CARL AND THE FLOWERS.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Fair haired, graceful German—stranger,
Wherefore does that tear-drop shine
In thy mournful blue eyes' shadows?
Art thou dreaming of the Rhine?
Of the wild, romantic ruins
Where the haunting night-winds moan,
And the ivy's faithful clasping
Clings around the cold, dark stone?

No, oh, no—the ancient castles
And the river blue and deep,
All are dear, and grand, and glorious—
But 'tis not for *them* I weep.
See these flowers—I had a sister
Far beyond the wide, dim seas,
Whose young heart o'erflowed with worship
For all lovely things like these.

In the wild romance of boyhood,
Mid the spring time's blessed bloom,
Oft I've told her of the specters
In the Hartz's haunted gloom;
And while morning winds were murmuring
Solemn stories to the pines,
Timidly she clasped me closer
Underneath our lattice vines.

When my mother's farewell kisses
Oft had pressed my tearful cheek,
And I turned to that sweet sister
And, with lip that scarce could speak,
Asked what she would have me think of
Far from that sweet home of ours,
With a childish kiss she murmured:
Love us, Carl, and *love the flowers*.

Now the birds are sweetly singing
Summer songs best by the Rhine;
And the flowers are fair as ever
In the valleys of the vine—
But my idol sister sees not
Bloom nor beauty on the earth—
And our home is hushed and lonely,
Never more to echo mirth.

Far beneath an old tree's shadows,
Where the sweet blue violets wave,
And the mourning birds sing saddest,
There's a little grassy grave—
And as here I stand all lonely
Mid the summer's fragrant bowers,
I can hear an angel whisper:
Carl, my brother, *love the flowers*.

AGATHA'S EXPERIENCE.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

"Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"

Why, Agatha Campbell did, to be sure. And she wasn't the only one, by a long shot. Mr. Marlowe didn't know everything, if he believed that all love comes at a jump, or catches a person as the cramp does.

Elvira Campbell, the elder sister of the merry Agatha, very dutifully loved the first man that asked for her love. In that behavior, she gave great satisfaction to the good uncle who stood in the place of father to the two orphan girls. He, bless his kind heart, never could bear to have a worthy young man meet with a refusal from a girl whom he had honored by a declaration of his affection for her. Agatha, wicked creature, used to make a great many malicious allusions to a certain time, far back in the past, of which she had, somehow or other, heard, in which her uncle had himself stood in imminent danger of a rejection from the fair maiden (as she then was) who was now his devoted and admiring wife. The provoking girl always would have it that it was the memory of her own agonizing suspense and dread that rendered Uncle Peter so tender-hearted toward all young lovers. He seemed to be possessed of an idea that a girl could love *any* good and enterprising young fellow that happened to fall in love with her; that it was her bounden duty to do so, and that she was a most ungrateful and cold-hearted creature, if she didn't. Therefore, as has been said, it was greatly to her uncle's satisfaction that Elvira accepted the first offer which she received. But as to Agatha, poor Uncle Peter could have no such comfort in *her* conduct. She had beaux as numerous as a swarm of bees; and though she always liked every one very much when he first came, she invariably got disgusted with him in a few weeks, and turned to some new lover.

It was useless to remonstrate. Agatha declared that she could not help it; and she couldn't. Her uncle stormed in vain. She cried sometimes; but far more frequently she laughed, for she was a right merry maiden. And with all her faults, Uncle Peter, dear soul, really loved her. He tried everything he could think of to bring her to reason; yes, he *was* faithful with his wicked niece—never was anxious parent more faithful. He even went so far as, upon several different occasions, to recommend to her to heat a brick and swallow it, that she might be no longer without *something warm* within. It is mortifying to record that this most useful and agreeable suggestion was not reduced to practice. But Agatha was apt to be heedless and neglectful of advice.

"You'll never be married—never, as long as you live and breathe," said her anxious sister.

"No, never, never!" echoed her aunt.

"Nor do you deserve to be," finished her uncle.

"Who cares, if I am not! I guess I can make out to live without a husband to order me round," retorted Miss Perversity. "Anybody'd think, to hear you all talk, that marriage was one of the articles of faith necessary to everlasting salvation."

"I think you *need* a husband to order you round, Miss, for you pay no regard to the orders of anybody else," said Uncle Peter, trying to look severe.

Agatha received this remark with a grimace, that, in spite of his resistance, parted his lips with a smile.

