

FORTUNE-TELLING.

A NARRATIVE OF SALMAGUNDI.

I will inform the reader, first of all, that I do not altogether approve of fortune-telling ; nevertheless, it may sometimes be practised with perfect propriety. The practice of turning cups after tea, in which many young ladies often indulge, might be a means of giving timely caution, for the purpose of persuading thoughtless young people to desist from practices, or to forsake company, that would be likely to lead them to ruin, without seeming to meddle with the conduct or affairs of others ; a thing which was practiced, "many a time and oft," by an old bachelor of my acquaintance.

This bachelor had become quite notorious for fortune-telling—not that he knew any thing respecting futurity ;—no, he only judged effect from cause ; and being almost always at leisure, and of good manners—also possessing excellent conversational powers—he was a welcome guest at all convivial parties, quiltings, huskings, or any other merry-making which the good people of Salmagundi chose to make.

In this little village there lived an old lady, who, having no daughters of her own, looked upon every girl in the village with an interest amounting almost to maternal solicitude. The girls all truly loved the old lady, and were never more happy than when, seated in her neat little parlour, they listened to some legend of olden time, which Aunt Nancy (as we girls familiarly called her) would cull from the well-supplied storehouse of her cranium, for our amusement.

One autumn, Aunt Nancy made a quilting, to which all the girls were invited. We had promised ourselves much merriment at this quilting ; for we thought that Aunt Nancy, agreeably to her usual practice, would tell us some of the choicest and rarest of her stories. But she, good lady, was that afternoon afflicted with a nervous headache, and we had rather a sorry time. To make amends for this unforeseen disappointment, Aunt Nancy sent for "black Bartholomew," as we sportively called him, to take tea with us, and tell our fortunes. This movement was highly gratifying to the most of us, and a joyous and merry time had we.

The most of us had nothing told, but what was intended for the amusement of the time present ; and as it would be uninteresting to the reader, I omit particulars. But there were two of our number whose fortunes were of a different stamp ; and the "black man" augured much of misery. The young ladies' fortunes, however, depended much upon the course of conduct which they themselves pursued ; and Bartholomew pointed out a way for them to escape the evils which hung impending over them, and threatened (as he said) to destroy their peace for time and eternity.

One of these young ladies was the natural daughter of Capt. Richard Salter, the commander of a merchant-man, that sailed from Portsmouth to Liverpool. Her mother, who had retired into the country to hide her disgrace, had by her engaging manners gained the affections of a very worthy farmer, and became his wife. And this truly benevolent man, ever bestowed upon Harriet S. the same kind care, which he did upon his own children.

Harriet grew up, a lovely and promising girl. So modest and retiring was she, that she might well be compared to the violet. It was seldom that she could be persuaded to join in any of our youthful sports ; and when she did, it was with a manner which told that she yielded to the entreaties of her companions, more from a desire to please others, than because she took any pleasure in them herself. Every mother in the village who had a wild, giddy daughter, would frequently, when reprimanding her for her follies, express a wish, that her child was but half so well behaved as Harriet S. ; and the girls themselves would sometimes wish the same ; but oftener would they bid their mothers remember that "still water runs deep."

Harriet's mother, before her marriage, had spent more than a year in my father's family, assisting my mother in her domestic affairs ; and after my mother's death was very kind to me. This brought Harriet (who was but six months my junior) and myself, as a thing in course, to become acquainted. I possessed her confidence in a good degree ; and was fully persuaded that her retiring manners were, in a great measure, owing to a too keen sensibility ; for she was feelingly alive to the shade which her mother's early misfortunes had cast upon her birth.

Harriet and Eleanor J. were the last whose fortunes were told. When Bartholomew fixed his large black eyes upon the hazel

orbs of Harriet, and with an ominous shake of the head, read off her future destiny, I felt angry with him, while every better feeling of my nature was absorbed in pity for the unfortunate Harriet. "Harriet," said the oracle, "beware! beware! Here in this cup I see sins, crimes, and a living witness of dishonour! Yes, I see—what do I see? I see a long dreary road, that leads to another kingdom! And here! yes, here in this road is a female, a lone wanderer! She is fleeing from the home of her childhood, to hide her disgrace. The road is watered with her tears! She wishes she had listened to the warning of 'black Bartholomew'; but now it is too late! more I dare not tell. Stop! I here see a way of escape. Harriet, there is a serpent that will lead you to ruin, unless you banish him from your presence. Rouse yourself! Seek your happiness in a virtuous course of conduct; your amusements, in the company of your young companions. In their youthful and innocent sports, you will find more true enjoyment, than you possibly can in the company which you have kept of late. Notwithstanding what is past, you may yet be respected and happy. This, however, depends upon yourself. If you escape-threatened evils until you are eighteen years of age, there will be but little danger in future."

Here Bartholomew stopped, and turning to Eleanor J., took her cup. He turned it round, and round; then fetching a deep sigh, he looked full in the face of Eleanor. A moment's pause, another sigh, and he re-commenced his augury.

"Eleanor," said he, "I see in this cup a female who is bowed down with premature old age. She is sitting alone; and by the light of a few embers, patching her children's clothes. The little ones are in a corner of the room, sleeping on a bed of straw. The winds are whistling through the cracks and crevices of her lowly habitation. The broken windows are stuffed with rags. It is past twelve. The stillness of the dark night is disturbed by vociferations. The door is thrown open, and a bloated wretch staggers into the room! With an uplifted cane, he approaches the trembling woman! All beyond is darkness. Eleanor," said he, after a moment's pause, "give Joseph the mitten, and escape threatened evil."

Eleanor and myself were to spend the night with Aunt Nancy, who, having recovered from her headache, sat with us until a very late hour; and many were the merry stories of by-gone

It was not till after these circumstances took place, that Bartholomew told what induced him to tell Harriet's fortune in the manner which he did. He then related, that he had frequently seen Andrew and Harriet walking by the side of Lake Winnipisiogee, with no other company ; and also, had often seen them sitting together in Harriet's chamber, at late hours ; and judging what the result of such a course might be, he thought it to be his duty to give timely warning.

