the baker, and leaving them to their fate, returned to the sleigh, and with her brother's assistance carried several parcels, neatly done up in white napkins, into a little log hut of some fifteen feet square, with a shed roof made of slabs. We began to fancy that we were to have an Irish lunch. Henry took a sly peep into the hut when we first arrived, and he declared that there was nothing inside, save some squared logs, which were placed back against the walls, and which he supposed were intended for seats. But

he was mistaken in thinking that seats were every convenience which the building contained,—as will presently be shown.

Abigail and her brother had been absent something like half an hour, and friend H. had in the mean time busied himself in gathering sap, and putting it in some barrels hard by. The kettles were clear from scum, and their contents were bubbling like soap. The fire was burning cheerfully, the company all chatting merrily, and a peep into the baker told that the potatoes were cooked.

Abigail and her brother came and taking up the baker carried it inside the building, but soon returned, and placed it again before the fire. Then she called to her father, who came and invited us to go and take dinner.

We obeyed the summons ; but how were we surprised, when we saw how neatly arranged was every thing. The walls of the building were ceiled around with boards, and side tables fastened to them, which could be raised or let down at pleasure, being but pieces of boards fastened with leather hinges and a prop underneath. The tables were covered with napkins, white as the driven snow, and loaded with cold ham, neat's tongue, pickles, bread, apple-sauce, preserves, dough-nuts, butter, cheese, and *potatoes*—without which a yankee dinner is never complete. For beverage, there was chocolate, which was made over a fire in the building—there being a rock chimney in one corner. “ Now, neighbors,” said friend H., “ if you will but seat yourselves on these squared logs, and put up with these rude accommodations, you will do me a favor. We might have had our dinner at the house, but I thought that it would be a novelty, and afford more amusement to have it in this little hut, which I built to shelter us from what stormy weather we might have in the season of making sugar.”

We arranged ourselves around the room, and right merry were we, for friend H.'s lively chat did not suffer us to be otherwise. He recapitulated to us the manner of his life while a bachelor ; the many bear-fights which he had had ; told us how many bears he had killed ; how a she-bear denned in his rock-dwelling the first winter after he commenced clearing his land—he having returned home to his father's to attend school ; how, when he returned in the spring, he killed her two cubs, and afterwards the

old bear, and made his Hannah a present of their skins to make a muff and tippet ; also his courtship, marriage, &c.

In the midst of dinner, Abigail came in with some hot mince pies, which had been heating in the baker before the fire out of doors, and which said much in praise of Mrs. H.'s cookery.

We had finished eating, and were chatting as merrily as might be, when one of the little boys called from without, "Father, the sugar has grained." We immediately went out, and found one of the boys stirring some sugar in a bowl, to cool it. The fire was raked from beneath the kettles, and Abigail and her eldest brother were stirring their contents with all haste. Friend H. put a pole within the bail of one of the kettles, and raised it up, which enabled two of the company to take the other down, and having placed it in the snow, they assisted friend H. to take down the other ; and while we lent a helping hand to stir and cool the sugar, friend H.'s children ate their dinners, cleared away the tables, put what fragments were left into their father's sleigh, together with the dinner dishes, tin baker, rundlet, and the pails of scum, which were to be carried home for the swine. A firkin was also put into the sleigh ; and after the sugar was sufficiently cool, it was put into the firkin, and covered up with great care.

After this we spent a short time promenading around the rock-maple grove, if leafless trees can be called a grove. A large sap-trough, which was very neatly made, struck my fancy, and friend H. said he would make me a present of it for a cradle. This afforded a subject for mirth. Friend H. said that we must not ridicule the idea of having sap-troughs for cradles ; for that was touching quality, as his eldest child had been rocked many an hour in a sap-trough, beneath the shade of a tree, while his wife sat beside it knitting, and he was hard by, hoeing corn.

Soon we were on our way to friend H.'s house, which we all reached in safety ; and where we spent an agreeable evening, eating maple sugar, apples, beech-nuts, &c. We also had tea about eight o'clock, which was accompanied by every desirable luxury—after which we started for home.

As we were about taking leave, Abigail made each of us a present of a cake of sugar, which was cooled in a tin heart.—
"Heigh ho!" said Henry L., "how lucky ! We have had an

agreeable visit, a bountiful feast—have learned how to make sugar, and have all got sweet-hearts !”

We went home, blessing our stars and the hospitality of our Quaker friends.

I cannot close without telling the reader, that the sugar which was that day made, was nearly as white as loaf-sugar, and tasted much better.

JEMIMA.

ALBUM TRIBUTES. No. 2.

TO A FRIEND.

I have seen a cloud in the eastern sky,
When tinged with the morning's glowing red ;
It appeared in beauty afar on high,
And over the heavens its glory spread.

And I've watched it often at high noon-day,
As along it sailed in the blue expanse,
And lightly and pure, in its merry play,
It joyously seemed in the ether to dance.

And I've viewed its course as the eve came on,
And brightly it shone with the sun in the west,
Ere its day of glad triumph was over and gone,
For it gleamed in a golden and purple vest.

And I've seen it, too, when no sun-beam shone
Across its lowering and awful form,
When the quick, forked glare of the lightning alone
Illumined its folds in the mid-night storm.

As the cloud appears in its morning brightness,
As it dances at noon in its airy lightness ;
As it gaily glows in its pride at even,
The glory of earth and a symbol of heaven ;
So calmly and beauteous evermore be
The pathway by Heaven allotted to thee.

But never may night-robe of sadness arise,
Divesting life's cloud of its glorious dyes,
And thy path-way o'ershading with sorrow ;
Or should there be darkness around thee awhile,
May the gloom that has gathered be viewed with a smile,
In the hope of a brilliant to-morrow.

ILENA.

A SONG OF FAREWELL.

1. When shall we all meet a-gain? When shall we all meet a-gain? Oft may glowing hope ex-pire, Oft may wearied love re- - - tire,

2. Though in dis-tant lands we sigh, Parch'd beneath a burn-ing sky; Tho' the deep be - tween us rolls, Friendship shall u - nite our souls;

Oft may death and sor-row reign, Ere we all shall meet a-gain.

And in fan-cy's bright do-main, Oft may we all meet a-gain.

3
Oft have we together met,
And we part with fond regret.
Sundered from each other far,
Love shall be our guiding star;
And while life and thought remain,
We will hope to meet again.

4
When the dreams of life are fled;
When its wasted lamps are dead
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, fame and power are laid,
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

SHADE TREES.

The late report of the School Committee of Lowell, recommended that shade trees be planted around the school-houses.

