

winning fame and glory, for he bore from all competitors the prize for his head of the Virgin; and shortly afterwards a daughter of the house of Ruthven plighted her troth to Sir Anthony Vandyke, the greatest painter of the day.

From Scenes and Characters among the Descendants of the Pilgrims, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

THE SABBATH

ANOTHER SCENE.

SKETCHES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF AN ELDERLY GENTLEMAN.

"How late we are this morning," said Mrs. Roberts to her husband, glancing hurriedly at the clock, as they were sitting down to breakfast on a Sabbath morning. "Really, it is a shame to us to be so late on Sundays. I wonder John and Henry are not up yet; Hannah, did you speak to them?"

"Yes, ma'am, but I could not make them rise; they said it was Sunday, and that we always have breakfast later on Sundays."

"Well, it is a shame to us, I must say," said Mrs. Roberts, sitting down to the table. "I never lie late myself unless something in particular happens. Last night I was out very late, and Sabbath before last I had a bad headache."

"Well, well, my dear," said Mr. Roberts, "it is not worth while to worry yourself about it; Sunday is a day of rest; everybody indulges a little of a Sunday morning—it is so very natural you know; one's work done up, one feels like taking a little rest."

"Well, I must say, it was not the way my mother brought me up," said Mrs. Roberts, "and I really can't feel it to be right."

This last part of the discourse had been listened to by two sleepy-looking boys, who had, meanwhile, taken their seats at table with that listless air which is the result of late sleeping.

"Oh, by the by, my dear, what did you give for those hams?" said Mr. Roberts.

"Eleven cents a pound, I believe," said Mrs. Roberts; but Stephens & Philips have some much nicer, canvass and all, for ten cents. I think we had better get our things at Stephens & Philips in future, my dear."

"Why, are they much cheaper?"

"Oh, a great deal; but I forget—it is Sunday. We ought to be thinking of other things."

"Boys, have you looked over your Sunday-school lesson?"

"No, ma'am."

"Now, how strange! and here it wants only half an hour of the time, and you not dressed either. Now see the bad effects of not being up in time."

The boys looked sullen, and said "they were up as soon as any one else in the house."

"Well, your father and I had some excuse, because we were out late last night: you ought to have been up full three hours ago, and to have been all ready, with your lessons learned."

"Now, what do you suppose you shall do?"

"Oh, mother, do let us stay at home this one morning; we don't know the lesson, and it won't do any good for us to go."

"No, indeed, I shall not. You must go, and get along as well as you can. It is all your own fault. Now go up stairs and hurry. We shall not find time for prayers this morning."

The boys took themselves up stairs to "hurry," as directed, and soon one of them called from the top of the stairs, "Mother, mother, the buttons are off this vest, so I can't wear it."

"And 'Mother, here is a long rip in my best coat," said another.

"Why did you not tell me of it before?" said Mrs. Roberts, coming up stairs.

"I forgot it," said the boy.

"Well, well, stand still; I must catch it together somehow, if it is Sunday. There! there is the bell! Stand still a minute!"

Mrs. Roberts plied needle and thread and scissors; "there, that will do for to-day. Dear me, how confused every thing is to-day."

"It is always just so on Sundays," said John, flinging up his book and catching it again as he ran down stairs.

"It is always just so on Sundays." The words struck rather unpleasantly on Mrs. Roberts' conscience, for something told her that, whatever the reason might be, it was just so.

On Sunday everything was later and more irregular than on any other day of the week.

"Hannah, you must boil that piece of beef for dinner to-day."

"I thought you told me you didn't have cooking done on Sunday."

"No, I do not generally. I am very sorry Mr. Roberts would get that piece of meat yesterday; we did not need it; but here it is on our hands; the weather is too hot to keep it. It won't do to let it spoil; so I must have it boiled, for aught I see."

Hannah had lived four Sabbaths with Mrs. Roberts, and on two of them, she had been required to cook from similar reasoning. "For once" is apt, in such cases, to become a word of very extensive signification.

"It really worries me to have things go on so as they do on Sundays," said Mrs. Roberts to her husband; "I never do feel as if we kept Sunday as we ought."

