

wisdom, might yield without disgrace, makes them declare that none ever departed from them but with increase of knowledge.

#### GOOD LISTENERS.

There are few good listeners in the world who make all the use they might make of the understandings of others, in the conduct of their own. The use made of the great instrument of conversation is the display of superiority, not the gaining of those materials on which superiority may rightly and justly be founded.

Every man takes a different view of a question as he is influenced by constitution, circumstances, age, and a thousand other peculiarities, and no individual ingenuity can sift and examine a subject with as much variety and success, as the minds of many men, put in motion by many causes, and affected by an endless variety of accidents. Nothing, in my humble opinion, would bring an understanding so forward, as this habit of ascertaining and weighing the opinions of others; a point in which almost all men of abilities are deficient, whose first impulse, if they are young, is too often to contradict; or, if the manners of the world have cured them of that, to listen only with attentive ears, but with most obdurate and unconquerable entrails. I may be very wrong, and probably am so, but, in the whole course of my life, I do not know that I ever saw a man of considerable understanding respect the understandings of others as much as he might have done for his own improvement, and as it was just that he should do.—*Sydney Smith.*

#### THE CHURCH PORCH.

It is a solemn place. It is impossible to sit there, and not think of those who have passed through for many generations—the pious, the careless, the chance visitor, and the villager, who perhaps never heard prayers except in that one church; living and dying without ever straying from his native place, and the very stones worn away by the pacing of the feet of those whose prayers in this world are over. What congregations have poured silently out of the narrow entry, each bearing its own impression of the hour; none knowing what passed in the heart of his neighbour; none saying, "Brother, what smote you?" and yet we know that at some time words spoken within have consoled the grieving, rebuked the sinful, converted the sceptic, or awakened the worldling. And the preacher has gone at last—not knowing whether God has called, by the instrumentality of his weak voice, one soul nearer heaven than on the preceding Sabbath. A church porch on a summer's evening is a sermon in itself.—*Mrs. Norton.*

#### THE PLEASURES OF KNOWLEDGE.

I appeal to the experience of any man who is in the habit of exercising his mind vigorously and well, whether there is not a satisfaction in it which tells him he has been acting up to one of the great objects of his existence? The end of nature has been answered: his faculties have done that which they were created to do—not languidly occupied upon trifles—not enervated by sensual gratification, but exercised in that toil which is so congenial to their nature, and so worthy of their strength. A life of knowledge is not often a life of injury and crime. Whom does such a man oppress? With whose happiness does he interfere? Whom does his ambition destroy, and whom does his fraud deceive? In the pursuit of science he injures no man, and in the acquisition he does good to all. A man who dedicates his life to knowledge, becomes habituated to pleasure, which carries with it no reproach: and there is no security that he will never love that pleasure which is paid for by the anguish of heart—his pleasures are all cheap, all dignified, and all innocent: and as far as any human being can expect permanence in this changing scene, he has secured a happiness which no malignity of fortune can ever take away, but which must cleave to him while he lives, ameliorating every good, and diminishing every evil of his existence.—*Sydney Smith.*

#### AUTUMN.

Sweet Autumn, bright beautiful Autumn is here. Behold her hand writing on the leaves; it is traced with a pen dipped in the hues of the rainbow. Hear how gently she sings the requiem of the flowers, poor tender things, that are perishing because summer is sleeping, and needs them no longer to make garlands for her sunny brow.

Look upon the hills. Autumn and her sprites are busy there; wherever their dancing feet touched the sward, lo! it is transfigured, and a thousand nestling beauties sleep in the little hollows they have made. Gaze upward to the skies; has summer gone there? They are as darkly, as richly blue, in her softer tinge. The little ransels babble to the meadows, answer back again, and tell how strange a desolation cometh in the train of Autumn, and how, if they were little brooklets, they would find some dark, warm cavern, out of the reach of grasping winter. But the brooklets, like children, heed not the words of experience, and babble on contented because just now, they are warm, and the sun glitters to their very depths.

Behold again, Autumn wraps her mantle of scarlet about her form and bows her head in sorrow. Just beyond the enclosure I see her, shadowy, yet bright, moving like a spirit, while the fading verdure scarcely feels the pressure of her soft tread. And Autumn is among the

tombs—among the green mounds and white monuments. Many a babe that one year ago held forth its tiny hands to greet her, lies there sleeping.