This is an excellent thought, and I am surprised that our distinguished philanthropists every where have not given more attention to this subject ; that in their ardent desire to promote the interests of education and create in the youthful mind a love of knowledge, they should have neglected one of the best means for accomplishing their object. I have travelled little, excepting between my native town and Lowell ; nevertheless, I have seen enough to satisfy me, that our people generally have woefully neglected the location and surrounding comforts of school-houses. Very often are they built on waste, sterile land, by the way-side, with not a tree or bush near to shade them from the scorching rays of a summer's sun, or protect them in any way from the rude and merciless blasts of winter—presenting more the appearance of desolate and forsaken buildings, than those to which the young resort to receive their first lessons of wisdom, and to acquire the knowledge which is essential to their success in life.

I am well aware that there are many persons who deem this subject of little importance, and who seem to consider that the only thing requisite for the prosperity of any school, is an able and well-informed teacher ; and that if such an one can be obtained, it matters not whether the place of instruction be surrounded by a delightful prospect, in the midst of the beautiful in nature ; or, whether it be on a wild and barren spot, with nothing to relieve the dull monotony of the scenery around.

From my own experience I have been led to think differently. Well do I remember the old-fashioned school-house in my native place, where I first attended school. A more desolate looking spot, can scarcely be imagined than the one it occupied. It was situated on the only piece of ground in the place, which, from its sterility, was deemed unfit for cultivation. All around was desolate in the extreme. Above, the only object that met the eye was a lofty ledge of rocks, while a low, dismal swamp was the most conspicuous in the scenery below. As it stood on an elevated place, we were obliged to ascend a steep hill, ere we reached the spot where it was situated ; and often has it seemed

to me, that the hill of science, of which I had often heard, could not be more difficult to ascend. There is nothing of pleasure mingled with the recollection of the hours I spent there. True, the teacher was always kind and pleasant, and did all in her power to make the school interesting, but still it possessed no charm for me. The hours slowly flitted by, and the last day was always welcomed with the most delightful emotions.

In this place were spent the first twelve years of my life, when a change in my father's circumstances rendered it necessary for him to remove to a distant part of the State.

Well do I remember the remark he made to me as we approached our future residence. "I hope," said he, "you will be better pleased with the school here, than you were with the one you formerly attended; for see," he continued, "what a nice little school-house they have!" pointing at the same time to a small but neat looking building, thickly shaded by rows of trees, which had been tastefully ranged around it. A small distance behind, and a little ascending from it, was a beautiful grove of maples, while the opposite side of the road was lined with fruit trees. I was delighted with the appearance of it, yet wondered that so charming a spot should have been reserved for a school-house, and thought I should derive much pleasure in attending school there.

Nor was I disappointed. There were spent some of my happiest hours; and often does memory bring before my mind the instructions there received. I always loved the trees and flowers, which a kind Father has so bountifully scattered over the earth; but here it was I first learned the beautiful lessons of instruction they are capable of imparting.

When the renovating breath of Spring had passed over the earth, imparting new life and vigour to every object, and clothing the trees, which had been despoiled of their beauty by the rude hand of Winter, in the gayest attire, we were taught to regard that season as emblematic of youth; and that although we were now in the bloom of life, with the flowers of hope and pleasure thickly strewn around us, it would not be long ere the winter of age would come, and take from us all the joys and pleasures of childhood—thus teaching us wisely to improve the present moments, in the spring-time of our existence, that in riper years we might reap an abundant harvest.

Merrily did the hours pass on ; and with joy did I hail each returning morning, when, with my young companions, I could again be beneath the shade of the lofty elm-trees that overshadowed the school-house ; and often did I ask myself, What has wrought this change ? It surely could not be because we had a more learned or talented instructress ; for superiority in this respect would have been awarded to my former teacher. But I have always believed that the peculiar beauty of the spot, together with the shade trees placed so neatly around it, was the principal cause.

Many years have passed since I gazed on those scenes with which so many pleasing associations are connected, but in the eye of memory they are still fresh and green ; and having since that time had an opportunity of knowing something with regard to school-houses in other places, I have been surprised to find, that in very few cases only, has that wisdom which led the people of New England to erect so many buildings for the instruction of youth, extended far enough to place shade trees around them. It was therefore with great pleasure that I learned, from the report of the School Committee of Lowell, that this plan had been recommended respecting the school-houses in this place.

I have also been much gratified to see the interest manifested in these emblems of taste and purity, in all parts of this city. Within a short time, shade trees have been placed around the different Corporations ; and along some of the canals, even double rows of trees have been placed, forming a cool and delightful retreat. Many pleasant hours have I passed beneath their shade ; and often while thus situated, have my thoughts wandered back to my "far-away home," and I would almost fancy myself there again, seated beneath some favorite tree on that loved spot.

Notwithstanding all that has yet been done, there is still great room for improvement. This world in which we live, although now very beautiful, might be made still more so, if those beings whom God has made masters of it would but cultivate and bring into action the finer feelings of their natures, and seek to place these beautiful ornaments from nature's garden, not only around their own dwellings and along the public streets, but even along the common roads. And if, perchance, there were benevolence enough, they might place fruit trees there, so that the weary traveller might not only rest his wearied limbs beneath their cooling

shade, but refresh himself with the fruit thereof, and thus be enabled to pursue his journey with new life and vigor.

May the time soon come when this subject shall receive the attention of every enlightened community. Then shall "the desert places be made glad, and the wilderness blossom as the rose."

M.

RAMBLE OF IMAGINATION.

From a lovely valley I ascended by a zigzag path to the summit of a lofty range of hills, which were covered with a carpet of living green, beautifully interspersed with large fragments of broken granite. I wandered along, ever and anon stopping to admire the scenery in the valley which I had just left. At length I approached a forest, where the meandering rivulet, the "deep tangled wild-wood," and the rugged cliff, all conspired to excite in my mind a love of the beautiful and sublime. On turning the sharp angle of a rock, my attention was suddenly arrested by the sound of a human voice. I turned my eyes, and beheld a youth of unusual beauty standing before me. I listened attentively to catch another sound of that rich and musical voice—but the space was short, for he immediately clasped his hands, and raising his eyes to heaven, in a clear but subdued tone of voice, repeated the "Lord's Prayer," and thus continued ;

"Holy Father, I thank Thee for the gracious assurance, that Thou wilt bestow wisdom on those who ask it, feeling their need of this inestimable blessing ; and now I present myself before Thee, desiring even a greater boon than Solomon—for he only prayed for wisdom to rule a great nation, while I pray for wisdom to govern myself ; for wisdom to direct me in that path where I shall most effectually promote the happiness of those around me, my own highest interest, and the honor of that holy religion which Thou hast given me."

Immediately, a being of celestial beauty stood before him. "Young man," said she, "I am commissioned from the high courts of Heaven to assure you that your prayer is heard ; and if you will but rightly exercise the wisdom which you already pos-

ness, in selecting your guiding principles for life, you shall be blessed with the knowledge that your prayer is not only heard, but answered." And immediately she vanished.

