

in an original and unalterable discord of the natural feelings. Suffering—suffering alone—is the root of all the sourness and cruelty that darkens the earth. It follows that any unusual degree of sensibility to injury is extremely liable to be attended by a great and constant display of the malignant passions.

Seeing that the sense of wrong is liable to such associations, we may be the more readily become convinced of its deficiency in that dignity and moral grace which the poets have sometimes conferred upon it. The indignant sorrows of heroes and heroines will no doubt affect us powerfully; but so do all displays of earnest feeling, on whatever account. We are excited—we sympathise—but our moral feelings remain dormant. These will stir wonderfully at the recital of woes borne in the manner of Griselda; but they refuse to move under the vengeful declamations of a Constance.

The lesson here arrived at is, that, while resentment of wrong is often useful and justifiable, it is not a thing to be gloried in, as many do. The keeping up a wrath, for however true a cause, during many long years, is not a proper subject of boasting, as many by their conduct would seem to consider it. It is a self-delusion to expect to exalt ourselves in the eyes of our fellow-creatures, by telling them that we received a mortal offence half a lifetime since, and have never since forgot it. Only when men sympathise with each other's selfishnesses, which is what they have never yet done, will they admire and applaud when a keen sense of wrong is displayed before them. The proper feeling regarding such displays is pity. And well may this be entertained on such occasions, since, to tell us that you have kept up a bitterness for a series of years, is only to confess that you have all that time been unhappy. Who could look without compassion on one who is liable by each rub of life, to be deprived of his peace for some large segment of his existence?

There are many, of course, to whom such a preachment as this can be of no use. The selfish will be querulous, the benevolent will be placable and long-suffering, without any regard to speculations on the origin of their feelings. There is, however, a class, and that not a small one, who are ready to act very much as they may be guided by what they are accustomed to see and hear. For their sake, it is well to lay down in this manner the distinction between a dull and a keen sense of wrong. Let it be clearly understood by them, that to be placable is not to be tame or weak, but to act unselfishly, and in the way that tends to promote the good of society; while all manifestations of bitter and long-enduring resentment, is only a proclamation of selfishness and of a self-war against the world. Let this be understood, and they will at once see whether it is best to reply with the hard or the soft word; to make a concession for peace's sake, or fight out a perhaps doubtful right; to scatter the ashes of the fire of resentment, and look up in the sunshine a genial, free-hearted, man-loving man, or to heap them together, that they may in time burn ourselves as well as others.

From Hogg's Instructor.

SOCIAL LIFE OF WOMEN.

BY MRS. CHILD.

Not unfrequently have I heard women who were surrounded by all the advantages that outward wealth can give, say, with sad and timid self-reproach, 'I ought to be happy. It is my own fault that I am not.' But, I know not how it is, I cannot get up an interest in anything. When I remind them that Richter said, 'I have fire-proof, perennial enjoyment, called employment,' few have faith in such a cure for the ills of life. But the only certain way to obtain habitual content and cheerfulness is by the active use of our faculties and feelings. Mrs. Somerville finds too much excitement and pleasure in her astronomical investigations to need the poor stimulus of extravagant expenditure, or gossiping about her neighbors. Yet the astronomer discharges all womanly duties with beautiful propriety. She takes nothing from her family. She merely gives to science those hours which many women in the same station waste in idleness and dissipation. What can be more charming than the example of Mrs. Huber, devoting herself to the study of natural history to assist her blind husband in his observations? Or Mrs. Blake, making graceful drawings in her husband's studio, working off the impressions of his plates, and colouring them beautifully with her own hand? Compare a mere leader of *ton* with the noble German Countess Julie Von Egloffstein, who dared to follow her genius for art, though all the prejudices of her own rank were strongly arrayed against it. Mrs. Jameson says, 'when I have looked at the Countess Julie in her painting room surrounded by her drawings, models, casts—all the powers of her exuberant enthusiastic mind flowing free in their natural direction, I have felt at once pleasure, admiration, and respect.' The same writer says, 'In general, the conscious power of maintaining themselves, habits of attention and manual industry of women, the application of our feminine superfluity of sensibility and imagination to a tangible result, have produced fine characters.' That woman is slowly making her way into freer life is evinced by the fact that, in a few highly cultivated countries, literature is no longer deemed a disparagement to woman. And even professed authorship does not involve loss of caste in society. Maria Edgeworth, Mary Howitt, Frederika Bremer, our own Catharine Sedgwick, and many others widely known as writers, were placed in the gentle ranks of society by birth; but they are universally regarded with increased respect, be-

