

In thinking upon a great city, I have often wondered at the carelessness with which its inhabitants look upon the passing funeral. They are so much occupied with temporal pursuits—so anxious to become great, and rich and powerful, that they seem to be ignorant of the fact that they all must die. It is strange that men should be so heedless of that solemn hour, when the soul takes leave of the body and wings its flight to Eternity.

That we must die, the work of the whole creation bear ample testimony. All bespeak change, decay, and death. We twine our affections about the heart of a young and delicate child: we delight to caress it, and we hope the innocent creature will live a long, joyous life; but in one short hour it is cut down by the rude hand of death, and perishes like a flower in the bud. Ought we to weep because that child has gone to rest in the bosom of its God? Every thing that we love must die. The father and mother, the tender husband and wife, and affectionate brothers and sisters, and ourselves too must all be gathered to the cold grave—to that earth which is the receptacle of all. The grave-yard is a silent city, where we shall all repose in peace, and where the beggar is equal to the king.

In view of these things, to what must we look for consolation? Conscience answers—'to Religion.' Let us think less of the vanities of earth, and more of God and his kingdom. It would be better to lead a Christian life, even if there were no reward beyond the grave. The memory of a good man is more sacred than that of an infidel or worldling, and therefore in this point of view we should be gainers. But there is another world, and there are rich rewards awaiting those who follow the religion of Jesus. It is a pure and holy religion. How beautiful when it is the guardian spirit of old age. How unearthly is its influence upon the heart! Look at it, when the young man, in the vigor of life, is guided by its sweet and heavenly voice. Far beyond the boundaries of this world he beholds a light, and urged by the happiness which it points out, he pursues, with a strong proud step, the journey of life, until at last he reaches heaven, and is a glad worshipper in the presence of his God.

Is any young man anxious to win himself the love of the wise and good, and he anxious of becoming the leader of the brave and noble, he must be guided in all his actions by the spirit of virtue. To him the voice of wisdom says—'Let no earthly fascinations, no corrupting sentiments, no hollow example, seduce you from the path of virtue and plunge you into whirlpools of inevitable ruin.'

Religion! how beautiful, too, when it has made its home within the bosom of a young and beautiful female! See her at the hour of rest, when bending before her Maker, she offers up a fervent prayer, beseeching Him to forgive her sins, and lead her into the path of uprightness and virtue. With a clear conscience she lays her head upon her pillow, and her slumber is peaceful and happy. Borne as it were on the pinions of faith, her mind soars upward, and she beholds her future home—the heavenly Jerusalem—When morning dawns she awakes from her refreshing sleep, and enters again upon her duties of kindness and of love. Can it be denied that angels look upon such a being as upon a sister spirit!

Religion will make us happier even in this world. It is this alone which can administer consolation to the mourner, the persecuted, and the poor. It calms the troubled feelings of a bereaved mother, for it whispers in her ear that God has gathered to himself his own, and that she will meet the loved one in a few short years in a land where parting is not known. It tells the afflicted sister and beloved friend, that the time is coming when they will be reunited to the companion of their childhood; the brother that he will yet meet his departed and much loved sister; the father that he will again meet his lovely and much loved child. As for me I had rather be the poorest being upon earth, the despised of the despised, than to be deprived of that sweet enjoyment which religion alone can impart. When sorrow and disappointment gather around my path, to cloud my cherished hopes, I look upon the bright and perfect form of Religion, and, notwithstanding the chilling blast, I am resigned and happy.

The foundation of true religion is everlasting. The creations of the sculptor may moulder into the dust, the wreath of the bard may wither; the throne of the conqueror may be shivered by an opposing power into atoms; the fame of the

warrior may no longer be hymned by the recording minstrel; the hope of the youth may be disappointed; but that which halloweth the cottage, and sheds a glory around the palace—virtue—shall never decay. It is celebrated by the angels of God; it is written on the pillars of heaven, and reflected down to earth. I would rather be in his place; I would rather have the inward glory with which the poor man is crowned, than overshadow the world with my martial banners. Rather would I be the humblest of the lowly, and unknown to earth, but a Christian, than to have the reputation of the highest famed for genius, and he without Religion.

Religion is the only antidote for Death. If we walk in the path which God has pointed out in his Holy Bible, we shall not be afraid to die. If we keep his commandments, and follow the example of the meek and lowly Savior, when we are called to pass through the valley which leads to Eternity, we shall be supported by His omnipotent hand, and, at last, shall be welcomed by Him and his angels into that glorious kingdom, prepared for the righteous from the foundation of the world. Readers! this very night thy soul may be required of thee—therefore, I warn thee to prepare to die.

THE PRESS.

Oh! the wondrous Press has a magic sway
In its great and giant force,
To the east and west it bends its way,
And it takes o'er the seas its course;
Gay dazzling stores may the good ship fill,
In the pride of vain excess,
But it boasts a treasure more precious still,
In the wealth of the mighty Press.

