

LITERATURE, &c.

From the Edinburgh Scotsman.
A SISTER'S LOVE.

A RHYME FOR YOUTH.
By Alexander MacLagan.

The glory of the starry night
Hath vanished, with its visions bright;
Whilst daybreak blushes glad my sight,
Take my first kiss of fond delight,
And let me greet,
With blessings meet,
Thy morning smiles, my sister sweet.

Lo! whilst I fondly look upon
Thy lovely face,—drinking the tone
Of thy sweet voice, my early known—
My long, long loved—my dearest grown—
I feel thou art
A joy—a part
Of all I pride in soul and heart.

Sweet guardian of my infancy,
Hast thou not been the blooming tree,
Whose soft green branches sheltered me
From withering want's inclemency?
No cloud of care,
Nor black despair,
Could blight me 'neath thy branches fair.

And thou hast been, since that sad day
We gave our mother's clay to clay,
The morning star, the evening ray,
That cheer'd me on life's weary way,
A vision bright,
Filling my night
Of sorrow with looks of light.

Yet there were hours I'll ne'er forget,
'Ere sorrow and thy soul had met,
Ere thy young cheeks with tears were wet
Or grief's pale seal was on them set,
Ere hope declined,
And cares unkind,
Threw sadness o'er thy sunny mind.

In glorious visions still I see
The village green—the old oak tree—
The sun-bathed banks, where oft with thee
I've hunted for the blue-berry,
Where oft we crept,
And sighed and wept,
Where you're dead linnet soundly slept.

Again I see the rustic chair,
In which you swung me through sweet air,
Or twined fair lilies with my hair,
Or dressed my little doll with care,
In fancy's sight,
Still rise its bright
Blue beads, red shoes, and bodice white!

And, oh! the sunsets in the west;
And, oh! my joy when gently prest
To the soft pillow of thy breast,
Lulled by thy meliow voice to rest,
Sung into dreams,
Of woods and streams,
Of lovely birds, and buds, and beams!

Sweet were the morns that then did break,
Sweet was thy song, 'awake, awake!
My love, for life, for beauty's sake,
Awake and dewy kisses take!
Awake, and raise
A song of praise
To him whose paths are heavenward ways.

When wintry tempests sweep the vale,
When thunder and its hoary hail,
And lightning turned each young cheek pale,
Thine ever was the Bible tale,
Or Psalmist's song,
The wild night long,
How firm the heart when faith is strong!

Now summer clouds, like golden towers,
Fall shattered into diamond showers,
Come let us seek our wild wood bowers,
And lay our heads among the flowers,
Come, Sister dear,
That we may hear
Our mother's spirit whispering near.

For worldly wealth I have no care,
For diamond toy to deck my hair,
For silk or satin robes to wear;
Content if I can daily share,
And hourly prove,
The joys that move
The pure heart with a Sister's Love.

From the London People's Journal.
ESTHER LEE'S HOLIDAY.

A TALE OF THE 28TH OF JUNE.
By Georgiana C. Munro.

A HOLIDAY.—How little can those who are free to make holiday any day they will comprehend the full signification of that word! How little can they tell what it is to feel for once, that labor is not man's unvarying doom—that it might be laid aside awhile without self reproach for a neglected duty haunting them in their hours of enjoyment, and poisoning all their pleasures! And none can so fully surrender themselves to the enchantments of a long day of amusement and gladness as those to whom it is a rarely granted boon; none can so truly taste the sweetness of the honey-comb as they who but seldom raise it to their lips.

According to custom, it is a rule with the good people of Warrenter to indulge themselves with a holiday on the 28th June, by general consent decreeing universal closing of shops and cessation of business. And what a multitude of both sexes it sets free from the dull routine of daily toil, both employers and employed alike glad to feel, though for a brief time, the cares of the world relax their hold upon the spirit. Every year, as the day comes round, what crowds of smartly-dressed people throng the streets—what clattering there is of horses' feet, and whirling by of vehicles of every description, not one of which has been engaged within the last six weeks; so early is every conveyance in the town secured, in the preparations made betimes for the general pleasure hunt. And how anxiously is that day looked forward to by thousands in the place. How many prayers for fair weather are breathed in a spirit which might provoke our smile, but not our censure; as frivolous though it seems, that petition but asks the simple gratification of those powers of pure and innocent enjoyment which our beneficent Creator has bestowed upon his creatures.