cause they have enlarged their bounds of usefulness, to strengthen and refresh thousands of minds. Dorothea L. Dix when she retired from school teaching, because the occupation disagreed with her health, had a competence that precluded the necessity of further exertion. 'Now she has nothing to do but be a lady and enjoy herself,' said an acquaintance. But Miss Dix, characterized by a most womanly sense of propriety, did not think it lady-like to be useless, or enjoyment to be indolent. 'In a world where there is so much to be done,' said she, 'I felt strongly impressed that there must be something for me to do.'

Circumstances attracted her attention to the insane inmates of prisons and almshouses, and for several years she has been to them a missionary of mercy, soothing them by her gentle influence, guiding them by her counsel, and greatly ameliorating their condition by earnest representations to select men and legislators. Her health has improved wonderfully under this continual activity of body, mind, and heart.

From Douglas Jerrold's Magazine.

THE DETHRONEMENT OF SUMMER.

A BEAUTEOUS Queen most desolate,
In the thick wilderness bewailing sate
As one by one her loving subjects passed away;
Bowed was her gentle head, around her lay
The tokens of her sway;
And ever through all time, *melancholy chime*
Came music mingled with a melancholy chime.

The music of light reeds that grows
To melody, accordant with the throes
Of stormy winds, whose advent o'er our leafy
earth

Brings messages to testify the birth
Of a sore-featured worth,

A golden crowned king,
Ever breathing desolation in his ministering.

The shadows of those old oak trees
Have trembled at this murmur of the breeze;
Trembled over dell and pasture, over lea and
stream.

Like the faint uncertain action of a dream,
Whose visionary gleam
Looks half reality,
But soon hath left our senses, born to die.

Anon a louder, wilder shout
Hath shook her fair dominions all throughout;
She cannot choose but weep, that solitary
queen;

Sighing, she leaves her trophies on the green;
While mourning what hath been,
From their wood secrecies,
Her nymphs peep out with hollow-sunken eyes.

In vain they strike her fallen late,
No sweet voice answereth their plaintive suit;
The redbreast hearkens not, a truant slave is
he.

Preparing for his winter company;
They scarce find heart to flee,
But with dishevelled hair,
Mournfully to their forest haunts repair.

In vain the odorous breath of flowers
To cheer the sovereign of their sunny hours;
She cannot choose but weep, she hath no part
but grief;

Her sorrow paints itself on every leaf,
And fading russet sheaf;
Meekly she yields her crown,
And with sad gestures lays her sceptre down.

W. BRAILS福德.

From The Christian Treasury.

THE DIVER.

It is a pleasant thing when pilgrims are travelling the same road together, to beguile the time by the relation of their past adventures. A Zion-bound pilgrim lately gave me an interesting history in nearly the following words:—

'Often in the days of my youth, have I gazed on fragments of ruddy coral, gaudy shells and pearls, costly stones and curious sea-weed, and thought of those wrestlers of the ocean who dive down to the caverns of the deep in search of pearls.'

'The wild wonders of the ocean, explored by the pearl-diver, in his painful struggles to win the treasures of the raging ocean, have been at such seasons present with me. The broken ship and half-buried anchor; the monsters of the world of waters; the sharp, craggy rock; the deep, dark cavern; the glittering sparkling gem, and light-reflecting pearl—'

'They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep; and he who pursues the wild and life-wasting calling of a diver, has scenes of terror and beauty presented to his eyes that others never saw. I speak of these things feelingly, for I myself have been a diver; but do not mistake me. Pearls though I have, costly beyond all price yet they were not brought up from the mighty deep; listen, and you shall hear my relation.'

'For twenty years of my life I was a diver in books, and brought up stores of knowledge that to me were prizeable—gems of thought and

costly pearls of reflection; but all this time I was as much a stranger to myself as I was to the bottom of the sea. I sought my own pleasure; I delighted to hear some new thing, and to see some new sight; but there was one sight I could never see, and that was the sinfulness of my own heart.'