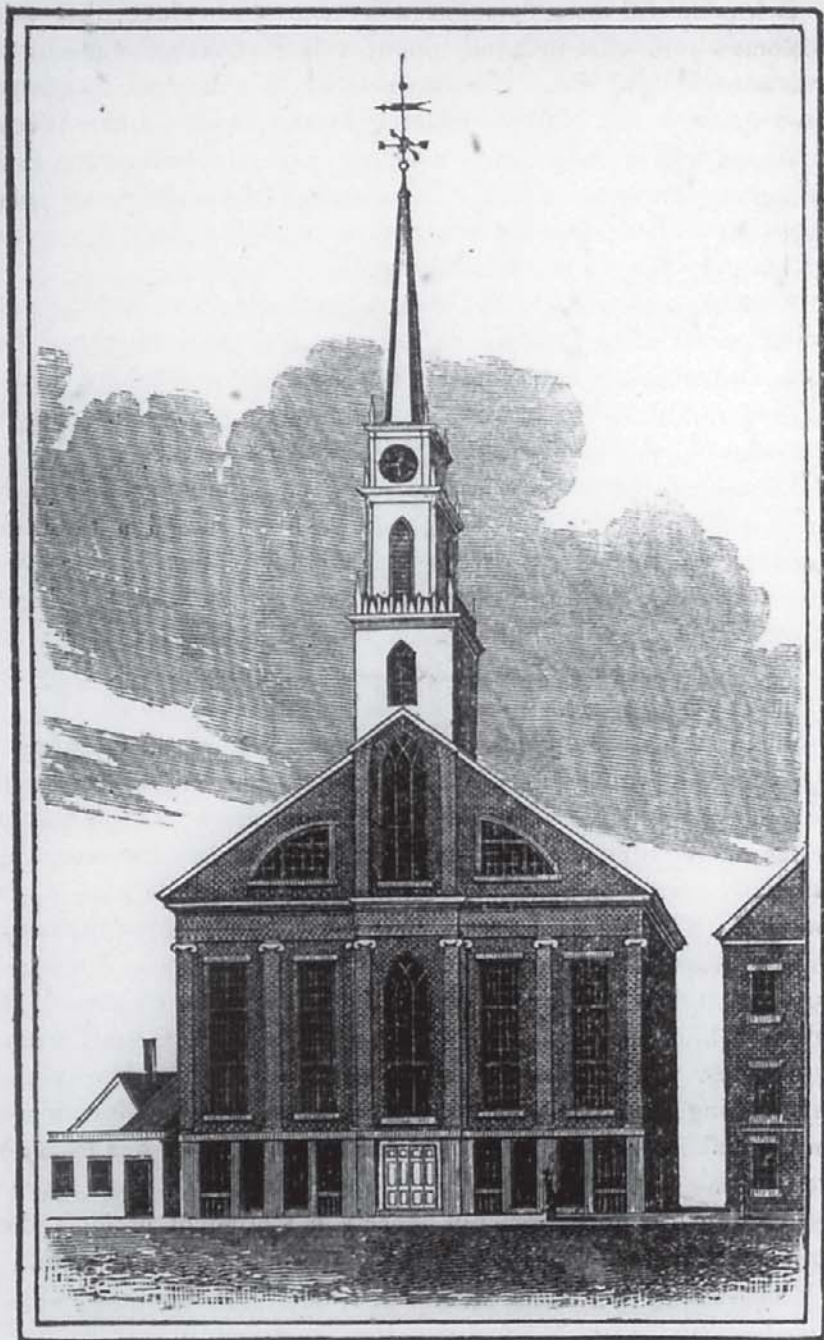
A number of years afterwards, a gentleman from Salmagundi, while on a visit in Canada, called upon Harriet. He found her in a miserable log hut, spinning tow, and surrounded by several ragged children—the largest of which bore no resemblance to the others, but was the living image of Andrew L.

Eleanor J. adhered to her resolution. She gave Joseph R. the mitten in good earnest, and although he asked a thousand pardons, and promised, on his bended knees, never to be overtaken in a like fault in future, she remained inexorable. Many of the 'wise ones' of Salmagundi blamed Eleanor at first ; but in after years, when Joseph became a confirmed sot, they applauded her conduct.

Eleanor was some years on the wrong side of thirty, when a rich and very worthy man, who had lately had the misfortune to bury a very amiable wife, paid her his addresses. After a short acquaintance they were married ; and thus far has Eleanor, by a judicious course of conduct, justified her husband's choice of a partner. The prospect now is, that she will glide happily through life, a blessing to others, and truly blessed herself. Eleanor's husband stands high in the estimation of his fellow citizens. He is now Chief Justice of one of the Courts in the County where he resides. Eleanor says that she shall always approve of fortune-telling, and also think highly of old bachelors—since it was an old bachelor, who, by telling her fortune, saved her from destruction.

The above is no fiction, but merely a statement of facts that actually occurred.

TABITHA.



FIRST FREEWILL BAPTIST CHURCH....LOWELL..

TALES OF FACTORY LIFE. No. 2.

THE ORPHAN SISTERS.

Catherine B. was the eldest of three sisters. Actual misfortune placed her parents in such an embarrassed state of affairs, as to make it necessary for Catherine and a younger sister to support themselves at an early age. They had learned the pecuniary advantages of factory life, from some of their young friends who had returned from a neighboring village, where they had been employed in a cotton mill. They earnestly requested the leave of their parents to go to Lowell to seek their fortune, as they termed such an adventure. After some deliberation, they gave their consent, but not without much solicitude for their safety.

The evening previously to their departure, the family met around the altar of devotion, where, with the faltering voice of emotion, the benediction of Heaven was invoked in behalf of the sisters, who were about to leave the paternal home for a residence among strangers.

The next morning, the sisters left their their much-loved home, to obtain a livelihood—and as they cast a wishful eye upon the friends they had left, a sadness stole unconsciously over their buoyant spirits, unknown to them before.

They arrived at their place of destination, and were successful in finding employment. But what a great contrast from the quiet country-home in the neighborhood of the White Mountains, was the City of Spindles, to the sisters! They had been accustomed to listen only to

“Nature’s wild, unconscious song,
O’er thousand hills that floats along”—

But here was confusion in all its forms; and truly said Catherine, “I should like to find myself alone for a brief space, that I might hold communion with my own heart undisturbed.”

Time soon rendered these scenes less annoying; and soon were our young friends able to fix their attention upon any subject within their range of thought, with the multitude around them.

Nothing of much importance occurred during their first year’s stay in Lowell; only they wrote often to their friends, and re-

ceived letters from them often in return, abounding in such advice as their friends thought might be useful to them, under the circumstances in which they were placed. They were requested to return in one year from the time they left, and visit their friends, and had made their arrangements to be absent a few weeks, when a message was received from their mother for them to return as soon as possible, as their father was dangerously ill.

Next morning they started, and arrived the day following. Their mother met them at the door, with the sad intelligence that their father could survive but a few hours at most. He was very weak, and could only give them a few words of advice; and then bade them a long farewell.

Their mother was nearly exhausted with fatigue; and constant watching had rendered her health very low. She was attacked by a like disease, and survived their father but a few weeks. The same grave opened to receive her, that had been prepared for their father, and these sisters were truly orphans.

Could this sad tale of suffering end here, the deep feelings of sympathy might be spared the reader, in a good measure; but there are other scenes too interesting to leave without notice.—A little brother and sister are here, and what shall be done with *them*? Catherine was to take charge of them, by special request from her mother, in her last moments. But how to provide for them a home, was what most troubled her. The advice of friends was cheap: every one would bestow it gratuitously—and there were as many opinions as persons. Some gave it as their opinion, that it might be proper to throw them on the public charity; but to this, Catherine replied, with her usual decision—“Give them into the care of strangers! No. I will work till I die, before I will consent to such a course. If any one must suffer privation, let it fall on me, and not on these children, who have not yet learned that the cup of human existence is mixed with bitterness and sorrow.”

After having heard various opinions, they thought proper to ask advice of one who had manifested much kindness in their time of trouble—and he gave it as his opinion, that it would be well to board their little brother in a good family in the neighborhood, and take their sister with them to Lowell—to which they consented. The little furniture, and what else that remained, was disposed of, to settle some trifling debts that would unavoid-

ably be contracted under the circumstances in which they were placed ; and only a few things were reserved by them as a memorial of the past. And as they gave the last fond farewell to the home of their earliest years, how sad and dejected were the once buoyant spirits of the sisters !