He *nipped it in* as soon as he could; and, with sternly puckered lips, was about to make some further disparaging remarks, when his audacious niece, having filled her mouth with molasses candy, suddenly fell upon his neck, and went to kissing him most adhesively.

"You good-for-nothing witch!" he cried, struggling to free himself from her sweet embraces. "Wife, take her off; don't let her smother me before your eyes!"

"Aint I sweet, uncle?" said Agatha. "Say I'm sweet, and that you love me, or I'll kiss you till you can't open your eyes."

"Yes, yes—I love you, and you are a sweet creature," said Uncle Peter; and she relaxed her hold. He started up, got his hat in his hand, and the door between him and his tormentor, and added: "But the sweetest things sour soonest; and you'll be *the most vinegar-like old maid* that ever was created."

"Spat," went something—"spat—thwack," went two other things. Agatha's small slippers, and a big book, had hit the door somewhere in the near neighborhood of Uncle Peter's head. But he was off.

"I wonder if he thinks I am going to marry all these men, or any one of them, without loving him?" she said.

"He thinks you are a very notional creature; and that you might settle down your mind on some one of your admirers, if you had any desire to do so."

"I'm sure I'm willing to fall heartily in love, if I can; but, really, I don't believe I ever *shall* love any man well enough to marry and *mind* him. I've thought, several times, that I was going to come to the right state of feeling, but it always passed off. The fact is, the better I know my lovers, the less I like them. Now, do you think I'd ever marry while I felt so? No, indeed. When I feel that I *cannot live* without the presence and the love of some one particular gentleman, I'll marry him, if he'll have me, and I never will marry till then. So that's the end of the whole matter; I've been waiting for that all this time."

Agatha was hardly twenty years old; so that there was no particular cause for haste in her case.

A few weeks after the above conversation, the sisters were at a party. There were several strange gentlemen there, and, as usual, they soon gathered about Agatha. There was some mysterious attraction about the mischievous girl, that acted upon men as molasses or honey does on flies—they were sure to be drawn towards her. One young man, however, stood aloof all the evening. This remarkable conduct drew Agatha's attention towards him. She wasn't at all pleased with his looks or manner, and was glad that he kept himself out of her way.

"What a stiff, disagreeable man that Mr. Willis is; don't you think so, Elvira?" observed Agatha, as they were disrobing that night.

"He wasn't very entertaining, it must be confessed," returned her sister.

"Entertaining! he was the most tiresome prater of a man that ever I beheld—I don't know when I've seen any gentleman that I took such a dislike to. I'm glad I didn't have to talk any with him. I couldn't have treated him civilly."

"Why, Agatha Campbell! are you not ashamed of yourself to feel so, or to speak so about a person who has never given you the slightest cause to dislike him?"

"He *has* given me cause. I hate to *see* a man that is so mortal homely as he is—especially when he can't talk, or make himself in any way interesting. I do wish such people would always keep out of my sight."

"You talk like a sensible girl—don't you, now! One would suppose that you think *yourself* a beauty; and I'm sure you are not."

"Who said I was? but I know I'm agreeable and handsome enough to have all the gentlemen like me. If I thought I was as homely as Mr. Willis, I'd be tempted to drown myself."

Elvira burst into a fit of laughter.

"You are wonderfully mistaken in regard to the personal appearance of that unfortunate gentleman," said she. "He is an uncommonly intelligent and pleasing looking man. I chanced to notice him as he was conversing with Mrs. Taylor, and really I was quite charmed with his language, his illuminated face, his exquisite smile, and the deep and musical tones of his voice. He was dull enough most of the evening; something has given him a heavy heart, I think; but depend upon it he is a study, and *well worth* studying."

"Exquisite smile! illuminated face!" repeated Agatha, scornfully—"illuminated pumpkin! you'd better say. Upon my word, Elvira, I think John had better look out for you."

"He is in no danger," quietly replied Elvira.

The next morning, at breakfast, Elvira couldn't refrain from telling, as a good joke, how angry Agatha had become, because she had seen a man at the party who, as she imagined, was ugly."

"Ho—ho—ho! ha—ha," laughed Uncle Peter. "Why, my dear, was he the first ugly man you ever saw? What was his name?"

"Mr. Westbrook Willis," replied Elvira.

"Westbrook Willis!" exclaimed Uncle Peter, in tones of indignant amazement. "Westbrook Willis! you silly puppet, you! 'ugly' is he? Why, girl, there never was a more kingly man that walked the earth; and he looks it, too, to any one who knows how to behold him. I wish that you had a soul large enough to understand his noble and intellectual beauty."

