

Literature, &c.

The American Magazines
FOR DECEMBER.From Graham's Magazine.
GETHEMSENE.

'Twas night-fall on Gethsemane—the shades
Crept silently around the rosy west—
At first a filmy veil, through which the light
Stole with a softer blush—then thickening
Deeper and deeper, till the day's last smile
Faded beneath night's frown, and all was
gloom;
Save where the trembling stars, with frigid
eyes,
Looked down on earth, and the young moon,
bedimmed,
Paled on the dark horizon.

Jesus prayed!

Apart from all—alone—his suppliant knee
Bent to the earth—while on his brow, upraised
In the dim light to Heaven, the icy drops
Were beaded there by anguish; and around
The lips that with a sculptured curve apart
Gasped in their mortal agony, the white
And livid blended fearfully. The eye
Now raised, now downcast, marked the mingled
traits
Of grief and supplication. Midnight came.
Then Jesus rose!

They who awaited him,
In this his hour of sorrow, lay apart
And slept—for night-dews, hung upon
Their dusty garments, weighed their eyelids
down
With a strange weariness.

Compassion, love,
And yearnings after human sympathy, the
sound
Of loving human voices, mingled there
With sorrowful regards of that kind eye
So tenderly bent on them.

"Waken—rise!"

Could ye not watch one little hour with me?
Watch with me while I pray!"

Again, apart,

He breathed his very spirit out in prayer,
Quivering in anguish.

"Father! if this cup
May not be spared me, LET THY WILL BE
DONE."

Once more the MAN OF SORROWS sought for
them

Who kept a faithless watch. They slept again—
Borne down with grief. He turned again to
pray.

Despite such sorrow morning flushed the sky,
And night her dark lash lifted from the blue,
Clear eye of day! Oh, never more on earth,
Divine One, shall such morrow dawn for
thee!

When morn blushed earthward, then came
Jesus forth—

The saddened master of the worlds, came
forth
To seek his friends.

"Sleep on and take your rest.
The hours of deeper trials come, to which
The darkest dreams of that wild sleep will
seem

By contrast bright—the hour of fierce extremes,
To crush the mortal's heart, and raise the God
to Heaven."

The agony was o'er—and with a brow
Calm'd for the coming struggle, and an eye
Serene and Godlike, Jesus waited death.

From the Columbian Magazine.

THE WIDOW.

BY MRS. C. H. BUTLER.

Poor widow Grey! No one knew what
her early life had been, for she came a stranger
to P—, yet God grant that the bright-
ness of other days may have sometimes relieved
the darkness which brooded over her last
sad hours of poverty and woe!

It is now many years since, that one dark,
ineloquent night, in the month of March, a low
knocking was heard at the door of the parson-
age. It being already past nine o'clock, which
hour, in those primitive times, was the signal
for retiring, the one domestic of the good pas-
tor had gone to bed, so taking a light Mr Fran-
cis himself went to the door, thinking it might
be a summons to the sick or dying bed of some
parishioner.

Upon the steps stood a female, leading in
each hand a child, while the light of the candle
revealed the pale, haggard countenance of a
man over her shoulder.

"How can I serve you, my good people?"
said the pastor, somewhat surprised at seeing
strangers at that late hour.

"We have lost our way," replied the wo-

man, in a gentle, timid voice, "and seeing a
light here made bold to ask if you can give us
a night's lodging, for my husband is too feeble
(glancing at the spectral countenance behind
her) to proceed farther this cold night."

"Come in, my friends, come in," unhesi-
tantly exclaimed Mr Francis, and throwing open
the door of his study, where a cheerful fire was
blazing, he welcomed the benighted traveller to
its warmth and comfort.

Mrs Francis, like many cautious matrons,
was at first disposed to question the prudence
of her husband in giving admittance to stran-
gers of their class at that late hour, but the
moment she looked upon the anxious face of
the woman, and the pale death-like counte-
nance of the man, her eyes filled with tears of
pity, and bidding them cordially welcome, she
hastened to prepare some refreshment, nor
ceased from her work of kindness until she
had placed a cup of hot tea before the invalid.

But the fiat had gone forth. Ere the dawn
of day the pastor was summoned by the weep-
ing wife to the bedside of her dying husband.

Why dwell upon the grief of the poor widow
thus suddenly bereft, homeless, friendless, for-
lorn? In mercy God had ordained that this sad
trial of poor Mrs Gray should fall upon her
when kindness and sympathy were near to
soothe and console. All that the benevolent
hearts of our good clergyman and his wife
prompted them to do was done—the dead
consigned respectfully to the grave, and a
helping hand extended to the living.