A kind neighbor bade them welcome to his house as their home during their short stay, and assisted them in arranging their affairs, by procuring a boarding-place for their brother, and rendering them such other assistance as they needed. The evening previously to their departure, Catherine went to the place sacred to memory, where lay the slumbering dust of all that we claim as friends, under all circumstances. It was a lone, dreary spot. Nought but the plaintive notes of the whippoorwill, and the waving branches of the willow, were heard to break the silence of evening. She sat down upon a stone, near the quiet resting place of those loved friends, and gave full vent to the sorrowful emotions of her heart. She felt that there is a power to soothe in holding communion with the dead ; and most fervently did she pray, that she might be strengthened to fulfil the duties of a mother to those little ones, who had been left in her care by the death of her parents.

Next day, the sisters started again for Lowell ; but not with the same thoughts and feelings as when they left before. They left now with the gloomy reflection that they had no home—no friends on whom they could rely, if sick or unfortunate ; and in their care was a little sister ; and a brother still younger, whose board they were under obligation to pay, they had left behind.

They arrived safely in Lowell, and with heavy hearts ; for they thought it would be difficult for them to procure board for a child so young. They consulted a lady of their acquaintance, who very kindly offered to board her ; and look after her, during their absence in the mill. And if he that giveth a cup of cold water shall in no wise lose his reward, how abundant is the satisfaction of that kind-hearted woman, in having contributed so much to relieve the heavy burdens of those orphan sisters !

Heaven smiled upon their efforts, and good health and prosperity have attended them ; but no one can suppose, for a moment, that they have not possessed a self-sacrificing spirit.

The little sister was kept at school, until she was old enough to earn her living, with a little assistance ; and then she was

sent into the country, to reside with a friend, and go to school a part of the time. The little brother is able to earn his living six months in the year, and the sisters furnish means to keep him at school the remainder.

But let no one suppose that the care of these children has diminished the real happiness of the sisters—for they assured me it was a rich source of pleasure to review the past, and call to mind the many times when they were obliged to spend all but a few shillings, in providing for those little ones. “And,” said Catherine, “it has taught me lessons of practical benevolence ; for I have seen the time when it would cost an effort to give half a dollar, be its object ever so praise-worthy.”

The sisters have of late been able to lay by a small sum for themselves—thereby evincing the utility of perseverance in well-doing ; and though it may seem to many that their lot has been a hard one, still they are blest with sunshine and flowers ; and when next you see Catherine’s name, it shall be in the list of marriages.

S. G. B.

DOING GOOD.

What delightful sensations animate the bosom of the person who cheerfully lends his aid to relieve the necessities of the poor—who ministers comfort with an affectionate heart to the afflicted—who kindly sympathizes with the mourner, and who seeks by words of kindness and affection to cheer the desponding hopes of the disappointed and broken-hearted ! There is a feeling of gratification arising from deeds of charity and love towards suffering humanity, which nought else can impart.

Mankind are so constituted, that a life of benevolence and purity, can alone yield true happiness. They may bestow their goods to feed the poor, merely to receive the praises of men—but how short-lived is such happiness, compared to the bliss of that soul, who has no one to approve, save the poor he has relieved, (who with sincere hearts call upon Heaven to bless their benefactor) his conscience, and his Maker.

The command of our Saviour is, “Let thine alms be in secret”—teaching us that it is sinful to seek the applause of men, and

that we should be actuated by a purer motive, if we would enjoy the promised reward. Peace and happiness will always crown the days of the benefactor. He will be beloved by all around him, and the blessings of the relieved will be gratefully bestowed upon him.

N.

 THE FRIEND OF THE FATHERLESS.

When through the sombre shades of grief,
 With cautious steps we wend our way,
 And nought appears for our relief,
 And Earth's bright visions fade away—
 What torturing, what exquisite pain,
 Fills the wild heart, as round we throw
 Each anxious glance, and hope again
 To meet our much loved friends below.

But why those tears? See! yonder comes
 A Friend, in smiles and charms arrayed!
 In accents sweet and silver tones
 He speaks, whilst glory crowns his head.
 In my own father's house, he says,
 (Whilst love beams from his kindling eyes,)
 Are mansions, unto which I'll raise
 My weary friends, above the skies.
 Grieve not, nor fear cold Death to meet,
 Though he has robed you oft in gloom—
 Though o'er a father's grave you weep,
 And plant frail flowers around his tomb—
 Though the fair rose bloom o'er the plain,
 Where sleeps a brother, fond and dear,
 A sister, too—O much loved name!—
 Still dry each silent, falling tear.
 Weep not—for o'er their silent tombs
 Earth's soft green mantle lightly lies;
 And the young flow'ret gaily blooms,
 And o'er them arch the azure skies.
 There they in tranquil slumbers rest,
 Unconscious of Earth's cares and woes;
 No pain or anguish fills the breast,
 To break their long and calm repose.
 Their spirits, round their Father's throne,
 Strike harps of gold with heavenly choirs;
 Ecstatic bliss, delight unknown,
 Wraps them in heaven's ethereal fires.

This Friend is Jesus! how his name
 Breathes balm and peace o'er troubled souls!
 Earth's sharpest cares may strive in vain,
 Whilst his dear love the heart controls.

LEORA.

ARISTOCRACY OF EMPLOYMENT.

As I was walking a few days since through one of our principal streets, my attention was attracted by the size and beauty of some of its principal edifices. Within a short distance were several spacious houses for public worship, and taste and wealth had been displayed in the erection of buildings of a more private character. And then I thought of the vast amount of labour which had been employed in the construction of that single street. How much of human strength had there been worn away, how many sinews there been strained to the utmost exertion, and arms been almost palsied by excess of toil.

Yet this was but one of the streets in our city, and this city but one of the smaller ones in our Union.

I thought of this, and I thought no longer of the beauty, taste, or wealth which had been manifested, but of the *labour*.

“The law of labour !” O how prolific a theme of thought, and how many the reflections to which it probably gives rise in the minds of those incapable of expressing their thoughts through the medium of the pen.

The laborer—and who is *he* ? A man, made a little lower than the angels, and stamped with the impress of his heavenly Father ; a man and brother to him who will not soil, with slightest manual employment, his snowy hand, or costly vestment ; a man, and though too often degraded to a station but little above the brute, yet may be in some future time, the companion of angels.

I thought of this, and the beauty, taste and splendor upon which I had gazed, now led to reflections upon *him* who had created them.