'One Sabbath-day, as I sat in the house of God, it pleased the Holy Spirit to take of the things spoken by a zealous and faithful minister of the Gospel, and apply them with power to my soul. The word of the Lord was 'quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing assunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and was, 'a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.' The man of God seemed to amite me 'with the rod of his mouth,' and to dash me to pieces 'like a potter's vessel.' That sermon, for the first time in my life, set me diving into my bosom. I descended, not altogether unattended by the light of his Spirit who will 'search Jerusalem with candles,' into the deep caverns of my own evil heart. What I found there I will not make known, nor attempt to describe the terrors that filled my soul at the discovery. Blessed be the God of mercy! in my distress I became a diver in the Scriptures of eternal truth; and though for a long time I was unsuccessful, through his goodness who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, I became possessed of the pearl of repentance, and cried out, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' (Luke xviii, 13.)

'Though I then possessed a gem more precious than gold of Ophair, in the pearl of repentance, yet for a long time I knew not the value of it, nor felt any comfort in its possession, until one day a kind friend by his encouraging and Christian counsel, set me diving again, no longer into the troubled sea of my own guiltiness, nor the dark, frowning waves of God's holy law, but in the boundless ocean of everlasting promises of the Gospel. Another pearl was then added to my treasure, and that was the pearl of hope; so that I was enabled to rejoice in the blessed assurance of Him who spake as never man spake: 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' (John vi 37.)

'The time came however, when I left off to 'do business in great waters; for things went very smoothly and well with me. I began to think, with David, so that the Lord had made my mountain to stand so fast that I should never be moved.' I began to be less careful, and then was less prayerful, in my heavenly walk. This carelessness and self-confidence by degrees brought in great backsliding of heart and barrenness of soul; and where it would have ended I cannot tell; but it pleased a faithful God, who had set his love upon me to visit me with a rod. The dark cloud of his providence gathered above me, and a heavy storm broke over my head. One dearer far to me than my own life was suddenly snatched away, and I was left a lonely pilgrim on the earth. Then, indeed, was my soul overwhelmed within me and being exceedingly tossed in the tempest of affliction, my cry was, 'All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me!' Again I became a diver; and in the deep waters of adversity, by the mercy of a covenant God, who made all these bitter things work together for my eternal good, the pearl of submission was added to my treasures. 'The Lord gave said I, 'and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'

'In this 'great deep,' I saw more of the works of the Lord and his wonders than I had ever known before. He made all his goodness to pass before me, and showed me wherefore he contended with me. I had departed from him I had left my 'first love.' I had joined myself unto idols, and mine eyes were turned earthward; but in these deep waters the Lord lifted them up, and then I saw 'no man, save Jesus only.' Two other pearls were obtained through mercy—the pearls of love and of Christian assurance. Yes! when the winds and the waves were stilled, there was a great calm; and in that calm my soul could say unto the Lord, not only, 'Whom have I in heaven but thee?' but also, 'There is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.' These then are some of the pearls which through mercy, I possess.

'I must now say a few words about one pearl which I have kept back to the last, because, in comparison thereof, all the pearls I have spoken of are worthless as the small dust of the earth; and as my Lord knows how apt I am by my waywardness to lose or injure the pearls or ornaments in my possession he has placed this one Pearl of pearls, which is the sum and substance of all my wealth, in so secure and exalted a place, that it is utterly impossible for the bitterest of my enemies, either on earth or in hell, to touch it. God has placed this inestimable treasure far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, even in heaven itself, at the right hand of his eternal throne. Yes, this precious 'Pearl of great price' is the Lord Jesus Christ, my sacrifice and my Saviour, the eternal and everlasting God, who, by the offering up of himself, has purchased for me an inheritance in the kingdom of his Father, where I shall be with him for ever and ever.'

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MUSICAL GENIUS.

