

dimmed it—she, too, at length, was about to be gathered to her fathers: parents, husband, even a loved child, were in that ancient tomb before her. And yet, Elizabeth, what was her last earthly wish? "When I am dead, lay me beneath the shadowing elms in Norton churchyard, close beside the grave of Georgy Hume!"

From Hogg's Instructor.

CITY FLOWERS.

We have often thought, when sitting alone in the quiet and secluded nooks that are so plentiful in the country, or when reclining on the solitary braes, and gazing upon the blue sunlit skies and tall green trees which crested the dark mountains, that great, and glorious, and mighty though these works of nature were, they lacked those attributes of love which dwell in humbler things. The heart may thrill with a native awe as we gaze upon the world's sublimities, but the flowers of the country have ever been to us its sweetest remembrances—they recall the softest and fondest associations, and repeople memory with its brightest images. The little cowslips and blue-bells that were woven into wreaths, and placed like triumphant garlands upon the sun-burnt brow of innocence, are still blooming in our heart, for the dew of memory falls upon their verdant leaves, and sighs, like zephyrs of the past, recall their odours.

Flowers are the true companions of man when he walks abroad into the woods and fields, and he can never be lonely if he will but be humble and look for them. In the silent glens the tall fox-glove waves its high and purple cups, and shakes the crystal dew from the modest blue-bell at its foot; gemmed with tears, the tiny forget-me not sparkles like a fairy's eye; while high among the cliffs and rocks the clumps of heath and stately catchfly blush to the ardent sun. In what sequestered and likely places you will find the fairest and the sweetest scented blossoms!—In the hedge-row path where the slimy snail crawls at evening, and where the sauntering passer by never dreams of seeking them, embowered and hidden amongst sterile mossy ground, or peeping from the scraggy thorn clumps, they turn their beautiful and modest heads to heaven, and drink unseen the angel sprinkled dew, and brightly smile upon the love-lighted sun.

In speaking of city flowers in connection with those of the country, we should like to guard our readers against a false impression. It must not be supposed that by city flowers we refer to the sickly yellow plants that languish at back windows, drooping their sere leaves on the edges of broken teapots, we mean flowers of humanity, that, amidst the darkness, vice, and poverty of a huge Babylon, bear within their spirits some little portion of a holy nature, to tell that, despite its sorrow and its sin, God still is there. Ay, it is not in green fields or cultured gardens, nor in rich conservatories, nor upon splendid parterres; it is not in glens or silent lonely nooks far away from man, that the fairest flowers are found; they often bloom beneath the lowly roof, and hang in sweet and modest festoons around the humblest heart. We love the flowers of the country, and can fondly smile upon them in their sunny pride; but there are richer, brighter blossoms in the highways, byways, and dark alleys of the city; and of these let us cull a few. Is not the smile of beauty and goodness a brighter flower than ever the gorgeous camellia? Is not the humblest heart that is quickened with a spark of heavenly fire, and filled with a sense of duty, more lovely than the rose?

We were led into these reflections while walking in a thoughtful mood one evening, along a lonely suburban road, where few passers were likely to disturb our meditations, and where the dark outlines of a few solitary workshops were not very likely objects to distract our thoughts. Night is a pleasant time to walk, even though the crisp, short snow swirls angrily beneath your feet, and the frost finds its way through lamb's-wool to your finger points. The stars were twinkling merrily overhead, and seemed to have shamed light into a smile; but we did not gaze upon them, for there were stars dancing in our imagination brighter far than they. It is strange how our sympathies operate upon our affections; these spheres in all their beauty and glory were displaced from our love that evening by a wavy flaring gas lamp. How strange it also is to hear the low earnest tones of the human voice in a lonely place at night! We heard the chimes of the city bells, and the distant hum of the busy bustling life that still was stirring in it; but the sound was so mellowed by distance that it impressed us more deeply with a sense of solitariness. Gradually awakened from our reverie, however, by the cadence of a human voice, or rather by the alternate deep tones of manhood and the feebler responses of childhood, we stood and listened. There was some earnest and monitory in the older voice that was interesting to hear, and the words of childhood followed them like gentle echoes. It was dark, and we could not perceive from whom the sound proceeded; but on quietly drawing near a solitary lamp that threw a bright and cheerful glare upon the large flaring letters of a long signboard, we saw a man and child. The poor and scanty garments of the man were too sure an index of his poverty, and the coarse apron that hung before him, and the bunch of brooms that he carried beneath one arm, were strongly descriptive of his humble but useful calling, he swept the streets of the city, and proud men would no doubt pass him as an inferior thing; but God had made him custodian of an im-