The laborer—and where is he ? Wherever the beautiful mansion of the rich man greets the admiring gaze of passing travellers ; wherever the splendid temple’s lofty dome is reared, and its tapering spire springs upward to the sky ; wherever the giant mill-wheel groans on its axle, and myriads of wheels, and springs, and bands revolve in their lesser circles, there has the laborer been. Wherever the amateur displays his costly collection of beauties, or the virtuoso the curious productions of gifted ones in other lands ; wherever the artist displays the inspired creations of the pencil or the chisel ; or the poet’s strains subdued

by pathos or excite to rapturous enthusiasm—there again, yes, even there, amidst that thrilling beauty, has the laborer been. Wherever some lovely paradise, some modern Garden of Eden, with its labyrinthine walks, its jutting fountains, its rare exotics, its sweet perfumes, and costly flowers, are to be seen, there also, amidst that choicest haunt of the lover of refined amusements, has the dirt-soiled laborer been. Wherever the organ's "loud-resounding notes" swell upward from the worshipping choir, or the flute's soft tones steal gently on the evening breeze, or the piano's keys vibrate beneath the touch of the favored child of Fortune, there also is the handiwork of the laborer. Not more surely is his presence indicated by the humble cot which shelters his head from the cold and the storm, or the rude couch on which he rests his weary limbs, than by the fretted dome of the vast cathedral, or the gorgeous splendor of the palace.

We cannot go where man has created beauty, splendor, or convenience, but we also find the tokens of toil. There is around us proof upon proof in attestation of that sentence pronounced upon man, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

Yet men strive to evade this law; they put shackles on their brother; they place over *him* the task-master, then fold their arms and say, "There must be toil, and *thou* shalt be the laborer. *My* share and *thine* shall both be done by *thee*, and I will give thee bread, that life may not perish in thy sordid frame; and clothing, that thy limbs may not be shrunk by the cold, or parched by the heat; and peradventure I will give thee meat, that thy strength may continue the longer; and thou mayest have some mean hut, that thou mayest rear a grovelling band to toil for my offspring, as thou shalt toil for me." And when the laborer says, "Who made thee a ruler over me?" Egyptian-like, he smites him to the earth.

Yes, has it not been too often thus—the laborer, like one who struggles in some troubled sea, while he for whom each nerve is strained stands idly on the shore; and when he would leap from those dark waters, a blow is given to send him back, and the smiter smiles at his own mercy, because he did not dash his brains.

Such has been, in other times and distant places, the operation of this universal law—I say universal, for every where that man has shown himself a being of high endowments, of superior skill,

power, and sagacity, it has been by labour—yes, wherever man has been himself a creature above the brutes around him, and aspiring to a higher dwelling-place than the earth which is their home, it is because he has been there the laborer.

Employment is the lot awaiting us all, as we come forth into this busy world. The earth is to be tilled ; cities, towns and villages to be built ; strong ships are to be made, and guided across the deep sea ; there must be a ceaseless preparation of food and clothing for the unceasing demand for them ; there is ever a new generation springing up to be nurtured, and taught, and watched, and an old one to be nursed, and sheltered, and cared for, till they are laid in the house appointed for all—and the living must make that last tenement ; all this is to be done, and to be always doing, and man *must* be the laborer.

There must be ministers, also, to the desire for the grand, the holy, and the beautiful ; and the gifted ones must go forth amid the less favored crowd, and bear a light to gladden their other brethren.

And he who resists this law, who would make of himself and *his*, exceptions to this rule—he who would go through this world without conferring one benefit upon those who have ministered to his wants, and supplied his necessities, those who have cherished his infancy, and preserved his maturer life—he who would lay down a useless existence in an unhonoured grave—he who would do this, would fain believe himself a being to whom the faithful observers of Heaven's mandate should bow, and cringe, and fawn, and kneel, and thank for the listless smile, and pray for the privilege to watch and wait around him !

Such has been, and such still is, in some places, the observance of the law of labour. True, there are other spots on this wide earth where men meet, as in that long past time, but with a holier purpose, and join with one heart and tongue to build their tower, or do whatever else necessity or choice may dictate.—But ere long the aristocracy will arise ; those will spring from the mass, who would look on and see the vast machine in motion, and enjoy the benefits of its revolution, yet never put their own shoulder to the wheel ; and who think, by this disregard of the great law imposed upon all, to purchase an immunity of privileges, of which they would also deprive the laborer.

We do not see so much of this as many do. There is here

but little of the aristocracy, but few of those for whom all must be done, but who will do nothing in return ; we have but little of this aristocracy, but we have *the aristocracy of employment*. It is perhaps a new phrase, but is it not an expressive one? We know of the aristocracy of other countries. We know that with all its evils it has some redeeming influences. We can conceive of the stimulating power which the aristocracy of birth can produce. The desire to bequeath untarnished the glorious name inherited from his ancestors, may deter from many a deed of sin and meanness the proud owner of this inheritance ; or the wish to add one other leaf to the laurel wreath which has been placed by fate upon his brow, may spur the wearer to some glorious act of bravery, of generosity, or mental exertion. All this may result from the aristocracy of birth. We have it not here : from its excusable traits, and its inexcusable principles, we are happily free.

But *we have* aristocracy. That of wealth, though more excusable here than that of birth is elsewhere, is not all we have. I say more excusable, because here wealth must be the toil-won portion of its possessor. No law of entail ensures estates to a privileged few ; but all must work, or fail to enjoy. But we have what is more tyrannical, more foolish if possible, than any other aristocracy—that of *employment*.

“What does he or she do for a living?” is almost the first question usually asked of a person, after an introduction. Whenever the employment is indicative of superior talent, merit or industry in the operative, of whatever class, there is good reason why honour should be the willing tribute paid to the individual. Whenever “that large boon, a nation’s care,” is entrusted to the man whom his countrymen have deemed most worthy of the charge, the deference due to the station, and the merit and talent which have procured him that station, should accompany the emoluments, trials, cares and pleasures which must also be his.

There is, there ever must be, some aristocracy. Where all can never be alike, some must of course be inferior to others ; but let there be no other than this. Let superiority of talent or merit receive the deference which to these is usually accorded with pleasure ; but let not man be degraded by the necessity of doing outward homage to those whom in his inmost heart he despises or detests ; or to the still lower degradation of sincerely

honouring that which more enlightened and juster views would teach him is dishonourable ; and to admire and strive to imitate that which he would then abhor. We would that honour should be always rendered to him to whom honour is due ; but we would that those, and only those, should receive it. But there are so many false ideas of honour in the conventional relations of society, so much of respect exacted by, and accorded to, *station*, that every true principle of respect is crushed, or at least benumbed.

He who wields the cloth-yard measure, deems himself far more worthy of respect than he who tills the ground ; he who girds himself for war, and makes it the occupation of his life to slay his brethren, thinks himself an object of far greater value than him whose days are spent in the manufacture of the necessities or conveniences of life. She who sits at ease in her parlour, would fain think herself a better and nobler being than she whose every thought, and act, and moment, is devoted to her family ; she who sits and fashions nice attire, believes herself of greater consequence than the individual who manufactured the article of which those garments are made ; and thus, through all the gradations of employment, is this aristocracy.

Is it not foolish, nay, worse than foolish, to trample upon, and jeer, and scorn those who are bound by necessity's stern laws to some harder service, some less profitable toil than ourselves ? Why should it be that those who do most, are so often thought to be deserving of the least ? The hardest working man is really the *poorest* man. He who builds a palace, must himself be content with a cottage.

