

love; and to every one else it seemed as though she had never been. After some years many began to wonder why the young rector of Charlewood never married; but then he was so devoted to his aged mother, it might be, that there was no room in his heart for any other love. Jessie's troop of children sported round their quiet, pale-faced uncle; and Mrs Wilmington, too, came with her little Cyril, so like his namesake, even in childhood. Frances saw that her brother was calm and content, engrossed with his high and holy calling. He never mentioned Lucy, and the sister returned to her beloved home, satisfied that Cyril was at peace, if not happy.

And she was right. Sorrow that brings with it no self-reproach, can be borne in time with patience. Cyril had in a great measure learned to look on life with less bitterness; he no longer suffered the uncontrollable anguish which had at first prostrated him in the dust; but he never again recovered the cheerful spirits of old. It has been said that men never love like women—that they soon recover from a loss such as Cyril had felt; but this is not true. Rarely does a man love with his whole soul, as a woman does; but when he does, the passion lasts for a lifetime, with an intensity unknown to most women. Cyril's love had engrossed every feeling of a sensitive nature, united to a delicate frame, and neither ever completely rallied from the shock.

Every year that passed over Cyril's head, his slight form became more bent, and his face more colourless and thin. When little past thirty, he looked like a man whose prime of life had gone by. Winter ever brought with it pain and failing health, so that he was obliged to relinquish many of his duties to his curate. For months he seldom went beyond the rectory and the church, where his voice was still heard, but fainter and more unearthly each Sabbath that came; he rarely visited Elmdale, for Mr. Morton had died not long after Lucy's marriage.

One Sunday, however, the then vicar requested Mr. Danvers to supply his place at Elmdale church, and Cyril assented. It might be that he had a vague presentiment that it would be the last time he should lift his voice from the spot so hallowed by many old recollections. As he stood in the little vestry, all looked the same as ten years before, when he was about to mount the pulpit for the first time. It was the same season too, and the June sun lighted up the old walls as it did then. As Cyril passed up the stairs, he almost expected to see Lucy Morton's face again in the rectory pew.

In that pew, which was generally vacant, sat a lady and two blooming children. She raised her bowed head when the prayer was over, and Cyril beheld his first, his only, and lost love. Lucy sat in matronly grace, with her babes by her side, happiness and peace shining in every feature of her beautiful face. A mournful shade passed over it when she looked at him whose love she never knew. What a contrast was there between the two now!

Cyril preached with a voice that was hardly more tremulous than usual. He shot out all earthly love from his eyes and his heart, but as he descended the pulpit, his very lips had an ashen hue, and the retiring congregation heard with pity and regret that he had fainted on reaching the vestry. The old sexton—he was still living—said that the long walk had been too much for poor Mr. Danvers; and the farmers' wives shook their heads, and said that he was always too good for this world. Meanwhile Cyril went home, and never recrossed his own threshold more.

But though, in a few days, he lay down on his bed to rise no more, it was some weeks before the dread shadow folded his arms round his prey. Frances came to her brother, and Cyril talked with her calmness and peace which the near approach of death often gives of all the past. His mind was clear and joyful. He spoke of Lucy; and with the quick ear of sickness, distinguished her voice and footstep in the room below, where she came almost daily to inquire about him, and to see her former friend. At first Frances could hardly bear to look upon her, but then she thought how wrong such feelings were, and listened to Lucy as she spoke of her beloved and kind husband, and her beautiful children, though it gave her many a pang when she remembered him who was now fast departing.

One morning Lucy came earlier than usual. She sat many minutes alone, and then Frances's footsteps sounded slow and heavily on the stairs, and she entered.

Lucy's eyes asked the question that her tongue could not utter.

'All is well with him now,' said Frances, and her voice was strangely calm. 'My brother is at rest.'

Cyril had died that morning.

A few days after, Lucy and Frances sat together in the darkened house. It was the night before all that was mortal of poor Cyril was given to earth. They could not speak of him without tears, and they talked of old times, and old pleasures shared with him who was no more.

Frances took the hand of her former companion. 'All is changed with us now Lucy; we are no longer young, and our feelings are different from what they once were. It can do no wrong, either to the living or the dead, if I tell you now that you are a cherished and devoted wife, that he who is gone loved you with a passionate love which ceased but with life.'

Lucy's face grew pale, and she burst into tears. 'Why—oh why did I never know this?'

'Because he could not hope to marry; and

he was too honourable to drive his sisters from his home, or to bind the girl he loved by a doubtful engagement. He saw you did not love him.

'Because he never said one word of love to me, or I should soon have learned to love him, and then he might not have died!' said Lucy, still weeping.

'Hush, Lucy! All is best now. You are happy—you love your husband.'

'I do love him; and he is worthy to be loved,' answered the wife earnestly. 'But poor Cyril!' and again she wept.

'Do not mourn for him,' said Frances; he might never have had a long life; and who shall say that he did not feel the sweet peace of duties fulfilled, and of knowing that his self-sacrifice was not in vain? Lucy, I, Cyril's sister, amidst all my grief, shall love you, and feel that you have done no wrong. Yet it is very bitter!' cried Frances, as her composure forsook her, and she bowed herself in agony. 'Oh, would that I had died for thee, my brother—my only brother!'

