

Literature, &c.

The American Magazines
FOR JUNE.From Graham's Magazine.
HEART SORROW.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness."

DISTANT from thee—yes! distant and apart,
Without a hope that heart shall join to heart,
No more remembered and no longer grieved,
By friends deserted, and of love bereaved,
How slowly, sadly creep my toilsome hours,
As from Life's garland drop the withered flow-
ers!

When to my grave, perchance by strangers
borne,

I soon shall journey, darling, wilt thou mourn?
From thy soft eyes will drops of pity fall
For him who loved thee, dearest, best of all—
Who, though sad Fate dissevers from thy side,
Though stern Misfortune must our lots divide,
Still fondly muses o'er departed days,
Still turns to thee his true and constant gaze?
Ah! let my hand, once warmly pressed in thine,
Ere it grows cold, record the earnest line,
To tell how love, by absence stronger made,
Blooms in the mist, and brightens in the shade.

Yes, my life's treasure—for thou wert mine
own—

Still clings this heart to thee, and thee alone;
And would not give, for all its present toys,
One recollection of our love's deep joys.
How sweet the landscape of existence smiled
For me, a man, for thee, a very child—
A child in heart, whose confidence and faith
Were pure as innocence and firm as death.
No cloud o'ershadowed: in the calm serene
Of thy own nature nothing dim was seen,
All to delight conspired and naught to grieve:
The world thine Eden, thou its happy Eve.

Alas! my dearest, was it mine to doom
Thy light of love to darkness like the tomb?
Was mine the voice to scare thy steps away
From flower-strewn gardens in the smile of day
To that bleak spot where night and silence
brood,

And the heart wastes in hopeless solitude?
Ah, as I ponder on thy patient woe,
I dare not think who caused the tears to flow,
As, through Time's veil, I see thy pleading
eyes

Half filled with anguish, half with wild surprise,
When from my lips the cruel sentence came
That we must part, not even friends in name—
Once more the fountain bursts its icy seal,
Once more I learn I still have power to feel.

Think not a moment that oblivion hides
What once was dearer than the world besides;
Think not thy picture, from that inner shrine,
Where feeling bends to memories all divine,
Can be removed or yield its guarded place
To fairer form or more seraphic face.

No flickle canvass doth thy features bear,
To fade in daylight or grow dim in air;
But, by love's ray with sunlike warmth impres-
sed,

Thine image glows unchanging in my breast
Then think not, darling, though "no more—no
more,"

Breaks on our souls, like waves along the shore,
With a deep tone of sorrow and despair,
That I can cease remembered love to share,
That I can ever from my heart untwine
Affection's tendril wreathed by hands like
thine,

Or recreant prove to vow so truly given,
Unsealed on earth, but registered in Heaven.

From Godey's Magazine and Lady's Book.
SPEAK GENTLY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Speak gently! It is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently! Let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here."

"I AM entirely at a loss to know what to do
with that boy," said Mrs. Burton to her husband,
with much concern on her face and in an anx-
ious tone of voice. "I never yield to his im-
perious temper; I never indulge him in any-
thing; I think about him and care about him
all the time but see no good results."

While Mrs. Burton was speaking, a bright,
active boy, eight years of age, came dashing
into the room, and, without heeding any one,
unmuzzed beating with two large sticks against
one of the window sills and making a deafen-
ing noise.

"Incorrigible boy!" exclaimed his mother,
going quickly up to him and jerking the sticks
out of his hand. "Can't I learn you neither
manners nor decency? I have told you a
hundred times that when you come into a room

where any one is sitting you must be quiet. Go
up stairs this moment, and don't let me see
your face for an hour!"

The boy became sulky in an instant, and
stood where he was, pouting sadly.
"Did you hear what I said? Go up stairs
this moment!"

Mrs. Burton spoke in a very angry tone, and
looked quite as angry as she spoke.

Slowly moved the boy towards the door, a
scowl darkening his face, that was but a mo-
ment before so bright and cheerful. His steps
were too deliberate for the over-excited feelings
of the mother, she sprang towards him, and
seizing him by the arm pushed him from the
room and closed the door loudly after him.

"I declare, I am out of all heart!" she ex-
claimed, sinking upon a chair. "It is line upon
line and precept upon precept, but all to no
good purpose. That boy will break my heart
yet!"