But times and opinions are gradually changing. Old abuses are slowly reforming, and a juster perception of our neighbor's rights mingles with more correct ideas of our own duty. The laborer gradually rises higher. As years pass by, some portion of the burden is cast upon the shoulders of those who have hitherto been favored ones, and they dare not endeavour to cast it aside. All must share it, though each should take that part which is best adapted to his strength and capacities. If all did this, and all will some day do it, how easy would that burden be ! Nay, it would hardly be a burden. Labour, it is true, has been always thought a curse. It is in sacred writ pronounced as such ; but He who declared that sentence, is one who has mercifully

linked it with blessings ; and those who would wholly evade it, but bring upon themselves new judgments.

But as mankind progress in knowledge and in holiness—as they approach that state of perfection which has been foretold as one of happiness and peace—the curse is gradually removed—at least all of the sentence which can be pronounced a curse ; for as new discoveries are continually made, as new inventions are constantly announced, as new complications of machinery are rapidly and faithfully assuming the laborer's office, as matter is ever becoming more surely and completely under the dominion of mind, even so is the curse removed.

Nay, I will not call it a curse. All that prevents it from being an unmingled blessing, is taken away, and man in peaceful brotherhood enjoys the bounties and obeys the mandates of his Father.

There is, as all believe, a brighter day to dawn on earth—a day when peace, equality and love shall form the grand features of the social plan ; when the laborer shall not bow to him who would bear undue authority—for all shall then be laborers ; and while ' each in his proper station moves,' all will be impelled by truth and love. There shall then be no aristocracy of rank, birth, wealth, or labour ; but all shall unite to do the will of Him who commanded us to do unto others as we would have others do unto us.

H. F.

THE GOOD ONLY ARE HAPPY.

Goodness and virtue are the only guides to happiness ; and if we wish for happiness, we must walk in their paths—for it is there alone that we shall find it. We may seek it in the paths of vice and folly, but our search will be in vain. A moment of pleasure may be ours, but disappointment and sorrow will be sure to follow—for the pleasures of the wicked will not last.—But the good are always happy. They seek for happiness in doing good to others, and the approbation of a good conscience is their reward, and ' the soul's calm sunshine and the heart-felt joy ' is theirs.

Then let us take virtue as our guide, and she will lead us to

the only true fountain of happiness. The bright sun-shine of peace and joy will fill our hearts ; and should the hour of adversity come upon us, we can look to the past with pleasure, and to the future with hope.

T.

THE COUNTRY LAWYER.

“Poetizing, upon my word !” said Alice Belmont, as she was ushered into the private parlor of Theresa Copley ; “now, do lay aside your flowers for the present. One would think that life or death depended on your placing, in that odious-looking book, every flower that is given you—as though you intended to immortalize your name, by writing scraps of poetry under each one, emblematic of the flower or the giver, or both.”

“Certainly,” exclaimed Theresa, “with pleasure would I lay aside every thing for your sweet company—for it is a luxury which I have not enjoyed much of late ; but I will excuse all, knowing as I do that Lawyer Huntley has monopolized your time for a few days past. And by the way, I spent an evening in company with him, not long since.”

“Ah, that is what I wished to speak about,” replied Alice, archly ; “for you know I consider your taste in beauty superior to mine ; and now will you tell me what you think of this country lawyer ? and pray ‘don’t rush,’ and tell all your thoughts at once.”

“First of all,” said Theresa, laughing, “I suppose you would ask if I think him handsome ? to which I answer, no, not in person. But do you not remember what Raleigh says, ‘that if thou marriest for beauty, thou bindest thyself all thy life for that, which perchance will neither last nor please thee one year ; and when thou hast it, it will be to thee of no price at all ; for the desire dieth when it is attained, and the affection perisheth when it is satisfied.’ But he has what is far better than beauty—intellectual worth. The high pale brow and dark expressive eye, even to the casual observer speak a mind of no ordinary cast.—And even now the great and good distinguish him as ‘a bright particular star’ in the literary constellation. He is agreeable,

and can accommodate himself to whatever society chance may cast him amidst. But notwithstanding all, I think him rather a dangerous acquaintance—for it is said of him that he is one of those favored men, who have the command of every lady's heart they meet with, while they keep their own preserved most excellently. He is very popular with his own sex, too; more than men in general are. I hope, dear Alice, he has not stolen that little treasure of yours, which you always prided yourself on keeping so securely; but I will not speak of that at present, though rides and walks beneath a starlit sky, were the order of the day—or evening, I should have said—while he remained in our 'city of spindles.' He told me, by the by, that this was his first visit here, and that he was agreeably disappointed in the appearance of the place—so much so, that he hoped this would not be his last. It is not impossible there is some particular attraction here—for he smiled as he made the last remark. Yet with all his smiles, I think he is not entirely happy, and what old bachelor is? But some spirits are so constituted, as to wreath the lips with smiles, even when their life's blood is chilled with despair. He may be one of these. Without doubt there is some good reason why he is so choice of his heart; or it may be that some fair creature has embalmed it for him, in the innermost shrine of her own. But enough: I will not seek to lift the veil that perhaps, like Mokanna's, conceals deformity; for the changes which sometimes mark an individual's lot, seem to baffle all calculations upon cause and effect. In short, I think him a polished gentleman; besides, he is a worshipper at the shrine of intellect and taste. He loves poetry; and, next to music, that is a passion with *you*, as you have often told me."

"Poetry, who does not love it?" said Alice; "surely the one who could read the poems of Mrs. Sigourney, and the sweet lays of s. c. e., and others of our own New England bards, and say they did not love poetry, would have no sympathy with *me*. And I am very glad," she continued, "that you have discovered so many good qualities in him. Even *I*, who have been acquainted with him for years, could not have sketched his character with more accuracy. But, Theresa, I wish you would never again call him by that disagreeable name, an old bachelor; for I cannot bear to have him classed with those I have always considered so cold and selfish as to want to be alone, with nothing to do but

make themselves comfortable. I even thought, formerly, they were made without hearts ; but that was a childish idea, and has long since passed away.

“Oh ! how thoughtless,” said Alice, after a pause ; “I have been so much interested in your description of the country lawyer, I had nearly forgotten the token of friendship he requested me to give you : see, here it is ”—(presenting her friend with a delicate orange blossom—) “and he wished me to tell you, that he brought it far over the great waters, from the sunny shores of Italy. And what could be prettier than the bridal flower, for one of those scraps of poetry as a dedication !”

“That is a gem, indeed !” exclaimed Theresa, “as a memento from an old — Oh ! mon ami, excuse me—I have not spoken it. But I see through it all now ; and truly I shall be very happy to be bride’s maid. But have you thought of the subject sufficiently ? for I think it is of the utmost consequence to the felicity of wedded life, that a just and temperate estimate be formed of the character of him to whose temper you must accommodate yourself, whose caprice you must endure, whose failings you must pardon. Whether the discord burst upon you in thunder, or steal on amid harmonies which render it imperceptible, perhaps half pleasing, still they will come ; for life is not all sunshine, and men are not angels, any more than *we* are. You must not expect to find perfection in any created being. Probably he will bear you to his own happy home ; and, Alice, I hope it will be your study to make that home pleasant, for much depends on the wife ; and though I cannot accompany you, my best wishes are ever yours ; and my prayer would be, that the evening of your life might resemble the setting sun after a glorious day—sinking gradually, and reflecting back answering beauty with every expiring beam. May those you love smooth the pillow of declining age ; and when at last the vital spark shall quit its earthly mansion, may the Angel of Peace open to you the portals of eternal bliss in heaven.”