"My dear, you have been saying so ever since we were married, and I do not see what you are going to do about it. For my part, I in general. We do not visit, nor receive company, nor read improper books. We go to church, and send the children to Sunday-school, and so the greater part of the day is spent in a religious way. Then out of church we have the children's Sunday-school books, and one or two religious newspapers: I think that is quite enough."

"But, somehow, when I was a child, my mother—"

"Oh, my dear, your mother must not be

considered an exact pattern for these days. People were too strict in your mother's time; they carried the thing too far altogether; every body allows it now."

Mrs. Roberts was silenced, but not satisfied. A strict religious education had left just conscience enough on this subject to make her uneasy.

These worthy people had a sort of general idea that Sunday ought to be kept, and they intended to keep it, but they had never taken the trouble to investigate or inquire as to the most proper way, nor was it so much an object of interest that their weekly arrangements were planned with any reference to it.

Mr. Roberts would often engage in business at the close of the week, which he knew would so fatigue him that he would be weary and listless on Sunday; and Mrs. Roberts would allow her family cares to accumulate in the same way, so that she was either wearied with efforts to accomplish it before the Sabbath, or perplexed and worried by finding every thing at loose ends on that day.

They had the idea that Sunday was to be kept when it was perfectly convenient, and did not demand any sacrifice of time or money. But if stopping to keep the Sabbath in a journey would risk passage-money or a seat in the stage; or, in house-keeping, if it would involve any considerable inconvenience or expense, it was deemed a providential intimation that it was "a work of necessity and mercy" to attend to secular matters.

To their minds the fourth commandment read thus: "Remember the Sabbath day—to keep it holy when it comes convenient, and costs neither time nor money."

As to the effects of this on the children, there was neither enough of strictness to make them respect the Sabbath, nor of religious interest to make them love it; of course, the little restraint there was proved just enough to lead them to dislike and dislike it. Children soon perceive the course of their parents' feelings, and it was evident enough to the children of this family that their father and mother generally found themselves hurried into the Sabbath with hearts and minds full of this world, and their conversation and thoughts were so constantly turning to worldly things, and so awkwardly drawn back by a sense of religious obligation, that the Sabbath appeared more obviously a clog and a fetter than it did under the strictest regime of Puritan days.

From Hogg's Instructor.

REST.

Oh! where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?

I stood by the ocean's waves,
As they roll'd in fury by,
And the madden'd billows flung
Their white foam to the sky;
And I breath'd aloud these words
In my agony of soul,
'Mid the wild wind's swelling tones,
And the sea's unceasing roll—
When, from out its dark depths, a voice seem'd to say,
'There is no rest here—away, away,

I stood by the running stream,
As it bounded bright along,
A moment flashing in the light,
Then dancing gaily on;
And again I spoke those words,
In accents loud and clear,
When a low and musical voice
Came to my listening ear,
And in silvery tones it seem'd to say,
'There is no rest here—away, away!

A wandered forth at night,
And stood 'neath the vaulted sky;
'Twas gemm'd with a thousand stars,
Giving light as they shone on high.
I thought of their ceaseless course—
How year after year they roll,
And these words from my lips broke forth,
'Is there rest to be found for the soul?'
Then, from each tiny star I heard a voice say,
'Think not to rest here—away, away!

I stood 'mid the busy haunt
Of the peopled world once more,
And I heard its wild din swell
Like the ocean's angry roar;
I scan'd each face as it pass'd,
And peer'd into each dark eye,
And strove every thought to read,
As on the throng swept by;
But on each careworn brow the same look seem'd to say,
'I find no rest here—away, away!

I turn'd to the Book of Life,
And open'd its sacred page;
There I learn'd that there is no rest
To be found on the world's busy stage;
But it told me there is a home
In the skies, far, far away,
Where sorrow and care cannot come—
In the realms of eternal day:
And a still, small voice whisper'd low in my ear,
'There is rest to be found—'tis here, 'tis here!

From the People's Journal.

THOUGHTS UPON THOUGHT.