"Really, Uncle Peter, I had no idea that you could talk in such an eloquent style. Why, you might almost be a stump-speaker for next election."

"Impudent child! But I know how to punish you. Mr. Willis has come to this town to practice law; and as his father and myself were once intimate friends, and as I think as much of the son as I do of the father, the former is coming to my house to board—to make it his home till such time as he shall have a house of his own."

Agatha couldn't finish her breakfast. She was angry to the very heart. But there was no help for it; and that very noon the despised stranger made one of the circle at the dinner table. He took no notice of Agatha, having taken full as great—no, not *that*, for Mr. Willis was above such whims—but he was not at all *prejudiced in favor* of Miss Agatha Campbell. Her sister he liked much better; and as he was a person who acted very independently, he conversed freely with the one sister, and spoke to the other only when politeness required it. Truth compelled Agatha to admit that she had been a good deal mistaken in the real appearance of the gentleman; and by the time he had been an inmate of her uncle's house a week, she had discovered that he really did possess a countenance of unusual interest, though it was one which was as changeful as an April day.

Mr. Willis was very fond of reading aloud to the girls evenings, as they sat at their work. Elvira had requested him to do so in the first instance; and as he had expressed much pleasure in being thus employed, she had made it a standing arrangement, that when there was no company, he should read to them an hour or two every evening.

As Elvira had said, Willis *was* a study; and Agatha found herself engaged in studying him before he had been many weeks in the family. She was too obstinately bent on disliking him to confess it to her sister, but she could not but admire the man's opinions and sentiments. His quick and clear sense of right and wrong, and the justness of all his decisions, were, she thought, most remarkable in *a lawyer*. He was reading, one night, from Dickens's Martin Chuzzlewit. His fine-toned voice, and expressive face, together with the habit he had of looking at his hearers nearly half his time, as if he knew by heart all that he read, and wished to see how it affected them, rendered the pleasure of listening to him a *very* great one. You couldn't help entering into, and heartily enjoying all that he read. And you couldn't help admiring the reader, either. It could hardly have been in the heart of man—*certainly* not in that of *woman*—to sit before those beaming eyes, that soul-lit face, stamped in every line with the most cordial goodwill, and as open and honest as the light of day; to drink in the strength, the tenderness, the mirth, the wailing, of that powerful and perfectly commanded voice, and not be drawn kindly, if no more, towards the reader.

Elvira made no effort to resist the admiration which she felt for Mr. Willis; she was fortified by a real and exclusive love for her John, or, perhaps, to admiration and good will a warmer feeling might have been added. But as for poor Agatha, she *had* a time of it. What strange experiences the child went through, as she sat there, silently listening to Mr. Willis while he read or talked to her sister (for even yet, he had very little to say to *her*). Every day was showing her more clearly the absolute superiority over all other men of her acquaintance in which Mr. Willis stood. There were wild swellings within her of hostile forces; there was surging of impetuous waves against the dam of her resolutions; and now and then there was a shake, a shiver, a swaying, as if that dam were about giving way.

Well, but this evening, while reading Martin Chuzzlewit, Mr. Willis came upon the following passage:—

"There are some falsehoods on which men mount, as on light wings, toward heaven. There are some truths, cold, bitter, taunting truths, wherein your worldly scholars are very apt and punctual, which bind men down to earth with leaden chains. Who would not rather have to fan him in his dying hour the lightest feather of a falsehood such as thine, (Tom Pinch's,) than all the quills that have been plucked from the sharp porcupine, reproachful truth, since the world began?"

At the close of this period, Willis shut his finger into the book, and looked, with a half smile on his lip, but a whole serious look in his eye, first at one and then the other of the girls.

"What do you think of the ethics of that?" inquired he.

Elvira hadn't noticed any particular moral character to the sentence. She was absorbed in the story. Very much like some editors, she was, who, so long as there is no downright vulgarity or profanity in a tale, pass it as a "moral tale," though it may in spirit be utterly immoral. They *mean* well, but they see nothing below the surface. Elvira never would have been likely to have received much harm from any such dim errors in ethics, for she never noticed them. Not so Agatha; her mind was quick and keen "as a two-edged sword;" yes, and notwithstanding her many slight faults of character, she was thoroughly right at the core.

Mr. Willis now noticed that her cheeks were red and her eye bright with excitement; and he smiled at her almost as cordially as he did at her sister, as he said—

"Well! and you?"

