

Literature. &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Mackay's Songs and Ballads.

There is a sweet, melancholy strain; whose
sweetness medicines the melancholy:—

Oh, let them rest, the buried griefs,
Why should we drag them to the day?
They lived their hour of storm and shower;
They lived and died and pass'd away.

Oh! let them rest—their graves are green:
New life shall rise above the mould;
The dew shall weep, the blossoms peep,
The flowers of sympathy unfold.

So, on the solitary moor,
The soldiers' graves are bright with flowers,
The wild thyme blooms, and sweet perfumes
Attract the roamers of the bowers.

There strays the bee to gather sweets,
And gives his booming trumpet rest;
There wove the heath its purple wreath,
And there the linnæus builds her nest.

So let them rest—the buried griefs,
The place is holy where they lie;
On life's cold waste their graves are placed—
The flowers look upward to the sky.

Harmony in discord is the philosophy of
lovers' quarrels; and here it is for the cunning
musician to give breath to in "Discords."

How beautiful is sunshine
That follows after rain!
How pleasant are the dreams of ease
When purchased by a pain!
How sweet when true love quarrels
To make it up again!

How merry is the streamlet
That has a rock to leap;
How blessed is the daily toil
That brings refreshing sleep!—
Then prythee, love, a quarrel,
But neither long nor deep.

How dull would be the morning,
Had night gone before!
How tame would be the summer days
Were't not for winter hoar?
And were our life all pleasure,
Delight would be no more!

After the dark the dawning;—
After the cool, the heat;
After the rain, the buds of spring;—
After the sour, the sweet;
And after all thy chiding,
Behold me at thy feet!

Very tender and beautiful, and with a sigh
of the hawthorn blossom in the verse, is "The
Secrets of the Hawthorn Tree."

No one knows what silent secrets
Quiver from the tender leaves;
No one knows what thoughts between us
Pass in dewy moonlight eves.
Roving memories and fancies,
Travellers upon Thought's deep sea,
Haunt the gay time of our May-time,
O thou snow-white hawthorn tree!

Lovely was she bright as sunlight,
Pure and kind, and good and fair;
When she laugh'd, the ringing music
Rippled through the summer air.
"If you love me;—shake the blossoms!"
Thus I said too bold and free;—
Down they came in showers of beauty,
Thou beloved hawthorn tree!

Sitting on the grass, the maiden
Yow'd the vow to love me well;
Yow'd the vow and oh! how truly,
No one but myself can tell.
Widely spreads the smiling woodland
Elm and beech are fair to see;
But thy charms they cannot equal,
O thou happy hawthorn tree!

The words of "Protestation" in their flow-
ing metre almost sing themselves.

If the apple grow
On the apple-tree;
And the wild wind blow
O'er the wild wood free;
And the deep stream flow
To the deeper sea;
And they cannot help growing,
And blowing, and flowing,
I cannot help loving thee.

Yet if wild winds blew
Never more on the lea;
And no blossoms grew
On the healthy tree;
And the river untrue
Escaped the sea;
And they all had ceased blowing,
And growing, and flowing,
I'd ne'er cease loving thee.

And till that hour,
In the day or night;
In the field or bower,
In the dark or bright;
In the fruit or the flower,
In the bloom or the blight;
In my reaping or sowing,
My coming or going,
I'll ne'er cease loving thee.

THE MERCHANT'S APPREN-
TICE.

OR NO SALARY THE FIRST YEAR.

MR BENJAMIN GOODWIN took his eldest son to the great city for he had obtained, as he thought, an excellent place for his boy. It was a situation in the store of Mr Andrew Phelps. Mr Phelps was one of the heaviest merchants in the city—a dealer in cloths, of all kinds, descriptions, qualities and quantities. He had no partner, for he was one of those exact, nervous men, who want no second party in the way.—It was near noon when Mr Goodwin entered the merchant's counting-room, leading his boy by the hand.