While the astonished youth was gazing after the departed vision, a female, gorgeously appareled, approached him, bearing in her hand a banner with this inscription: "The Leader of the Votaries of Pleasure,"—and thus addressed him: "Son of sadness, why do you remain here a prey to your own gloomy reflections? Come, join my company, and be happy." "Nay," replied Beeri Locke, for by this name I have chosen to introduce my hero; "first tell me, are your people really happy?" "That you shall see for yourself," said she. Then waving her banner onward, they passed around him. First came the children: some were at play, when they should have been at school; others were robbing birds' nests and killing the old birds, when they should have been at meeting. Then followed the young men and maidens, who were displaying all their gallantry and coquetry at every place of public amusement—while pride, envy, and chagrin alternately possessed their minds, evidently showing that they were strangers to happiness. Old age brought up the rear, but instead of happiness, either moral or intellectual, gambling, drinking, and ill humor, occupied their time. Nevertheless they managed to keep up an appearance of cheerfulness, ay, even of merriment. The leader finally re-appeared, and demanded his decision. "Madam," said Beeri, "I prefer the solitude of this lonely forest to society like yours." With the rapidity of thought, the whole conclave passed from sight.

Soon another fairy-like being appeared. The inscription on her banner was, "Fashion." "Noble youth," said she, "doff that unseemly garb; array yourself more gracefully, join us, and be happy." "Is the happiness which you promise enduring?" replied the youth. "Become acquainted with my followers, and decide for yourself," said she. He passed through their midst, and the result of his investigation was as follows: Her people were all in the prime of life. Amongst all the follies which prevailed, none seemed more disgusting than the filthy habit of smoking and chewing tobacco, which every man seemed to think an indispensable accomplishment. The ladies were constantly deforming themselves by their endeavors to improve the works of the great Creator. The rose which their Maker had implanted

upon their cheeks, they had effaced by dissipation, and afterwards endeavored to replace it by corroding and poisonous paints. The frequent and frivolous change in dress, was a source of continual anxiety and vexation. Taken altogether, the scene wore a very uninviting appearance in Beerî's view ; and he resolved to refuse the alliance.

Fashion and her votaries passed away, and were succeeded by a grave looking matron, bearing a banner wheron was inscribed, "Seeking Wealth." "Sir," said she, "I congratulate you on your safe escape from those fascinating and dangerous beings who preceded me. Come, give me your name, and wealth untold may yet be yours." "Madam," replied Beerî, "I fear yours is not the imperishable wealth ; for I see those who have their heads silvered over with age, just as eager to obtain more, as those who commenced but yesterday. Moreover, your people are not happy ; they know not the pleasures of social life ; every thought and feeling seems to concentrate in self ; the kindly influences of benevolence, with their holy and sanctifying power, are unknown among you. And your people toil all of the time for that, of which they might obtain a competency with half the labor, which renders them morose, unsocial and ignorant. For these reasons, I shall decline accepting your invitation."

Again the young man stood alone, and again were seen approaching three beings of angelic loveliness, each bearing a banner with an appropriate inscription. These were, "Temperance," "Benevolence," and "Truth." They were sisters, and each led her peculiar band. Nevertheless, they acted in concert, for the ties of consanguinity were too strong to admit of a separation. Truth being the eldest was selected to invite the stranger to join their company, which she did in the following manner :

"Young brother, will you exchange the solitude of this charming forest, for the more extensive pleasures of social life ?"—
"Wherein, fair sylph, shall I improve my condition ?" said Beerî ;
"here I can sing with the birds in the air, or gambol with the fishes in the water." "True," replied she, "but you have higher sentiments implanted in your nature, which cannot have their free and natural exercise in this place ; for instance, here you can never know the holy joy of administering to the necessities of a fellow-being in distress. Neither can you know the felicity of communion of heart, with those whose feelings have been

chastened and elevated by the principles of *temperance, modesty, and love*. You cannot know the happiness of contributing to the enjoyment of those around you, and ever living for the good of others. And with whom, young man, will you bow in social worship before the 'Father of spirits'?"

"Hold," cried Beerli, "I am convinced; evermore permit me to be thy favorite, and the favored of thy sisters, and I will spend my life in endeavoring to promote the welfare of thy people, and therefrom will draw my chief happiness."

Gentle reader, if you have not already selected your "guiding principles for life," permit me to pray you to make as judicious a selection as did Beerli Locke.

H. J.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

" True, indeed, it is,
That they whom death has hidden from our sight,
Are worthiest of the mind's regard; with them
The future cannot contradict the past—
Mortality's last exercise and proof
Is undergone."

It is not in the ball-room, where all is gayety and mirth—nor at parties of pleasure, where beauty and fashion sit enthroned—neither is it in the noise and bustle of a city's crowded mart, that I hold communion with choice spirits who have gone to dwell with the saints above. No; but it is when I enter the abode of sickness, that memory, stealing over me like a sad dream, presents her to my view who was ever ready, in word and action, to relieve suffering humanity.

And oh! what a change have a few miserable years wrought, that I can pass unheeded all her precepts, notwithstanding the book of nature is ever present, written over with the lessons she taught me! At times, my thoughts wander back to the death-bed scene. It was a calm evening in June; the silver wings of night were gathering over me, as one by one I culled the flowers from their frail stalks, and arranged them in a boquet to present my mother—for she was passionately fond of flowers. Our venerable pastor entered the garden, to hasten my return to the sick

room. Though I was a mere child, not numbering more than ten summers, one glance at his face told me all I could ask.

We entered the chamber together, and oh, what a change ! The white curtains were raised at the head of the bed, and disclosed a face, white as the pillows upon which she reposed. She was sleeping so calmly, so sweetly, that it seemed a foretaste of that sleep "which knows no waking." Presently her lips moved, as if she were speaking, and she slowly opened her eyes and motioned for me to draw near ; and as she laid that thin, transparent hand, almost wet with the dews of death, on my head, she invoked the blessing of God to rest on her child, and keep her in the paths of virtue and truth. She ceased, and for a while all was silent. Then a low, sweet voice, soft as the spirit-tones of a heavenly dream, went forth in the still evening, praying that we, like the stars of night, might rise in heaven, there to tread a living path of light and glory through all eternity. The words died on her lips ; the spirit had gone to a happier sphere, and truly did our beloved pastor say, that "another angel had joined the choir in heaven."

I knew not then what a loss was mine. After the grave had closed over her, I asked permission to strew it with the flowers she loved. The villagers would often accompany me ; and as we drew near the spot, they would step softly, and speak gently, as if the very ground was holy. There they planted the willow, that in after years, when they were wasted and worn by age, they could look from their cottage windows, and far in the distance, see the green branches waving to and fro, as if to guard the grave of one who had been mindful of their happiness.

