

Poetry.

SONNETS.

Translated from the German.

BY SAMUEL J. PIKE.

TO THE INVISIBLE.

Thou whom we seek in paths where shadows reign,
Whom searching thought can never comprehend;
Thou from seclusion holy once didst bend
And visibly to meet Thy people deign.
What bliss, such impress of Thy form to gain,
Thus to thy voice enchanted ear to lend!
Oh! blest were they who might Thy board attend!
Oh, happy he, who on Thy breast hath lain!
No idle fancy was it, then, of yore,
When countless hosts of pilgrims braved the sea,
And legions battled on the farthest shore,
Their prayers to lift where Thy dear limbs were couched,
And kiss in unattained fervency.
The hallowed turf, which feet divine had touched!

[Uhland.]

FAREWELL TO LIFE.

My wound is parched—my lips move quivering.
By fainting pulses of my heart I know,
In life's fair path I may no further go.
God, as thou wilt! My all is given to thee!
Visions of golden hue have ravished me;
But now they wane away in death's dark woe.
Courage, my soul! what we have loved below,
In yonder world, must ours for ever be!
The beauty I have held in sanctity,
For which in youth I yearned impatiently—
Whether its name be Love or Liberty—
Around my death-bed light seraphic flings;
While sense evanishes on lingering wings,
To heights with morning red my spirit springs!

[Koerner.]

The Family.

THE TWO OLD MEN.

"My dear young friends," said a minister to a meeting of young persons assembled to listen to addresses intended to do them good, "before you go, listen to me. I wish to tell you where I have just been."

They were very attentive and he went on, "I have been to see two old men. They were both very near death. Neither of them can live, I think, to the end of this week. The first I found lying very weak and pale upon his bed. Yet there was a happy light in his eyes, and a cheerful smile upon his lips. I could see that he was not afraid to die. He told me that Jesus was his Saviour, and that he was ready to go and be with him. The thought filled him with joy amidst his pain, and made that poor cottage room seem like the very gate of heaven. I asked him if he had known the Saviour long."

"O yes," he said, "it was when I was a boy that I first sought the pardon of my sins. All my life long I have found him my friend. He has never forsaken me or been unkind. O, sir, I have many mercies to be thankful for. I lie here, and love to remember them. But most of all do I praise my God for this, that I was led to know and serve him in my younger days."

"A good deal longer I stayed with him; he was full of thankfulness and peace; but of all his recollections his happiest seemed this, that he had learned to remember his Creator in the days of his youth."

"I went then to see the second old man. He was sitting on a sofa; for he was too ill to lie down. 'My friend,' I said, 'you seem to be very bad.'"

"Yes, sir," he answered, "I suppose I cannot live long."

"And when you die, do you expect to be happy forever?"

"He slowly but quietly shook his head."

"What! do you not expect to go to heaven?"

"No, sir; no."

"But surely you do not wish your soul to be lost?"

"I cannot help it, sir, I suppose."

"O, yes, my friend, there is a way by which you may be saved. Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. God is full of goodness and mercy."

"The poor man, as well as he could, slowly put up his hand as if to stop me. 'Yes,' he said, 'I know all about it; you need not tell me; I have heard it long ago.'"

"But do you not think it is true, then?"
"O, yes, it is quite true, I dare say, but it is of no use to me."

"Do not say so, for Christ came to save you. He will cast none out."

"So my minister and teachers used to tell me years ago."

"Then," I said, "you have had teachers to speak to you of the love of God?"

"Yes, sir; when I was young I used often to think of what they said, and to resolve that I would seek the Saviour; but I forgot it again, and now it is too late."

"No, no; it can never be too late for his love. Seek, and you shall find."

"I tell you I do not wish to seek him."

"What! do you feel no desire to be saved?"

"I do not feel at all about it in any way; only I know I shall be lost."

"I hardly knew what to say to him. Yet it seemed terrible to see him sitting there, an aged, dying man, and to hear him talk so quietly about being lost. I asked him, full of pity, 'Will you let me pray to God to have mercy on you?'"

"Yes, if you like."

"I knelt down, and prayed as earnestly as I could; but when I rose from my knees, he only said, 'Thank you, sir; my teachers used to pray for me in that way. It might have done some good then, only I was careless and forgetful; but it can do no good now.'"

"I talked with him some time longer, but nothing could make him feel. His heart seemed as hard as a rock. He still kept to the same thing; 'When I was a boy I heard of Jesus, and used to think of his love, and might have sought him as a Saviour; but that time has gone by, I cannot seek him now. It is too late; I know I am dying, and I know I shall be lost.'"