Gilbert Goodwin was fourteen years of age, rather small, but with energy of mind and body sufficient to make up for it. His brow was high and open—his eyes of a mild, yet deep, dark blue, and his features all made up for truth and goodness. His father was a farmer, honest and poor, who had given his son a good education, and who now wished his further education to be of a practical kind. A friend had once advised him to make a merchant of the boy—it was the village school-master—and the advice came not as flattery, but as the result of a careful consideration of the boy's qualities.—By the assistance of other friends this opportunity had been found.

"I have brought my son, Mr Phelps, as we had arranged, and I am sure you will find him punctual and faithful."

"Ah—master Gilbert—ahem—yes—I like his looks. Hope he will prove all you wish."

As the merchant thus spoke in a matter-of-fact sort of way, smiled kindly upon the way, and then turning to the parent he resumed:—
"Have you found a boarding place for him yet?"

"Yes, sir, he will board with his uncle, my wife's brother, sir."

"Ah, that is fortunate. This great city is a bad place for boys without friends."

"Of course, sir," added Mr Goodwin. "And yet I hope you will overlook his affairs a little."

"Certainly, what I can. But of course you are aware that I shall see little of him when he is out of the store."

Mr Goodwin said "of course," and there was a silence of some moments. The parent gazed down upon the floor, and finally he said:

"There has been nothing said yet, Mr Phelps, about the pay."

"Pay?" repeated the merchant.

"Yes, sir, what pay are you willing to allow my son for his service?"

"Ah," said Mr Phelps with a bland smile.—
"I see you are unacquainted with our customs. We never pay anything the first year."

"Not pay?" uttered Mr Goodwin, somewhat surprised. "But I am to pay Gilbert's board myself, and I thought of course you would allow him something for pocket-money."

"No, we never pay anything the first year. If you were going to send your son to an academy, or a college, you would not expect the teachers to pay for his studying?"

"No sir."

"Just so it is here. We look upon an apprentice here as a mercantile scholar, and for the first year he can be of little real benefit to us, though he is all the while reaping valuable knowledge to himself. Why, there are at this moment fifty youngsters whose wealthy parents would be glad to get them into the berth you have secured for your boy."

"Then you pay nothing?" said the parent rather sadly.

"Not the first year. That is our rule. We will teach him all we can, and at the end of that time we shall retain him, if he is faithful and worthy, and pay him something."

If that was the custom, of course Mr Goodwin could make no objections, though he was much disappointed. But he had laboured hard to secure the place for his son, and he would not give it up now. He had strained his slender means to the utmost in doing what he had already taken upon himself, and he could do no more.

"Never mind, my son," the parent said, when he and his child were alone. "You have clothes enough to last you through the year, and you can get along without much more.—Here is one dollar, it is all what I have over and above what I must use to get home with—that will find you in spending money for some time. But mind and be honest, my boy. Come home to me when you please, come in rags and filth, if it may be, but come with your truth and honor safe and untarnished."

The boy wiped a tear from his eye as he gave the promise, and the father felt assured. It was arranged that Gilbert should have two vacations during the year of a week each; one in the Spring, and the other at Thanksgiving, and then the parent left.

On the following morning Gilbert Goodwin entered the store to commence his duties. He gazed around on the wilderness of cloth, and wondered where the people were who should buy all this—but he was disturbed in his reverie by a spruce young clerk who showed him where the watering-pot and broom were, and then informed him that his first duty in the morning was to sprinkle and sweep the floor.—So at it the boy went, and when this was done he was set at work carrying bundles of cloth up stairs, where a man was piling them away.