Many years have passed away since my eyes have rested on that loved spot. Rank weeds may have taken the place of the rose, and the briar may have supplanted the honeysuckle and jessamine. And I, too, am changed. From a warm-hearted, confiding child, I have learned to be cold and callous, from mingling with a world full of deception and guile. But in my better moments I am as a child again, and feel that my mother's spirit is present with me ; and then I kneel, and pour forth her fervent prayer, that virtue and truth may ever be mine. I never think of her amid strife and confusion ; but at the still evening hour, beneath a moonlit sky, by the sea shore, or on the dewy hills, it is then I hear her voice in the passing breeze, as sweet and soft

as when it last fell upon my ear, telling the goodness of Him, who has filled the heavens with beauty, and garnished the earth like a bride for our pleasure, if we will but enjoy these glorious scenes aright.

Her voice comes to me in the rustling leaves and gliding streams, and in the wild flowers that bloom by the water's edge; for these were the scenes she loved; yes, she loved to be alone with nature and nature's God.

I think of her on the holy Sabbath, when we assemble at the house of worship, and the low, fervent prayer ascends to the throne of heaven; for there she taught my footsteps to enter, and to be humble before my Maker. And now my prayer is, that my future life may be so ordered, that when the angel of death shall call the spirit from this world, where all things are "passing away," I shall meet my mother in that better land, where there is no more weeping, nor sorrow, nor temptation.

"RETURN, my thoughts, come home!
Ye wild and winged, what do ye o'er the deep!
And wherefore thus th' abyss of time o'ersweep,
As birds the ocean foam!

Return, my thoughts, return!
Cares wait your presence in life's daily track,
And voices, not of music, call you back—
Harsh voices, cold and stern!"

REBECCA.

EVENING BEFORE PAY-DAY.

CHAPTER I.

'To-morrow is pay-day; are you not glad, Rosina, and Lucy? Dorcas is, I know; for she always loves to see the money. Don't I speak truth now, Miss Dorcas Tilton?'

'I wish you would stop your clack, Miss Noisy Impudence; for I never heard you speak anything that was worth an answer. Let me alone, for I have not yet been able to obtain a moment's time to read my tract.'

'"My tract"—how came it "my tract," Miss Stingy Old-maid?—for I can call names as fast as you,' was the reply of Elizabeth Walters. 'Not because you bought it, or paid for it,

or gave a thank'ee to those who did ; but because you lay your clutches upon every thing you can get without down-right stealing.'

'Well,' replied Dorcas, 'I do not think I have clutched any thing now which was much coveted by any one else.'

'You are right, Dorcas,' said Rosina Alden, lifting her milo blue eye for the first time towards the speakers ; 'the tracts let here by the monthly distributors are thrown about, and trampled under foot, even by those who most approve the sentiments which they contain. I have not seen any one take them up to read but yourself.'

'She likes them,' interrupted the vivacious Elizabeth, 'because she gets them for nothing. They come to her as cheap as the light of the sun, or the dews of heaven ; and thus they are rendered quite as valuable in her eyes.'

'And that very cheapness, that freedom from exertion and expense by which they are obtained, is, I believe, the reason why they are generally so little valued,' added Rosina. 'People are apt to think things worthless which come to them so easily. They believe them cheap, if they are offered cheap. Now I think, without saying one word against those tracts, that they would be more valued, more perused, and exert far more influence, if they were only to be obtained by payment for them. If they do good now, it is to the publishers only ; for I do not think the community in general is influenced by them in the slightest degree. If Dorcas feels more interested in them because she procures them gratuitously, it is because she is an exception to the general rule.'

'I like sometimes,' said Dorcas, 'to see the voice of instruction, of warning, of encouragement, and reproof, coming to the thoughtless, ignorant, poor, and sinful, as it did from him who said to those whom he sent to inculcate its truths, *Freely ye have received, freely give*. The gospel is an expensive luxury now, and those only who can afford to pay their four, or six, or more, dollars a year, can hear its truths from the successors of him who lifted his voice upon the lonely mountain, and opened his lips for counsel at the table of the despised publican, or under the humble roof of the Magdalen.'

'Do not speak harshly, Dorcas,' was Rosina's reply ; 'times have indeed changed, since the Saviour went about with not a

shelter for his head, dispensing the bread of life to all who would but reach forth their hands and take it ; but circumstances have also changed since then. It is true, we must lay down our money for almost every thing we have ; but money is much more easily obtained than it was then. It is true, we cannot procure a year's seat in one of our most expensive churches for less than your present week's wages ; and if you really wish for the benefits of regular gospel instruction, you must make for it as much of an exertion as was made by the woman who went on her toilsome errand to the deep well of Samaria, little aware that she was there to receive the waters of eternal life. Do not say that it was by no effort, no self-denial, that the gospel was received by those who followed the great Teacher to the lonely sea-side, or even to the desert, where, weary and famished, they remained day after day, beneath the heat of a burning sun, and were relieved from hunger but by a miracle. And who so poor now, or so utterly helpless, that they cannot easily obtain the record of those words which fell so freely upon the ears of the listening multitudes of Judea ? If there *are* such, there are societies which will cheerfully relieve their wants, if application be made. And these tracts, which come to us with scarcely the trouble of stretching forth our hands for their reception, are doubtless meant for good.'

'Well, Rosina,' exclaimed Elizabeth, 'if you hold out a little longer, I think Dorcas will have no reason to complain but that she gets *her* preaching cheap enough ; but as I, for one, am entirely willing to pay for mine, you may be excused for the present ; and those who wish to hear a theological discussion, can go and listen to the very able expounders of the Baptist and Universalist faiths, who are just now holding forth in the other chamber. As Dorcas hears no preaching but that which comes *as cheap as the light of the sun*, she will probably like to go ; and do not be offended with me, Rosina, if I tell you plainly, that you are not the one to rebuke her. What sacrifice have you made ? How much have you spent ? When have you ever given any thing for the support of the gospel ?'

A tear started to Rosina's eye, and the colour deepened upon her cheek. Her lip quivered, but she remained silent.

'Well,' said Lucy to Elizabeth, 'all this difficulty is the effect of the very simple question you asked ; and I will answer

for one, that I am glad to-morrow is pay-day. Pray, what shall you get that is new, Elizabeth ?'

'Oh, I shall get one of those beautiful new damask silk shawls which are now so fashionable. How splendid it will look ! Let me see : this is a five week's payment, and I have earned about two dollars per week ; and so have you, and Rosina ; and Dorcas has earned a great deal more, for she has extra work. Pray, what new thing shall *you* get, Dorcas ?' added she, laughing.

'She will get a new bank book, I suppose,' replied Lucy. 'She has already deposited in her own name five hundred dollars, and now she has got a book in the name of her little niece, and I do not know but she will soon procure another. She almost worships them, and Sundays she stays here reckoning up her interest, while we are at meeting.'

'I think it is far better,' retorted Dorcas, 'to stay at home, than to go to meeting, as Elizabeth does, to show her fine clothes. I do not make a mockery of public worship to God.'