THERE is a mental excursions over the vast fields of intellect, in which it were much to be wished the human mind would sometimes indulge more freely, consistent as it is at once both with the expansive faculties wherewith it is gifted, and with the all-wise intentions of the Creator at its formation. Man is eminently a sentient being; yet, alas! in numerous instances, with how little intellectual exercise is he contented! The body is pampered; the

sensual appetites, earthly in their origin and deadly in their consequences, are allowed their full play, whilst the immaterial and immortal part of his composition, destined to survive the wreck of worlds, and to escape unsoiled from the dust of death, by reason of being brought into subserviency to the wants of the body, is but too often confined in its workings, earthly in its desires, and narrowed in its scope of vision. To the man whose shadow is now lengthening on the plain—who has followed ardently in the pursuits of Mammon, and who, in the evening of his days, from feeling the unsatisfying nature of all things human, has settled down into a gloomy, sickening despondency, how applicable the words of the poet:—

"Oh querulous and weak! whose useless brain
Once thought of nothing, and now thinks in vain;
Whose eye reverted weeps o'er all the past,
Whose prospect shows thee a disheartening waste;
Would Age in thee resign his wintry reign,
And Youth invigorate that frame again,
Renewed desire would grace with other speech
Joys always prized when placed within our reach."

Reader! if you have ever seriously pondered upon the word "Life"—if you have examined the various associations with which living is connected—if you have stripped external objects of their outward covering in order to search out the hidden language they speak to every attentive and intuitive mind, you have at such times, as a contemplative being, acted up to the purpose for which you were created.

How ennobling is the enthusiasm that guides the truly philosophic mind—how elevating the intellectual feast that rewards its searching! Not a single atom is there of all created matter around us but can convey, when well searched into, the purest pleasure. How should it be otherwise with the emanations of the Divine Mind, with creations in every way so necessarily perfect? In the present paper we will confine ourselves chiefly to the consideration of thought—that noble inmate of the human mind; tracing it in its development from primary partition to the point at which it leaves the consideration of its object.

The life of man is two-fold. The one part, supported by the free circulation of blood through the machinery of veins and arteries, fits him more exclusively for the part he is destined to act upon earth. But (for man is a creature born for a higher inheritance) he is gifted also with an intellectual life on his first entrance into the world that can only attain its full perfection beyond the grave. The distinctive attributes of this two-fold life are materiality and immateriality. What are the elements of material life we have cursorily mentioned; our present task is to examine into the elements of immaterial existence.

External objects awaken internal impressions. So is it with the natural world from the time when first of all the soul becomes the tenant of her earthly tabernacle. Observation of external objects through the agency of the organs of sense generates inward thought, and this is the germ of intellectual life. "Man is an instrument over which a series of external and internal impressions are driven, like the alternations of an ever changing wind over an æolian lyre, which move it by their motion to ever-changing melody and harmony." So, different classes of objects give rise to the production of different classes of thought. How quick is the appreciation formed by the mind of all objects surrounding it, from the impressions they first generate within it. Wonderful is this union between objects and their consequent impressions! With the more intensity is inward thought employed in the consideration of outward objects, as the organs of sense convey to it their influences more vividly. Hence it frequently happens that, during seasons of extreme impressions, the thoughts are so occupied in the consideration of the impressing object or objects, that all others either very nearly or wholly fail to exercise their influences over them. Hence arises concentration, which is directly opposed to that passion—submission of the thoughts to the control exercised over them by the several classes of objects at once—which may illustrate the beautiful language of Shelley we have just quoted. The thoughts are ever active. Like as the swallow wheels her restless flight to and fro over the earth, so are they ever untiring and eager in pursuit of employment. Unconfined by the trammels of materiality, innoxious to the laws of time and space, the heights and depths of earth and air and sea are traversed by the immortal mind.

"Ten thousand shapes,
Like spectres trooping to the wizard's call,
Flit swift before it. From the womb of earth,
From ocean's bed, they come; the eternal
Heavens disclose their splendours, and the dark abyss
Pours out his births unknown. With fixed
gaze it marks the rising phantoms; now compares
Their different forms; now blends them, now
divides,
Enlarges and extenuates by turns;
Opposes, ranges in fantastic bands,
And infinitely varies."