And so Gilbert's mercantile scholarship was commenced. For awhile he was homesick, but the men at the store only laughed at him, and ere long he got rid of the feeling. A month passed away, and at the end of that time his dollar was spent. He had broken it first to purchase a pocket-knife, which he could not well do without. That took half of it. Then he attended a scientific lecture, for which he paid half of what was left, and the rest had dwindled away until now he was without a penny. But he bore up for awhile. He saw that the boys in the neighbouring stores had money to spend, but then he thought they had rich fathers. He knew that his father had nothing to spare. He knew that the generous parent had already burdened himself with more than he was really able to bear with comfort to himself—so he would not send to him. And yet it was unpleasant to be without money—to be in that great city, where there was so much for amusement and profit, without even a penny with which to purchase a moment of enjoyment, or a drop of extra comfort. No boy could be more faithful than was Gilbert in the store. The clerks and salesmen all loved him, and Mr Phelps often congratulated himself upon having obtained so excellent an apprentice. He worked early and late—and he worked hard—performed more of real physical labor than any one else in the store, if we except the stout Irish porter.

Four months passed away, and then Mr Goodwin came to the city to see his son. Gilbert possessed a keen, discriminating mind, and he knew that if he had made a complaint of his penury, his father would be unhappy—so he said nothing of it, but only professed to be very much pleased with his situation—and the parent shed tears of joy, when he heard the wealthy merchant praise his son.

"Is your dollar gone, Gilbert?" the father asked before he started for home.

"Yes," said the boy, with a faint smile.

"Then I must give you another, for I suppose you need a little. Has Mr Phelps given you anything?"

"No, sir. And I will not ask him, for I know this rule."

"That's right, my son. But take this. I wish I could make it more."

And so did Gilbert wish it, but not for the world would he have said so. He too deeply appreciated all his father was doing for him to complain.

Mr Goodwin returned home, and Gilbert once more had a little money—but it lasted not long. A dollar was a small sum for such a plate. A portion of it he expended for a few small articles which he absolutely needed—then he attended a concert with his uncle's folks, and ere long his pockets were again empty. His position was now more unpleasant than before. There were a thousand simple things for which he wanted a little money. His little, bright-eyed cousin teased him for some slight tokens, and his older cousins wondered why he didn't attend any of the concerts and lectures.

One evening after the store was closed, Gilbert stood upon the iron steps with the key in his hand—for he was now entrusted with that important implement—when he was joined by a lad named Baker, who held the same position in the adjoining store that Gilbert did in Mr Phelps's.

"Say, Gil, going to the concert to-night?" asked Baker.

"No—I can't."

"Can't? Why not?"

"Why, to tell the plain truth, Jim, I haven't got the money."

"Pooh! Come along. I'll pay the seat."

"But I don't wish to run in debt, Jim, for I may never pay you."

"Pay me? Who talked about paying? If I offer to pay, that's enough. Come along. It'll be a glorious concert."

"But I must go home and get some supper."

"No, go with me and get supper."

But Gilbert could not go without letting his aunt know, so Baker walked round that way with him. Then they went to the restaurant—here Baker paid for the supper. He had several bank notes, and poor Gilbert gazed upon them with longing looks. O, if he could only have a little money. Say one dollar a week, or one dollar in two weeks, how much happier he could feel! As soon as they had eaten supper they went to the concert rooms, and Gilbert was charmed with the sweet music he heard. He fancied it had a noble influence upon him, and that it awoke more generous impulses in his soul. But alas! How can a man or youth be ever-generous, with an empty pocket always?

From this time, James Baker was Gilbert's firm friend, as the world goes. The latter told all his secrets to Jim, and in return he heard all his friend's.

"Say Gil, how is it you never have any money?" Baker asked, as they were together one evening in front of the store after having locked up.

"Why," returned Gilbert, with some hesitation, "to tell you the plain truth, my father is too poor. He has done enough for me now—more than he can well afford. He has never asked me to work on his farm, but he has sent

me to school, and now he is paying my board while I learn to be a merchant. But my father is good, if he is poor."

"Of course he is," warmly replied Baker. "That's where you find your good hearts, among the poor. But don't you make the store pay for taking care of it?"

"No, Mr Phelps pays nothing the first year."