'There, Lizzy, you must take that, for you deserve it,' said Lucy to her friend. 'You know you *do* spend almost all your money in dress.'

'Well,' said Elizabeth, 'I shall sow all my wild oats now, and when I am an old maid I will be as steady, though *not quite* so stingy, as Dorcas. I will get a bank book, and trot down Merri-mac street as often as she does, and every body will say, "What a remarkable change in Elizabeth Walters ! She used to spend all her wages as fast as they were paid her, but now she puts them in the bank. She will be quite a fortune for some one, and I have no doubt she will get married for what she *has*, if not for what she *is*." But I cannot begin now, and I do not see how *you* can, Rosina.'

'I have not begun,' replied Rosina, in a low, sorrowful tone.

'Why, yes, you have ; you are as miserly now as Dorcas herself ; and I cannot bear to think of what you may become. Now tell me if you will not get a new gown and bonnet, and go to meeting.'

'I cannot,' replied Rosina, decidedly.

'Well do, if you have any mercy on us, buy a new gown to wear into the Mill, for your old one is so shabby. When calico is nine-pence a yard, I do think it is mean to wear such an old

thing as that ; besides, I should not wonder if it should soon drop off your back.'

'Will it not last me one month more?' and Rosina began to mend the tattered dress with a very wistful countenance.

'Why, I somewhat doubt it ; but at all events, you must have another pair of shoes.'

'These are but just beginning to let in the water,' said Rosina ; 'I think they must last me till another pay-day.'

'Well, if you have a fever or consumption, Dorcas may take care of you, for I will not ; but what,' continued the chattering Elizabeth, 'shall you buy that is new, Lucy?'

'Oh, a pretty new, though cheap, bonnet, and I shall also pay my quarter's pew-rent, and a year's subscription to the Lowell Offering ; and that is all that I shall spend. You have laughed much about old maids ; but it was an old maid who took care of me when I first came to Lowell, and she taught me to lay aside half of every month's wages. It is a rule from which I have never deviated, and thus I have quite a pretty sum at interest, and have never been in want of any thing.'

'Well,' said Elizabeth, 'will you go out to-night with me, and we will look at the bonnets, and also the damask silk shawls. I wish to know the prices. How I wish to-day had been pay-day, and then I need not have gone out with an empty purse.'

'Well, Lizzy, you know that "to-morrow is pay-day," do you not?'

'Oh yes, and the beautiful pay-master will come in, rattling his coppers so nicely.'

'Beautiful!' exclaimed Lucy ; 'do you call our pay-master beautiful?'

'Why, I do not know that he would look beautiful, if he was coming to cut my head off ; but really, that money-box makes him look delightfully.'

'Well, Lizzy, it *does* make a great difference in his appearance, I know ; but if we are going out to-night, we must be in a hurry.'

'If you go by the Post Office, do ask if there is a letter for me,' said Rosina.

'Oh, I hate to go near the Post Office in the evening ; the girls act as wild as so many Caribbee Indians. Sometimes I have to stand there an hour on the ends of my toes, stretching

my neck, and sticking out my eyes ; and when I think I have been pommelled and jostled long enough, I begin to "set up on my own hook," and I push away the heads that have been at the list as if they were committing it all to memory, and I send my elbows right and left in the most approved style, till I find myself "master of the field."

'Oh, Lizzy ! you know better ; how can you do so ?'

'Why, Lucy, pray tell me what *you* do ?'

'I go away, if there is a crowd ; or if I feel very anxious to know whether there is a letter for me, the worst that I do is to try "sliding and gliding." I dodge between folks, or slip through them, till I get waited upon. But I know that we all act worse there than any, where else, and if the post-master speaks a good word for the factory girls, I think it must come against his conscience, unless he has seen them somewhere else than in the office.'

'Well, well, we must hasten along,' said Elizabeth, 'and stingy as Rosina is, I suppose she will be willing to pay for a letter ; so I will buy her one, if I can get it. Good evening, ladies,' continued she, tying her bonnet ; and she hurried after Lucy, who was already down the stairs, leaving Dorcas to read her tract at leisure, and Rosina to patch her old calico gown, with none to torment her.

CHAPTER II.

'Two letters !' exclaimed Elizabeth, as she burst into the chamber, holding them up, as little Goody in the story-book held up her "two shoes," 'two letters ! one for *you*, Rosina, and the other is for *me*. Only look at it ! It is from a cousin of mine, who has never lived out of sight of the Green Mountains. I do believe, notwithstanding all that is said about the ignorance of the factory girls, that the letters which *go out of* Lowell, look as well as those which *come into it*. See here : up in the left hand corner, the direction commences, "Miss" ; one step lower is "Elizabeth" ; then down another step, "Walters." Another step brings us down to "Lowell" ; one more is the "City" ; and down in the right hand corner, is "Massachusetts" at full length. Quite a regular stair-case, if the steps had been all of an equal width. Miss Elizabeth Walters, Lowell City, Massachusetts,

thing as that ; besides, I should not wonder if it should soon drop off your back.'

'Will it not last me one month more?' and Rosina began to mend the tattered dress with a very wistful countenance.

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'Well, Lizzy, it *does* make a great difference in his appearance, I know ; but if we are going out to-night, we must be in a hurry.'

'If you go by the Post Office, do ask if there is a letter for me,' said Rosina.

'Oh, I hate to go near the Post Office in the evening ; the girls act as wild as so many Carribee Indians. Sometimes I have to stand there an hour on the ends of my toes, stretching

to-morrow night, and carry it to the Post Office. I cannot write a whole letter in one evening.'

'Why, what is the matter?' said Dorcas.

'My twin-sister is very sick,' replied Rosina; and the tears she could no longer restrain gushed freely forth. The girls, who had before been in high spirits over cousin Judy's letter, were subdued in an instant. Oh how quick is the influence of sympathy for grief! Not another word was spoken. The letter was put away in silence, and the girls glided noiselessly around the room, as they prepared to retire to rest.

Shall we take a peep at Rosina's letter? It may remove some false impressions respecting her character, and many are probably suffering injustice from erroneous opinions, when, if all could be known, the very conduct which has exposed them to censure would excite approbation. Her widowed mother's letter was the following:

"My Dear Child: Many thanks for your last letter, and many more for the present it contained. It was very acceptable, for it reached me when I had not even a cent in the world. I fear you deprive yourself of necessaries to send me so much. But all you can easily spare will be gladly received. I have as much employment at tailoring as I can find time to do, and sometimes I sit up all night, when I cannot accomplish my self-allotted task during the day.

