

traiture which at present are only to be found in the pages of fiction—can that department of literature cease to be the letter it now is—the barren catalogue of facts and figures, *unreal* because *unlike*. Thus much for the imitations; let us turn now to the works of the great artist herself—to those pages from which the painters and poets of every age have made it their boast to borrow.

Perhaps nothing reveals the infinite resources of the only creative Power in the universe more overwhelmingly to human perception, than the amazing *variety* apparent upon all his works. So remarkable a feature is it, that while he who 'rans may read, the most unwearied research has never assigned its limits; and we may confidently say never will. Marvellously various are the manifestations of the *external* world—the aspects of nature—the wonders of animal and vegetable life—species that baffle classification, and within which a still more astounding variety of individual types surpass wonder as do these—surely the conditions of spiritual life, even so far as they come within the limited range of our experience, are more wondrous still! These all endure for a moment; generation after generation passeth away, and the material resolved into its elements, retains no longer the individuality of its myriad forms, and the types consequently which now fill their places *may* be in all respects the versimilitudes of those which have perished. A glance, however, will show—the spirit—its immortality being pre-supposed—that no such explanation will hold good in relation to the worlds of *spiritual* existence. The individual being of any man to day, must be as distinct from all the generations of the past as those that, under the same conditions of existence, immediately surround him. We want not proof of this, so far as the experience of the present is concerned. Which of us ever saw two faces—heard two voices—came into contact with two minds, similar in feature and expression—undistinguishable in tone—alike in all their workings? How astounding then the conclusion, supported as it is, alike by necessity, experience, and analogy, that of the untold myriads of the human race alone, entering not upon wide ground, each was, is, and must be, diverse and distinct from all his fellows.

It is this never ending variety of mental structure and moulding, cast amidst circumstances and associations equally diverse, yet connected as so many links with the mysterious chain of human sympathy and brotherhood, that gives to the study of individual life and character its deep poetic interest.

Often has the pride of man preached forth the doctrine, and the degraded lives of multitudes, half sanctioned the belief, that if souls are common to all men, the use of them is confined to the few. A lying invention of the father of lies to blind men to their responsibilities, and in so doing, partly work out its own fulfilment. The voice of the false prophet is even now ringing in a thousand puny echoes—feeble imitations of its own inspired ravings—through the length and breadth of the land, teaching that the slavish herd cannot look upward—that the nations must be governed by a rod of iron by heroes—elect herided through the land after the approved fashion of the son of Nebat, with the proclamation, 'These be thy gods, O Israel.' Truly we much question the revelations of our Latterday Apostle! It is not thus that we look for the redemption of our race; neither doth the scorn of this man accord well with the gentle teachings of the Nazarene. There are however, holier and more consolatory voices—sweet ones like that from the distant west, which, while singing that

'Life is real, life is earnest
And the grave is not its goal,

loses not its sympathy with, and affects not to rise above, our common humanity; strong ones like that so glorious in bemoaning, the burden of whose teachings is the immortality of love; yea, and like those amongst ourselves, who strip off the trappings of illustrious vice, or discourse with glowing enthusiasm of earth's truly great. Listening to these, and such as these, and reading, by the light they hold, the volume whose revelations lie open to all the lowliest, life will be invested with a rich interest, whose genial reactions shall go far to ennoble our own.

Life in all its stages, however fraught it is with that poetry which is the soul of our enjoyment of it! Childhood comes forth with its beaming eyes and sunny locks, and its path is strewn with flowers, and overarched with rainbows; it glances over our pathway like a beam of light, and the music of Eden seems borne in its joyous utterance. Youth with its onward lookings, its fervent love and boundless faith. Manhood, when the clouds are gathering, and even the strong-hearted, look wistfully back, and recalling the sunshine of earlier days, half falter a prayer that 'the cup may pass from them.' The mature mid-day of existence, when armed and battling in the full consciousness of strength, life's soldier grows warm in his harness. The calmness of eventide, when the contest slackens, and, clothed with light as with a garment, the sun of existence goes steadily on to its setting. The serene departure, when the tried and perfected 'rest from their labors,' and their works do follow them. Surely there is beauty in all these aspects of our mysterious pilgrimage—poetry, surely, for all but those who having eyes see not, and do not understand.