Mr. Burton said nothing, but he saw plainly
enough that it was not all the child's fault. He
He doubted the use of coming out and saying
this unequivocally, although he had often and
often been on the point of doing so, involunta-
rily. He knew the temper of his wife so well,
and her peculiar sensitiveness about everything
that looked like charging any fault upon her-
self, that he feared more harm than good would
result from an attempt on his part to show her
that she was much more than half to blame for
the boy's perverseness of temper.

Once or twice the little fellow showed him-
self at the door, but was driven back with harsh
words until the hour for tea arrived. The
sound of the tea-bell caused an instant oblivion
of all the disagreeable impressions made on his
mind. His little feet answered the welcome
summons with a clatter that stunned the ears of
his mother.

"Go back, sir!" she said sternly as he burst
open the dining-room door and sent it swinging
with a loud concussion against the wall, "and
see if you can't walk down stairs more like a
boy than a horse."

Master Harry withdrew pouting out his
rosy lips to the distance of full an inch.
He went up one flight of stairs and then re-
turned.

"Go up the third story where you first
started from and come down quietly all the
way, or you shall not have a mouthful of
supper."

"I don't want to," whined the boy.
"Go up, I tell you, this instant, or I will send
you to bed without anything to eat."

This was a threat that former experience
had taught him might be executed, and so he
deemed it better to submit than pay too dearly
for having his own way. The distance to the
third story was made in a few light springs,
and then he came pattering down as lightly,
and took his place at the table quickly but si-
lently.

"There—there, not too fast; you've got
plenty to eat, and time enough to eat it in."

Harry settled himself down to the table as
quietly as his mercurial spirits would let him,
and tried to wait until he was helped, but spite
of his efforts to do so his hand went over into
the bread basket. A look from his mother
caused him to drop the slice he had lifted; it
was not a look in which there was much affec-
tion. While waiting to be helped, his hands
were busy with his knife and fork, making a
most unpleasant clatter.

"Put down your hands!" harshly spoken, re-
medied this evil, or rather sent the active
movement from the little fellow's hands to his
feet, that commenced a swinging motion, his
heels striking noisily against the chair.

"Keep your feet still!" caused this to cease.

After one or two more reproofs, the boy was
left to himself. As soon as he received his cup
of tea he poured the entire contents into his
sauceur, and then tried to lift it steadily to his
lips. In doing so he spilled one-third of the
contents upon the table cloth.

A box on the ears and a storm of angry
words rewarded this feat.

"Haven't I told you over and over again, you
incorrigible bad boy! not to pour the whole of
your tea into your sauceur. Just see what a
'mess' you have made with that clean table-
cloth. I declare! I am out of all manner of
patience with you. Go 'way from the table
this instant!"

Harry went crying away, not in anger, but
in grief. He had spilled his tea by accident.
His mother had so many reproofs and injunc-
tions to make that the bearing of them all in
mind was a thing impossible. As to pouring
out all of his tea at a time, he had no recollec-
tion of any interdiction on that subject, although
it had been made over and over dozens of
times. In a little while he came creeping
slowly back and resumed his place at the table,
his eyes upon his mother's face. Mrs. Burton
was sorry that she had sent him away for what
was only an accident; she felt that she had
hardly been just to the thoughtless boy. She
did not, therefore, object to his coming back,
but said as he took his seat—"Next time see
that you are more careful. I have told you
again and again not to fill your sauceur to the
brim, you never can do it without spilling the
tea over upon the table-cloth."

This was not spoken in kindness.

A scene somewhat similar to this was enac-
ted at every meal, but instead of improving in
his behaviour the boy only grew more and
more heedless. Mr. Burton rarely said any-
thing to Harry about his unruly manner, but
when he did a word was enough. That word
was always mildly yet firmly spoken. He
did not think him a bad boy or difficult to ma-
nage—at least he had never found him so.

"I wish I knew what to do with that child,"

said Mrs. Burton, after the little fellow had
been sent to bed an hour before his time, in
consequence of some violation of law and or-
der; "he makes me feel unhappy all the while.
I dislike to be scolding him forever, but what
can I do? If I did not curb him in some way
there would be no living in the house with him.
I am afraid he will cause us a world of trouble."

Mr. Burton sat silent. He wanted to say a
word on the subject, but he feared that its effect
might not be what he desired.

"I wish you would advise me what to do, Mr.
Burton," said his wife, a little petulantly. "You
sit and don't say a single word, as if you had
no kind of interest in the matter. What am I
to do? I have exhausted all my own resour-
ces, and feel completely at a loss."