The widow revealed but little of her previous
history. Her husband, she said, was an Eng-
lishman—herself an American. At the time of
their marriage they were in prosperous circum-
stances, but heavy misfortunes and sickness
had fallen upon them, until, with the little
means left, her husband resolved to return to
England. They had parted with their effects
—left a home in the far West, and with their
little ones set forth upon their long journey.
Unfortunately, sickness again seized upon the
husband. Forced to remain for weeks at an
inn, with a physician in constant attendance,
their purse was soon exhausted, and now, sick,
weary and on foot, were they striving to reach
the nearest port-town when death released the
wanderer. This was all Mrs Gray made
known, but the good clergyman knew intuitively
that she had been tenderly nurtured, and
some kind parent's care had stored her mind
with lessons of purity and truth.

He now immediately exerted himself for the
relief of the widow and fatherless. Among the
more wealthy and charitable of his flock a
small purse was made up and presented to Mrs
Gray for her immediate wants—a cottage hired
at a very moderate rent, and the widow re-
moved thereto, henceforth to depend upon her
own industry for the support of herself and
children.

But the heart of poor Mrs Gray had other
cause for sorrow—a constant, living sorrow
was her's—for her oldest boy was a helpless
idiot. Nor yet do I right, perhaps, to speak thus
of the mother's feeling for that unfortunate
child. Tenderly, dearly did she love him; his
very helplessness appeared to strengthen the
ties of maternity. Again and again she would
press him to her bosom, and while she wept
over his infirmity, bless God he was her child.
The other son, little Paul, was a sprightly in-
telligent lad, and gave promise of being one
day a stay and support to his widowed mother
and helpless brother.

For a season all went prosperously with Mrs
Gray. There was at that time a large semi-
nary established in the village, and through the
kind intercession of Mrs Francis, the matron
employed Mrs Gray in the sewing department.
The work was always finished with so much
neatness and promptitude that the judge's la-
dy, and one or two others of the P— aristoc-
racy, also gave her their sewing. Paul, too,
now and then earned a few pennies by running
of errands, or the sale of berries and water-
cresses, so that poor Mrs Gray with all her
sorrows might still be said to have many
blessings.

If to possess a refined and lady-like deport-
ment can ever be considered a misfortune, it
certainly proved so in the case of the widow.
By those whose minds were not capable of
respecting these inborn traits, she was pro-
nounced to be "above her place," and although
ever kind to her poor neighbours, nursing them
in sickness and bestowing even her mite to add
to their comfort, yet, as she mixed not fami-
larity with their families, nor meddled with their
quarrels, they called her "proud," "feeling
above poor folk, beggar as she was herself."
From such, therefore, the widow received little
but insult.

Her little cottage was a beauty spot for the
eye to rest upon. She had trained a wild vine
over the door and window, and on the small
grass plat in front one or two little boxes filled
with bright pretty flowers might be seen. A
venerable elm, too, overshadowed the cottage,
and some of its graceful branches drooping over
the low roof nearly swept the ground. Here
the birds built their nests, secure from molesta-
tion, and hopped freely about the doorstep.
At the calm twilight hour often was the widow
seen seated in front of her rustic dwelling—
her idiot boy resting lovingly at her feet, his
hand pressed in hers, while little Paul gimbled
merrily upon the green sward.

But alas! new misfortunes were about to
overwhelm Mrs Gray. Her first affliction was
the death of the beloved pastor, and the remo-
val of his widow from the village. Soon after
this the school which had aided so materially
in her support was given up, and to verify the
oft repeated assertion that "misfortunes never
come single," about the same time when her
assistance was most required, the judge's lady

took away her work in order to petronize a
person lately received into favor by one of the
"upper" half dozen of the village. Her exam-
ple was but too soon followed by others—so
that, in the short space of a few weeks, the
poor woman suddenly found herself bereft of
the means of support. In vain she solicited a
continuance of their favor; it was refused under
the plea that as they had employed her a long
time she must now yield place to others—a
lesson the poor and friendless too often receive
as the reward of honest industry.