"I have delayed my reply to your letter, because I wished to know what the doctors really thought of your sister Marcia. They consulted to-day, and tell me *there is no hope*. The suspense is now over, but I thought I was better prepared for the worst than I am. She wished me to tell her what the doctors said. At length I yielded to her importunities. 'Oh mother,' said she, with a sweet smile, 'I am so glad they have told you, for I have known it for a long time. You must write to Rosina to come and see me before I die.' Do as you think best, my dear, about coming; you know how glad we should be to see you. But if you cannot come, do not grieve too much about it. Marcia must soon die, and you, I hope, will live many years; but the existence which you commenced together here, I feel assured will be continued in a happier world. The interruption which will now take place will be short, in comparison with the life itself which shall have no end. And yet it is hard to think that one so young, so good and lovely, is so soon to lie in the silent grave. While the blue skies of heaven are daily growing more softly beautiful, and the green things of earth are hourly putting forth a brighter

verdure, she, too, like the lovely creatures of nature, is constantly acquiring some new charm, to fit her for that world which she will so soon inhabit. Death is coming, with his severest tortures, but she arrays her person in bright loveliness at his approach, and her spirit is robed in graces which well may fit her for that angel-band, which she is so soon to join.

"I am now writing by her bed-side. She is sleeping soundly now, but there is a heavy dew upon the cheek, brow and neck of the tranquil sleeper. A rose—it is one of *your* roses, Rosina—is clasped in her transparent hand; and one rosy petal has somehow dropped upon her temple. It breaks the line which the blue vein has so distinctly traced on the clear white brow. I will take it away, and enclose it in the letter. When you see it, perhaps it will bring more vividly to memory the days when you and Marcia frolicked together among the wild rose-bushes.—Those which you transplanted to the front of the house, have grown astonishingly. Marcia took care of them as long as she could go out of doors; for she wished to do something to show her gratitude to you. Now that she can go among them no longer, she watches them through the window, and the little boys bring her every morning the most beautiful blossoms. She enjoys their beauty and fragrance as she does every thing which is reserved for her enjoyment. There is but one thought which casts a shade upon that tranquil spirit, and it is that she is such a helpless burden upon us. The last time that she received a compensation for some slight article which she had exerted herself to complete, she took the money and sent Willy for some salt. 'Now, mother,' said she, with the arch smile which so often illuminated her countenance in the days of health, 'Now, mother, you cannot say that I do not earn my salt.'

"But I must soon close, for in a short time she will awaken, and suffer for hours from her agonizing cough. No one need tell me now, that a consumption makes an easy path to the grave. I watched too long by your father's bed-side, and have witnessed too minutely all of Marcia's sufferings, to be persuaded of this.

"But she breathes less softly now, and I must hasten. I have said little of the other members of the family, for I knew you would like to hear particularly about her. The little boys are well—they are obedient to me, and kind to their sister. Answer as soon as you receive this, for Marcia's sake; unless you come and visit us.

"And now, hoping that this will find you in good health, as, by the blessing of God, it leaves me, (a good, though an old-fashioned manner of closing a letter,) I remain as ever,

"Your affectionate Mother."

Rosina's reply was as follows:

"Dear Mother: I have just received your long-expected let-

ter, and have seated myself to commence an answer, for I cannot go home.

"I do wish very much to see you all, especially dear Marcia, once more ; but it is not best. I know you think so, or you would have urged my return. I think I shall feel more contented here, earning comforts for my sick sister and necessaries for you, than I should be there, and unable to relieve a want. 'To-morrow is pay-day,' and my earnings, amounting to ten dollars, I shall enclose in this letter. Do not think I am suffering for any thing, for I get along very well. But I am obliged to be extremely prudent, and the girls here call me miserly. Oh mother ! it is hard to be so misunderstood ; but I cannot tell *them* all.

"But your kind letters are indeed a solace to me, for they assure me that the mother whom I have always loved and revered, approves of my conduct. I shall feel happier to-morrow night, when I enclose that bill to you, than my room-mates can be in the far different disposal of theirs.

"What a blessing it is that we can send money to our friends ; and indeed what a blessing that we can send them a letter. Last evening you was penning the lines which I have just perused, in my far-distant home ; and not twenty-four hours have elapsed since the rose-leaf before me was resting on the brow of my sister ; but it is now ten o'clock, and I must bid you good night, reserving for to-morrow evening the remainder of my epistle, which I shall address to Marcia."

It was long before Rosina slept that night ; and when she did, she was troubled at first by fearful dreams. But at length it seemed to her that she was approaching the quiet home of her childhood. She did not remember where she had been, but had a vague impression that it was in some scene of anxiety, sorrow and fatigue ; and she was longing to reach that little cot, where it appeared so still and happy. She thought the sky was very clear above it, and the yellow sunshine lay softly on the hills and fields around it. She saw her rose-bushes blooming around it, like a little wilderness of blossoms ; and while she was admiring their increased size and beauty, the door was opened, and a body, arrayed in the snowy robes of the grave, was carried beneath the rose-bushes. They bent to a slight breeze which swept above them, and a shower of snowy petals fell upon the marble face and shrouded form. It was as if nature had paid this last tribute of gratitude to one who had been one of her truest and loveliest votaries.

Rosina started forward that she might remove the fragrant covering, and imprint one last kiss upon the fair cold brow ; but a

hand was laid upon her, and a well-known voice repeated her name. And then she started, for she heard the bell ring loudly; and she opened her eyes as Dorcas again cried out, 'Rosina, the second bell is ringing.' Elizabeth and Lucy were already dressed, and they exclaimed at the same moment, 'Remember, Rosina, that *to-day is pay-day.*'

LUCINDA.

 THE HIGH-SCHOOL HOUSE.

THE DEDICATION.

'Tis done! This house is all thy own,
 Queen Science! take thy new-built throne;
 This edifice for thee, alone,

Designed.

Thy votaries have come to bring
 To-day their free-will offering—
 A Temple for that deathless thing,

THE MIND.

Thou friend of all the wise and just!
 Ne'er wast thou recreant to thy trust;
 This dome's thy care, till dust to dust

Goes home:

Then guard these doors with zeal sincere;
 Let no intruder enter here,
 Or aught that soils the mind come near

This dome.

Admit not those who, day by day,
 Come but to while their time away,
 And treat thy mild, unerring sway,

With scorn;

Or if admitted, make them feel
 The ardor of a student's zeal:—
 Each spirit for a nation's weal

Adorn.

For lo! a nation's destiny
 Beneath thy training hand we see:
 A nation's eyes look unto *thee*,

Fair Queen!

Bright hopes and high around thee shine;
 To mould the intellect is thine!

Hand-maid of truth, almost divine

Thy sheen.

ADELAIDE.

SEEKING AND SEEING.

The day was fair. The earth was glowing in all the bright beauty of a summer morn; and as I inhaled the pure air, so clear and refreshing, it seemed that morning orisons could not but rise spontaneously and gladly from every human bosom. The sun arose in majesty and splendor, gilding the earth with its rays of light and heat—with a warm smile greeting the expanding buds and blossoms, dissipating night's pearly tears, and awaking myriads of happy creatures. Not a cloud was visible in the boundless blue, to dim its glory with a shadow.