"There is a way which, if you would adopt,
I think might do a great deal of good," Mr.
Burton spoke with a slight appearance of hesi-
tation. "If you would speak gently to Harry,
I am sure you would be able to manage him
far better than you do."

Mrs. Burton's face was crimsoned in an in-
stant; she felt the reproof deeply; her self-es-
tee was severely wounded.

"Speak gently, indeed!" she replied. "I
might as well speak to the wind; I am scarce-
ly heard, now, at the top of my voice."

Mr. Burton never contended with his wife.
She would have felt better sometimes if he had
done so, for then she could have excused her-
self a little. His words were few, mildly spo-
ken, and always remembered. He had expected
some such effect from his suggestion of a
remedy in the case of Harry, and was not,
therefore, at all surprised at the ebullition it
produced. On its subsidence he believed her
mind would be more transparent than before,
and so it was.

As her husband did not argue the matter
with her nor say anything that was calculated
to keep up the excitement under which she was
labouring, her feelings in a little while quieted
down and her thoughts became active. The
words "speaking gently" were constantly in
her mind, and there was a reproving import in
them. On going to bed that night she could
not get to sleep for several hours; her mind
was too busily engaged in reviewing her con-
duct towards her child. She clearly perceived
that she had too frequently suffered her mind to
get excited and angry, and that she was too
often annoyed at trifles which ought to have
been overlooked.

"I am afraid I have been unjust to my
child," she sighed over and over again, turning
restlessly upon her pillow.

At length she fell asleep and dreamed about
Harry. She saw him lying on his bed, sick
and apparently near to death; his pure, round
cheeks where health had strewed her glowing
blossoms, were pale and sunken; his eyes were
hollow—the weary lids had closed over them
—he lay in a deep sleep.

Mournfully she stood by his side and looked
upon him in bitterness of spirit. Sadly she re-
membered the days past in which she had spo-
ken in harsh and angry tones to her boy, when
kinder words would have been far better.
In the anguish of her soul, bowed down
by sorrow and reproving conscience she wept.

When she again looked up she saw that a
change had come over the beloved sleeper; the
glow of health was upon his cheek, and his
veins seemed bounding with health, but he
slumbered still. She was about arousing him,
when a hand was laid upon her's; she turned—
a mild face, full of goodness as an angel's,
looked into her own. She knew the face and
form but could not call the stranger by name.
With a finger upon her lip, and her eyes cast
first upon the sleeping boy and then upon the
mother, the visitor said, in a low, earnest, but
sweet voice—"Speak gently!"

The words sent a thrill through the heart of
Mrs. Burton, and she awoke. Many earnest
thoughts and self-reproaches kept her awake
for a long time; but she slept again, and more
quietly until morning.

The impression made by her husband's re-
proof, her own reflections and the dream, was
deep. Earnest were the resolutions she made to
be more gentle with her wayward boy—to make
love rule instead of anger. The evils against
which she had been contending so powerfully
for years she saw to be in herself, while she
had been fighting them as if in her generous
minded but badly governed child.

"I will try to do better," she said to herself,
as she arose, feeling but little refreshed from
sleep. Before she was ready to leave her
room she heard Harry's voice calling her from
the next chamber, where he slept. The tones
were fretful; he wanted some assistance, and
was crying out for it in a manner that instan-
tly disturbed the even surface of the mother's
feelings. She was about telling him angrily to
be quiet until she could finish dressing herself
when the words "speak gently," seemed whis-
pered in her ear. Their effect was magical—
the mother's spirit was subdued.

"I will speak gently," she murmured; and
went in to Harry, who was still crying out
fretfully.

"What do you want, my son," she said, in a
quiet, kind voice.

The boy looked up with surprise; his eye
brightened, and the whole expression of his
face changed in an instant.

"I can't find my stockings mamma," he said.
"There they are, under the bureau," returned
Mrs. Burton, as gently as she had at first
spoken.

"Oh, yes, so they are," cheerfully, replied
Harry; "I couldn't see them nowhere."

"Did you think crying would bring them?"

This was said with a smile and in a tone so

unlike his mother, that the child looked up
again in her face with surprise that was, Mrs.
Burton plainly saw, mingled with pleasure.

"Do you want anything else?" she asked.
"No, mamma," he replied, cheerfully, "I can
dress myself now."