A fairer morning seldom brightened the heavens than wakened the inhabitants of Warrenter to their general holiday three or four years since; and of all who gladly hailed the sunshine none welcomed it more gaily than Esther Lee, the tenant of a little room, three pair of stairs up, in one of the most obscure streets of the town. A happy and a light-hearted maiden was Esther Lee, though every day was wont to bring to her its round of active duties; and there was not a moment of her waking hours but found full employment. But it is in the performance of our duties that happiness is most surely to be found; and though dwelling there alone, Esther was cheered by the knowledge that there were those elsewhere who loved and blessed her for her industry and affection, and whose prayers were offered up for her exemption from the evils they could not guard from in person. And thus absence did not cloud her spirit; for if a shade was cast by the thought that the pleasant home of her childhood was too distant for her to visit often, it was quickly chased away by the remembrance that, if she had not left it, she should have been a burthen instead of an assistance to the father, mother and sisters, whose love was with her wherever she went. As it was, Esther Lee had much comparatively to spare beyond her own necessities; for she was a quick and clever dressmaker, which qualities secured her abundant employment. True, if she went out to work, her daily remuneration was but a shilling; yet on such days she was at no expense; and if employed at home she earned much more, while even when engaged out, there were always some hours in the morning and evening to be occupied by work taken in. So, cheerfully and gratefully Esther Lee wrought on, happy in her feelings of independence and self approbation, and in the enviable consciousness of adding to the comforts of those beloved ones at home.

But this morning there was no thought of work in Esther's mind, which was as full of anticipated pleasures as was natural to her years. None knew the preparations which, with a pardonable girlish vanity, she had been making for the Holiday. Her bonnet had been fresh trimmed, and a pretty muslin dress made up to look worth thrice the money it had cost, and her last year's *visite* altered to the present fashion. Not one of these fresh acquisitions had yet been worn, yet Esther knew that all was exceedingly becoming; was it then any wonder that she hailed so joyfully the beautiful morning; or that a song, blithe as the mountain lay of the lark, broke from her lips as she busied about her little room to set everything in its usual order for the day? Then, one by one, bonnet, dress, *visite*, the new silk handkerchief, and delicate kid gloves, were drawn forth ready for wear; and as the clock next door struck eight Esther put on her every-day bonnet and shawl to hurry off to the shoemaker's in the neighboring street, to see if her shoe was mended.

But at the door she paused a minute to look back at all her finery, rendered the more precious by the remembrance of how it had been purchased by saving up every farthing which, in her conscientious division of her earnings, she considered as her own: for the generous girl never afforded herself any indulgence by deducting aught from what she was in the custom of remitting to her family, and a blush crossed her cheek as she thought of how well she would look in her gala attire; and shall we betray poor Esther's only and carefully hidden secret? at the thought that one whom her young heart loved better, even than it knew, would see her in it; for within two hours she was going in a large pleasure van to join a party who proposed making merry during the long summer holiday amid the ruins of an old abbey, some fifteen miles away; and Harry Thornhill was to be of the number.

How her heart beat as she ran lightly down stairs! It was well for her peace of mind that she knew not how much of real affection throbbed in its hurried pulses; for Thornhill was no avowed lover of hers, nor had she received from him those attentions which should lead her to expect it. And bitterly Esther would have wept, had she been conscious of the truth—that her love was given fully, though unsought—and that Thornhill regarded her as a pretty graceful automaton, a sweet, gentle, mindless girl, whose heart was not worth winning; for the poor girl's natural timidity and reserve were in his presence aggravated into extreme embarrassment, by the value which she had unfortunately allowed herself to set on his opinion, and deprived her of all power of appearing her own intelligent and high souled self, as she might have done, had she such feeling paralysed her. As it was, Thornhill remained ignorant of those treasures of mind and heart which were well worth his love; and though he had been struck by her beauty, his interest had not deepened further than the admiration it had first excited. But Esther guessed not the cloud which hung between her and Thornhill's love, and in her many hours of loneliness had so permitted her thoughts to dwell on every kind word and look, that what had at first been merely a feeling of gratification at being the chosen partner of one whose attention all her young friends were anxious to attract, had grown into a deeply rooted attachment, which it would cost her years, perhaps, of suffering and sorrow to bear out from her heart.