Many a young bride who waited for her to bless her bridal, twelve months ago, is folded in the ceremonies of the grave. He who swung his scythe, and carolled a song to her honor, when last she was there, he of the manly form, the powerful arm, the noble brow, the merry eye of blue, has finished his course in his bright spring time, and his head is pillowed on a lowly bed. Autumn misses the venerable and the aged; she pauses by the tall shafts that mark the repose of the fallen great; she kneels by the simple headstone of the village clergyman, and her fingers play with the faded chaplet that adorns a father's grave.

Yes, Autumn, we have lost our beloved since last the fair heavens crimsoned at thy wooing. Shake from thy golden tresses the pearls that summer rains have fashioned there; they cannot repay us for the long absence of that darling babe, the death silence of that cherished father. Give of thy full store from the vintage and fruits glowing under thy smiles—they can never revive that poor frame that lies waiting for a final visit from the angles.—*Boston Olive Branch.*

#### THE WORLD HARVEST.

They are sowing their seed in the daylight fair,  
They are sowing their seed in the noon-day glare,  
They are sowing their seed in the soft twilight,  
They are sowing their seed in the solemn night,  
What shall the harvest be?

They are sowing their seed of pleasant thought;  
In the spring's green light they have blithely wrought;  
They have brought their fancies from wood and dell,  
Where the mosses creep and the flower buds swell,  
Rare shall the harvest be.

They are sowing the seed of word and deed,  
Which the cold know not more the careless heed,  
Of the gentle word and the kindest deeds  
That have blest the heart in its sorest need,  
Sweet shall the harvest be.

And some are sowing the seeds of pain,  
Of late remorse and a maddened brain;  
And the stars shall fail and the sun shall wane,  
Ere they root the weeds from their soil again,  
Dark will the harvest be.

And some are standing with idle hand;  
Yet they scatter seed on their native land;  
And some are sowing the seeds of care,  
Which their soil hath bore and still must bear,  
Sad will the harvest be.

They are sowing their seed of noble deed,  
With a sleepless watch and earnest heed;  
With a ceaseless hand o'er earth they sow,  
And the fields are whitening where'er they go,  
Rich will the harvest be.

Sown in darkness, or sown in light,  
Sown in weakness, or sown in might,  
Sown in meekness, or sown in wrath,  
In the broad work-field, or the shadowy path,  
Sure will the harvest be.

#### BOOKS AND TRADITIONS.

Books are faithful repositories, which may be a while neglected or forgotten; but when they are opened again, will again impart their instruction: memory once interrupted is not to be recalled. Written learning is a fixed luminary, which, after the cloud that has hidden it has passed away, is again bright in its proper station. Tradition is but a meteor, which, if once falls, cannot be rekindled.

#### AFFECTION AND BENEVOLENCE.

Affection and benevolence are deservedly mentioned together, because when they are genuine they never can be separated. A man gifted with these qualities finds power and riches real blessings; they furnish him frequent opportunities of bestowing happiness, and consequently of enjoying it in the highest degree. But even with these advantages, the truly benevolent, in whatever situation in life they may be placed, will find numberless sources of pleasure and delight which to others must be forever unknown. All the happiness they see becomes in some sort their own. Even under the pressure of the greatest difficulties, they can rejoice at the good which others enjoy; far from repining at the comparison, they find in the thought of it a pleasure and satisfaction to which no satisfaction of their own can render them insensible, but which, on the contrary, proves a powerful cordial to help them to support those sufferings. Even the face of animal nature fills them with a satisfaction which the insensible can never know.

It is a great fact, and worthy of all consideration, that the greatest talkers are the poorest workers.  
He who promiseth runs in debt.

#### New Works.

From Sermons in the order of a Twelve-month. By N. L. Frothingham.

#### DISCOURSE ON "COLD."

Aha, I am warm; I have seen the fire.—Isaiah xlv. 14.

