

## LITERATURE, &amp;c.

## The British Magazines.

From Hogg's Instructor.

## THE GOOD FAIRY OF SUNNY BURN.

The four seasons had passed in storm and sunshine, in sadness and gladness, round the great circle of the year, since Henry sat beside his bride in the circle of joyous wedding guests in the Home Cottage. It was an autumn evening, and the rays of the setting sun were for the many-millionth time writing the name of Sunny Burn in golden letters on the stream. A happy lark was singing its evening hymn over a green hillock in the foreground, and the sparrows were chirruping about the cottage roof. Henry rested after the labor of the day on the wooden bench by the door, and Mary, who had just supped 'crumme,' sat down beside him. There were a few minutes of thoughtful silence.

'Have you seen the fairy to-day?' said Mary.

'Yes,' said Henry; 'have you?'

'Oh, yes. The good creature has not left me for a moment since you went out in the morning.'

'It is a wonderful as well as a good creature,' said the husband; 'for it has been with me also the whole day. How can it be in two places at the same time?'

'Just as you and I can,' said Mary; 'and yet you know we are not two but one, and so is our fairy.'

Henry chuckled his little wife under the chin. 'I shall be jealous of the fairy he said. What like was it to-day? What was it saying to you? Was it courting you, Mary, as if you had been a romping girl and not a demure, married wife?'

'And shall not I be jealous, too?' said Mary. 'Now, tell me, how did the fairy appear to you? What was it saying to you? Was you courting it as you was wont to court me, Henry?'

'I asked first, and must have the first answer.'

'Well, then,' said Mary, 'the fairy was courting me, just as you were wont to do, Henry, and as heartily as though I had been a romping girl, and not a grave married wife. It came in the way you were wont to come seven years ago, when you would wile me out to the trysting-tree on such an evening as this, and say fine things to me, and tell me you would ever love me better than yourself and all the world, and that we should preserve our first love through all the changes of life.'

'Oh, the flattering, foolish fairy!' said Henry. 'But did you believe it?'

'Did I believe you?' said Mary.

'With doubts and fears in your girl's heart,' responded the husband.

'Nay,' said Mary, 'but with the entire faith of the devotee, when kneeling at the shrine of her patron saint. Your words were music which thrilled my whole frame, and banished all discords from the world. They led me back to the bliss of childhood, or rather brought it back again to me. I became a child again in bliss, but with bliss more intense than the child's, as my capacity of enjoying was greater. Oh, Henry, it was a happy time!'

'And the fairy talked to you of all this?'

'Yes; and as it talked with your voice that courting time came rolling down upon my heart and was the present time. As the wave blots out the foot-prints on the sea-sand, so did that white wave of happy thought blot out our little quarrels, and the heart flowers which had drooped in the blighting winds of neglect or the frosts of indifference, lifted their heads and bloomed in their original beauty, as the sun-light of that time and its dewy morning breezes played around them.' So saying, Mary, throwing her arms round her husband's neck, hid her face in his bosom and wept for joy.

Bending over her Henry told his tale, which was the counterpart of his wife's. The fairy had been with him all day in the form of his Mary, as she first appeared to him; clothed in the beauty of virgin modesty and bashfulness—shunning him, yet not forbidding his approach—repelling the first advances of his love, yet ever strengthening the silken cord in which she held him captive—Partian-like fighting and wounding in flight, and still drawing him towards her, as the fabled snake does the helpless bird. The fairy had led him over the old courting ground, and Henry thus inspired, repeated the tale to his listening wife. It was an hour in which the good and pure things of past years were brought near, and the happy pair lived in the midst of them, as in a bower of bliss, shut in from all that was evil in the world. Whether their own thoughts, bathed in the light of other days, coloured the scenery around the cottage, or it was only the rays of the setting sun painting the variegated foliage with living fire, we do not determine; but as Henry told his tale the whole seemed to change, and assumed the appearance which the heart in its holiest moods gives to the lost terrestrial Eden, and the various sounds which serenaded the listening silence formed themselves into a song, as follows—

Sigh not o'er vanished joys,  
Manhood or maiden.  
Lo, the newborn hour  
Comes, honey-laden  
It holds thy heritage,  
Clearly or blindly;

Work in it manfully,  
Lovingly, kindly.