This was wherefore that heart was set so fully on this day's long dreamed-of pleasure. During the few minutes walk to the shoemaker's, Esther's fancy found time to run anew through the long list of bright anticipations; yet her last thought as she gained the door, was the wonder, whether Harry Thornhill would dance first with herself or Betsy Henderson, a bold, giddy flirt, who had a trick of making any man she choose dance with her; though, as is usual with such girls, no one, however he might talk and jest with her, ever dreamed of being her partner in the long and intricate dance of life.

'Yes, miss, its all ready for you,' said the shoemaker, or cobbler perhaps we would more justly style him, as putting down the boot on which he was employed, he singled out the smallest of the half dozen shoes which lay beside him. 'There it is, miss.—A little bit on the heel, and two or three stitches at the toe—threepence.'

As Esther paid the threepence she looked at the number of boots and shoes still unended which covered the bench. 'You are not going to work all day, are you?' she inquired.

'Aint I?—I hope I am,' replied honest James Rawson, who was already drawing the waxed thread through the coarse leather, 'else my old woman and the young ones are like to go supperless to bed.'

Esther glanced round the humble room, beside whose little window a woman sat making the uppers for a pair of slippers. At her feet an infant lay sleeping in her cradle, and several children were playing about with smiling and rosy faces.

The cobbler looked up and his eyes followed Esther's—'there are eight or ten on 'em in all,' he remarked; 'God bless their little hearts!—But I've found out somehow, that if we don't work we can't eat,—you know, miss that the manna only fell for one day of rest out of seven. Not but what,' added Rawson, with a good humored smile, as he observed her altered countenance, 'to them that can afford to take a holiday, its very natural and pleasant for them to do so.'

Esther felt her spirits damped as she left the house. In her inexperience, she had regarded this happy day as an universal enfranchisement from everything resembling labor; and unrepining and cheerful though they were, it clouded her joy to meet any who did not share her happiness. But the noise and bustle of the street soon banished such reflections; for, early as it was, crowds of people were already astir to make the most of their unwonted privilege; and Esther's heart grew lighter among the throng who, like herself, were bent wholly on the enjoyment of the holiday. New she received a gay nod from a young friend, as an omnibus dashed by—Mary Foote's well-to-do aunt had made this the first of a week of holidays which Mary was to spend with her in London. But Esther was too happy to envy any one—not for a twelvemonth of London gaieties would she have resigned that day at the ruined Abbey.

And now, within a few yards of home, a little girl was jostled against her.

'Please ma'am to buy a pincushion!' said the child, raising a white cloth from a basket containing toilet cushions and knitted stockings.

'I don't want any, my dear,' said Esther gently.

'Oh, pray do buy, ma'am,' persisted the child, bursting into tears.

Something in the tone made Esther stoop down to look at her more steady—'Is this you, Susan Morley?' she asked, gazing doubtfully on the little pale, thin face.

'Yes ma'am,—Yes Miss Lee,' replied the child, who at length remembered her.

'And what are you crying for, my dear?' 'Because—because,' said Susan, wiping her eyes with her pinafore, 'the baby is sick and Lotty is hungry; and mother sent me to try and sell the socks and pincushions. But mother says its no use to day, for people will be

out pleasing, and have no time to buy.' And as she said this, poor Susan began to cry more bitterly than before.

Esther was moved at the sight of her distress, and yet more at the thought of the suffering it betokened. 'Where does your mother live now,' she inquired: 'its a long time since I have seen her.'

'In Clarence Street,' was the reply, 'but nobody comes to see her now.'

