

him, he crossed his hands upon the head of his stick, and feared he would be too agitated to call her. She approached, and was passing by, casting a shy glance at him, when he made an effort and exclaimed—

'Come here my child; I wish to speak to you.'

Mary stopped, 'Come nearer,' said the old man tenderly. She obeyed.

'Give me that little hand of yours,' he said, with a sad smile.

She held it out, and he took it in his own hard hand, which thrilled at the touch of the warm, round little fingers he grasped.

'What a resemblance!' he muttered, after looking fixedly into her face. 'But,' he continued, recovering from his abstraction, 'how is your mother, my child?'

'She is very poorly, sir,' was the timid reply.

'And how is your father doing?'

'He hasn't many scholars.'

'I see—I see! well, my child—but what is your name?'

'Mary, sir.'

'Mary! that was her name,' cried the old man, starting.

'Who's name?' inquired the girl.

'Never mind, Mary, never mind.' Then putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out some gold pieces, and presenting them to the girl, said,—'Take this, Mary; tell your mother it will buy her many little things she may want.'

The young girl hesitated, 'What will father say?' she inquired.

'I give it with a free heart, Mary—why don't you take it?' and he spoke reproachfully. 'It can't hurt you, my child.'

Mary turned the pieces over and over, and then looked up tenderly in the old man's face as she muttered with a quivering lip—

'Thank you sir, God bless you for it!'

Jacob Ward burst into tears. These were the first kind words he had heard for thirty years. They penetrated his soul. Their genial warmth melted through the crust of ice which encased his old heart, and brought into renewed life the finer sentiments of his nature. The disappointments of his hopes, and the harshness of the world had driven him to hush them in a long silence, which, perhaps, would have never been broken had he not met the school-master's fair daughter.

'You are a good child,' he said, pressing her hand affectionately. 'I hope your poor mother will be soon well, Mary. You must let me know how she gets along. You know where I live, don't you?'

'Yes, sir; but perhaps father would not like it.'

'Why should he feel afraid of an old man who has proved that he can befriend him?' inquired Jake. 'I can harm none but those who injure me.'

'But, that is not quite right, sir,' said the girl, with a *naivete* that charmed the old man.

'Perhaps it is not my child,' he said, with a smile, 'and if I could see you often, I think you might convince me of it.'

Mary felt flattered by this remark. Men often place themselves at the disposition of children, or women, or their weaker fellow-men, through a spirit of condescension, which denotes that they possess a large share of amiability of temper. It is almost like the laying of Samson's head in Delilah's lap; and the one to whom we show this allegiance is seldom ungenerous enough not to be grateful for the act. Mary grew quite proud at the thought that she might perhaps convince this man, old enough to be her grandfather, that he was wrong in harboring evil against his enemies.

'I will see you,' she said, 'for I dare say you are very lonely out yonder.'

'That's a good child—that's a good child,' and Jake shook her hand heartily. 'Don't forget me, Mary—don't forget me, my daughter.'

'I will not, sir—I will not; and swinging off her hat, she ran homeward, twirling it in the air.'

'My daughter!' murmured the old man, with a sigh; and at these words his heart grew full; his thin lips quivered; he looked up suddenly, as if to master, or to look beyond the thoughts of that moment; he shook his head, and shook off a couple of tears; and walked slowly home, heedless of a few jeers, which some idling boys raise as he went by.

(To be continued.)

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

THE ROMANCE OF SEA-LIFE.

We personally know something of the sea, of sailors, and of their life both ashore and afloat, in the fore-castle and the cabin, both abroad and at home. We know also that there is a marvellously prevalent notion among landmen that a sailor's life is the most romantic of all lives, and that he is himself a very romantic personage individually. We know that the mere name of 'sea,' 'ship,' or 'sailor' excites emotion in the breast of novel-reading lads, and adventurous youths in general. There seems to be an inherent witchery in the very idea of the 'glad waters of the dark blue sea;' but this has been stimulated a thousand fold by the popular songs of Dublin and others, portraying sailors in such colours that they cannot recognize themselves, and also by certain modern fictions, which, however admirable as works of art, convey anything but a correct notion of the real work-a-day life of the gallant but plain, honest fellows who man England's wooden walls. In the books in question, everything which can throw a