Unchanged, unchanging,  
Heaven arches o'er thee;  
Changing to heaven-like,  
Earth spreads before thee  
Old loves but set awhile,  
Shaded by sorrow,  
To rise more divinely  
In mem'ry's to-morrow.

Bind them around thy heart,  
Lovingly, kindly;  
And manfully to the goal,  
Look not behind thee.  
Child of the ages,  
Or in the footsteps  
Of prophets and sages.

Years passed on, bringing their chances and changes to the inmates of Sunny Burn, as to all the children of Adam. To-day was never a mere transcript of yesterday, and to-morrow had its peculiarities distinct from both. There was growth in the invisible life within, as in the cottage wood without, though in neither case was the process immediately visible. Circumstances shifted, accumulated, changed, and the life which grew up in the midst of them changed also. In due time another link was added to the chain of humanity which stretches back to Paradise. A child was born to Henry and Mary—an heir to them and to all the ages. We may be sure the fairy did not fail to turn this event to good account. It clothed itself in the helpless beauty of the young immortal, and in all the beauty which had ever gladdened the heart of the parents. By a cunning magic which they felt though they did not understand, the good creature surrounded the little stranger with an atmosphere of love, and drew a circle of beauty around it and its parents. Seated in this elysium the past was curdled into a point, and the best essence of it set as a feast before them.

Such was the fairy's high festivals. It would have made a perennial festival of life, but this was beyond its power. It had not the field altogether to itself. Other mystic presences, suspicious, capricious or malignant, haunted Sunny Burn, and too often succeeded in counteracting the fairy's good offices. They were never able to banish it clean out of sight, but sometimes pushed it far into the background, or turned its best efforts into weapons to wound the hearts of the inmates. Mary, like her mother Eve, was cunningly assailed by those tempters. They misled her by means of her best affections. When the fairy would cheer and bless her with the auroral vision of her Henry's first love, they threw into the fountain of her heart the bitter wood of jealousy. They whispered that Henry's love was not so warm as in those morning hours—was not centered solely in her, but was divided among companions and friends, and ran riot among all forms of beauty in the wide range of nature. Poor Mary, it was a cold eclipse. She quarrelled outright with the fairy and passed upon it a sentence she could not execute—to depart from her presence forever. She told it to give its gifts to her faithless husband, for she neither needed nor would have them. She did not know that she could not live without them—could not separate them from her very life; but it was not till after a long and self-tormenting conflict that the truth dawned upon her, and she found that reconciliation with the fairy was the only way by which she could recover the Eden of love and life which she had lost by listening to the tempters.

The mother's heart of Mary wound itself around her children, four of whom were now romping about the hearth. In their gleesome youth she lived over again her own youth, and was a child again among her children. A wonderful co-mingling of feelings there; like the meeting and mixing of morning or evening, or say, rather, of all the prismatic colors of light which brings forth the perfect white. Upon a beautiful midsummer evening Mary sat upon the wooden bench at the door mending Henry's stockings, and expecting him in from the day's toil. Two of the children were playing on the cottage green before her, and other two were quietly busy among the berry-bushes in the adjacent braes. The fairy had been importunate with its favors all the day, and Mary was in a listening mood. The joyous laughter of the children on the green sent a thrill of gladness through her heart; and at this moment the fairy, from the wood, warbled forth the following song to a tender, plaintive melody:—

The stars, in mystic height afar,  
Their ceaseless watches keeping  
The oriflame which morning waves  
Daily, o'er nations sleeping;  
The ocean tides, obedient still  
To night's fair queen of beauty,  
Are emblems of the mother's heart,  
And mother's ceaseless duty.

The mother's heart—no line can sound  
It's sacred love-filled fountains—  
No frosts can bind the streams which flow  
From nature's holy mountains.  
The mother's heart, it never sleeps,  
Or prays while it is sleeping,  
And delegates its tender charge  
To God and angels' keeping.

There's room enough in mother's heart  
For every son and daughter;  
There's sorrow for their little woes,  
An echo for their laughter.  
The first-born filled the mother's heart,  
But every love-winged portal  
Open'd at the feeble wail  
Of her second-found immortal.