The son of genius, unsought, unknown,
May his heaven-born theme pursue,
Their brightness gladdens himself alone,
For his friends are far and few,
But see, in the ranks of fame he stands,
Lo! thousands his lays possess,
And his name is blazoned in distant lands,
Through the aid of the mighty Press.

The poet's numbers, the scholar's lore,
Cast their radiant spell o'er all,
Those strains are coned in the cottage door
That enchant the lordly hall;
And the book more holy than all beside,
Which alone can truly bless,
To the heathen shines as a lamp and guide,
By the power of the mighty Press.

Alas! that a scene so bright so dear,
Should a dark reverie disclose;
Alas! that a boon so great, so dear,
Should be ever linked with woes;
But the lawless doctrines of men profane,
To the world their guile address,
Proving to thousands a snare and a bane,
Through the sway of the mighty Press.

Yet the summer sky has its wintry doom,
And the rose reveals a thorn,
And evil must ever mix with good
In a race to evil born;
We must bear the pangs of a thwarted will
Where we fondly hoped success,
We must sigh o'er the mass of social ill,
Diffused by the mighty Press.

Yet the light of Faith let us humbly seek
To illumine our dangerous road,
Let us deem all knowledge poor and weak
That would lead our hearts from God;
Then may we welcome Instruction's tide,
As it flows our land to bless,
And greet with unmingled joy and pride
The gift of our glorious Press.

MRS. ABDEY.

From Prentice's Louisville Journal.

WINTER EVENINGS.

During the winter season, most of the youth of our land, particularly those of the country, have the evening at their own disposal, to devote to amusement, recreation, or whatever pursuit they choose. We speak now of those who are employed in some active or necessary pursuits during the day, and to whom evening brings their only leisure; for the youth has not some such employment, or who does not seek it, is not the one to be benefited by any thing that may be said on the improvement of his leisure hours. We therefore address our remarks to the industrious youth of our country, who are trained to useful and laudable purposes. Such young men will hail the long evenings of this season with delight and bless the glad hours which they may devote uninterruptedly to the cultivation of their minds.

Few young men are at all aware of the amount of valuable knowledge of which they might become the masters and possessors, by a careful and judicious improvement of the leisure afforded by the evenings of a single winter, and when we add to this the acquisition of ten or fifteen winters, the aggregate amount of what a youth of common capacity might attain would make him a learned man

in any section of the Union. Many who rendered themselves eminent and useful in their day—the Franklins, the Shermans, the Rittenhouses, and the Bowditches of our own country—the Watts, the Fergusons, and the Simpsons of England—names conspicuous in the list of contributors, and the benefactors of that species—made themselves what they are by a diligent use of less leisure time than falls to the lot of four-fifths of the young men of the United States. The greatest men of every age have in general been self-taught and self-made. They have risen from obscurity, and struggled with adverse circumstances. A diligent use of their time, a steady perseverance and an indomitable energy gave them their attainments and their eminence. Cicero by far the most learned man of all antiquity, as well as the greatest orator of Rome, lets us at once into the secret of all his vast and varied learning, when he tells us that the time which others gave to feasts, and dice, and sports, he devoted to patient study.

It matters not what may be a young man's intended pursuit of life; he cannot choose any for which reading and study during his leisure hours, will not the better qualify him. If he is to be a farmer, let him read books and treatises on agriculture; if he is to be a mechanic, let him study the mathematics and works on mechanism, architecture, &c.; if he is to be a merchant, let him become familiar with the principles of political economy, the statistics of trade, and the history of commerce; and, finally, if he is to be an American citizen, one of the millions to whom is to be intrusted the rich heritage of civil and religious liberty bequeathed to us by our fathers, let him study well the history, the Constitution, and the institutions of the United States, and let him contemplate frequently the lives and character of those who wrought out and framed our liberties.

Nor is the knowledge to be thus acquired the only inducement for a young man to devote the hours of his leisure to reading and study. The pleasures to be found in such pursuits is as much superior to that transient and giddy excitement attendant merely on the gayer amusements, as its purer, more elegant, and more refined. The young man, too, who habituates his mind to find pleasure and gratification in reading and study, can never want for society; for he creates round him a society of which he can never be deprived—a society which will never weary of his presence, which has nothing cold or artificial or false—a society composed of the very elite of the earth—the master minds of all ages and countries. With them he can retire into his library, to spend a leisure hour, whenever opportunity occurs, certain of finding them ever ready to delight and instruct.

From the New Orleans Pirayune.

A MELTING STORY.

ONE winter evening a country store-keeper in the Mountain State was about closing his doors for the night, and while standing in the snow outside putting up his window-shutters, he saw through the glass a laughing, worthless fellow within, grab a pound of fresh butter from the shelf and hastily conceal it in his hat.

The act was no sooner detected than the revenge was hit upon, and a very few moments found the Green Mountain store-keeper at once indulging his appetite for fun to the fullest extent, and paying off the thief with a facetious sort of torture for which he might have gained a premium from the old inquisition.

'I say, Seth!' said the store-keeper, coming in and closing the door after him, slapping his hands over his shoulders, and stamping the snow off his shoes.