"I think it is utterly wrong—that it is making a merit of doing evil that good may come, which is strictly forbidden."

"Right—and *a lie* is *no less* a *sin* because it is not a harsh truth. It is a pity that all novelists are not Christian men. They reach the masses as no other writers can hope to do; and if their stories of life and love were but underlain by pure religious principle what untold good they would have it in their power to do. Such a man as Dickens, now, is the educator of hundreds of thousands. His touching descriptions of poverty and helpless childhood have added tenderness and charity to unnumbered hearts; but his good qualities only give the greater power of mischief to his bad. And at the base of his moral nature there is some rottenness or he never could have penned such words as these. Go on from that point, and you could utter a plea for every sin that ever was committed, if it were but done in gentleness of heart. How many hundreds or thousands of lies may not that one sweetly apologizing sentence have to answer for. I would that Dickens had not written it—I would that he had in his moral nature that which had forbidden him to think it."

"You don't know how glad I am to hear you say so. 'Tis just what I think always when I come across such things in books—but I never could have expressed it so clearly."

Agatha spoke earnestly. The eyes of Willis rested on her fair, young face glowing with pure feeling and —— Well! he found that it was a pleasant face to gaze on; and he looked so long that its color deepened painfully. Then he returned suddenly to the story; but he never felt indifferent to the wayward Agatha any more.

Something in the manner of the two struck Elvira as rather peculiar.

"What do you think of Mr. Willis, *now?*" she asked of her sister when they were in their chamber.

"I am sleepy—I wish you would not talk to me," was the only reply which was accorded to Elvira's question.

Agatha had often privately wished that she might fall devotedly and unchangeably in love with some worthy man; but she had almost given up all hope of ever doing so. She did not like the idea of going through life without having some one that she could dearly love to love her better than all things else. No woman—no true woman, can look that prospect fairly in the face and not shrink from it. However it may be with the heart of man, there is in that of woman a demand for the consolation and support of a true and best love; and Agatha, spite of her affected carelessness, was no exception to this rule. Her real feelings she never fully declared; but in her secret thoughts she felt that it was a desolate thing to miss of a faithful and satisfying human love.

"But never will I marry till I *am* satisfied," was always her conclusion resolutely adhered to—"for better is loneliness than uncongenial company."

But now—well—the very world seemed changing before her eyes—the earth seemed shifting from beneath her feet; she was becoming a new creature, and all because of Mr. Willis.

He had somewhat changed the order of exercises of late—causing the girls to read to *him* part of the time. One evening Elvira was out with her dear John, and when Willis entered the bright and pleasant sitting-room, Agatha was there with no companion save her old aunt, who was so hard of hearing that it was difficult to talk with her.

"Will you read to me this evening, and wait until some other time for me to take my turn?" said Willis, drawing a chair near to the seat of Agatha.

"Yes, I will read awhile; but why cannot you take your turn to-night?" was the reply.

"I have been obliged to talk so much to-day that my voice is almost gone. Shall I be excused?"

"Certainly. What shall I read?"

Please to go right on with those poems which we were last night reading. I've read them all repeatedly; but I love to hear *you* read them."

It was with rather unsteady voice that Agatha read; for they were mostly love songs that she was reading, and many of their expressions were such as her own heart responded to—it seemed to her—almost audibly. Coming at last upon the little poem by Mrs. Hemans—

"Oh! if thou wilt not give thine heart
Give back mine to me:
For if in thine I have no part
Why should mine dwell with thee."

She choked and paused—then, as persons generally do when they by no means wish it, she looked directly into the eyes of her companion. The glance was but momentary; but it told her that he had been observing all her agitation. She was instantly covered with confusion, and the book slipped from her hand.

"I will gladly make that exchange, dear Agatha," he said, "rather I *would* gladly give you my heart were it not yours *already*. Am I right in thinking that I have your heart in return?"

'Tis impossible to relate any further particulars of this scene; for just then Agatha's aunt arose and left the room—warned to do so by some mysterious impulse—and there were no witnesses to what followed.

But when Elvira returned that night, Agatha was awaiting her in their chamber; and when she had by her excited manner and singular expressions, so alarmed her sister as to cause her to take her by the hand, feel her pulse, and lay an anxious hand upon her burning cheek, saying—"you act as if you were out of your mind; I'm afraid you're going to have a fever, aren't you?" she very essentially changed the flow of the anxious girl's ideas, by replying, while she threw her arms about Elvira's neck—

"No, no—you dull girl, I'm not in a fever; but, after all your scoldings I'm really in love at last; and am going to be married to that glorious and dearly beloved Westbrook Willis. And I am *so* thankful and happy, that I don't know what in this world I shall do."