The mother's heart, a boundless sea,  
All rivers ne'er o'erflow it;  
The mother's heart—a storm-tossed sea,  
All passion's winds o'erblow it;  
The mother's heart—a sunny sea,  
Beneath a tranquil heaven;  
The mother's heart—the purest love  
Which God to earth hath given.

Mary listened with the deepest attention, and felt new emotions welling up in her heart, and new light dawning upon her mind. If the morning sun of old touching the Meunnon statue, brought sweetest music out of it, shall not the day-spring of truth, touching the mere wonderful, make it musical also? But we need not only light, but to see it. Mary wondered she had never seen the light which now dawned upon her. She felt she loved all her children, and each of them better for her love to the others. The fairy repeated the stanza—

The first-born filled the mother's heart,  
But every love-wing'd portal  
Open'd at the feeble wail  
Of her second-found immortal.

Mary now saw, with the vividness of inspiration, that Henry's love for her sprung from the great fountain of love which the Creator had hewn out in the heart of humanity, which becomes larger and purer the more its treasures are poured forth on all living and lovely things. She felt that her love for him was a further outpouring of her natural affection as a daughter and a sister, and that the new life had not dried up the old, but each gave intensity to the other. If Henry had told her that he would love her alone, and no one and nothing else, she blushed to find for the first time that it was a figure of speech with which lovers take liberties, but which good sense never fails rightly to interpret. It now dawned upon her, (and such dawnings are sure heralds of the day) that the human heart cannot live on the love of one thing or person, but requires for its healthy development the love of all things. The fairy again quickened her fast-coming thoughts with a stanza from the 'Ancient Mariner.'

'He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.'

Mary, in this genial opening up of her nature, had a faint glimpse of another truth, which afterwards grew upon her, blessing her and strengthening her—that the dissatisfaction and life weariness which all experience more or less spring from the mistaken endeavor to find enough in too narrow a circle, in the vain endeavor to satisfy the infinite within us in the infinite, the limited. Her own life lay open to her, curdled within the limits of inspection at a glance; and she saw that her affections had been continually shifting and returning, and strengthening in the process. Like the bees she had extracted the honey of enjoyment, now from this object and then from that—from her love as a daughter, a sister, a sweetheart, a bride, a wife, a mother; and she felt that every affection was purified, every love strengthened, by her love for the lovely in all things.

It were too much to say that the brood of tempers never rallied for more mischief, or never met with partial success. But it is pleasing to gather from the legend that the good fairy never lost the triumph it had won on that midsummer evening, but held blessed and blessing away all the days of Henry and Mary. When years accumulated on their heads and time drew the elasticity of life from limb and heart, it was still with them a thing of beauty and joy, which sorrow might dim but could not blot out. Occasionally in those evening days it clothed itself, as of old, in the morning lights, and chanted the songs of youth; but more frequently it flitted in the spirit wave garments of their own knowledge and experience, and its snatches of song seemed rather the prelude of the anthems of the blessed. At rare moments it would appear as of old, and then dissolve like a sunbeam on summer landscape, etherealising the things of earth, and revealing a fountain of immortality in every star. It searched everywhere for purity and beauty, and poured the gathered treasures on the long-loved altar of the domestic hearth. It taught the human hearts to search and to find good in everything, even in suffering and sorrow. The far off thoughts of earthly love and beauty grew up into a tree which overshadowed and transfigured all nature; and the more spiritual thoughts—good immortal seed which cannot die—which were planted in their hearts under the parental roof, or in the church of their fathers, blossomed and brought fruit in those evening days. The divinest thought of all became diviner still. The thought which the child's heart could not comprehend, nor the man's heart in its greatest strength fully master, culminated like a Bethlehem star, as the sun of life hung level on the western horizon; and time was setting in eternity, and earth melting away like a dream, the curtains of sense were withdrawn, heaven was opened, and the eye of faith retired in ecstatic repose on the divine form of our humanity in the holy of holies.

## THE YOUNG MAN'S COUNSEL-LOR.

## ADVICE.

He who rejects all advice is self-conceited and obstinate; he who receives every advice is imbecile and wavering. Both miss their destined harbor; one steers for a false light which he mistakes for a beacon; the other is

tossed by the gustful winds of the deep, and cannot gain the tranquil harbor.

