

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.
LABOUR IS PRAYER.

LABORARE est orare:
We, black-handed sons of toil,
From the coal mine and the anvil,
And the delving of the soil—
From the loom, the wharf, the warehouse,
And the ever-whirling mill—
Out of grim and hungry silence
Lift a weak voice, small and still:
'Labourare est orare;'
Man, dost hear us?—God, He will!

We who strive to keep from starving
Wan-faced wives, not always mild,
Trying not to curse Heaven's givings
When it sends another child;
We who, worn-out, doze on Sundays
O'er the Book we vainly read,
Cannot understand the parson
In those words he calls the creed:
'Laborare est Orare;'
Then—good sooth! we pray indeed.

We, poor women, feeble-hearted,
Large of love, in wisdom small,
Who the world's incessant battle
Cannot comprehend at all;
All the mysteries of the churches,
All the conflicts of the state;
When child-smiles teach—'God is loving,'
Or child-coffins—'God is great.'
Laborare est orare;
We, too, at His footstool wait.

Laborare est orare:
Hear it, ye of spirit poor
Who sit crouching at the threshold
While your brethren beat the door;
Ye whose ignorance stands wringing
Hands, dark-seamed with toil, nor dares
Lift so much as eyes to heaven—
Lo! all life this truth declares:
Laborare est orare;
And the whole earth rings with prayers.

From Hogg's Instructor for June.

**ANNA LEIGH:
OR, SELF-SACRIFICE.**

'I AM sure you will like her; she is a sweet girl, far nicer-looking than any of us. As papa always says, she is "the flower of the flock."'

This encomium on an absent sister was addressed by Anna Leigh to her lover, Charles Taylor, as they sat together one fine summer evening on a green bank in Mr Leigh's garden.

'I am sure I shall not think her nicer-looking than some one I know,' replied Charles Taylor, gazing admiringly into Anna's face, which, usually somewhat too pale and still, was now rosy, and sparkling with animation, as she anticipated the return of her beloved sister.—For Selina Leigh had been absent on the Continent three whole years, with an elderly cousin, who was travelling for her health. And now the young girl was really on her way home at last; indeed, she was expected that very week, with all her descriptions of Paris and Brussels, and Berlin; of Naples, Rome, and Florence; of the glaciers of Switzerland, and the orange-groves of Sicily; with her little knick-knacks, and relics, and foreign rarities; and, best of all in the estimation of the loving souls that waited to embrace her, with her own bright bonny face and warm heart, unspoiled and uncooled, as they firmly believed, by those common strangers, absence and novelty.

'I shall still think my Anna the best and handsomest,' again whispered the lover, as he drew his betrothed closer to him.

The twilight was closing stilly and softly around the youthful pair as Charles said this, and soon the moon looked down from above the old elm-trees upon their lengthened interview, as they lingered in happy converse, unmindful that the dew was falling heavily, or that Mr Leigh would be expecting his eldest daughter in-doors, to superintend that pleasant of all meals, an early family supper.

'Sister Anna! sister Anna!' called a young voice from the house, 'where are you? Supper has been on the table these ten minutes, and papa is quite impatient.'

Anna and her lover obeyed the call, and the social meal was merrily despatched. Then came music and pleasant chat, and after 'one last song,' which Charles Taylor begged for, and Anna gave in her happiest style, the young man departed for his not very distant home.

'Selina Anna! indeed,' he muttered to himself, previously to jumping into bed, 'A Frenchified, coquettish miss as I daresay she is. Give me a truehearted, gentle, modest Englishwoman, like my Anna.'

It had been one of the happiest evenings that Anna Leigh had ever passed, one of those unalloyed periods of our existence, when love, and youth, and blissful prospects, and a splendid sky, and balmy air, and soothing sounds, and sweet odours, and moonlight, combine to bestow upon us for one or two short hours a glimpse of

an earthly paradise. Yet, as the betrothed maiden in her turn retired to rest, a cloud was upon her spirits, and she felt a heavy, though vague, presentiment of approaching evil. Can it be that a true and deep affection endows us for the time with species of clairvoyance?

'Sister Anna,' called out little Lucy Leigh, the evening following that on which our story begins, 'do just come here. How strange the sky looks!'