mortal soul, and he felt the workings of an innate spirituality. At his side stood a little child—an humble garmented tiny boy, whose pale little face was turned towards the long signboard, and whose voice and eye followed the voice and finger of the man as he pointed out those mysterious symbols of sound and sense called letters and words, and called them by their names. The beams from the lamp fell upon that father and son, and seemed to surround them with a halo of glory. That man seemed to look with a prophet's eye into the long dark vista of futurity, and to behold his son a man and a scholar; and we felt that humble though he was, and cold the soil on which he grew, that young and lowly flower might yet bloom forth in bright and fruitful glory. As the teacher and his little pupil finished their lesson, and the pleased child trotted away by the side of the pleased man, who gently patted his little head and held his tiny hand, we felt they had read our heart a lesson—we felt that they had taught us that even in what way seem the darkest spots of life the soul may pant for wings, and fondly strive to soar to higher spheres than those which meet the sense.

Ay, there are flowers in the city if we would only look for them—they may be hidden and crushed beneath a rank undergrowth of weeds, but look deeper, passer by, and you will find them. We have often wondered at those erratic pedestrians, who cannot travel the same road twice in a week with pleasure, and who are always looking for fine scenery, and interesting landscapes in their walks. For our part we should feel annoyed not a little if we were to change our old accustomed footways; and we can always find something to interest us, where even nothing but stone walls and dingy houses bound the view.

In one of our walks we often see an idiot boy, whose constant gesticulations and incoherent language were to us a source of mystery and wonder. He is the inmate of large, grim looking building, to which architecture has merely lent its name in charity; and this building (although surrounded by high walls), in consequence of standing upon a considerable elevation, offers a complete view of its grim dimensions to passers on the public way below. The terrace that fronts one of the wings of this edifice seems to be the favourite walk of poor Jack, for we never pass without finding him him on the accustomed spot. There he trots backward and forward with a slow motion; his red face shining with apparent robust physical health, and his fat square form see-sawing to the time of some tune he is chanting, or nodding quickly, in harmony with some incoherent declamation. We had often stood to look at him, and to wonder at the strange and inscrutable ways of providence as exemplified in these sad outcasts from the world of reason. We had often striven to catch the import of his speech, but the broken sounds only fell on the ear, reminding us of the tones of an old roofless deserted church bell, which the wind rocked to and fro, but which had now no ordinate purpose in its tolling. If any child spoke to him from the highway he had always a ready and a civil response. There is no war with the world in his nature, for he believes that all the world loves him, and his red face glows like the sun when he is noticed by any one in a kindly manner. There is one deep fount in his spirit, however, from whence springs all that gives his life a sorrowful reflection. There is a flower in his heart, so pure, so holy in its essence that angels might weep over it, and bathe it in their tears. Breaking in upon all the hilarity and joyousness of a song or dance, one chastened gleam of memory will ever and anon come stealing over his soul, to wake the smouldering ashes of his love. The querulous expressions we had observed were solved at last, and incoherent grievings for his mother, who was dead, we found to be the subject of his wailing. As we brushed away the tear which this poor idiot called forth, we felt a gush of joy come over our heart; and as we listened to his words we turned away with the conviction deeply engraven on our bosom's core, that some of the holier attributes of humanity may germinate and bloom in darksome places, where the egotism of life a one is educated, and the sweet and expansive sympathies are of shriveled and frozen beneath the frowned power, or left to boom and luxuriate in unfutured negligence.

From the Mark Lane Express.

THE HAPPIEST TIME.