charm over the sea—everything which tends to impress the reader with a vague idea that sailors are a separate race of mortals, with most fascinating characteristic—is skillfully dwelt upon; but the stern, homely, matter of fact, monotonous life they lead is carefully kept in the background, or alluded to in a very slight and deceptive manner. Can we wonder, therefore, that boys of ardent imaginations are absorbingly attracted by such an idealized profession? So entrancing is the love of the sea thus generated, that a good authority declares that he has known youths who could not bear the creaking of a block used in hoisting sugar to the upper floor of a grocer's warehouse without their imaginations being fired with vivid dreams of ships and the ocean! Once let a stippling become impressed with a longing for the sea, no matter how generated, and the very means you adopt to check his diseased fancy will only strengthen and confirm it. Yet his case is precisely analogous to that of a youth falling passionately in love with a maiden whom he has never seen!

We can give a case in point in which we were personally concerned. About eight years ago we ourselves were guilty of writing a sea novel, a copy of which fell into the hands of a boy, a first cousin of ours. He told us that he had read it over and over till he knew it by heart, and nothing would serve his turn but he must go to sea. His parents were distressed, and we had a long interview with him, and did our utmost to disabuse his mind of the romantic notions which our own book alone had created. All in vain! He would believe his own wild impression from our fiction rather than our sober, truthful *viva voce* advice. He went a short first voyage on liking, and on his return frankly told us that had he known what a hard, harsh life a sailor's really was, he would never have quitted land. 'But,' said he, 'I shall be laughed at if I give it up now! I am a sailor for life, and all through that book of yours!'

He was then regularly apprenticed to a merchantman, but the mate treated him so cruelly that he deserted to a man of war, and, if living, he is probably yet in the navy.

The two great classes of boys who go to sea are those who have imbibed romantic notions concerning it, and long to realize them; and those who are sent by their friends as a means to reform them of bad habits. Of the two, the latter class generally make the best sailors; the others are too much disgusted at the reality, too heart-broken at the utter annihilation of all their fine dreams, to take kindly and well to their rough calling. There are of course numerous exceptions in both classes; and of the former, many cling to the sea, and learn to become good sailors out of sheer desperation and stubborn resolve to make the best of a bad bargain, rather than acknowledge themselves to be woefully deceived.

Let us not be misunderstood. We ourselves enthusiastically loved the sea when young, and we love it yet, but in a very different degree. It is a noble profession, that of the wild waves' mastery, but it is emphatically one of the hardest, worst paid, and most prosaic! Yes, young readers of *Fennimore Cooper*, we say it is right down prosaic; and we know what it is to lay out on a yard in a hurricane. We say, moreover, that sailors themselves are, with very few exceptions, the most prosaic and matter of fact among mortals. You may sneer at this; but one week one day, nay, even one hour of actual sea service would perhaps convince you that we are speaking advisedly. Let truth be spoken above all things. A sailor's life brings him in occasional contact with sublime manifestations of the Divine power, but he little regards them. His duties absorb all his attention, and there is no time for sight-seeing and reflection, nor is sentiment of any kind allowed to be indulged in on shipboard. On the other hand, he will for weeks and months lead the dulllest and most unexciting life conceivable. Day after day the same monotonous round of commonplace duties are exacted with iron discipline.—Work, work, nothing but work, and not a minute spent in idleness. It is all very pleasant to you, young gentleman, to sit with your feet on a parlour fender, and gloat over picturesque and highly wrought descriptions of nautical manoeuvres, but we can tell you that not one of these is felt to be but ordinary work by those who actually perform a then. There is nothing very delightful in the hourly act of running up and down ladders like a bricklayer's labourer, and hauling rough ropes till your back feels ready to break and your heart to burst; there is nothing peculiarly elevating and chivalrous in the act of picking oakum, and making spun yarn and sinnet—and sailors are steadily kept at these and similar labours in the intervals between shifting sails; nor is there any inexpressible charm in the act of scraping and oiling masts and yards, and washing decks and tarring rigging.