This is an expression of that natural joy which will escape from one in some way or other, when from a comfortless apartment, or from the frosty street, or from some wintry office of obligation, he sees the shining of his own hearth. His look will utter it, though he may say nothing; his actions will represent it, though his chilled fingers may be unable to write it down. "Aha, I am warm. I have seen the fire." If it could be introduced thus with an exclamation in the land of Judea, that mild land, it should certainly be repeated in this stern climate with a deep feeling of relief and thankfulness. The household gods of ancient Italy were set up about the fireplace of each dwelling, as about a sacred spot, deserving to be surrounded with the images of a divine protection; and even now, all over the world, altar and hearth are but another phrase for home.

After weather of unusual severity, I propose to introduce among our religious reflections what must have been much in the every day thoughts of us all, and to speak of the cold. Who can stand before it? asks the Psalmist,—"before His cold?" God sends it. He gives it its sharp edge and its piercing darts, who has kindled the flames of the sun; and he has filled the earth with materials, and the mind of man with resources, to repel and overcome it. He is the same Sovereign Wisdom and Goodness in this as in every other part of his works. And yet we must confess that it is one of his unwelcome ministers. We cannot but regard it as among the greatest of what we call the natural enemies of man. It locks up the bountiful earth, stripping off its beauty and putting to silence its sweet sounds. It searches the bones, as it were to the marrow, with shivering discomforts; and, if allowed to do its whole work, would cast all the energies of frame and spirit "into a dead sleep." "Who can stand it?" If the intense air that sometimes lies so still around us should be stirred into violent motion,—if it should be as active as it is keen,—no flesh exposed to it could resist its icy force. It is an enemy, then, as we are full ready to regard it; but, like all the rest of what we account so in the natural world, subservient to high purposes in the holy providence of the Lord. It is of vast use in the great economy of the world. It torments many with its long deprivations; it kills some by its sudden cruelties; but it is of indispensable service in the action of those general laws which govern the whole. It calls out means and appliances that would else never have been thought of. It braces the strength that would otherwise languish.—It summons up a vigor in the physical, the moral, the intellectual man, which, but for its annoying compulsion, would never have been attained. It is one of the means of renovating the world, and the race, which it appears to threaten with the finger of death.

"I am warm," says the speaker in the text. So would the ground say, if it had a tongue, while it lies sheltered under the fleecy garments of dazzling whiteness, which the very cold has woven for it out of the dark mist. It is not now to be reached by the blast. They can only ruffle its coverlid,—the "snow like wool,"—under which the germs of the spring and the hopes of the harvest are securely sleeping. "I am warm," repeat the animals who are natives of our own temperate circle, as they take shelter in the hollow retreats which their industry has contrived, or make their way toward the more genial countries whither their instinct directs them. "I am warm," says the lake and the stream, while they are armed with the polished breastplate which has been forged for them, not among the furnaces of glowing heat, but in "the magazines of the hail." And here I cannot omit calling to your attention to a remarkable fact of the freezing of water, which has nothing to surpass it in the surprising wisdom of its ordination, even if it has any perfect parallel in the whole economy of nature. We know it to be a general law of material substances, that they expand with the heat and contract with the cold.—The particles of water are subjected to this rule, like all other particles of matter. But if this were allowed to hold on throughout giving way to no exception do but reflect what would be the consequences. The drops at the surface, as they were successively congealed would sink. The process of freezing would begin at the bottom. Layer after layer would thus be deposited, which no returning suns could penetrate to dissolve; and the most that the summer could do would be to wet the face of the dainty mass. The water-courses would be forever stopped in their glad and wholesome flow; and many a broad river would scarcely float a boat upon its plashy shallows. And now what has been done to avert such a calamity? A new law has been instituted, in direct contravention of the old, to meet the exigency of the case. The water, precisely at the moment of congelation, breaks away into the line of an opposite decree. It expands and grows light. It refuses to descend. It rests fixed upon the top, an ornament and a defence. I know not how others may be affected by a view like this; but it seems to me to call for an adoring acknowledgement of that all-pervading design, which thus supplies the wants of its creation by a special departure from its own method, as invariable in its action as the method itself. Think, it

perchance you hear your water-pitcher snap in a frosty night, that it is an instance and illustration of that peculiar appointment, which keeps the fountains from becoming solid in their mountain urns, and gives to the water brooks, which would else be panted after in vain by man and beast, permission to run.