It is wisdom to pause, deliberate, and take council, when an enterprise is perplexed and doubtful; but it is folly to hesitate when it is clear and unequivocal, urged by duty, and sanctioned by conscience.

Self-sufficiency is usually the concomitant of ignorance; and a man of this character, by his self-sufficiency, take away from ignorance its modesty, and refuses to listen to the counsel of wisdom. To object to a wrong measure which he is pursuing, is an affront to his self-love; and to propose a good measure for his adoption, is an imputation on his understanding.

A man of an enlightened mind, however great his talents and extensive his experience, confident only in his upright intentions, is ever disposed to learn. Divested equally of the pride of the pride of self-love, and the obstinacy of ignorance, he thinks it no disparagement to receive information or advice from whatever quarter it may come; but he weighs and selects it, according to his judgment, and he has the merit of rendering it in effect his own.

If a man is hasting to danger, warn him as a friend; and if he disregard your advice, persists, and falls into the danger, mark the sequel. Taunt him with the neglect of your counsels and his irritable feelings may turn in resentment on you; with prudent address turn his thoughts on himself, and his own heart may condemn him, and his painful experience teach him wisdom.

## STUDY AND BUSINESS.

In learning, concentrate the energy of mind principally on one study; the attention divided among several studies is weakened by the division; besides it is not given to man to excel in many things. But while one study claims your main attention, make occasional excursions into the fields of literature and science, and collect materials for the improvement of your mind, and the advancement of your favorite pursuit.

The union of contemplative habits constructs the most useful and perfect character; contemplation gives relief to action; action gives relief to contemplation. A man unaccustomed to speculation is confined to a narrow routine of action; a man of mere speculation constructs visionary theories which have no practical utility.

Excellence in a profession, and success in business are to be obtained only by persevering industry. None who thinks himself above his vocation can succeed in it, for we cannot give our attention to what our self-importance despises. None can be eminent in his vocation who devotes his mental energy to a parasitic reign to it, for success in what we love is failure in what we neglect.

People whose inclinations are in opposition to their duties, have no security for their integrity. He who covets the wages of industry without submitting to its labor, is prepared for dishonesty. He who is more anxious to realise the profits of an office than to discharge its duties, cannot be expected to discharge them faithfully. In every situation bring your inclinations into accordance with your duties.

## PRIDE AND VANITY.

It is natural and justifiable to feel complacency in our mental endowments and external advantages, and it is requisite to have a just conception of their value. If we have no complacency in them we cannot know their value; and if we know not their value, we cannot be grateful to Supreme Goodness. This complacency, however, when it is fired on frivolous qualities or objects, or perverted by its excess into self-elation, is denominated pride.

Besides feeling complacency in our mental endowments and external advantages, in accordance with our moral sympathies, we desire them to attract the notice of those with whom we associate. This sentiment in its purity is equally natural and justifiable, for our influence rises with our character, and our usefulness with both; but when it rests on frivolities or ceases to be blended with humility and graced with modesty, it is designated vanity.

Many words among a people, in their transition from virtuous simplicity to perverted refinement pass through different shades of signification; and many qualities, to which we affix distinct terms, are really the same mental state with slight degrees of difference.

The sentiments which we name pride and vanity were, no doubt, pure in their original import, and corrupted in the progress of society. We think that we can distinctly describe the two qualities; pride with a lofty look demands deference; vanity with a smiling countenance courts praise; yet when we closely analyse them, we perceive them to be modifications only of the same principle.

Pride under various disguises, treacherously approaches the heart. A person under its influence will assume as a merit what he imputes as a defect in others. Is his bearing lofty?—it is the dignity of virtue, and he is proud of his dignity. Is his bearing lowly?—it is the humility of virtue, and he is proud of his humility.

Are people vain of their personal appearance? Though disease spares, soon will years bring the infirmities of age, and who would be vain of what is so uncertain and fleeting? Beauty and grace however are not in the features and manners; they are the expressions of mind embodied to the eye, and modesty is their highest charm.

Features which are allowed to be beautiful and manners which are allowed to be graceful, if they are associated with a coarse and frivo-