From Hogg's Instructor.

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

BY MORACE SMITH.

Day-stars! that ope your eyes, with man, to twinkle,

From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation, And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle As a libation;

Ye matric worshippers! who, bending lowly Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye, Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy Incense on high:

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty The floor of Nature's temple tessellate, What numerous emblems of instructive duty Your forms create!

'Neath cloister'd boughs, each floral bell that swingeth,

And tolls its perfume on the passing air, Makes sabbaths in the fields, and ever ringeth A call to prayer:

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and column

Attest the feebleness of mortal hand, But to that fane most catholic and solemn Which God hath plann'd—

To that Cathedral, boundless as our wonder, Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply;

Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder, Its dome the sky,

There, as in solitude and shade I wonder, Through the green aisles, or, stretch'd upon the sod,

Awed by silence, reverently ponder The ways of God.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers—

Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book, Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles! that in dewy splendour Weep without love, and blush without a crime,

Oh, may I deeply learn, and ne'er surrender, Your love sublime!

'Thou wert not, Solomon, in all thy glory Attray'd,' the lilies cry, 'in robes like ours;

How vain your grandeur! ah, how transitory Are human flowers!'

In the sweet scented pictures, heavenly Artist, With which thou paintest nature's wide-spread hall,

What a delightful lesson thou impartest Of love to all!

Not useless are ye flowers, though made for pleasure:

Blooming o'er the field and wave, by day and night,

From every source your sanction bids me treasure

Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages! what instructions hoary

For such a world of thought could furnish scope?

Each fading calyx a memento mori,

Yet fount of hope!

Posthumous glories—angel-like collection,

Upraised from seed or bulb, interr'd in earth,

To me ye are a type of resurrection,

And second birth.

Were I, O God! in churchless lands remaining

Far from all voice of teachers and divines, My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining

Priests, sermons, shrines!

SELF KNOWLEDGE.

To know one's self, one would think, would be no very difficult lesson; for who, you will say, can be truly ignorant of himself, and the true disposition of his own heart? If a man thinks at all, he cannot be a stranger to what passed there; he must be conscious of his own thoughts; he must remember his past pursuits, and the true springs and motives which in general have directed the actions of his life: he may hang out false colours and deceive the world, but how can a man deceive himself? That a man can is evident, because he daily does so. Though man is the only creature endowed with reflection, and consequently qualified to know the most of himself, yet so it happens that he generally knows the least. Of all the many revengeful, covetous, false, and ill-natured persons whom we complain of in the world, though we all join in the cry against them, what man amongst us singles out himself as a criminal, or ever once takes it into his head that he adds to the number? What other man speaks so often and so vehemently against the vice of pride, sets the weakness of it in a more odious light, or is more hurt with it in another, than the proud man himself? It is the same with the passionate, the designing, the ambitious, and some other common characters in life. Most of us are aware of, and pretend to detest the barefaced instances of that hypocrisy by which men deceive others, but few of us are upon our guard, or see that more fatal hypocrisy by which we deceive and overreach our hearts.—Manuscript Sermons.

INANIMATE OBJECTS.

We grow attached unconsciously to the objects we see every day. We may not think so at the time—we may be discontented, and used to talk of their faults; but let us be on the eve of quitting them for ever, and we find that they are dearer than we dreamed. The love of the inanimate is a general feeling. True, it makes no return of affection, neither does it disappoint it—its associations are from our thoughts and our emotions. We connect the hearth with the confidence which has poured forth the full soul in its dim twilight; on the wall we have watched the shadows, less fantastic than the creations in which we have indulged; beside the table, we have read, worked, and written. Over each and all is flung the strong link of habit: it is not to be broken without a pang.

CRIMINALTY OF SINGING IN GREECE.

It must be observed that no woman of the island ever sings; and the Sfiakin women, whose seclusion and reserve is greater than that of the other female Cretans, never even dance, except on some great religious festivals, and then only with very near relations. Manias, who thinks that the readiness with which the women of Mylopotamo and other parts of the island join in the dance is hardly creditable to them, was greatly horrified at the idea of any respectable female ever singing, and assured me that it was quite impossible for a Greek woman to disgrace herself by doing anything so disreputable.—Pashley's travels in Crete.

ECONOMY.

Economy is one of the chief duties of a state, as well as of an individual. It is not only a great virtue in itself, but the parent of many others. It preserves men and nations from the commission of crime and the endurance of misery. The man that lives within his income can be just, humane, charitable, and independent, he who lives beyond it becomes, almost necessarily, rapacious, mean, faithless, contemptible. The economist is easy and comfortable; the prodigal is harassed with debts, and unable to obtain the necessary means of life. So it is with nations: National character, as well as national happiness, has from the beginning of the world to the present day, been sacrificed on the altar of profusion.

BEHAVIOUR TOWARDS CHILDREN.

Parents should not show unequal love to their children, as they make one proud, and the other envious, and both fools.

Communications.

PHRENOLOGY AND DR. CHALMERS.

