

Poetry.

THE INNER TEMPLE.

Turn thine eye
Inward, and observe thy breast:
There alone dwells solid rest;
That's a close immured tower
Which can mock all hostile power.
To thyself a tenam be,
And inhabit safe and free.

Say not that this house is small,
Girt up in a narrow wall;
In a cleanly sober mind
Heaven itself full room doth find.
The infinite Creator can
Dwell in it—why may not man?
Here, content, make thine abode,
With thyself, and with thy God.

"I WOULD NOT HAVE THEE YOUNG AGAIN."

I would not have thee young again
Since I myself am old;
Not that my youth was ever vain,
Or that my age is cold;
But when upon thy gentle face
I see the shades of time,
A thousand memories replace
The beauties of thy prime.

Though from thine eyes of softest blue
Some light hath passed away,
Love looketh forth as warm and true
As on our bridal day.
I hear thy song, and though in part
'Tis fainter in its tone,
I heed it not, for still thy heart
Seems singing to my own.

The Family.

THE PHASES OF LIFE.

From a beautifully-written article in the last number of *Eliza Cook's Journal*, we extract the following eloquent passage:—

"Mourning, indeed, are those breakings-up which sever us so widely from each other and send us forth, by separate paths, into the great highway of life, to struggle for a living and a grave. How much would the labours of life be lightened, and how would its darkest cloud be bordered by a golden fringe, if the dear and loved ones who start with us in the beginning of the race might battle by our side till we had reached its goal! But after the warm heart-gatherings of our youth-time, they come not back again to refresh us with their presence, and to cheer us on in the battle and the strife. Apart we breast the foaming billows—together we sink into the grave. And though with the German poet we cry in our soul's sore anguish, 'come back again, bright youth,' yet for us it will not return. O! for one more glimpse of the blue sky as we beheld it then, when we thought it heaven, and while we looked out upon it as the jeweled canopy of this world, believed it to be the starry pavement of another. The old wood still lies black and grim round the old house as it lay then; but we do not fear its deep glens and its dark hollows now. There are no ghosts, and no fairies there any more. We have grown prosaic now, and the beautiful idealism of our youth has spread its sheeny wings and flown away, to gladden other hearts, on which still rests the dew of the morning, and into which the hot siroccos of the world have not yet withered the one green oasis! We have each of us desired, in some moments of our life, to be once more a child. It is the season of dreams, and day visions, and fictions. We have not as yet come into contact with the iron realities of life. There is, too, such an implicit faith and wonderment in childhood. How reverently we believe the stories and wonderful adventures of Jack and the Beanstalk; Sinbad, the Sailor; and Little Cinderella, with her Little Glass Slipper. What tears we shed over the 'Babes in the Wood,' and how we loved the 'Robins' for covering their little bodies up so decently with the brown, withered leaves of autumn. How eagerly we gathered round the winter's hearth to listen to the wonderful tales of the Arabian Nights, and reveled in the gnomes, the genii, the gem-lit caverns, the blazing cities, and the subterranean kingdoms of oriental fiction. Alas! these are all memories now. Precious, golden memories, indeed, are they; and their subdued and mellow luster comes streaming ever and anon down the toilsome ways of life, and seems, for a time, like moonlight on a rugged landscape, to soften down all that is uneven and inharmonious.

Affecting Anecdote.

A young lad but newly admitted into the military school, soon made himself appear of rather a singular disposition by his remarkable abstemiousness. Whatever variation of diet was allowed, he never ate anything but bread and soup, and drank nothing but water. The governor being informed of his conduct, so very uncommon in a boy, attributed it to an indiscreet devotion, and reproved him for it. Nevertheless, the lad persisted, and the governor mentioned the circumstance to Monsieur Paris Duverney. He had the boy called before him, and with his usual mildness and moderation represented to him that such singularity was by no means allowable in a public institution, and that he must certainly conform to the rules and diet established there. He afterwards unsuccessfully tried to find out the reason that could induce the boy to act in such a manner, and at last threatened if he persisted in concealing it he would send him home again to his family. This menace had the desired effect, and he then disclosed the motive of his conduct.