"Why, are you in earnest Gil? Haven't you ever got any money for your hard work?"

"No, not a penny. Two dollars is all the money I have had since I have been here, and those my father gave me."

"Well, you're a moral improbability, a regular anomaly. Why, I make them pay me something. Mind you—I don't call it stealing, for it isn't. My master receives the benefit of my work, and I am entitled to something in return. He is rich, while I am poor. My hard work turns money into his till—and shall I dig and delve and lug my life away for nothing? No. When I want a little money, I take it. Did I take enough to squander and waste and gamble away, as some do, I should call it stealing—but I don't. Yet I must have something. How do you suppose our masters think we live without money? They don't think so—if they do, they must be natural born fools. That's all I've got to say about it."

"But how do you do it?" asked Gilbert, tremulously.

"How? Why, sometimes I help myself to a few handkerchiefs which I sell; and sometimes I take a gentle peep at the drawer."

When Gilbert Goodwin went to bed that night, there was a demon with him. The temptation had come! For a long time there had been a shadowy, misty form hovering about him, but not until now had it taken palpable shape. He allowed himself to a reason on the subject, but not yet was his mind made up. On the following day he met young Baker again, and he learned that all the apprentices on the street did the same thing.

A week passed on, and during all that time Gilbert gave the tempter a home in his bosom. He daily pondered upon the amount of physical labor he performed. He saw all the others with money, and he wondered if any one could possibly get along without that circulating commodity. Finally the evil hour came. The constant companionship of young Baker had had its influence, and the shaft had struck its mark. A bright-eyed, lovely girl had asked Gilbert to carry her to an evening's entertainment. The boy loved that girl—loved her with the whole ardor of his youthful soul—and he could not refuse. At noon he was left alone in the store. Several people came in—mostly tailors—and bought goods, paying the cash. Gilbert did not stop to consider—the spell was upon him—and he kept back a two-dollar bill. That afternoon he suffered much. He dared not look the clerks in the face, though he was sure that some of them did the same thing. In the evening, he accompanied his fair companion to the entertainment, and though he tried to be happy yet he could not.

That night the boy slept, and while he slept he dreamed. His father and mother came to him all pale and sad, and told him he had disgraced them forever. "O, my boy, my own loved boy, thou hast lost thy truth and honor forever!" So groaned the father. The sleeper started up, and for a moment he felt relieved when he found that he only dreamed—but quickly came the truth upon him—the truth of the day before, the terrible certainty of his theft—and he groaned in the agony of a bowed and contrite heart. He started up from his bed and paced the floor. It was not long before he stopped, and then he had resolved upon what course he would pursue. He remembered the oft repeated words of his father: "A sin concealed is a second sin committed." It was hard for him to make up his mind to the resolution he had taken, and when once the word had passed his lips, his soul was fixed.

On the following morning he entered the store as usual, and his duties were performed silently and sadly. The clerks asked him if he was sick, but he told them no. Towards the middle of the forenoon Mr Phelps came in, and entered his counting-room. Gilbert watched him until he was alone, and then he moved towards the place. His heart beat wildly, and his face was as pale as death, but he did not hesitate. He entered the counting-room and sank into a chair.

"Gilbert, what is the matter?" uttered the merchant, kindly.

The boy collected all his energies, and in a low, painful tone, he answered:

"I have come to tell you that I can remain here no longer, sir. I—I—"

"What? Going to leave me? utter the merchant, in surprise, as the boy hesitated.—
No, no, Gilbert. If you are sick you shall have a good physician. I can't lose you now."

"Here me, sir," resumed the boy, somewhat emboldened by his master's kind tone, but yet speaking in great pain. "O, I must tell you all, and I trust in your generous soul for pardon. But I cannot stay here. Listen, sir, and blame me as you will, but believe me not yet, lost. My father is poor—too poor to keep me here. I have learned the ways of the city, and I have longed for some of those innocent