* * * * A long time has passed since the above conversation took place. And now will you look in on a scene of after life ? The country lawyer has left his mountain home, and taken up his residence in one of the most fashionable streets in Boston.

It is a bleak November evening. In a room occupied as a library and sitting-room, is seated a gentleman who may have

numbered forty winters, for the dark locks that shade his noble brow, are slightly silvered. There is an air of ease and refined taste in the appearance of the room ; for the gentleman formerly lived a bachelor, and of course was fond of such things as refinement. The fire burns cheerfully in the grate, before which is spread a Turkish rug. The floor is covered with a Wilton carpet, so thick and soft that it returns no sound to the many feet that press it. Cases filled with choice books occupy two sides of the room ; the others are ornamented with Italian paintings. The damask curtains fall in rich folds over the closed shutters ; and near the centre of the room is a marble table, scattered with periodicals, visiting cards, &c., from the midst of which a shaded lamp throws its mellow light upon the splendid furniture, reminding one of the departing sun on the evening of a summer's day, so warm and pleasant did it seem. The gentleman is reading aloud, to a lady who is seated at a work-stand, busy with her needle. By her side is a curly-headed boy, turning over the leaves of a picture-book, and ever and anon filling the room with the merry ringing laugh of childhood.

Do you ask who they are ? I will tell you : It is the country lawyer and his young wife. And he often says, that he has never had reason to regret having selected from the ' city of spindles,' a partner for life.

VETURIA.

ALBUM TRIBUTES. No. 3.

DELHI.

Famed city of the East ! how richly glows
Thy glory in the noon-tide sun, which throws
O'er thee its flood of pure and streaming light,
And all around is beautiful and bright.

Yet over thee one cloud of darkness reigns,
And all thy brightness with its shadow stains—
'Tis heathen darkness, which around thee flings
The gloomy shade of Error's wide-spread wings.

O may the Sun of Righteousness arise,
And shine refulgent in thy moral skies ;
May superstition in thy borders cease,
And thou be blessed with piety and peace.

ILENA.

TEMPERANCE ROUNDS.

FOUR VOICES.

1 If for pleas - ure, health or treas - ure, 2

2 You seek, you seek, 3

3 Taste not of Rum! 4

4 Drink cold wa - ter, drink cold wa - ter, 1

2 3

You'll be stronger, and live longer, We are free men, and will be men,
 If you obey: And heed the voice:
 Hark! hark! hark! hark! Hark! hark! hark! hark!
 Drink cold water. Drink cold water.

THREE VOICES.

1 Rum will bring deep woe; 2

2 Mind it will o'er throw; 3

3 Heart it will bring low. 1

Flee, O from Rum flee!
 Let this thy pledge be,
 Rum shall not bind me.

FOUR VOICES.

FROM THE BOSTON SCHOOL SONG BOOK, BY PERMISSION.

Let us en - deav - or To show that who - ev - er May

choose to drink wine, We'll drink cold wa - ter for - ev - er.

VISIT TO THE SHAKERS.

Sometime in the summer of 18—, I paid a visit to one of the Shaker villages in the State of New York. Previously to this, many times and oft had I (when tired of the noise and contention of the world, its erroneous opinions, and its wrong practices) longed for some retreat, where, with a few chosen friends, I could enjoy the present, forget the past, and be free from all anxiety respecting any future portion of time. And often had I pictured, in imagination, a state of happy society, where one common interest prevailed—where kindness and brotherly love were manifested in all of the every-day affairs of life—where liberty and equality would live, not in name, but in very deed—where idleness in no shape whatever would be tolerated—and where vice of every description would be banished, and neatness, with order, would be manifested in all things.

Actually to witness such a state of society, was a happiness which I never expected. I thought it to be only a thing among the airy castles which it has ever been my delight to build. But with this unostentatious and truly kind-hearted people, the Shakers, I found it ; and the reality, in beauty and harmony, exceeded even the picturings of imagination.

No unprejudiced mind could, for a single moment, resist the conviction that this singular people, with regard to their worldly possessions, lived in strict conformity to the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth. There were men in this society who had added to the common stock thousands and tens of thousands of dollars ; they nevertheless labored, dressed, and esteemed themselves as no better and fared in all respects, like those who had never owned, neither added to the society, any wordly goods whatever. The cheerfulness with which they bore one another's burdens, made even the temporal calamities, so unavoidable among the inhabitants of the earth, to be felt but lightly.

This society numbered something like six hundred persons, who in many respects were differently educated, and who were of course in possession of a variety of prejudices ; and were of contrary dispositions and habits. Conversing with one of their Elders respecting them, he said, " You may say that these were rude materials of which to compose a church, and speak truly :

but here (though strange it may seem) they are worked into a building, with no sound of axe or hammer. And however discordant they were in a state of nature, the square and the plumb-line have been applied to them, and they now admirably fit the places which they were designed to fill. Here the idle become industrious, the prodigal contracts habits of frugality, the parsimonious become generous and liberal, the intemperate quit the tavern and the grog-shop, the debauchee forsakes the haunts of dissipation and infamy, the swearer leaves off his habits of profanity, the liar is changed into a person of truth, the thief becomes an honest man, and the sloven becomes neat and clean."

The whole deportment of this truly singular people, together with the order and neatness which I witnessed in their houses, shops and gardens, to all of which I had free access for the five days which I remained with them, together with the conversations which I held with many of the people of both sexes, confirmed the words of the Elder. Truly, thought I, there is not another spot in the wide earth where I could be so happy as I could be here, provided the religious faith and devotional exercises of the Shakers were agreeable to my own views. Although I could not see the utility of their manner of worship, I felt not at all disposed to question that it answered the end for which spiritual worship was designed, and as such is accepted by our heavenly Father. That the Shakers have a love for the gospel exceeding that which is exhibited by professing christians in general, cannot be doubted by any one who is acquainted with them. For on no other principle could large families, to the number of fifty or sixty, live together like brethren and sisters. And a number of these families could not on any other principles save those of the gospel, form a society, and live in peace and harmony, bound together by no other bond than that of brotherly love, and take of each other's property, from day to day, and from year to year, using it indiscriminately, as every one hath need, each willing that his brother should use his property, as he uses it himself, and all this without an equivalent.

Many think that a united interest in all things temporal, is contrary to reason. But in what other light, save that of common and united interest, could the words of Christ's prophecy or promise be fulfilled? According to the testimony of Mark, Christ said, "There is no man who hath left house, or brethren,

or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundred fold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions, and in the world to come eternal life." Not only in fact, but in theory, is an hundred fold of private interest out of the question. For a believer who forsook all things, could not possess an hundred fold of all things, only on the principle in which he could possess *all that* which his brethren possessed, while they also possessed the same in a united capacity.

In whatever light it may appear to others, to me it appears beautiful indeed, to see a just and an impartial equality reign, so that the rich and the poor may share an equal privilege, and have all their wants supplied. That the Shakers are in reality what they profess to be, I doubt not. Neither do I doubt that many, very many lessons of wisdom might be learned of them, by those who profess to be wiser. And to all who wish to know if "any good thing can come out of Nazareth," I would say, you had better "go and see."