She was married to him, and their love has *endured thus far through life*. So much for always loving "at first sight."

"COMING BACK SOON!"

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

"You are coming back soon?" every one says to the eager boy who is going out from the quiet of his native village, to make his way in the great bustling world beyond.

"Oh, yes—as soon as I have made my fortune," is the laughing reply, and the good-byes are exchanged, and the yellow stage-coach rolls off, bearing more hope and happiness upon its back seat, than, *with the same occupant*, it will ever bring back again.

"Coming back soon." The boy little knows that *he* never can come back! Something may come that will be taller, and more graceful, and more attractive, and call his parents father and mother—something that will look, half-sadly, and half-contemptuously, on the old familiar places where his youth was spent—but the boy—happy, eager, hopeful and innocent, has gone forever!

"Coming back soon!" Is this young lady, ringleted and flounced and gloved, who plays the piano to a charm, and looks askance at a kitchen towel and a broom, the sunbrowned, good-natured little Maggie, with whom he romped in early days? Maggie wore her brown hair in curls, flying in the summer wind—but this young lady's locks are pomatumed, scented, and carefully "done up," according to the last fashion. Maggie wore a blue gingham frock, which has always danced before his vision as the most charming thing in existence; but "Miss Marguerite" arrays her dainty limbs in the most expensive silks, and wears hoops of such vast circumference that he can only look on and admire at a respectful distance. Sometimes, as they sit side by side, he remembers the old times, and half wishes they could come back again—but his first glance at the composed face of the lady beside him annihilates the idea, and he heaves a kind of rueful sigh, and lets it pass away. By-and-bye, "Miss Marguerite" is married to a bald-headed, rich old man—old enough to be her grandfather. He goes to her wedding, and drinks her health in the best of wine—he begins to dream himself of a wealthy wife, and to think it wont do to be foolish, and that he must have an eye to business when he gives himself away. The fast young man, and the woman of fashion meet often in their gay, city life—but the boy and girl who walked hand-in-hand to school, have gone straying away together over the strawberry fields and daisied pastures long ago, and no one thinks of saying to *them*—"You are coming back soon?"

Coming back? Who ever yet came back, and found all things unchanged? Drive up the long-remembered roads, and you will miss here a tree, here a patch of daisies and buttercups, and here an old grey farmhouse, which you had fondly hoped would outlast your day and generation. Enter the town which was once a "happy valley" to you, and what do you see? Only a puny little village, with the pleasant walks you used to love turned into ambitious sidewalks, and paved with the roughest of stones, with the old familiar houses and fences re-modeled and new painted, till you lose all the old landmarks—with everything changed, and you, it may be, most of all! Sit down, then, if you will, in your lonely room; call up the forms of those you loved, who are now scattered far away, and try to people the dusty streets with more beloved faces. Can you succeed? Is it not a poor, pale phantom that you strive to press to your aching heart? Was it wise in you, after all, this "coming back?" Oh, the past is beautiful to look at, afar off, but when we stretch out our hands to bring it nearer, it vanishes, and leaves nothing in our grasp, but thin and unsubstantial air!

Strange! I sit in my lonely room to day, and miss something familiar—something sweet—something very dear! It will never linger here again; the sunlight falling through the casement, will never play upon that soft, fair hair; the white hand will never gather these blush roses; the large blue eyes will shine upon me here no more. One page of life's romance has been read; shut the volume and put it away. Much that might have blessed me—much I might have loved—much that might have loved me—and much I can never hope to meet again—has consecrated this little room—has passed away like a dream of beauty, and—alas that I should write it!—will beam and brighten here no more; is not, cannot be "coming back soon."

But there *is* a land—thank God!—there *is* a land, where all the lost light and loveliness of life shall cluster around us, with ten-fold the glory it has worn for us here! There is a land where we shall sin and sorrow no more; where there shall be no more partings and no more tears; where the young and the old, the happy and the wretched, the bond and the free, shall alike know the loving kindness and tender mercy of a God whose divinest attribute is Love!

"O Land, O Land for all the broken hearted!
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand,
To lead us, with a gentle hand,
Into the Land of the great departed—
Into the Silent Land!"

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

"Get out of the way, old Dan Tucker,
You are too late to come to supper."