We spend our lives as a tale that is told. In some, there are strong contrasts, the vivid coloring, the brilliant lights, and darkening shadows of romance; in others the tale is one of little variation, of ordinary trials, of purifying love, of noiseless endurance; but

throughout the scenes of all is traced the guiding hand, appearing in moments of danger to guard, of sorrow to console. And in each, the most surprisingly vicissitous, or the quiet, even path, trodden with undaunted energy, sanctified by suffering, or illumined by love, the wonderful and strange is not only strictly 'natural,' but true. When will men learn to believe as well as say that 'truth is far stranger than fiction'; in fact, that little of the fictitious has not been true?

Let us not be told that the 'poetry' of which we speak consists mainly in false lights and unreal views—that it is only to the dreamer and enthusiast that this stern life can be so clothed with beauty, and fraught with interest. This is only one of the many delusive modes by which the sleeping endeavour to convince themselves that it is they who are awake. It is to the highest style of man, just in proportion to the clearness and activity of his mental vision, that life appears most sublime and wondrous in all its aspects. View this state of being—this 'life,' however lengthened—as but the babyhood of an immortal spirit—the faint, gray dawning of an eternity of existence;—believe that the man bowed down with age, and laden with the dear-bought experience of the threescore and ten years of our sojourn is, in the light of that hereafter, but an infant of days, with all but everything to learn, and do you *lessen* the wonder, or disenchant life of its interest? No! no! these are not the dreamers who, searching now 'as through a glass darkly,' where are discerned the liveliest foot-prints of the Eternal, await the clearer light which shall be vouchsafed to them beyond, for these are but 'part of his ways,' and much which is now dimly hinted at, shall then be revealed in full.

Let us cultivate, then, the attentive ear and the observant eye, that we be not among those whose 'talent is laid up in a napkin,' whose faculties, diverted from their highest uses, rust through neglect, or are wholly occupied with the cares and trifles of this strangely mingled being. But, while thirsting after knowledge, and the higher enjoyments of our nature, and while satisfying that thirst from the richest fountain of creation, let us not forget the skill that fashioned, or the hand that governs.

'Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell,
That soul and mind according well,
May make one music as before.'

Amen, beautiful theologian! Most heartily do we bid thee God-speed on thy glorious mission.

From the London People's Journal.
THE RIVER.

BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

ON through time there rolls a river,
Fed with thought's eternal dew—
Rolls for ever, resting never,
Toward the perfect and the true:
Barriers broken, checks defeated,
Darkness scattered, lets down hauled,
Truth and freedom, nimbler seated,
Mark its progress through the world.

Trace it to its source; it rose in
Darkness of abysmal night,
Shades of error round it closing,
Pervious to no purer light;
Shallow then, but deepening ever,
From the glooms it burst its way;
First a streamlet, then a river—
From the darkness to the day.

Wave by wave for aye increasing,
Still victorious, still sublime,
With an impulse never ceasing,
O'er the rocks and shoals of time:
Toward the vanward hurrying onward,
From the old unto the new—
Rolls it ever, resting never,
Toward the perfect and the true.

Woe to them that, idly rearing
Old obstructions in its track,
Taught by all the past no fearing,
Fain would turn its current back?
They but tempt their own undoing;
Like a giant in its wrath,
O'er their barriers, rent to ruin,
It will thunder on its path.

For it rolls resistless onward,
Deepening, widening, on its way;
Pressing stronger toward the vanward,
Stronglier toward the perfect day—
Lit with light from heaven, and aided
By the earnest hearts and true—
By the soul to God that made it,
Struggling on from old to new.

Sigh not, then, for the departed—
It hath passed and gone for aye:
But, with impulse nobler-hearted,
For the Future clear the way.
Help to flow this mighty river,
Fed with thought's eternal dew;
Till it merge at last for ever,
In the perfect and the true.

From the London People's Journal.

AUNT SMITH'S ADVICE TO HER NIECE.

MISS SMITH was usually designated an old maid, but could not be said really to belong to the class, though rather a prim and particular kind of individual. She had a niece whom she called her dear Angelina, who was a very prepossessing and fascinating young lady, in whom she took great interest.