Anna rose and went to the window. 'There is an awful storm approaching,' she said; 'and Charles is to be here again to-night. I do trust he will be safely housed before it begins!'

The sky grew darker and darker, save at one single point, which bore that peculiar lurid hue indicating the locality of an advancing tempest. There was a fearful stillness over all things, as if nature held her breath with apprehension. The very leaves of the elm-trees participated in the general hush; then a sudden rustling stirred them.

'Oh! what a vivid flash,' exclaimed Anna, covering her eyes with her hands. 'There is the thunder peal. The storm is very near, almost over the house. Don't cry, little Lucy, but come and sit upon my knee, out of the way of the window. Wait! I must close the sash.'

As Anna was doing so, she heard the sound of carriage-wheels, and waiting a moment to see what it was—for a sudden fluttering of the heart told that perhaps her anxiously-expected sister had arrived—she perceived Charles Taylor approaching the garden-gate. At the same moment, a vehicle drew up before it, and the young man stopped. The coachman said something to him, and Anna beheld her lover hastily look in at the coach-window, then hurriedly throw open the door, while the driver was slowly dismounting. There was a short pause, Charles bent forward into the coach, and reappeared, bearing a slender female form in his arms. Anna stood transfixed for a moment, and then ran out into the storm, heedless of the vivid flashes that darted their blue forks hither and thither over the garden.

'Oh! Charles, how glad I am you are come! And is this my own dear Selina? But, good gracious!' exclaimed the affectionate girl, as she caught sight of the pale face that drooped over the young man's shoulder. 'Oh, Charles! she is not—'

'No, not seriously injured, my sweet Anna,' replied he, extending his hand towards his betrothed, who appeared ready to faint herself.—'Here! lean on my arm. I can manage you and your sister both. She has been dreadfully alarmed by the storm that is all. And no wonder. Mercy! what a crash!'

The three hastened into the house, and it was time, for the rain began to pour down in torrents. The poor coachman, who followed to the hall to demand his fare, which had been forgotten in the hurry, was wet through in an instant. While Charles was settling with him, Selina, who had been laid gently upon a sofa, opened her large blue eyes, and gazed around with a look of bewilderment.

'Dearest Selina,' said Anna, who was bending over her, and crying heartily between the pleasure and the fright, 'my own sister, you are safe at home, with those who love you.'

'Ah!' sighed Selina, and then she muttered a few words in Italian. 'But, dearest Anna,' she resumed, languidly, 'how you are crying, and what a figure you will be! Where is papa? Is he at home? And is that Lucy? Come here, child. How you are grown! But you are not so pretty as you were.'

Anna dried her tears, and Lucy withdrew her little hand from Selina's careless grasp.—Both of them felt chilled and repulsed by their travelled sister's words and manner. An awkward pause ensued, and it was a relief when Charles Taylor re entered the room, and had to be formally introduced. Anna looked at Selina as she expressed her thanks to her late cavalier, and confessed to herself that she had never seen a more beautiful girl.

'But how coolly she takes our re-union!' thought the affectionate sister. 'She seemed more intent on our appearance than anything else. And how carelessly she enquired for papa! She shows none of the pleasure so natural at meeting again after a long separation.—But I must not judge her too hastily. She can be vivacious enough, too, I see, when speaking to Charles.'

And Anna Leigh, continuing to observe her sister, felt a vague pang shoot athwart her heart as she noted her lively, foreign manner, and its fascinating effects upon Charles. She strove hard to repress the feeling, but it returned many times that evening, accompanied by another still more bitter. This other expressed itself mentally in the following manner:—'What a contrast am I, with my pale face and plain manner, to this brilliant sister of mine, gay and graceful as some splendid butterfly! I have but a loving heart to place in the balance, against all these natural and acquired fascinations. Has Charles discernment enough to appreciate the treasure?'

Poor Anna! the barbed arrow is already ranking in thy magnanimous soul. Hast thou moral strength to withdraw it; even though its exist be followed by thy life's blood?