How then was Mrs Gray to meet her rent.
She could not—and was soon forced to leave
her pretty cottage for a miserable hovel, scarce-
ly tenable, standing upon the borders of a
deep marshy pool about half a mile from the
village, which for several years had been unin-
habited. This was owned by her former
landlord, who had too much conscience to ex-
act any rent for so wretched a shelter, and,
thankful even for this refuge for her little ones,
flattered the sorrowing widow removed. The
situation of this house, if house it might be
called, standing as it did, so near the marsh,
could not be supposed a healthy one, and it
was not long ere Mrs. Gray experienced its
pernicious effects. First the poor idiot boy
sickened and died; and feeling she could not
long survive him, the mother thanked God that
her unfortunate child was taken before her—
free forever from the scoffs and taunts of the
unfeeling, when she, his only friend, could no
longer protect him.

Mrs. Gray herself now became ill—but as
she was never heard to complain, and was
still able to walk about her narrow room, her
situation soon ceased to be a matter of interest.
The mass of mankind soon ceased to any
thing which does not excite either their horror
or their wonder. They require something
stirring to keep their sympathies keen. Now
could poor Mrs. Gray have only been
bitten by a mad dog, or taken arsenic all but
sufficient to destroy life, or been cut down
from a beam just in time to preserve her
breath, or—in short—done any thing but wast-
ed quietly and unrepiningly away to the grave,
her name would have been in every mouth—
—her situation a theme for universal sympathy.

True there were exceptions. Some charita-
ble ladies brought her from time to time nice
jellies and custards to tempt her failing appe-
tite; now and then a few sticks of wood were
dropped at the door; the young ladies' sewing
society presented her with a warm "double
gown," and the worthy Mrs. S— sent her a
volume of tracts to feed her spiritual wants.
But herein, perhaps, the poor widow was
richer than the giver. And this it was which
sustained her under all her troubles—a mighty
power lifting her above the trials of earth and
filling her soul with ineffable joy.

One day as little Paul, now ten years of age
was returning from the village, where he had
been vainly endeavouring to select a few ber-
ries—premature care already fastened upon
his youthful face—he saw before him a stran-
ger who for several days had been stopping at
the village inn. The person walked slowly
along, now pausing to view the surrounding
scenery, now to regale himself with a pinch of
snuff. At length Paul saw something drop
from his pocket into the high grass, and run-
ning quickly forward he discovered it to be a
well-filled purse.

Poor little Paul! He knew how destitute
his mother was—how many wants one small
piece of that shining gold might relieve.

The child felt strangely tempted, but better
thoughts came over him; perhaps the gentleman
would give him something for finding his purse;
yes, he was sure he would and hastening ea-
gerly forward, he placed it in the hand of the
stranger.

"Ha! what! you've found my purse, eh!
Bless my soul I did not know I had lost it!"
quoth the old gentleman. "Well, well, you
are a good boy, and you shall have a—
penny for your trouble," and putting his hand
in his pocket he drew one reluctantly forth.

A penny! and his mother starving! Misery
made Paul bold. "Please, sir," he exclaimed,
"I have a sick mother dying from want; I have
tasted no food to day. Oh, please, sir, give
me a shilling to buy bread."

"What, what, starving in such a fine coun-
try as this? Starving! Pooh, pooh, nonsense,
boy. I don't believe you. You are a beggar.
Shame, shame, for one so young!"

"Oh, sir," persevered Paul, "I am no beg-
gar, I never begged before. What I tell you
is the truth. Please, then, give me one of
those pieces!"

"Why you impudent dog! Beg for gold,
eh! Silver will not serve you! Off with you,
quick; pretty piece of work indeed; give you
gold, eh!"

Paul turned away, his eyes filled with tears
of grief and mortification, for, young as he was
he felt degraded in having demanded charity
of a man whose whole soul was inclosed be-
tween his purse strings.

At this moment he was met by one of the
villagers who, handing him a bundle, said:

"Run quick with this, my little fellow,
to the tavern—I will soon be there and pay you,
if you hurry."

The heart of Paul felt lightened, and taking
the package, he gladly retraced his steps to the
village. He soon reached the inn, and step-
ped up to the bar to deliver his charge. The
stranger was there also, his back to Paul, who
as he drew nearer perceived both gold and sil-
ver scattered upon the counter, which the land-
lord appeared to be about receiving in payment
for his bill. Again the same temptation fasci-
nated the gaze of Paul upon the money.
Again he thought of his mother's sufferings, of

of his own hunger, and his fingers worked con-
vulsively. The landlord turned his back in-
stantly, but that instant sealed the fate of poor
little Paul. Throwing down his bundle, he
caught up a piece of gold and fled.