Such was the minister's account. A few days after, both these old men died; one hopeful and rejoicing, the other cold and sullen. What made the difference? One had remembered his Creator in the days of his youth; the other had forgotten him. O, my beloved children, could you bear the thought of having to say at last, like that miserable man, 'I cannot turn to God, I cannot repent? Do not then wait for another day before you seek your Saviour. He asks you now to give him your heart. If you stay till you have grown older, you may not then be able. This is the day of salvation. Your heavenly father is full of love to every one of you. Often have you forgotten him, but he has remembered you.—Do not any longer cast away his mercy, but this day turn from your sins, beseech his forgiveness, and resolve all your lives long to serve him for the Saviour's sake.—Sunday School Advocate.

PLAYING MOTHER.

"It's just as you raise them," said Mr. Warner, in his dogmatic way. "I don't believe in a boy's taking to a hammer and a girl to a doll from an instinct of nature. Girls are different because they are educated differently. There is no other law in the matter."

"My experience," said a lady, who made one of a little company numbering about half a dozen, and she spoke in a quiet way, "leads me to a different conclusion. Each sex has a use in society peculiarly its own; and from the earliest childhood, impulses pointing thitherward may be seen. Gentle, tender, and loving are the uses of woman, and for these she is fitted by nature. Hardier, rougher, bolder is man, because he is designed for a different sphere of life. The boy takes the hammer, the whip, or any other plaything that is noisy, or calls for the exercise of strength and action; while the girl as naturally busies herself with her doll, or her cups and saucers."

"Simply," replied Mr. Warner, "because you provide a hammer and whip for the one, and a doll for the other."

"No," returned the lady, "the cause lies deeper than this. It is radical. How is it with your own little Anna? She is here today."

"She never had a doll in her life. I will not permit such a thing to come into my house. I wish to develop the strength, not the weakness of her character." And, as Mr. Warner spoke, he threw a glance upon his wife, which said plainly enough, "This wouldn't be so, if you had your way."

"Oh!" remarked the lady, "then you are trying to warp her character to suit your own theory. You are not willing to let it develop naturally, and, as I would say, healthfully."

"I wish to give it a strong and healthy development."

"Then it must grow from inward elements. If you warp it, as you are certainly doing, you will weaken and deform, instead of producing beauty, health and strength."

"So you think," said Mr. Warner, a little rudely. Opinionated men are very often rude to ladies.

"Yes, I think so," replied the lady, not seeming to notice the gentleman's manner.

"Where is your dear little girl?" asked one of the company, a little while after, addressing Mrs. Warner.

She's playing about the garden. I saw her from the window a few minutes ago."

"It would be a pleasant experiment," said the lady, with whom the child's father had held the controversy, "just to take a look after Anna, and see what she is doing. I'll warrant that the girl's instincts are predominant in her acts. You'll not find her dragging up the flowers, nor throwing stones at the birds, nor even digging in the dirt."

"You'll probably find her racing about with the boys," said the father.

"We'll see. Come!" And the lady started for the door. The company followed her out. Anna was not in the garden among the flowers, nor romping with the boys.

"Anna!" called the mother. They listened, and her sweet, young voice was heard faintly answering. Guided by the sound, she was soon discovered by those in search of her.

"What is she doing?" asked Mr. Warner, who did not at first see her distinctly.

"Playing mother!" replied the lady with whom he had held the controversy. And she spoke a tone of triumph.

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Warner.

"See for yourself."

"The little witch!" exclaimed the father, affected with pleasure in spite of himself, by what he saw.

Anna had found a cap belonging to the lady at whose house they were visiting, and with this drawn upon her head, was nursing a rabbit with the earnest fondness of a mother.

The ladies caught the happy child in their arms, and almost devoured her with kisses, while Mr. Warner escaped back into the house to rearrange his forces for a new battle on his favorite hobby.

A CORRECT TASTE IN CHILDREN.

In many ways the mother can contribute to the formation of a correct taste. The first hymns she teaches to the lisping, and even the earliest notes which she sings for its lullaby, should be chosen with care. The pictures with which the walls of the nursery are adorned, should be selected with a studious and cultivated regard for real beauty. Likenesses of excellent men and women, whose names you would choose to have your children love, and whose virtues you would rejoice to see them imitate, are a very desirable ornament. A few elegant historical pictures, which might be used as introductions to general history, or which are calculated to inspire noble sentiments, would be found of great utility in every family able to have them. A few well finished landscape pieces would also tend to foster a love of nature in its cheerful and its sublime aspects.

There is a refining and effectual influence arising from a daily familiarity with the scenery of nature, whether it glow before us in its original loveliness, or in the representations of the genuine artist.

At proper times, as the mind becomes able to receive them, clear and definite instructions should be given as to the reason of their selection, the nature of their influence, and the general rules which should govern the exercise of the imagination. As the youth educated by such a person enters upon scenes and studies far away from home, these early instructions, examples and associations will operate to elevate, restrain, and purify the mind, influencing his course of reading, his companionship, and his present character.—Farmer and Mechanic.

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