This first little effort was crowned with the
most encouraging results to the mother; she felt
a deep peace settling in her bosom, the consci-
ousness of having gained a true victory over
the perverse tendencies of both her own and the
heart of her boy. It was a little act, but it was
the first fruits, and the gathering even of so
small a harvest was sweet to her spirit.

At the breakfast table the usual scene was
about being enacted, when "speak gently,"
coming into her mind prevented its occurrence.
It seemed almost a mystery to her—the effect
of words gently spoken on one who had scarce-
ly heeded her most positive and angrily uttered
reproofs and injunctions.

Although Harry was not as orderly in his be-
haviour at the table as the mother could have
wished, yet he did it much better than usual,
and seemed really to desire to do what was
right. For nearly the whole of that day Mrs.
Burton was able to control herself and speak
gently to her boy, but towards evening she be-
came fretful again from some cause or other.
From the instant this change made itself ap-
parent she lost the sweet influence she had been
able to exercise over the mind of her child.
He no longer heeded her words, and she could
no longer feel calm in spirit when he showed
perverse and evil tempers. When night closed
in, the aspect of affairs was but little different
from that of any preceding day.

Heavy was the heart of Mrs. Burton when
she sought her pillow, and the incidents and
feelings of the day came up in review before
her mind. In the morning her heart was calm
and her perceptions clear; she saw her duty
plainly and felt willing to walk in its pleasant
paths. In treading these she had experienced
an internal delight unknown before; but ere the
day had passed, old habits, strong from fre-
quent indulgence, returned, and former effects
followed as a natural consequence.

As she lay for more than an hour resolving
and re-resolving to do better, the face of Harry
often came up before her. Particularly did she
remember its peculiar expression when she
spoke kindly, instead of harshly reproving him
for acts of rudeness or disobedience.

At these times she was conscious of posses-
sing a real power over him; this she never felt
in any of her angry efforts to subdue his stub-
born will.

On awaking in the morning her mind was
renewed; all passion had sunk into quiescence;
she could see her duty and felt willing to per-
form it. Harry, too, awoke as usual, and
that was in a fretful, capricious mood; but this
rippling of the surface of his feelings all sub-
sided when the voice of his mother in words
gently spoken fell soothingly on his ear. He
even went so far as to put his arms around her
neck and kiss her, saying, as he did so—"In-
deed mamma, I will be a good boy."

For the first time in many months the break-
fast hour was pleasant to all. Harry never
once interrupted the conversation that passed
at intervals between his father and mother.
When he asked for anything it was in a way
pleasant to all. Once or twice Mrs. Burton
found it necessary to correct some little fault
of manner, but she way in which she did it,
not in the least disturbed her child's temper,
and instead of not seeming to hear her words,
as had almost always been the case, he regard-
ed all that she said and tried to do as she
wished.

"There is a wonderful power in gentle
words," remarked Mr. Burton to his wife, after
Harry had left the table.

"Yes, wonderful, indeed; their effect sur-
prises me."

"Love is strong."

"So it seems—stronger than any other influ-
ence that we can bring to bear upon a human
being."

"Whether that being be a child or a full
grown man."

"True, without doubt; but how hard a thing
is it for us to control ourselves that the sphere
of all our actions shall be full of love. Ah,
me! the love theory is a beautiful one, but who
of us can always practice it? For me, I confess
that I cannot."

"Not for the sake of your children?"

"For their sakes I would make almost any
sacrifice, would deny myself every comfort—I
would devote my life to their good; and yet the
perfect control of my natural temper, even with
all the inducements my love for them brings,
seems impossible."

"I think you have done wonders already,"
Mr. Burton replied. "If the first effort is so
successful, I am sure you need not despair of
making the perfect conquest you desire."

"I am glad you are sanguine; I only wish I
were equally so."

"It might not be as well if you were. It is
almost always the case that we are most in
danger of falling when we think ourselves se-
cure. In conscious weakness there is real pow-
er."

"If that consciousness gives power, then am
I strong enough," replied Mrs. Burton.

And she was stronger than she supposed, and
strong because she felt herself weak. Had she
been confident of strength, she would not have
been watchful over herself, but fearing every
moment lest she should betray her natural iras-
cibility and fretfulness of temper, she was all
the time upon her guard. To her own astonish-
ment and that of her husband, she was able to
maintain the power she had gained over Harry,
and to be calm even when he was disturbed.
But in all our states of moral advancement