BY ELIZA COOK.

An old man sat at his chimney seat,
As the morning sunbeam crept to his feet,
And he watched the spring light as it came
With wider ray on his window frame.
He looked right on to the eastern sky,
But his breath grew long in a trembling sigh,
And those who heard it wondered much
What spirit hand had made him feel its touch.

For the old man was not one of the few
And sensitive plants in earth's parterre;
His heart was among the scentless things
That rarely are fanned by the honey-bee's wings;
It bore no film of delicate pride,
No dew of emotion gathered inside;
Oh! that old man's heart was of hardy kind,
That seemeth to heed not the sun nor the wind.

He had lived in the world as millions live,
Ever more ready to take than give;
He had worked and wedded, and murmured
and blamed,
And just paid to the fraction what honesty
claimed;
He had driven his bargains and counted his
gold,
Till upwards of three-score years were told;
And his keen blue eye held nothing to show
That feeling had ever been busy below.

The old man sighed again, and hid
His keen blue eye beneath its lid;
And his wrinkled forehead, bending down,
Was knitting itself in a painful frown.
"I've been looking back," the old man said,
"On every spot where my path has laid,
Over every year my time can trace,
To find the happiest time and place."

"And where and when," cried one by his
side,
"Have you found the brightest wave in your
tide?"

Come tell me freely, and let me learn,
How the spark was struck that yet can
burn.
Was it when you stood in stalwart strength
With the blood of youth, and felt that at
length
Your stout right arm could win its bread?"
The old man quietly shook his head.

"Say, was it then when fortune brought
The round sum you had frugally sought?
Was the year the happiest that beheld
The vision of poverty all dispelled?
Or was it when you still had more,
And found you could boast a goodly store
With labour finished and plenty spread?"
The old man quietly shook his head.

"Ah, no! ah, no! it was longer ago,"
The old man muttered—sadly and low;
"It was when I took my lonely way
To the lonely woods in the month of May.
When the spring light fell as it falleth now,
With the bloom on the sod and the leaf on
the bough;
When I tossed up my cap at the nest in the
tree,

Oh! that was the happiest time for me.
When I used to leap, and laugh, and shout,
Though I never knew what my joy was
about;
And something seemed to warm my breast,
As I sat on a mossy bank to rest.
That was the time—when I used to roll
On the blue bells that covered the upland
knoll,
And I never could tell why the thought
should be,
But I fancied the flowers talked to me.

Well I remember climbing to reach
A squirrel trod rocked on the top of a
beech;
Well I remember the lilies so sweet
That I toiled with back to the city street;
Yes, that was the time—the happiest time—
When I went to the woods in their May-
day prime."
And the old man breathed with a longer
sigh,
And the lid fell closer over his eye.

Oh, who would have thought this hard old
man
Had room in his heart for such rainbow
span?
Who would have deemed that wild cope
flowers
Were tenderly haunting his latest hours?
But what did the old man's spirit tell,
In confessing it loved the woods so well?
What do learn from the old man's sigh,
But that Nature and Poetry cannot die.

THE VOICE OF THE OCEAN.

Was it the sound of the distant surf that
was in mine ears, or the low moan of the
breeze, as it crept through the neighbouring
wood? Oh, that hoarse voice of Ocean, never
silent since time first began—where has
it not been uttered? There is stillness amid
the calm of the arid and rainless desert, where
no spring rises and no streamlet flows, and the
long caravan plies its weary march amid the
blinding glare of the sand, and the red-unshad-
ed rays of the fierce sun. But once and
again, and yet again, has the roar of Oceans
been there. It is his hands that the winds
heap up; and it is the skeleton remains of his
vessels—shells, and fish, and the stony coral—
that the rocks underneath enclose. There is
silence on the tall mountain peak, with its
glittering mantle of snow, where the panting
lungs labour to inhale the thin bleak air—
where no insect murmurs and no bird flies,
and where the eye wanders over multitudinous