'My dear Angelina,' said she, 'what a sad pity it is that our neighbors, the D—s, are so unhappy! I am really grieved to think about

them; their dwelling is more like a place of misery than an abode of happiness. How promising everything looked when our respected friend Sarah married Thomas D—; how changed is the aspect of affairs! How she used to talk to us about her dear Thomas, and how happy they should live together; but, alas, alas, such is not the case. The thought of matrimony, domestic bliss, and the prospect of having a home of her own, induced her to marry him. I fear she did not know sufficient of her husband previous to her marriage, for you remember it was a very short courtship—I think she had only known him three months previous to the fatal knot being tied.

'Some people say that marriages are made in heaven, though I cannot believe such to be the case, especially when they turn out as this has done. The failing appears to be this, my dear Angelina. A young man and woman become so enamoured with each other, that often their eyes are blinded to the advice of their friends; they heed not their counsels, and will have none of their reproof; they rush headlong into misery, forgetting to look before they leap, and soon find themselves in a gulf from which nothing can release them but death. But, on the other hand, if after mature deliberation and searching investigation, both of the motives and the pecuniary state of each others affairs, the decision is come to, that two individuals shall be joined together in holy matrimony, then there is more chance of a happy union being effected, than when no foresight is exercised. I had at one time serious thoughts myself, of entering into the marriage state. Since then I have decided on leading a single life, for I see so much unhappiness that I am convinced I cannot be happier than I now am. It is true that some men and women live happily together, and it is the want of knowing more of each other previous to marriage that is the cause of so much unhappiness. I hear, dear Angelina, you have decided on wedding Mr John Stokes; well, I am glad to think I have given you my advice on the subject, and feel it will be your own fault if you are not happy. You have known each other for these three or four years, and must be acquainted with each others failings. Well, I hope you will be happy; but whatever you do, be sure to give your husband no cause to be jealous. Be circumspect, do not flirt with young men, which will cause your husband to lose his affection for you; bear and forbear; try to please him in every thing, and I have no doubt you will meet with the same return from your dear John. I know him to be a worthy young man. I have heard of his kindness to those around him, especially to his dear mother, who has brought up seven children. He is very steady, and does not frequent the haunts of iniquity. But men alter, you know; and not infrequently this is caused from a lack of confidence in each other. Have no secrets, Angelina. Let your husband know all, and then there will be a mutual interchange of feeling. Ah, our neighbours—I cannot forget them. I pity poor Mrs D—; she is a woman of very nervous temperament; and I fear she is jealous of her husband, and perhaps there is no cause; though they do say he goes to see the two maiden sisters a little higher up the street too often. There is no harm in your being friendly with your neighbors. How far this operates on his wife I cannot say, nor do I know the reason why he is not comfortable at home, but they do say that it would be better if he was not quite so familiar with Rosa. By-the-bye! I have seen them walking out together of an evening, when his wife has been at home; and this does not look well for a married man. Only think, when he sits down to his meals, that he is obliged to take up a book or a newspaper, and his wife there too; well, I do pity him; I think there must be great fault on his wife's side, for they cannot get a servant to stay with them. Our neighbour D— loves music, and they have a piano at Rosa's, which her sister plays. Whether this is the attraction I know not; but I really think if he were to make his visits less frequent, there would be less cause for scandal; and he would better fulfil the duties of a parent by staying at home than spending his evenings with the Misses S—s. My dear Angelina, steer clear of this rock, and strive to make your home comfortable.

'I would advise you to have an eye to economy. Do not have more furniture than is really necessary; in fact, avoid extravagance both in dress and everything connected with a domestic establishment. Many begin extravagantly, and are obliged to retrench in after years, to the injury of their offspring. But a word respecting servants: be kind towards them, and do not expect too much work from them. I fear many people look on their servants as slaves rather than fellow-beings; and in many instances, like the slave, they are treated worse than the dog or horse. Think, then, that a life of happiness is before you if all is well. Begin as you mean to go on; so that life may prove a blessing to yourselves and all around you, is the advice of your dear aunt Smith.'

A FLUE OF FLUES.