The mighty magic that lies in the highest manifestations of musical composition must command the wonder and reverence of all who understand or even observe its operation. The power of giving birth to numerous forms of exquisite melody, delighting the ear and stirring every emotion of the soul, agitating us with fear or horror, animating us with ardour and

enthusiasm, filling us with joy, melting us with grief, now lulling us to repose amidst the luxurious calm of earthly contentment, now borrowing wings more ethereal than the lark's, and wafting us to the gate of heaven, where its notes seem to blend undistinguishably with the songs of superior beings: this is a faculty that bears no unequivocal mark of a divine descent, and that nothing but prejudice or pride can deem of trivial or of inferior rank. But, when to this is added a mastery over the mysterious combinations of harmony, a spirit that can make subservient to its one object immense masses of dissimilar, and sometime discordant sounds, and, like the leader of a battle, can ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm, till it subdues the whole soul, taking captive all our feelings, corporeal and mental, and moulding them to its will—a power of this nature seems to equal in dignity the highest faculties of genius in any of its forms, as it undoubtedly surpasses all the others in the overwhelming and instantaneous efficacy of its agency, while thus working its wonders. Tame is the triumph of the artist in the exhibition-room, dim and distant the echo which the poet receives of the public praise, compared with the unequivocal and irrepressible bursts of admiration which entrance the great composer, in the crowded theatre, or even with that silent incense which is breathed in the stifled emotions of his audience in some more sacred place. The nearest approach to any such enthusiastic tribute is that which sometimes awaits the successful tragic poet at the representation of his dramas; but, besides the lion's share of applause, which the actor is apt to appropriate, what dramatic writer, in our experience or history, has been greeted with such homage as that paid to Handel, when the king and people of England stood up in trembling awe to hear his Hallelujah chorus?—that which hailed Mozart from the enraptured theatres of Prague when listening to his greatest operas?—that which fanned into new fire the dying embers of Hayden's spirit, when the Creation was performed at Vienna, to delight his declining days, before an audience of 1500 of the Austrian nobility.

From the Edinburgh Review.

THE SAHARA AND ITS TRIBES.

To form a correct conception of the Sahara, our readers must dismiss from their minds all the loose and fantastic conceptions which have been attached, from time immemorial, to the interior of Northern Africa. Instead of a torrid region, where boundless steppes of burning sand are abandoned to the roving horsemen of the desert, and to beasts of prey, and where the last vestiges of Moorish civilization expire long before the traveller arrives at Negro-land and the savage communities of the interior, the Sahara is now ascertained to consist of a vast archipelago of oases; each of them peopled by a tribe of the Moorish race or its offshoots, more civilised, and more capable of receiving the lessons of civilisation, than the houseless Arabs of the Tell [the mountainous tract lying between the Great Desert and the sea]—cultivating the date tree with application and ingenuity, inhabiting walled towns, living under a regular government, for the most part of a popular origin—carrying to some perfection certain branches of native manufactures, and keeping up an extensive system of commercial intercourse with the northern and central parts of the African continent, and from Mogador to Mecca, by the enterprise and activity of their caravans. Each of the oases of the Sahara—which are divided from one another by sandy tracts, bearing shrubs and plants fit only for the nourishment of cattle—presents an animated group of towns and villages. Every village is encircled by a profusion of fruit-bearing trees. The palm is the monarch of their orchards; as much by the grace of its form, as by the value of its productions; and the pomegranate, the fig-tree, and the apricot, cluster around its lofty stem. The lions, and other beasts of prey with which poetry has peopled the African wilds, are to be met with only in the mountains of the Tell—never in the plains of the Sahara. The robber tribes of the Turichs frequent the southern frontier of the Sahara, and the last tracts of habitable land which intervene between these oases and the real desert; but in the Sahara itself, communications, carried on after the fashion of the country, are regular and secure. War is, indeed, of frequent occurrence between the neighbouring tribes, either for the possession of disputed territories, or the revenge of supposed injuries, but all that which is yet known of these singular communities, shows them to living in a completely constituted state of civil society—eminently adapted to the peculiar part of the globe which they inhabit—governed by the strong traditions of a primitive people—and fulfilling, with energy and intelligence, the strange vocation of their life.

From the Journal of Agriculture.

POLISH HONEY.

Poland is perhaps the greatest honey producing country in Europe. In the provinces of Podolia, Ukraine, and Volhynia in particular, the cultivation of the honey bee has long formed an object of national importance; and these bee-gardens, are not only very numerous and extensive, but they are also common in other parts of the kingdom. There are cottages in Poland, with very small portions of land attached to them, on which are to be seen as many as fifty hives, while there are farmers and landed proprietors who are in possession of from 100 to 10,000 hives! There are some farmers who collect annually more than 200 barrels of fine honey, each barrel weighing from 400 to 500 lbs., exclusive of the wax. A tenant is