hill-tops that lie far beneath, and vast dark
forests that sweep on to the distant horizon,
and along long hollow valleys where the great
rivers begin. And yet once and again, and
yet again, has the roar of the ocean been
there. The effigies of his more ancient deni-
zens we find sculptured on the crags, where
they jut from beneath the ice into the mist-
wreath; and his later beaches, stage beyond
stage, terrace the descending slopes. Where
has the great destroyer not been—the devourer
of continents—the blue foaming dragon, whose
vocation it is to eat up the land? His ice-
floes have alike furrowed the flat-steppes of
Siberia and the rocky flanks of Schehallion;
and his nummulites and fish lie embedded in
great stones of the pyramids, hewn in the
times of the old Pharaohs, and in rocky folds
of Lebanon still untouched by the tool. So
long as Ocean exists there must be desintegration,
dilapidation, change; and should the
time ever arrive when the elevatory agencies,
motionless and chill shall sleep within their
profound depths, to awaken no more—and to
roll its waves—every continent and island
would at length disappear, and again, as of
old, "when the fountains of the great deep
were broken up."

A shoreless ocean tumble round the globe.
Was it with reference to this principle, so
recently recognised, that we are so express-
ly told in the Apocalypse respecting the re-
novated earth, in which the state of things shall
be fixed and eternal, that "there shall be no
more sea?" or awe to regard the revelation as
the mere hieroglyphic—the pictured shape—
of some analogous moral truth? Reasoning
from what we, and what else remains to us—
an earth without a sea would be an earth
without rain, without vegetation, without life—
a dead and doleful planet of waste places, such
the telescope reveals to us in the moon. And
yet the ocean does seem peculiarly a creature
of time—of all the great agents of vicissitude
and change, the most influential and untiring,
and to a state in which there shall be no vicis-
situde and no change—in which the earth-
quake shall not heave from beneath, nor the
mountains wear down and the continents melt
away—it seems inevitably necessary that there
should be "no more sea."—Hugh Miller.

MAN'S WEAKNESS AND PRE- SUMPTION.

We are born to grovel upon the earth, and
we would fain soar up to the skies. We can-
not comprehend the growth of a kernel or
seed, the frame of an ant or bee; we are am-
azed at the wisdom of the one and industry of
the other; and yet we will know the figure,
the substance, the courses, and influence of
all those glorious celestial bodies, and the end
for which they were made! We pretend to
give a clear account how thunder and light-
ning (that great artillery of God Almighty) is
produced; and we cannot comprehend how
the voice of a man is framed—that poor little
noise we make every time we speak! The
motion of the sun is plain and evident to
some astronomers, and of the earth to others;
yet we none of us know which of them
moves, and meet with many seeming
impossibilities in both, and beyond the fathom
of human reason or comprehension. Nay,
we do not so much as know what motion is,
nor how a stone moves from our hand, when
we throw it across the street. Of all these,
one of the most ancient and divine writers
gives the best account in that short, satire,
"Vain man would be wise, though man be
born like a wild ass's colt."

But his pride is greater than his ignorance;
and what he wants in knowledge, he supplies
by sufficiency. When he has looked about
him as far as he can, he concludes there is no
more to be seen; when he is at the end of his
line, he is at the bottom of the ocean; when
he has shot his best, he is sure none ever did,
nor even can, shoot better or beyond it. His
own reason is the certain measure of truth;
and his knowledge of what is possible in na-
ture. Though his mind and his thoughts
change every seven years, as well as his
strength and his features; nay, though his
opinions change every week or every day,
yet he is sure, or at least confident, that his
present thoughts and conclusions are just and
true, and cannot be deceived; and among all
the miseries to which mankind is born and
subjected in the whole course of his life, he
has this one felicity to comfort and support
him, that, in all ages, in all things every man
is always in the right. A boy of fifteen is wiser
than his father at forty; the meanest sub-
ject, than his prince or governor; and the
modern scholars, because they have, for a
hundred years past, learned their lessons pret-
ty well, are much more knowing than the an-
cients, their masters.—Temple.

INANIMATE OBJECTS.

We grow attached unconsciously to the ob-
jects 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 forever, 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 fan-
tastic 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.