But we for the poor boy! he had been obser-
ved, and in less than five minutes was brought
back to the inn, a thief.

No humanity stirred the bosom of the rich
man. He looked coldly upon the childish
features, and listened unmoved to the pitiful
pleadings of the boy. Pity! what had he to do
with pity, for had he not been robbed of his
cherished gold?

The crowd soon gathered around, some com-
passionating the youthful criminal, all sorrow-
ing for the poor mother and entreating that the
child might be released for her sake; but no.
The law, the law, gentlemen must do his duty
upon the infant as well as upon the man of
three-score, and so little Paul was hurried off
to the county jail.

Who was to inform poor widow Grey of this
new and terrible calamity? Even the most
reckless and hard-hearted shrunk from the
painful task.

When first made known to her, the wretch-
ed mother sat as if suddenly turned to marble;
not a feature relaxed, not a tear softened the
stony eye.

"Leave me," she said, at length, in a feeble
voice; "leave me, friends, I have need to be
alone."

And so the sympathizing villagers departed,
and the miserable mother was left to herself all
through the long dreary hours of that unhappy
day.

Midnight had already sounded, when a low
knocking was heard at the jailor's door.
Opening the window, he discovered, by the
light of the moon, a woman clinging, as if for
support, to one of the door posts.

"What are you and what do you want?" de-
manded the jailor, gruffly.

"My boy, my boy!" exclaimed a feeble
voice.

"Good heavens, Mrs. Gray! Is it you, my
poor woman?" he answered, in a softened tone;
then, after a moment's reflection, he added:
"But you must wait until morning, my good
friend; it is against the rules to admit any one
to the prison at this late hour."

"My boy, my boy! I must see my boy!"
cried the poor mother, wringing her hands.
"Oh let me in, and the blessing of God and a
mother's prayers are yours."

The jailor was a kind-hearted man, and,
moreover, the good wife, bless her, stood at
his elbow uniting her entreaties with those of
the wretched mother; so, taking his bunch of
keys, he quickly descended the stairs, passed
out of the door, and bidding Mrs. Gray follow
him, proceeded to unlock the prison, which
was contiguous to his own dwelling. Twice
was she forced to lean upon the old man for
support ere they reached the cell of little Paul.

A ray of moonlight stole through the narrow
window above, discovering the little fellow
calmly sleeping upon his miserable pallet.

"Thank God!" whispered the widow, and
moving gently to the bed side, she fell upon
her knees and kissed the fair, open brow of her
boy.

The old man wiped a tear from his eye, and
then telling her he would let her out in about
an hour softly closed the door, and the mother
and son were alone.

Perhaps half an hour had passed, when the
door of the cell was very gently opened from
within—so gently that it did not arouse the
kind hearted jailor, who, tired and sleepy,
had seated himself upon the hard floor with
his back against the wall to await the termina-
tion of the specified hour. He had no idea,
honest man, of falling asleep—but that he did
—and so soundly, too, that both the widow
and little Paul passed him unheeded.

It was but to draw the bolt of the outer
door and they were in the open air. Once
more, in freedom, the mother embraced her
child.

Day was just dawning as the jailor awoke.
The escape of the young prisoner was at once
detected—but so far from feeling anger or sor-
row, and perfectly uncaring for the charge of
neglect which might be brought against him,
the good old man exclaimed:

"If the little fellow could only get clear off
now."

Then prudently locking the door of the cell
he returned to his chamber, opened his money
drawer, and putting a few dollars in his pocket
took his way to the dwelling of widow Gray.

He tapped lightly at the door, but received
no answer—then gently lifting the latch he en-
tered. All was still as the grave in that mis-
erable room. A dim light was admitted
through the one cracked and dingy pane, and
the walls were damp with the noisome mois-
ture from the marsh.

The old man saw at once, in the rigid form
extended upon the bed, that Death was there!
Yes, the poor widow Gray was indeed no
more—while crouched, half terrified, upon the
floor, gazing wildly upon the dead, was the
wretched child.

The kind-hearted jailor burst into tears.
He placed his rough hand reverently upon the
brow of the corpse, and swore to protect the
orphan boy. Then turning to Paul he bade
him follow him. The little fellow mechanic-
ally obeyed, and was secreted by his new
friend in a new place, with strict injunctions
not to stir from thence until he should call for
him.

In one corner of the village church-yard
sleeps the widow Gray by the side of her hus-
band and idiot boy. No stone marks the spot
—but the primrose blooms there—the little
grass-bird there builds her nest, and the wild