C. B.

INTEMPERANCE.

Intemperance is one of the worst of all vices. It destroys the best feelings of the heart, and sinks those who indulge themselves in it, lower than even the brutes. It has filled this fair world of ours with misery and degradation; and desolation and distress have marched in its pathway. It has spread itself, like the si-moom of the desert, over almost every part of the habitable globe. Wherever the demon of intemperance appears, misery and sorrow follow in its train. The husband and father has been led by the influence of strong drink, to forsake his tender wife and helpless children to all the misery of poverty and distress, while he was spending his time, and perhaps all that he possessed, for the poison which was destroying not only his own happiness, but also the happiness of his family and friends. His health is undermined

by the constant use of ardent spirits, and he is fast hurrying to a drunkard's grave.

Who can look on, and behold the ruin and devastation caused by intemperance, and not shrink from the touch of the liquid poison, as from the touch of a viper? and who would not do all in his power to prevent the further progress of this dreadful evil? There has been much done to prevent its spreading, and the efforts which have been made have been in part successful. Its progress has been checked; and I hope that the time is not far distant, when intemperance, with all its evils, will be banished from the land, and peace and happiness reign in its stead. T.

THE WEDDING DAY.

WRITTEN ON A WEDDING OCCASION.

Take her, thy own, thy chosen one!
 No longer twain, ye cannot part:
 Thou who her heart, her hand, hast won,
 Take thy young treasure to thy heart.

And cherish her—for she is thine;
 Dear friends, sweet home, she leaves for thee,
 The spot where long have loved to twine
 The heart's best feelings, glad and free.

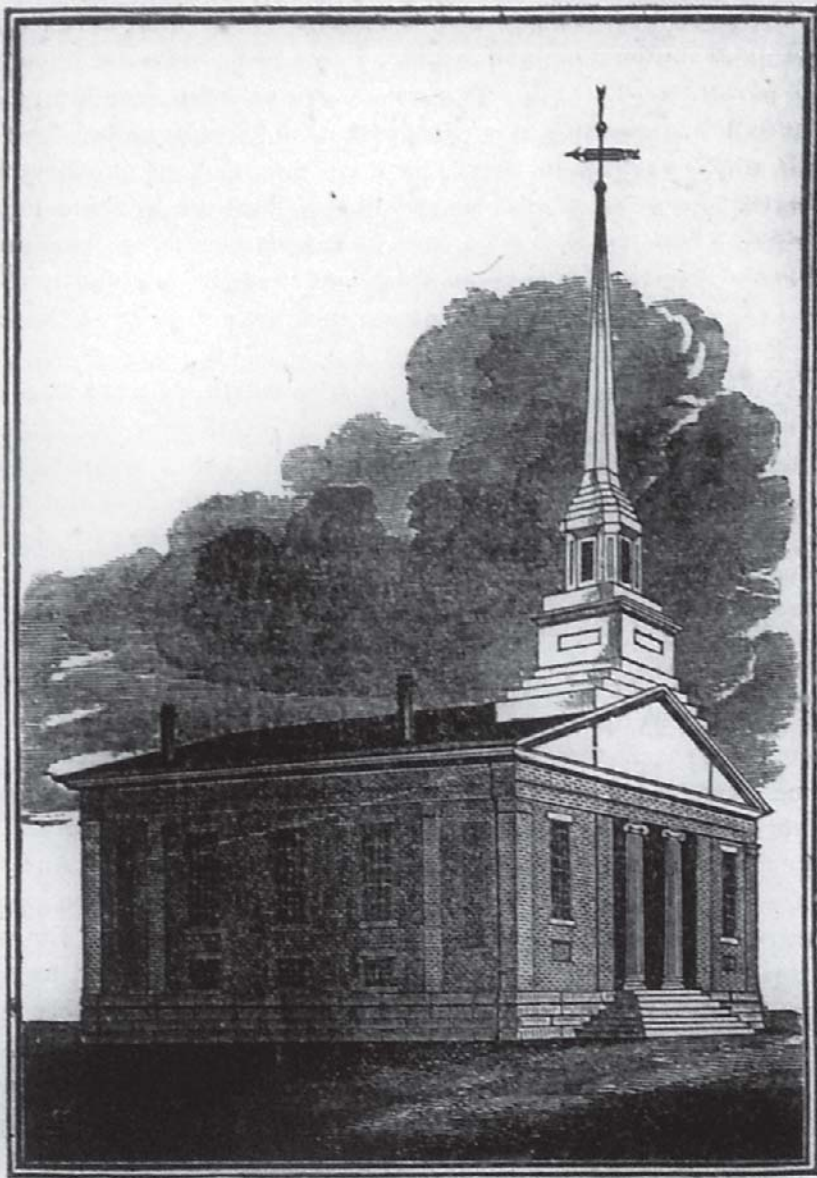
Then keep thy charge. Protect, sustain,
 Fulfil each hope, each fear allay;
 And may she ne'er reflect with pain,
 On this her joyous bridal day.

And thou, young bride! what is thy lot?
 With cheerful toil to sweeten life,
 With grateful love to mark the spot
 Where thou art mistress, friend, and wife.

With woman's hand life's path to smooth;
 With woman's patience ills to bear;
 With woman's tenderness to soothe;
 With woman's heart each burden share.

A Father's blessing on you now!
 In cordial love He bids you live;
 A Father heard that solemn vow,
 And strength to keep it He can give.

ADELAIDE.



JOHN ST. CONGREGATIONALIST CHURCH.....LOWELL.

MY BIRTH-DAY.

Many are the gay and also sad associations interwoven with this name—with this day—which can never be erased while reason asserts her empire. There seems to be a talisman in it, that can call images from the past, with a quickness and clearness that almost overwhelm us. The deep fountains of memory are stirred, and as wave after wave rolls on, discovering some long-forgotten treasure rising up from its hidden depths, we gaze and wonder that they remain so fresh and undimmed ; and rejoice that they are still in our possession, not having been swallowed up in the black waters of oblivion.

We remember the heart-felt joy with which we were wont to greet the annual return of this day, in years gone by ; when, free and wild as the bounding roe, we were eager to spring forward through the bright vista of years, impatient of the slow progress we were making—and imagining that when we should reach the wished-for goal of sixteen or eighteen summers, that was spread out before us in all the rainbow colors of young fancy, we should enjoy perfect, unbounded happiness.

But alas ! those childish visions are too often doomed to destruction. With years, advance care and trouble also ; and when we reach that desired period, we find the glories we so much admired are wanting. They have vanished like the rosy tints of a morning cloud ; and we exclaim, in the bitterness of our feelings, "Give us back the days of childhood." And we experience a sort of dread of advancing farther from those happy hours, and anxiously desire to stop our rapid progress. But no, it may not be. Another year is fast hastening on, and we are irresistibly impelled forward with a speed we never before sufficiently realized.