A week passed away, and Anna Leigh began to feel at her heart's core that the beautiful Selina had indeed stepped between her and the

lover to whom she had modestly, humbly, and most devotedly and entirely, given the unsullied treasures of her maidenly heart. To be supplanted had been hard enough in any case; but that it should be by the young sister whom she had tended in past years with a mother's care, this was indeed an added pang that rendered the burden almost impossible to be borne. Night after night did poor Anna lay her aching head on her pillow, with almost a prayer that daylight might not return, to bring the whole weary routine over again.

And Selina, how did she receive Charles's increasing attentions? Why, she laughed, and chatted, and talked sentiment, and alternately played the languid beauty, dying with heat, or fatigue or delicacy, and almost unable to rise from her couch, where she took care to recline in the most graceful attitude possible, or the feeling, sensitive, enthusiastic beauty, with a smile one moment and a tear the next, tremblingly alive to a melody, an odour, the fleeting splendours of the firmament, or the changing tints of earth. This latter phase of affection it was that had chiefly fascinated the fickle lover of Anna; and he dwelt on the beautiful and skillfully-varied countenance of his new enthraller, until it was almost with aversion that he turned to gaze on the still, pure, but, as he now chose to term it, monotonous expression of his betrothed.

'No,' he said to himself, as he paced the garden-walk in the absence of the sisters, one morning that he had called earlier than usual—'no, I do her no wrong. She is incapable of the ardent love that I require to make me happy in a wife. The mortification of seeing herself supplanted once over, she will go on just the same as ever, until a lover more suitable to her cold temperament—'

The young man's reflections were interrupted by the appearance Selina from the house, arrayed in a white muslin peignoir, according to one of the foreign habits she had brought with her into her father's simple abode. Her auburn tresses were gathered carelessly back from her fair, oval visage, her blue eyes were half shaded by their long lashes, while a moss rose, with which Charles had presented her the evening before, and which she had placed in her bosom, and the delicate bloom of her complexion and lips, made her as fair a nymph as ever left an early breakfast to salute the morning sun.—Charles hastened to her; never had she appeared so fascinating. The young man forgot their brief acquaintanceship, forgot his engagement with another, and that other her own sister, and in agitated accents poured forth his tale of love over the little hand that struggled but feebly within his manly grasp.

'Dearest, loveliest Selina—'
But we will not attempt to paint a lover's rhapsody. Long ere it concluded, a light step was heard behind them, and a gentle face, pale as death, but firm with a fixed and noble resolve, bent forward and kissed Selina's blushing downcast forehead.

'Fear nothing, dearest Selina; if you love him, he is yours. And you, Charles, look me in the face. You see I do not suffer; yet the compressed and ashy lip quivered even as she spoke. 'Take her, take my beautiful sister.—She will suit you better than I. I am well content to break off our engagement.'

'Is this true, Anna?' asked Charles, after an agitated pause. 'Can you really act so nobly, so—'

'No more words, I have said it,' replied Anna, in a voice so unlike her own, that the others started. And then, in a moment, she was gone.

'She looked very odd,' remarked Charles; and then the young couple forgot the noble self-abnegation that had left them free, and thought only of each other.

Meanwhile, Anna was kneeling in her own little chamber, her face buried in her clasped hands, and the bitter sobs of anguish coming thick and fast.

Oh! woman, woman, love's own martyr's upon earth, surely the peculiar greatness of thy martyrdom consist in the secret endurance of its pangs. But an hour elapsed, and Anna Leigh, with a blanched, yet perfectly tranquil face, passed from her chamber, and resumed her usual active superintendence of the household affairs.

'Then you cannot forgive, Anna? you cannot take me back again to your heart, bitterly repentant as I am?'

Anna gazed calmly and kindly upon her former lover.

'I forgive you, Charles, but the past can never be recalled. Think not of breaking your vows a second time. Selina is young and thoughtless; you must excuse her folly, and endeavour to acquire a salutary influence over her. Everything can be done, Charles, by patience and love.'

'But the patience of a Petrarch could not last it out! Only see how abominably she flirts with that James Stewart! You, Anna, never looked at another during our engagement.'

Anna smiled sadly. 'I know it; and you see I could give you up when it became necessary.'

'Yes. I believed you cold, but I have thought differently since.'

Anna started, and a flush of pain passed across her tranquil brow.