Reflection lives upon a concatenation of thoughts alone, in the absence of other aids to its production or continuation. As a detached example, take the enfeathered prisoner, who has been locked up in the solitariness of his dark dungeon, and never seen the light of heaven for years past. Do his thoughts lie dormant from a paucity of external objects to awaken them? No: one will generate another in quick succession. The impressions of former years will then revive, and the imagin-

ation will be quite as busy as when the vicissitudes of every-day life were in constant play around it. The activity of the thoughts, during the hours of sleep, in dreams, has furnished the author of the *Night Thoughts* with an argument for the immortality of our thinking powers in the following beautiful lines:—

"While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion
spreads,
What tho' my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy-fields; or mourned along the gloom
Of silent woods; or down the craggy steep
Hurled headlong; swam with pain the mantled
pool;
Or scaled the cliff; or danced on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks
her nature
Of subtler essence than the common clod:
Even silent night proclaims the soul immortal!"

But though the powers of the mind are thus undying, yet its excursions are naturally limited by its intimate connection with the frailty of our material natures. From our inherent shortsightedness, it is seldom that an object much pondered upon begets in the mind anything approaching to originality of idea. There are certain objects and subjects to which the capacities of thought cannot here attain, that will ever remain covered by a cloud, till the opening dawn of Immortality dispels the mist in the brightness of its rising, and throws over all things a loveliness far too exquisite to be conceived by us now. How illimitably grand must be the perceptions and consequent thoughts of the redeemed! When subjects that wear to us the garb of mystery and barren theory shine forth at last as great and glorious truths—when there is no more doubt and hesitation in giving our judgment of things, but all is clear and brilliant as the noontide sun, then only will painful, self-denying thought reap to itself the intellectual harvest it must ever vainly hope for before; and then only the worldling, as he views in utter despair the final joyous triumphs that the researches of the Christian philosopher, prosecuted on earth, will have obtained, will repent most bitterly his neglect of the interests of his intellectual life.

Who shall tell how rich is the ore of thought caved in his deathless mind, that only waits these full revelations, these glorious realities, to disclose its secret treasures? If the various nobler emotions of the human soul could once overcome their self-created subserviency to worldliness, if they could fly heavenward, and anticipate in part the realization of these glorious events, how great an impulse would be given them in the right employment of the riches of thought. Then, indeed, in the sublime language of Akenside, would the hopes of man

"Rest at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the Sovereign Maker said,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of Renown,
Power's purple robes, nor Pleasure's flowery
lap,
The soul should find enjoyment; but from these
Turning disdainful to an equal good,
Through all the ascent of things enlarge her
view,
Till every bound at length should disappear,
And infinite perfection close the scene!"

From the Christian Citizen.

A WORD TO APPRENTICES.

Stick to your trades, boys, and learn how to work if you wish to be truly independent. There is no more pitiable sight than a half-learned mechanic looking for work. He is always at the foot of the hill, and can calculate upon poverty as his portion with a good deal of safety. We have in our mind's eye a lad of 18, who a few months ago was at work in our office at fair wages, but whose parents encouraged him in the idea that he was a man, and should have a man's pay. He left us with a feeling that he should get rich faster in Boston, and since then we have learned of his having been engaged for a short time in three several cities. Of course, with his slight knowledge of the business, he could not have permanent employ, and so he has taken up a new trade. A company of travelling actors have enlisted him in their *corps dramatique*, and the last notice we have heard of him was from a handbill announcing his "benefit," when he was to appear as the "Irish Tiger!"

A MERCANTILE ANECDOTE.

An old fellow living at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, sent to a business correspondent at Frankfort-on-the-Oder a large consignment of cotton stockings, and at the same time to another correspondent, in the same place, an equally large consignment of cotton night-caps, the product of his own manufactory. He wrote to each the price at which they were to sell, but the sum designated was found to be too large, of which fact they took occasion to inform him. He yielded a little in his demand, but still there was no offers for his fabrics. Again he writes, in reply to other letters from his correspondents, naming a yet smaller amount; but weeks elapse, and still no sale. At length he writes to each correspondent to make some disposition of his manufactures; if they can't get money for them, at least to exchange them, no matter at what reasonable sacrifice, for any other goods. Under these instructions, the stocking factor calls upon the night cap agent, both unknown to each other in connexion with their principal, and "names his views," he wishes to exchange a lot of superior cotton stockings for some other goods; he is not particular what kind, as the transaction is for a friend, who is desirous of closing his stock. The man at first can think of no