"I am warm," says, in the last place, man; he who commands the inferior creatures, he who makes a path for himself even over the deep, he who compels into his bond-service the substances and the elements of the world. He cuts down the trees, and makes them do him a kinder office by their blaze, than they had done before by their shadow. And better than this; he opens the dark treasures with which a gracious Providence has stored the lower parts of the earth; and he finds them more precious than the 'vein for the silver,' than 'the place of sapphires and dust of gold.' The forests that grew before the flood are brought up to bless him from the pits of their strange burial. The hardened fragments of a former world are made to cherish and enliven him in his present residence upon the altered globe. He has 'seen the fire.' He provides from the materials of Nature's own supplying a remedy against its attacks; and the relief is the more grateful for the suffering that went before it, and from contrast with the bitterness of the open air."

From the History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France. By Alphonse de Lamartine.

#### PORTRAITURE OF TALLEYRAND.

At this period M. de Talleyrand had reached that age when the mind, injured to the transaction of weighty affairs, still possesses all its vigor, and when years bestow upon man all their authority and past experience. He had attained his sixty-second year, and he bore his age lightly, his name proudly. The disdain, without superciliousness, which he showed for the prejudices of the vulgar, prevented him from blushing at the contradictions which public opinion might note or stigmatise in his acts. He made a show of the past with much assurance, to deprive others of the temptation of reproaching him with it. He took the attitude of a man who does not give himself up to any Government entirely to be honored and aggrandized by it, but who honors and makes great whatever Government he consents to serve, and ruins when he abandons it. A reflection of the grandeur and absolute power of the Empire still shone upon him, and it might be thought that in him was seen by turns the good and evil genius of Napoleon. These men from the north and south assembled at the Congress of Vienna in his presence, looked with respect upon this remnant of an empire in ruins, taking precedence of and giving counsel to ancient monarchies. The unconcern of his demeanor, the freedom of his mind, the ease of his manner in transacting the weightiest affairs, the attraction of his countenance, the simplicity veiling the subtlety, the grace of his bearing, the deep meaning of his words, the frequent silence creating the desire to hear him speak, the almost regal elegance of his life, the taste for art, the exquisite literature, the splendid saloons, the prodigal luxury, the magnificent house, the unrivalled table, the autocracy of fashion, gave to the representative of France the authority of infatuation with nations among whom reigned the spirit and imitation of the French. All this contributed at Vienna to make M. de Talleyrand the arbiter, at once, of politics and elegance.

Prime minister and ambassador at the same time, he had chalked out to himself his own intentions, which were submitted to Louis XVIII. before he quitted Paris. This prince loved him but little, but he feared him. The man who has given a crown to his master is an important servant. But although the heart of Louis XVIII. was prejudiced at an early period against M. de Talleyrand, the mind of the King and that of the minister understood and admired each other involuntarily in the midst of their susceptibility and mistrust. They were of the same nature and almost of the same stamp of mind, both one and the other deeply imbued with the aristocratic spirit, though with the revolutionary indulgence, and the philosophical complicity of the eighteenth century; both masking with ease and grace a powerful selfishness, both seeking to please, but in order to dominate. Both were lettered men, proud of understanding each other above the common herd, but fearing each other at close quarters; the King, lest he should be obscured by the wit of the minister, and the minister, lest he should be humbled by the authority of the King.

At a distance these two rivalships clashed less. A mutual desire of pleasing and surprising each other made their correspondence assiduous, familiar and anecdotal. The King excelled in those light and concise letters, where wit appears in glimpses, but spurs the eye of scrutiny. M. de Talleyrand lent himself with studied complaisance to the King's taste. As idle with the hand as he was active in mind, having laid down a rule never to write his own despatches, that he might be a better judge of the work of another hand, he left his secretaries and confidants, and above all M. de Bernadotte, to draw up all the official documents, and all the correspondence with the ministers in Paris. He reserved to himself the confidential letters to the King, which were full of portraits of characters, and of anecdotes of the princes, and plenipotentiaries of the congress; a secret journal of all the courts of Europe, wherein the private life of the sovereigns held a more prominent place than the negotiations