Now suppose, young friend, that your parents have at length yielded to your frantic entreaties that you may be a sailor, and that you are regularly apprenticed to an East Indiaman. The dream of your life, the cherished prayer of your heart, is fulfilled. You set your foot on the snowy decks with thrilling feelings—proud and glowing aspirations and anticipations. The ship sails, and for a day or so you are too sick to do any duty, and too much a piece of mere lumber in everybody's way during the hurry of departure; so you are unceremoniously kicked below to rough it out as you may. On the morning of the second day you find yourself included to the first mate's watch, which

happens to be the morning watch—4 A. M. to 8 A. M.—and are called on deck. You stagger up, feeling very queer, very weak, very miserable. It is a fine summer morning with a steady breeze, and the ship is calmly gliding along on a taut-bowline. You have no heart to look much about you, but you see that every soul on deck is at work. You sit down on the booms, greatly exhausted, and the next moment a rope's end is smartly laid across your shoulders, and the mate, with an oath, asks you whether you have shipped to sit for a figurehead, and the sailors chuckle, and the ship boys wink and grin, and put out their tongues. You rub your shoulders in amazement, and think of your poor mother at home, and burst into tears. The mate calls you a snivelling milksop, and sets you to scrape the tar off a seam of the deck recently payed, with a mysterious admonition that if you don't mind what you are about you will receive a liberal allowance of 'beans and bacon!'

You don't know what beans and bacon means on shipboard; but you do know that your soft white hands are very sore with grasping the shaft of the rough scraper, and very pitted in a few minutes, and you mentally think there is very little romance in the operation. Four bells strike—6 A. M.—and the word is given to rig the head pumps, and wash down the decks. The sailors roughly call you to bear a hand; and you have to pump away, and to take off your shoes and stockings, and paddle with naked feet among the cold water surging over the decks. Then comes the holy-stoning part; and you are set to haul about the 'bibles'—as sailors profanely call the large stones—and to kneel and rub away with 'prayer-books'—small hand-stones—till you fancy it is just the sort of work your mother's kitchenmaid is used to, and you are thankful none of your friends see you engaged at it, and you are very certain there isn't a bit of romance in it. This lasts till eight bells, and you then go to breakfast with what appetite you may.

Four hours later you are summoned on deck again; and the sailors push and knock you about and one orders you to do this, and another to do that, and all swear at you for awkwardness and stupidity, and you are perfectly bewildered and frightened, and a picture of misery. The busy mate sees you; and—'Hollo you, sirl, ciles he, 'skulking again, are you? I'll polish you! Take that bucket of slush, and lay aloft and rub down the royal mast. And mind what you do, for my eye is on you!'

You have a bucket of tar and grease and a bunch of oakum thrust into your clammy hands, and are hurried aloft. How you ever get to the royal masthead you have no subsequent recollection. You are too dizzy to know what you are about; but the mate, whom you think is a demon, is nothing of the sort. He is only doing his duty. You have shipped to become a sailor, and he is begining to make a sailor of you. You hardly know yourself by this time who you are nor what you are; but you feel in every bone of your body and every tingling muscle that you have found no romance in a sailor's life yet.

From Sartain's Philadelphia Magazine.

APSALEM.

BY SARAH ANDERSON.

By the highest Truth live ever,
Which thy soul can apprehend;
Woe to him whose weak endeavour
Wavers from the noblest end.

On the turret-tower of Duty
We may watch, with aching breast,
Where, on plains of light and beauty,
Spread beneath its stony crest,

Children sport, and mothers press them,
Fathers gaze with loving eyes,
As all Nature seems to bless them,
Smiling from the earth and skies;

While we burn in joys to mingle,
Joys, which seem our lawful dower,
Mourning that our fate is single
On the lonely turret tower!

But for every love surrounded
To a lofty sense of Right,
Will an angel's love be tendered,
That sweet offering to requite.

For, as Fate the doors of mortals
Shuts upon our loving plaints,
God receives us through His portals,
To the concourse of his saints.

And a Golden Promise, shining
From the lives of all good men,
Calls our strength back, when declining,
To endure, and strive again;

That our soul's heat, steadfast, holy,
Bent by Love, and Faith, and Will,
On the Universe, will slowly
From it, truthful drops distil:

Breaking, melting that resistance
First unto its warmth opposed,
Till all secrets of existence
In clear essence are disclosed.

And the brighter and the longer
That the constant spirit glows,
Essence, purer, finer, stronger,
Through the pores of Being flows

Till at last a Dew is given,
Loosing from life's inmost core,
And we drink the Wine of Heaven,
Standing on its golden shore!

COMPETENCE.