'Whatever you may have thought, Charles,' she said, with some reserve of manner, 'you are mistaken in your present application. You cannot play at fast-and-loose with me. I repeat it; forgive poor Selina, and endeavour to acquire a saving influence over her. She needs a rational, judicious husband.'

Anna's disinterested pleadings were not without their effect. Besides advising Charles, she seized a moment when Selina was in one of her more natural humours, to beseech her to lay aside a course of conduct that could only end in her own disgrace and her lover's misery. And the beautiful, but vain and artificial girl promised amendment.

After many vicissitudes of feeling, many quarrels and reconciliations, the latter generally brought about by Anna's watchful affection, the young couple at length were married, and went to reside within a couple of miles from the house of Anna's father. But they were not thoroughly happy. Selina, even as a wedded wife, could never forego a certain flightiness of manner, which, however passable in the gayer circles of society, endangered her reputation, and won her many an evil opinion among her country neighbours; and her husband, when the fascination of her beauty had passed away, sighed inwardly as he thought how he had exchanged a pure English heart for the meretricious attractions of one corrupted by foreign travel. For, liberal and benevolent as we may wish to be to our Continental neighbours, it is very certain that modes of thought and action obtained abroad that injure the delicate bloom of a British maiden's feelings; and many a careful English mother has had cause to rue the day when, for the sake of a little foreign polish, she exiled her daughter from the purifying influence of her own fireside.

But how did Anna Leigh endure the loneliness that was thenceforth her lot? for we need scarcely say, that a heart like hers could never love again. Why, she became the benefactress of the village, the prop of her father's declining years, the loving and beloved aunt and instructress of her beautiful sister's neglected children. And when little Lucy Leigh, in her turn found a home of her own, her husband affirmed that he had been first attracted towards the merry little maiden by the knowledge that her mind and manners had been trained by her noble eldest sister—the patient, steadfast, self-sacrificing old maid, Anna Leigh.

THE PUZZLED FIG.

The Knickerbocker has the following piece of drollery:—'One of our western farmers, being very much annoyed by his best sow breaking into the cornfield, search was instituted in vain for a hole in the rail-fence. Failing to find any, an attempt was then made to drive out the animal by the same way of her entrance; but of course, without success. The owner then resolved to watch her proceedings, and posting himself at night in a fence-corner, he saw her enter at one end of a hollow log, outside the field, and emerge at the other end within the enclosure. "Eureka!" cried he, "I have you now, old lady." Accordingly he proceeded, after turning her out once more, to so arrange the log (it being very crooked) that both ends opened on the outside of the field. The next day the animal was observed to enter at her accustomed place, and shortly emerge again.—"Her astonishment," says our informant, "at finding herself in the same field, whence she had started, is too ludicrous to be described.—She looked this way, and then that; grunted her dissatisfaction; and finally, returned to her original starting-place, and after a deliberate survey of matters, to satisfy herself that it was all right, she again entered the log. On emerging yet one more on the wrong side, she evinced even more surprise than before, and turning about, retraced the log in an opposite direction. Finding this effort likewise in vain, after looking long and attentively at the position of things, with a short, angry grunt of disappointment, and perhaps fear, she turned short round, and started off on a brisk run; nor could either coaxing or driving ever after to induce her to visit that part of the field. She seemed to have a superstition concerning the spot.'

DAYS WITHOUT NIGHTS.

There is nothing that strikes a stranger more forcibly when he visits Sweden at the season of the year when the days are longest than the absence of the night. We arrived at Stockholm from Gottenburgh, 400 miles distant, in the morning, and in the afternoon went to see some friends, had not taken note of time, and returned about midnight; it was as light as it is here half an hour before sundown. You could see distinctly. But all was quiet in the street. It seemed as if the inhabitants were gone away, or were dead. No signs of life—stores closed.

The sun goes down at Stockholm a little before ten o'clock. There is a great illumination all night, as the sun passes round the earth towards the north pole, the refraction of its rays is such that you may see to read at midnight. Dr. Baird read a letter in the forest near Stockholm at midnight without artificial light.—There is a mountain at the Bothnia, where on the 21st of June the sun does not go down at all. Travellers go there to see it. A steam-boat goes up from Stockholm for the purpose of carrying those who are curious to witness the