The reason of these feelings is, not because we are so much more unhappy now than then, but our anticipations were too highly colored, too glorious by far, to be ever consummated here—for we expected *nought* but happiness ; and it is this bitter disappointment of our most glowing hopes, that causes our regret. Those fairy dreams of bliss live but in memory's magic halls, where they will still be treasured as records of the past. We dislike to think we are indeed growing old—that the time is com-

ing when we shall be no longer young ; and our feelings are similar to those that naturally arise on quitting the pleasant haunts of early years : we would rather stay where we know it is pleasant, than wander forth, we know not whither, in search of others more so, though we feel obliged to make the attempt. We have received such a sad lesson, that we feel afraid to venture on—for we know not whether success shall attend our steps, or not.

Oh, who can lift the dark veil of the future, and tell what is in store for us, whether good or evil, happiness or misery ! Who can tell us how low we may sink in degradation and woe, or how high we may rise in the scale of moral and intellectual being ? Although many may pretend, there are none that can pierce the thick curtains of coming years, and gaze with unclouded vision on scenes that are yet to transpire. The present alone is unveiled—we read what it presents, but even what we there behold, we cannot understand. How many chapters in our own history we find strange and inexplicable ! “Mysterious are thy ways, O Lord ;” and mysterious though they are, they will ultimately be explained to our perfect understanding. Though darkly clouds may gather over us, and the fury of the wild hurricane be madly raging around, and the fierce storm-king, with voice of thunder and eye of fire, be threatening us with instant dissolution—still fearless and undismayed we will trust in the living God, who has power to still the tempest and preserve us unharmed. The clouds will soon disperse, and sunshine and gladness will again cheer and illumine our hearts.

Thus with the eye of faith and light of hope, we can perceive a Being to whom we can trust the events of life, and believe them wisely ordered. May this faith, this hope, ever be ours ; and in all the workings of Providence, may we behold a father's hand, a father's love. And as we advance in years and knowledge, may we realize the true value of time, and rightly improve it. If vain repinings and useless regrets arise over the days that are past—even over childhood's happiness and the beautiful but faded prospects of youth—may we have strength to check and destroy them, learning to be content with our lot, whatever it may be.

E. E. T.

ON KINDNESS.

“True and genuine kindness of heart,” says Mrs. Child, “is a substitute for politeness ;” and from actual observation, I am led to believe her correct, especially as respects the female portion of society. When a female is wanting in a kind and tender feeling, she is deficient in the most amiable trait of woman. Our brothers, indeed, and our fathers may be rough and stern : their stations in life have a tendency to make them so ; we will not complain, if they are sometimes severe ; but woman should be ever gentle. Formed for retirement, destined to preside over the domestic circles of home, to soothe and alleviate the pains of the sick and dying, to support the aged, to assuage the anguish of the distressed,—should she not be gentle, kind and benevolent ? Yes, she should be gentle and mild, in whatever situation she is placed. O how pleasant the sweet smile, the kind look, or the tender expression ! Who can tell how often the sad heart has been revived, the drooping spirits reanimated, by a kind look ! (and pleasant looks cost us nothing.)

When we look around in nature, we see that the Creator was not morose and unfeeling, when he strewed our path with flowers, and shed sun-light and beauty around us. When we inhale the sweet odor of the lovely rose, and feast our eyes with its glowing beauties, we see at once that the lovely flower is dispensing her sweets to please those around her. When we look on those with whom we associate, we love to see true kindness and benevolence beaming from those windows of the soul, the eyes, which less often deceive us than words. When we converse with our fellow-females, we love to receive both kind words and actions ; then, in return, should we practice what we desire to see in others—especially since it is quite as easy to be pleasant, as it is to be rough and unkind.

When a stranger-girl enters a circle of females, far from her home and its dear delights, how quickly, how very quickly, she detects those sweet marks of kindness which she will find in some, and equally as soon will she see the want of genuine kindness in others. No matter how gifted, nor how shining the talents and parts, I consider that lady defective in her education, who can willingly inflict pain and suffering upon a fellow female ; and

she who is kind and willing to relieve the wants even of a stranger, I consider in a degree accomplished, though her education should be rather limited.

HARRIET.

THE LIFE OF A POCKET TESTAMENT.

WRITTEN BY ITSELF.

“The first place of which I have a distinct recollection, is a book-bindery. It was a room of large dimensions, lined on one side with shelves. These were packed with stock, imperfection, and books; on another side, the folding tables and sewing frames were located; then came the book-press and shavings-box.

Of the folding, I have a very confused idea; yet the process seemed to be perfectly well understood by the bright-eyed girl who handled the folding stick—for she arranged the signatures so nicely, that every leaf followed in its proper order. Being folded, I was placed on another table to be ‘gathered up.’ I had reason to regret this change, for I was looked upon with less complacency, and my precepts were more seldom studied, than by my former friend. ‘Gathering up,’ was but the work of a moment; then came Jeremiah with his press board, and arranged some of my brethren and myself to be pressed. I then passed through the sewing frame, where every ‘signature’ was firmly fastened with strong twine. Jeremiah again appeared, and after shaving off my rough edges, carried me to another room, where I was put in possession of the house, or cover, which I now occupy. The hammering and pressing, ruling and pasting, polishing and gilding, being finished, I was placed, with many of my kindred, upon a shelf for sale.

After remaining a considerable time in this situation, a book-merchant entered the shop, for the purpose of procuring a new lot of books. With many others, I was snugly packed in a dark box, and carried far away over hill and dale, and placed in the care of a pedlar.

Being now frequently exposed for sale, I had opportunity to note the variety of disposition manifested among mankind; and I now take occasion to say, that no person of refined feelings and

cultivated mind, will so far neglect my precepts, as to treat a pedlar uncourteously.

I now approached a new era in my life. I was purchased by a young lady of serious deportment, who expressed much joy in being able to possess me. I was placed upon the table in a chamber, of which my owner was the sole occupant. She was a stranger in the place, and I was her principal friend and confidant. Often when sadness and despondency had overshadowed her spirits, she listened to the sweet consolations which I poured into her bosom, with gratitude and joy.

I was not long destined to remain on the table, for Ann, being desirous of enjoying my company more constantly, placed me in her pocket, manifestly endangering my beautiful house. My acquaintance with my friend now assumed a more familiar character. Although her perceptive faculties were not so acute as might be desired, yet, when she had firmly fixed in her mind what she considered my true meaning, her veneration for it was so great, that learning and talent were employed in vain to raise a doubt in her mind. She has often dwelt with rapture on my truths, as I have been the chosen companion of her rambles through a beautiful grove, or along the shore of some meandering brook, which danced in the sunlight or sung with the stars.

When, after a long absence, she returned to the home of her childhood, I attended her thither. With ecstasy she clasped me to her heart, and turned her face toward the place where, in earlier life, she had 'chosen to pray.' There she knelt, and in the calm silence of a spirit at peace with the world, she praised God for the revelation of love which I had conveyed to her mind.

Years have since passed, and I have accompanied Ann through the bustle, care and pleasure of various scenes. Sometimes I have been neglected; but repentance has never failed to follow neglect.

Although the house in which I live, has become time-worn and brown, I am the same that I have ever been. I teach the same doctrines that I have ever taught. I breathe the same spirit that I have ever breathed; and the odor which arises from every leaf is the same celestial fragrance which flows from the throne of my Author, who is the infinite and everlasting Love. My sojourn is among men, but my resting-place is before the throne of the Lamb."

ORIANNA.