THERE are many who are making haste to be rich, who need to be reminded that a competence is all that man can enjoy. Beyond the attainment of this 'golden mean,' every acquisition becomes mere avarice, by whatever name it may be gilded. As long as man is actually in pursuit of the true medium of competent enjoyment, so strongly expressed by Agur in his prayer, he is happy, and that happiness is not only a natural concomitant of his efforts, but the real blessings of Providence upon his laudable industry. But as soon as he steps beyond this mark, accumulates for the sake of the accumulation, he loses his peace of mind; the light of his quietness is extinguished in anxiety, and his happiness is gone forever. Henceforward caring care, heart-consuming solicitude, and fears and terrors, without number and without end, embitter his whole existence. He may succeed in what he undertakes, but it is at the expence of all his cheerfulness of heart on earth. He may reach the goal of his endeavours, but it is at the expence of every noble feeling, of every softening emotion. Avarice, the accumulation of wealth for its own sake, brings with it its own punishment in the drying up of every fount of human affection within us, in the disruption of every tie with which the charities of life are bound, and in the conversion of the heart into a substance 'harder than the neather millstone.' He who aims at a competence alone experiences none of these evils. He has sufficient for the wants of himself and family, whether those wants are real or fictitious. With all the income that lies beyond, he can bless the society in which he lives, be a benefactor to the human race, and obtain a reputation infinitely beyond what the mere acquisition of wealth could give. But his own happiness has been almost abundantly secured. His efforts are blessed in all the quietness of feeling which the consciousness of a competence bestows; beyond this, he cares not. If Providence should still smile upon his labours, he knows what use to make of such accessions of property, and gives not the subject an anxious thought.

BOOKS IN THE MIDDLE AGES

So multitudinous are the works published in the present day, that very few are aware of the value often attached to a single volume during the middle ages. Those who have free access to the literary treasures of the nineteenth century will hardly credit the fact, that the time was when the donation of a book to a religious house was considered as giving the donor a claim to eternal salvation; that the gift was regarded as one of such great importance, that the offering was made upon the high altar, amid every circumstance of pomp and pageantry; and that the prior and convent of Rochester once went the length of pronouncing an irrevocable sentence of eternal woe against any one who should purloin or conceal their latin translation of the physics of Aristotle. In point of fact, so great was the labour expended by pious and holy men of old on the transcription of books for the good of their fellow creatures, that in many cases whole lives were spent in this manner. Guido de Jars began to copy, on vellum, and with rich and elegant decorations, the Bible in his fortieth year, and he was in his ninetieth year before he finished it. Thus did the sons of half a century rise and set ere this good man, amid the retirement of his monastic retreat, accomplish the task which, at a tolerably advanced period of human existence, he had set himself to execute.

When a book was to be sold, it was usual to assemble the chief persons in the district, in order that they might witness the transaction, and be prepared to testify that it had actually taken place. Among the royal manuscripts, there is a work thus marked:—'This book of the sentences belongs to Master Robert, archdeacon of Lincoln, which he bought of Geoffrey the chaplain, brother of Henry, vicar of Northelkingston, in the presence of Master Robert de Lee, Master John, of Lirling, Richard of Luda, clerk, Richard the almoner, the said Henry and his clerk and others; and the said archdeacon gave the said book to God and St Oswald, and to Peter, abbot of Barton, and the convent of Braden.'

Such is a sample of the importance attached to the sale and possession of books in past ages. So late as Henry VI., when the multiplication of manuscripts had in consequence of the invention of paper, became greatly facilitated, we find the following order among the statutes of St. Mary's College, Oxford:—'Let no scholar occupy a book in the library above one hour, or two hours at the most; lest others should be hindered from the use of the same.'

Among the drawbacks to the multiplication of books in the middle ages, may be mentioned the frequent scarcity of parchment; for want of which, in England, we are told that, when one Master Hugh, about the year 1126, was appointed by the convent of St. Edmundsbury to write a copy of the Bible for their library he was unable to do it.

Watson has collected some particulars of a very interesting nature respecting the scarcity of books antecedent to the era of printing. It would appear that, in 855, Lupus, abbot of Ferriers in France, sent two of his monks to Pope Benedict III., begging a copy of 'Cicero de Oratore,' and of Quintilian's 'Institutes,' and some other books. As part of his message to his holiness, the abbot stated that there was no whole or complete copy of these works in all France. When Albert,