I listened to the music of wild birds, and the hum of the busy bees, as they sang their morning song, while the murmuring of the distant water-fall, blended softly with the light rustling of green leaves, and the low whispering of the gentle breeze. I listened to the harmony of sweet sounds like these, till the air seemed full of rich and floating strains of melody. It was nature's summer-note of glad and grateful praise.

The sturdy farmer was already at his work in the open field, and the mechanic in his shop; the factory bell had warned its followers of the returning hour of toil, which was soon answered by groups of persons hurrying to the mills—and all was life and activity. Children were abroad, in all the happiness of innocence and truth, chasing the butterfly, or watching the humming bird as it swiftly flitted from flower to flower. Their joyful shouts were mingling with the lively sallies and less boisterous mirth of those of riper years. Joy and gladness reigned around.

Time sped on; the morning wore away, and the sun rode proudly on his upward, dazzling, course, till he reached the zenith, and his burning mid-day rays were pouring down in floods of glory. The cool breath of morn had been changed to a warm and sultry air; the birds that sang so sweetly, and soared so lightly, were silent and unseen, having sought the thick shade of some adjacent grove; the bee was still as busy and musical as ever—but the dew-drops had been chased away, and the spider's frail web, which was glittering with its coronet of circling gems like a monarch's crown, was now bereft of its borrowed lustre. How much like the external beauty and accomplishments of the young They are beautiful and attracting while they shine in the glow o

health and happiness—but time hastens on, life's morn is soon past, with its freshness and sparkling beauty. Like the spider-web, in the noontide of life they are despoiled of their once prized radiance ; and beneath the withering, scorching skies of sorrow and disappointment, which have power to dry up the deep fountains of the heart, they droop, fade and wither, like the flowers at noon-tide hour. The wind was hushed ; even the poplar leaves were motionless ; but as the sun descended from his giddy height, it again awoke, and timidly aroused the playful leaves and kissed the sleeping water.

I looked upon the works of nature and united industry of man. The grassy lawn, gradually sloping to the brink of a graceful river, which was now sparkling beneath the rays of the setting sun : the trees on its opposite bank ; the garden ; dwelling houses ; and farther on, the lofty spires of the city, were mirrored with distinctness on its still and glassy surface. The heavens were cloudless, save here and there a fleecy form, which imagination might suppose a messenger from realms of light, to watch over us through the fast approaching hours of darkness.

I also looked upon the flowers—beautiful in all their various forms and colors, filling the air with fragrance and the earth with beauty. The orchard, plentiful with ripening fruit ; fields of corn and waving grain, all foretold a bountiful harvest.

And now the sun had taken his last farewell glance ; but long after he disappeared, could be seen the reflection of his rays in the crimson glow around the western horizon—like the departure of a Christian, the glory of whose goodness remains long after he has vanished from mortal vision.

I heard the plaintive notes of the wood-bird ; the shrill chirping of the cricket, and merry concert of the frogs. This was their hour for hymns of praise. I watched the stars as they came forth in companies, or one by one, to take their accustomed places in the bright constellations that nightly glitter in the heavens, increasing in brightness as light disappears ; and when the last faint, trembling star appeared in the deep blue vault, they all rejoiced.

But soon a larger form was seen slowly gliding up from behind the eastern hills, and the moon, in all her purity and loveliness, arose—night's chosen queen, casting far and near her mild, hea-

venly beams ; and with every thing so peaceful and happy, the earth reposing beneath her silvery light, it seemed almost a paradise.

Nor silent was mankind. Voices might be heard ascending in tones of love and gratitude to the King of kings. And where the lip was silent, far down in the secret depths of the heart, was rising the melody of a pure and thankful spirit. E. E. T.

THE RETURN.

It is midnight. The bustle of the street has long since ceased. The lamp has gone out on the student's table ; the child sleeps quietly on the fond parent's bosom ; and the weary laborer has forgotten his toil. All is hushed, save the howling blast, and the dashing of old ocean's waves, as they angrily lash the shore.

All now acknowledge a season of repose, save one whose anxious eye is often raised to the cloud-mantled heavens. Anon it rests upon the angry surges of the deep. Anguish sits triumphant on every feature of his venerable face, and his full soul breaks forth in strains of pathetic sorrow. Slowly lifting his eyes to heaven, he breathes a short but fervent prayer for one who hitherto had spurned its richest blessings. Like Abraham, he prays that his erring son may yet live before God—that he may return to his friends, and in the home of paternal affection, manifest the fruits of a renewed life.

A rap is heard at the door. A tall youth enters, whose weather-beaten and burned features proclaim months of toil beneath the burning sun in a sultry clime. The emotions of his soul are portrayed in the confusion of his face. Falling at the feet of his parent, he essays to acknowledge the kindness upon which he had long trampled—for he feared even to look in the face of the father he had so deeply wounded. With rapture the venerable patriarch folded his erring child to his bosom, and gratefully exclaimed, "The Lord hath heard my prayer, and listened to my supplication : henceforth will I make mention of His loving kindness, and trust in His holy name for ever." MARY S.

FRIENDSHIP.

How sweet, how soothing, is the voice of friendship! How fascinating it falls upon the ear, and with a magical influence heals the wounds of the heart! In the hour of trial and adversity, when the thick mists of sorrow have shrouded every prospect, and when disappointment after disappointment has driven hope far, far away, and made desolate that sanctuary where the best affections of the soul are garnered: when despair, with brooding wings, settles upon the spirits, and makes even life itself hateful,—then, even then will the mild, gentle tones of friendship, in strains of sweetest melody, tranquilize the mind.

Who that has ever stood in need of the soothing language of friendship, and experienced its healing power, would not wish to be a friend to every child of sorrow? Who would refuse the consolations of friendship, to bind up the broken heart, save him whose heart was never warmed with emotions of gratitude, and knows nothing of its holy influence? Holy Father! save me from the sin of ingratitude, and enable me always to appreciate the worth of those friends, who, in life's dark hour, bade me trust in the loving-kindness of our God, who would yet cause all things to work together for good.

C. N.

 THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

“O surely, there is no place like home!” said Francis L., one day, while conversing with a friend. “For ten years have I been travelling far and wide over the earth, and many are the scenes of beauty and splendor upon which my eyes have rested. I have been upon England's shores, and have gazed with admiration upon her beautiful scenery. I have beheld with delight the sunny hills and pleasant vales of France; and lingered long beneath the blue skies of Italy, and examined with a curious eye some of her noblest specimens of art, and have looked upon the ruins of that once proud city, Rome, and listened with pleasure to the sweet strains of music that flowed from the lips of Italia's blue-eyed daughters. Upon the now desolate plains of Palestine

have I stood—on the very spot where, centuries ago, our blessed Savior dwelt with his disciples. Then have I retraced my steps, crossed again the wide and boundless deep, and travelled over the hills and mountains of my own native land. To the far West have I bent my steps, and feasted my eyes upon the picturesque scenery exhibited in the beautiful prairies and immense forests of the western wilds. By the banks of the noble Hudson have I wandered; and my soul has been filled with the most sublime emotions, as I have gazed upon Niagara's foaming cataract.