Mr Pierce.—Some person, an opponent, doubtless, of Phrenology, has exposed his ignorance of that noble science, by stating that it was at fault, because the brain of Dr. Chalmers weighed ten ounces less than Cuvier or Abercrombie, which would, according to his idea, be that weight of brain, and nothing else, furnished the requisites for the display of genius. An individual may possess a large brain, consisting principally of the basilar and lateral regions, with deficient coronal and anterior developments, and at the same time be destitute of anything approaching to talent; where as another may possess an equal weight of brain, situated principally in the frontal and coronal departments, and be a highly moral and intellectual character. It follows then that weight or size does not always constitute talent, but in most cases constitutes power. The principle faculties, I should suppose, necessary for a speaker capable of giving birth to the sublime and eloquent language of Dr. Chalmers, would be large Causality, Comparison,

Eventuality, Individuality, Ideality, Sublimity, Wonder, Veneration, Benevolence, Combativeness, with a moderate share of Destructiveness: at the same time he may be deficient in Acquisitiveness, Secretiveness, Time, Tame, Color, Constructiveness, &c.; the absence of a large development of which would not have materially injured his superior mental manifestations, but would lessen the weight of the brain. Then another thing is to be considered,—he may have had a remarkably active nervous-billions temperament, assisted by strong vital functions, so that all the cerebrum would be wrought up to its highest state of activity, which activity would be steadily maintained by his (more than probable) temperate and regular habits. How often do we see a large-headed individual completely case-hardened to all instruction, merely because his brain is connected with a lymphatic temperament, whose languid and feeble circulation is unable to supply it with sufficient activity, and as a necessary consequence the mental manifestations correspond; whereas the same form and size of brain connected with an active and energetic temperament, would shine with transcendent brilliancy. Even Idiots are not confined exclusively to small heads; diseases of the brain may almost suspend the most important functions of the mind. The Science of Phrenology is reared on the foundation of truth, and it must stand, notwithstanding it may receive occasionally a pointless arrow, which falls harmless. Its march is onward, in spite of the boisterous denunciations that occasionally appear, which only add to its power, and like the rushing torrent that has been impeded in its course, accumulates more energy to sweep down all obstructions. What is too great for mind? Onward move the wheels of time, and with them the improvement of our race, and the amelioration of those physical evils under which mankind are daily groaning. Matter is subservient to mind, which is the gigantic impeller; 'tis it that elevates man, raises him up and places him a little lower than the angels, stands him upon a pedestal that has earthen for its foundation, and causes him to soar aloft, till his mind rests at the throne of the Eternal. 'Tis the mighty power by which the all powerful Creator governs the Universe; the Eternal energy to which all material things are subservient, and which causes the modification of every atom of creation. How fearfully negligent must we then be to remain so long in ignorance of its material organization, when the task is so easy. "Know thyself" is a conscientious duty, which all ought to endeavor to perform; and yet we find persons reasoning against a subject they are grossly ignorant of, endeavoring to build a defence by the Reflectives, the faintest guide to knowledge, when unassisted by the Perceptives, which is the great storehouse of facts, that remain so stubborn that baffles the most cautious to steer clear of them, however willing they may be. "To overlook," says Dick, "the grand and beautiful scenery which we are surrounded, or to undervalue anything which Infinite Wisdom has formed, is to overlook and contemn the Creator himself. Whatever God has thought proper to create, and to present to our view in the visible world, it becomes man to study and contemplate; that, from thence, he may derive motives to excite him to the exercise of moderation and adoration, of gratitude and praise. In so far as any individual is unacquainted with the various facts of the history of nature, in so far does he remain ignorant of the manifestations of Deity."

PHRENOGASTO.

July, 1847.

PHRENOLOGY.

Mr Editor.—Phrenology is a science of much importance, but it is much to be regretted that its simple truths are so much violated, or rather misunderstood.

When this science is taken or reviewed in a proper light, we are to understand that Man is governed by general and particular laws; or in other words, that he is a mere machine. The Professor of Phrenology will understand this as he knows that man is governed principally by the development of his organs. 1st—man is first governed by the various developments of his head. 2nd—by the various surrounding circumstances. 3rd—by supernatural influence.

By those three objects or powers he is governed. We know that no action is performed good or bad, but there is some reason or cause for the occurrence. For instance, if one man kills another, he has some object in view. The depredator may be a man of moderate or small destructiveness; but the cause arises from benevolence, perhaps to save countrymen or friends from the grasp of a tyrant. It will be seen this man had an object in view. The impulse on his mind was unbalanced by any other of more gravity or weight. The man at that time was working under a fixed law, and could not help committing the deed.

2nd—Another commits murder for the sake of possessing himself of the property of his victim, and have destructiveness small or moderate, but his acquisitiveness may be a predominant faculty. This person would have an object in view, and his acquisitiveness being unbalanced by any other organ, he could not help committing the deed.

3rd—Another may take away the life of his fellow creature, for the mere gratification or for revenge; he would not be violating but fulfilling a natural law; because the organ of destructiveness would be a predominant one; it was born with him, and for the want of cautiousness and conscientiousness, sufficiently large to balance his destructiveness, became a murderer.