Seth had his hand to the door, his hat upon his head, and the roll of new butter in his hat, anxious to make his exit as soon as possible.

'I say, Seth, sit down; I reckon, now, on such an evening night as this, a little something warm would do a fellow; come and sit down.'

Seth felt very nervous; he had the butter and was exceedingly anxious to be off, but the temptation of something warm had so far interfered with his resolution to go. His hesitation was soon settled by the right owner of the butter taking Seth by the shoulders, and planting him in a seat close to the stove, where he was in such a manner cornered in by barrels and boxes that while the country grocer sat before him there was no possibility of his getting out, and right in the very place sure enough the storekeeper sat down.

'Seth, we'll have a little warm Santa Cruz,' said the Green Mountain grocer, as he opened the stove-door and stuffed in as many sticks as the space would admit. 'Without it you'd freeze going home such a night as this.'

Seth already felt the butter settling down closer to his hair and jumped up declaring he must go.

'Not till you have something warm, Seth; come, I've got a story to tell you, too; sit down now; and Seth was again pushed into his seat by his cunning tormentor.

'Oh! its tu darn'd hot here,' said the petty thief, again attempting to rise.

'Set down—don't be in such a plagey hurry,' retorted the grocer, pushing him back in his chair.

'But I've got the cows to fodder, and some wood to split, and I must be agoin',' continued the persecuted chap.

'But you mustn't tear yourself away, Seth, in this manner. Set down; let the cows take care of themselves and keep yourself cool, you appear to be fidgetty,' said the roguish grocer with a wicked leer.

The next thing was the production of two glasses of smoking hot rum toddy, the very sight of which, in Seth's present situation, would have made the heir stand erect upon his head had it not been well oiled and kept down by the butter.

'Seth, I'll give you a toast now, and you can butter it you self,' said the grocer, and yet with an air of consummate simplicity that poor Seth still believed himself unsuspected. 'Seth, here's—here's a Christmas goose—(it was about Christmas time)—here's a Christmas goose well roasted and basted, eh? I tell you, Seth, it's the greatest eating in the creation. And, Seth, don't you never use hog fat or common cooking butter to baste with; fresh pound butter, just the same as you see on that shelf yonder, is the only proper thing in natur to baste a goose with—come take your butter—I mean, Seth, take your toddy.'

Poor Seth now began to smoke as well as to melt, and his mouth was hermetically sealed up as though he had been born dumb. Streak after streak of the butter came pouring from under his hat, and his handkerchief was already soaked with the overflow. Talking, away as if nothing was the matter, the grocer kept stuffing in the wood into the stove while poor Seth sat bolt upright, with his back against the counter, and his knees almost touching the red hot furnace before him.

'Darnation cold night, this,' said the grocer. 'Why, Seth, you seem to perspire as if you were warm! Why don't you take your hat off? Here, let me put your hat away!'

'No!' exclaimed poor Seth at last, with a spasmodic effort to get his tongue loose, and clapping both hands upon his hat, 'No! I must go; let me go out; I aint well; let me go!' A greasy cataract was now pouring down the poor fellow's face and neck, and soaking into his clothes, and trickling down his body into his very boots, so that he was literally in a perfect bath of oil.

'Well, good night, Seth,' said the humorous Vermont, 'if you will go;' adding, as Seth got out into the road, 'neighbor, I reckon the fun I've had out of you is worth a nippence, so I shan't charge you for that pound of butter!'

NEW WORKS.

The City of Magyar; or Hungary and her Institutions in 1836-40. By Miss Pardoe.

The progress of the seasons on the Danube is thus pictorially and faithfully described.

'Its broad bosom rippled by the breeze, and its swift current dashing down, swelled as it hastened onward to the Euxine, by the tributaries of a score of minor streams, were the distinctive features of the Danube in the 'lovely, laughing, leafy month' of June. Its banks were fringed with forest trees, or rich with vines, or gay with wilding blossoms, or alive with towns or villages; onward, onward, it swept, rejoicing in its strength, belting its hundred islands with liquid silver, and forming a noble and changeful mirror for the bright skies, and a plaything for the fresh breezes.

It grew a shade more troubled when Autumn fell upon the earth; its waters took a duller stain, as though the sunlight which still shimmered on its surface, no longer sought its depths,—the shadows of the heavy clouds in whose folds the thunder was hidden, lay long and dark upon the ripple even after the storm had passed; and the leaves which were shaken from their boughs by the first pinching winds, sailed on dully and dankly when they fell into the stream, like a fleet of witch barks bearing the cold tidings of the earth's changing aspect to the wild billows of the 'Sea of Storms.'

'And then came Winter: but for a while the mighty river spurned at the frost chains which were flung over the world, the snow flakes which fell upon its bosom, melted as they touched the ripple, and only added to its volume; while the earth wore the cold lividity in passive impotence. The princely palace and the cotter's hovel, the sheltered valley and the lordly mountain, were alike subject to the season, and sealed with its authority, but the swift stream still hurried on,