In course of operations, in the Tamar Silver Lead Mines, on the borders of Devon and Cornwall, it became latterly essential either to erect a powerful steam-engine at the foot of a subterranean inclined plane, 2000 feet in length, and running right below the river, which flows over the mine, to a perpendicular depth of 80 feet below its bed; or, failing that, to shut up the mine, and throw 1500 people out of employment. It was therefore determined to adopt the former alternative, and a twenty horse power steam engine, one

of the patent combined hydraulic engines from Walker's manufactory at Oliver's yard, City Road, was accordingly fitted up at that debth. Flues were of course requisite, and it was found advisable to conduct these across to the furthest band of the river and in a series of horizontal levels, united by perpendicular shafts, so that the flue in sections rises like a flight of stairs to the surface. The flue is no less than two miles long and upwards, probably the longest flue in the world. The result was quite successful.—*The Builder.*

COAXING UP AN EXPRESSION.

A brace of 'lovers,' anxious to secure each other's shadow ere the substance faded, stepped, says Neal's Saturday Gazette, into a daguerrotype establishment, recently, to sit for their 'picters.' The lady gave precedence to her swain, who, she said, 'had got to be tuk fust, and real nat'ral.'

He brushed up his tow head of hair, gave a twist or two to his handkerchief, asked his gal if his collar stood about X, and planted himself in the operator's chair, where he soon assumed the physiognomical characteristics of a poor mortal in a dentist's hands, and about to part with one of his eye teeth.

'Now do look purty,' begged the lady, casting at him one of her most languishing glances.

The picture was taken, and when produced it reminded the girl, as she expressed it, 'jist how Josh looked when he got over the measles!' and as this was not an era in our suitor's history particularly worthy of their commemoration, she insisted that 'he should stand again.' He obeyed, and she attended him to the chair.

'Josh,' said she, 'jist look like smilin', and then kinder don't.'

The poor fellow tried to follow the indefinite injunction.

'La,' she cried, 'you look all puckered up.' One direction followed another, but with as little success. At last, growing impatient, and becoming desperate, she resolved to try an expedient, which she considered infallible, and exclaimed, 'I don't keer if there is folks around.'

She enjoined the operator to stand ready at his camera; she then sat on her fellow's lap, and placing her arms around his neck managed to cast a shower of flaxen ringlets as a screen between the operator and her proceedings, which, however, were betrayed by a succession of amorous sounds which revealed her expedient. When this 'bitting and cooing' had last a few minutes, the cunning girl jumped up from her lover's knee, and clapping her hands, cried to the astonished artist—'Now you have got him, put him through.'

A country school teacher preparing for an exhibition of his school, selected a class of pupils, and wrote down the questions and answers to the questions which he would put to them on the examination day. The day came and so came the young hopefuls, all but one. The pupils took their places as had been arranged, and all went glibly on until the question for the absentee, when the teacher asked:

'In whom do you believe?'

The pupil who sat next to the vacant seat, without noticing whose question it was, answered:

'Napoleon Bonaparte.'

'You believe in the Holy Catholic Church, do you not?'

'No,' replied the pupil, amid roars of uncontrollable laughter, 'the boy who believes in the Church hasn't come to school, he's sick a bed.'

A farmer attending a fair with a hundred pounds in his pocket, took the precaution of depositing it in the hands of the landlord of the house at which he stopped. Having occasion for it shortly afterwards he resorted to mine host for the payment; but the landlord, too deep for the countryman, wended what hundred was meant, and was quite sure no such sum had ever been lodged in his hands by the astonished rustic. After ineffectual appeals to the recollection, and finally to the honor of Randolph, the farmer applied to Curran for advice.

'Have patience, my friend,' said the counsel; 'speak to the landlord privately, and tell him you must have left the money with some one else. Take a friend with you, and lodge with him another hundred pounds, in the presence of your friend, and then come to me.'

We must imagine, and not commit to paper the vociferations of the honest dupe at such advice; however, moved by the rhetoric or authority of the worthy counsel, he followed it and returned to the legal friend.

'And now sir, I don't see I am to be any better for this, if I get my second hundred again. But now what is to be done?'

'Go and ask him for it when he is alone,' said Curran.

'Ay, sir, but asking for it won't do—Ize afraid without my witness at any rate,' said the countryman.

'Never mind, take my advice,' said the counsel; 'do as bid you, and then return to me.'

The farmer returned with his hundred, glad at any rate to find that safe again in his possession.

'I don't see as I am much better off.'

'Well,' said the counsel, 'now take your friend with you, ask the landlord for the hundred pounds your friend saw you leave with him.'

Sin like a disease is often caught by infection.