'That shall not be the case much longer,' thought Esther to herself; and taking the little girl by the hand, she returned to the room where her festive attire still lay tempting her to don it. But that must be delayed for a time; so folding her scanty stock of groceries into a parcel, and apprising the old woman who alone intended to keep house that day, that she was called away unexpectedly, Esther set out for Clarence street with Susan Morley. Fortunately neither baker's nor butcher's shops were yet closed, and Esther made small purchases at both, though at the sacrifice of more than half the money she had reserved for the possible expenses of the day. But the painful words, 'Lotty is hungry,' haunted her, and revealed a degree of misery she would do all in her power to alleviate.

[To be concluded.]

From the Boston Cultivator.

TO YOUNG MARRIED PERSONS.

It cannot be denied that much evil would be avoided, if young people were to exercise more discretion in the choice they make of a partner for life; but as they are influenced by more fancy as often as by sober judgment, and by expediency perhaps more frequently than either, the unsuitable matches that we daily witness are easily accounted for. A determination to accommodate one's self to one's company, is in no case so indispensable as in wedded life. While single we may go where we please; if persons annoy us we may avoid them; if we dislike one locality we may remove to another; but not so after marriage; we cannot then change our companions, and the choice we make does not depend on ourselves alone, there is another to be consulted, to whose wishes we must, to a certain extent, sacrifice our own; and when this is known to be the case, how absurd to make matters worse by opposition and resistance. Let those who have entered the matrimonial pale, not be daunted at finding themselves somewhat mistaken in the tempers and dispositions of each other; in the common course of things it cannot be otherwise. During the season of address, both may be under a sort of moral delusion, viewing things through a false medium. Marriage speedily rectifies all this, and sometimes in an abrupt and unwelcome manner; but never mind, love and prudence will set all to rights, as every day's experience will teach all who are teachable, that although the romance of love has passed away, there is, if properly managed, enough of reality left to sweeten life, which is dull indeed when spent in single blessedness. Therefore, young wives murmur not; you are highly favored in having met one who cares for you sufficiently to render up his liberty to you, to bind himself to you forever; to work for you, to cherish you, to protect you from the snares and insults of the world. None can harm you while your husband lives, his arms guard you, his countenance upholds you, his love honors you. You indeed fill an important station in society. A wife and a mother is surrounded by numerous cares and responsibilities; and in proportion as she faithfully discharges them, is she honored and respected. She has privileges, too, which she ought to value! Therefore, young wives and mothers, if all your anticipations be not realised, be not cast down, but make your destiny fortunate by the earnestness with which you fulfil your duties, and the cheerfulness with which you resign your free will, and modify your previously formed tastes and opinions to meet those of your husband. Persons who imagine that marriage sanctions a rude familiarity, and disregard to the amenities of social life, are wretchedly mistaken, although, unhappily, such an opinion is too generally evinced in the conduct of married people towards each other. In no relations of life are courtesy and good breeding so indispensable as in that of husband and wife, because in none is it so easy to forget and disregard it. For instance, in common conversation, no person with the slightest pretensions to good sense and good manners, thinks of interrupting another while speaking; but how often do we find husbands and wives setting all rules of politeness aside, by taking the words out of each other's mouth, breaking in, without scruple into the midst of discourse, and often is it, that one finishes the story the other had commenced to relate; such conduct to strangers would be thought a thing unpardonable, how much more so, in those who should so cautiously avoid giving offence! It sometimes happens, too, that a man will reprove a wife or a wife a husband in the presence of others. Now this is what a person of the least spirit will not fail to resent, even if their conduct be reprehensible they cannot endure the thought that others should witness their humiliation, for indeed it is humiliating to be censured, even in private—public censure is public disgrace. A person, however arbitrary and severe in other's affairs, should truly respect the feelings of his wife who may be, to a certain extent, proud and sensitive, and he should not even admit to a third person that she had been in fault. No matter how vexed he may be, before others his lips should be sealed, and so grateful would be the heart of an affectionate wife for this forbearance, that when in private she would think no tone too

A NEW SCOTCH CATECHISM.—Schoolmaster: Who was David? Boy: The man who slew the muckle giant with a sling and a stone. Schoolmaster: Whose son was David? Boy: The son of Jesse. Schoolmaster: Who was Jesse? Boy: The flower o' Dumblane!