All these have I beheld; and yet I can say in truth, that never, in viewing all these scenes, have I experienced such pure delight as when I beheld again that lovely and sequestered spot around which were gathered the friends of home. O, how different were the emotions that swelled my breast ten years previously, when, with a light and joyous heart, I bade adieu to the shores of America, and sailed for a foreign land—vainly expecting in roaming abroad over the earth, and beholding the wonders of creation, to attain the very height of human happiness.

But I have learned from experience, that there is no place like home, and no friends like those that cluster around a father's fire-side. It is not so much when the sun of prosperity is shining brightly upon us, and the smile of health is resting upon the brow, and the hand of friendship is extended on every side to greet us, that we can rightly appreciate the blessings of home; but when the sunshine has passed away, and darkness is resting upon us—when sickness preys upon the frame, and friend after friend is fast disappearing—it is then the remembrance of her who watched with such unremitting care over our infant years, and who in all our waywardness ever manifested toward us the same strong feeling of maternal love—of a sister, who shared our youthful sports—and of friends endeared to us by all the associations that cling around the hours of childhood—remembrance comes home upon the soul, and exerts its proper influence there. It is then we feel, that however humble and lowly the place may be where the heart's dearest affections are enshrined, yet we would not exchange it for the lordly palace of an Eastern monarch, nor resign the joys of home for the uncertain pleasures which might be ours in a stranger land.

O when will the world learn that it is not amid the glare of wealth, nor in the gay circle, that the greatest amount of happiness

is enjoyed ! Nor yet in ranging far-off climes, and traversing other lands, however bright and fair—but that in our quiet and peaceful home, surrounded by loved and cherished friends ; away from the pomp of display, and that splendor which dazzles but to deceive, we may bask in the glorious sunlight of peace, and experience the purest delight that earth affords.”

Truly has the poet said,

“ If ever love, the first, the best,
The sweetest dream to mortals given,
One little spot of earth has dressed
With dews, and rays, and flowers of Heaven—
It is that spot of verdant green,
Where virtue and her handmaids come,
To deck with simple charms the scene,
And bless the holy haunts of home.”

MARIA.

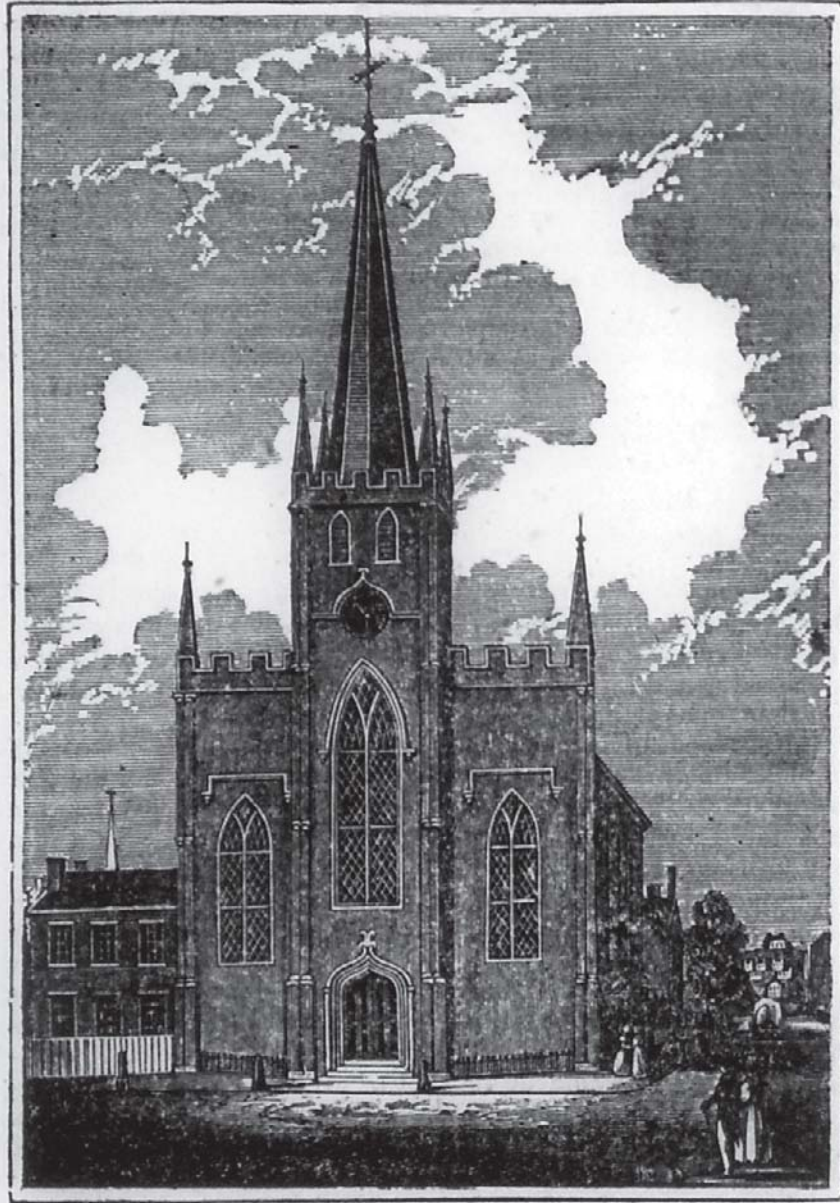
WILD-FLOWERS.

In all the works of nature, there is nothing more lovely to me than the sweet wild-flowers. The lovely violet, the wild daisy, and the sweet-scented clover-blossoms, send forth their perfumed odor on the balmy breath of heaven, and we inhale the sweet fragrance with delight.

On a beautiful summer morning, when the sun is just rising and shedding his golden rays along the eastern sky, and the dew is still sparkling on the grass, what presents a more lovely scene than the green fields and shady groves, scattered over with a rich profusion of beautiful wild-flowers ? There they bloom in nature's wild luxuriance, without the hand of art to take care of them ; but they are more lovely for the wildness in which they grow.

There are many who think there is no beauty in the flowers that grow wild in the fields, but choose the more showy flowers that bloom in the garden. But the flowers of the field, if cultivated with care, would be thought as pretty as most of our garden flowers. I love them better in their native state,—for then we see them in their true beauty ; for the violet, if transplanted to our gardens, would no longer look like the modest flower which we see peeping forth from the tall grass beside the running brooks, and seeming to hide itself from our gaze.

When we look around us, and see the flowers of the field blooming in beauty and loveliness, should we not raise our hearts with gratitude and love to God, who is ever mindful of us ? T.



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