"You will not, I hope, be displeased with me, sir," said he, "but I could not bring myself to enjoy, what I think luxury, while I reflect that my dear father and mother are in the utmost indigence. They could afford themselves and me no better food than the coarsest bread, and of that but very little. Here I have excellent soup, and as much fine bread as I would choose. I look upon this to be very good living, and the recollection of the situation in which I left my parents, would not permit me to indulge myself in eating anything else."

Monsieur Duverney and the governor could not restrain their tears at such an early instance of fortitude and sensibility.

"If your father has been in the service," said M. Duverney, "how comes it that he has got no pension?"

"For want of friends and money, sir," replied the youth. "He has been upwards of a year soliciting one, but his money and resources failed, and rather than contract debts at Versailles, he is content to languish in the manner I have told you."

"Well," said M. Duverney, "if the fact appears to have been as you have stated it, I will engage to procure your father a pension of 500 livres. In the meantime here are three louis d'ors for yourself as a present from the king, and I will advance your father six month's pay out of the pension I am certain of obtaining for him."

"How can you send the money to him, sir?" asked the boy.

"Let that give you no uneasiness," replied M. Duverney; "I shall find means."

"Ah, sir," said the boy with precipitation, "if you can do it so easily, be pleased to send him these three louis d'ors you were so good as to give me. I want nothing here, and they would be of great service to my father for my brothers and sisters."

How delightful to the sensible mind are such early emotions of pious gratitude?

Evenings at Home.

One of the grossest neglects of youth, producing incalculable mischief and ruin, is in the improper spending of the evenings. Parents should look at the truth, that evening pleasures and recreations are often dearly purchased—the price, their own impaired comfort, and the blighted prospects of their offspring. It must be obvious, that in this matter there can be no prescribed rule. There can be no interdict of all evening recreations and employments, yet here is an evil not only destructive to youth, but planting thorns in many paths, and covering many lives with desolation. The reformation demanded must proceed from judgment and conscience, and for this purpose judgment and conscience must be enlightened. Heads of families must learn, that the place on earth best adapted to be a blessing is—home; and, by example and wholesome restraint, they must teach this truth to all under them. Especially should home during Sabbath hours be consecrated. Sabbath mornings and evenings are blessed indeed, when they gather the family into the circle of converse and instruction; and parents and children, masters, apprentices, and servants, in the presence and by the grace of God, who has made them, and placed them in their respective stations, raise themselves to the exalted level of the truth, that they are invested with capacity and obligation in their respective conditions, assigned them by an all-wise Providence, to help each other onward to ho-

nour, glory, and immortality: eternal life.—Souls perish in everlasting death; they perish through neglect; who would stand, at the judgment of the great day, under the imputation of that neglect? Do you say, "Not I?"—then think of these things.

Bad Times We Live in.

Blame thyself that the times are so bad. There is a general complaint about the hardness of the times; but every one shifts the blame off himself, and instead of accusing himself, accuses others. Ahab said to Elijah, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" Adam said to the Lord God, "The woman thou gavest me, did give to me, and I did eat." The woman said, "The serpent beguiled me." Thus do we put it off from ourselves to others, and rather will lay evil to God than see ourselves as helping to bring it. No man says with Jonah, "For my sake is this come upon you;" no man saith, What have I done? do not my iniquities help to hide God's face, and to bring judgments on the earth? O then condemn yourselves, and amend your ways.—The times would not be so bad if we were not so bad.—Pray not so much for better times as for better hearts. Were there more of the presence and the blessing of God, thus sought and obtained, the times would soon grow better.

The Heart.

The little I have seen of the world and known of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon the errors of others in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it has passed through; the brief pulsations of joy; the feverish inquietude of hope and fear; the pressure of want; the desertion of friends; the scorn of the world that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within, health gone; happiness gone, I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hand it came.—*Longfellow.*

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St. John, N. B., October 25th, 1850.

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St. John, December 29, 1849. J. R.

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