This popular song is changed, in the course of advancing refinement, so as to read—"Will the venerable Daniel Tucker, Esq., have the goodness to withdraw for a few minutes, as in consequence of his late arrival it will be wholly impossible for him to take his evening refreshments at the first table."

DUTIES OF MOTHERS.

It is to be regretted that more care is not bestowed on teaching the proper management of children to those whom nature has designed for mothers. This, instead of being made the principal, is seldom considered as any part of female education. Is it any wonder, when females so educated come to be mothers, that they should be quite ignorant of the duties belonging to that character? However strange it may appear, it is certainly true, that many mothers, and those of fashion, too, are as ignorant, when they have brought a child into the world, of what is to be done for it, as the infant itself.

Were the time that is generally spent by females in the acquisition of trifling accomplishments, employed in learning how to bring up children, how to dress them so as not to hurt, cramp, or confine their motions, how to feed them with wholesome and nourishing food, how to exercise their tender bodies so as to promote their growth and strength. Were these made the objects of female instruction, mankind would derive the greatest advantages from it. But while the education of females implies little more than what relates to dress and public show, we have nothing to expect from them but ignorance, even in the most important concerns.

Did mothers reflect on their own importance and lay it to heart, they would embrace every opportunity of informing themselves of the duties which they owe to their infant offspring. It is their province, not only to form the body, but also to give the mind its most early bias. They have it very much in their power to make men healthy or valetudinary, useful in life or the pests of society.

AN INSTRUCTIVE LESSON.

A short while ago as we sat thinking over the frailties of our race, our eye chanced to fall upon the web of a spider, around which was playing an unsuspecting fly, unconscious of the danger which surrounded it. The wary spider scanned closely its movements, but stirred not, calmly biding his time. He had not long to wait, the fly, charmed with the beauty of the nest, soon made the fatal plunge. No sooner trapped than with fearful bounds it sought to free itself, and for a time the contest seemed doubtful. While they were warring for the mastery, another noble prize was entrapped, but the spider, true to its interest, made no effort whatever to secure it, but sought, rather the securement of that which was still in jeopardy. And as we reflected upon the spider's course we found that it had been wise and proper, for had he loosened his hold upon one, both would doubtless have eluded his grasp.

How instructive the lesson—and how unlike the course pursued by man? He, not content to secure enough, is ever grasping for more. And how often does he in grasping for everything get nothing. Let us henceforth learn wisdom from the spider. It teaches the one great lesson of happiness—contentment.

INTIMACIES BETWEEN YOUNG WOMEN.

I am not fond, says Madame de Genlis, of the close intimacies often formed between very young women. Believe me, it is not a friend they seek, neither is it a guide or adviser, for they may find these in a mother or sister, but a kind and complying confidante. They begin by disclosing to each other all the little secrets of their past lives, till by degrees their imaginations are heated, and to prove that they have the strictest confidence in each other, they betray their inmost thoughts, particularly on their love affairs, on which their communications are generally exaggerated, and give false ideas of the conquests they have made. In these little anecdotes their vanity frequently alters the facts or conceals the truth; they acquire a taste for intrigue and a habit of telling lies, in order to convince their friend (for whom they no longer care than while she will listen to their tale), of their lively and passionate esteem. From what I have observed, I think it right to guard young people against forming such attachments, of which they are generally too fond.

EARLY RELIGIOUS TRAINING.

Devotional feelings should be impressed as early as possible on the infant mind. Being fully convinced that they cannot be impressed too soon, and that a child, to feel the full force of the idea of God, ought never to remember the time when he had no such idea, we would endeavor to impress them by connecting religion with a variety of sensible objects; with all that he sees, all he hears, all that affects his young mind with wonder or delight; and thus by deep, strong, and permanent associations, to lay the best foundation for practical devotion in future life. For he who has early been accustomed to see the Creator in the visible appearance of all around him, to feel his continual presence, and lean upon his daily protection, though his religious ideas may be mixed with many improprieties which his corrector reason will refine away, has made large advances towards that habitual piety, without which religion can scarcely regulate the conduct, and will never warm the heart.

DON'T BE IN A HURRY!

No, reader, don't be in a hurry! A fortune was never made in a hurry; a reputation was never gained in a hurry; a battle was never won in a hurry! They were all accomplished by going to work systematically, but coolly. Work diligently, but don't get excited. True, some men have rashly blundered out of them as unceremoniously.

We would not have a man pass through the world at a snail-pace—that would be incompatible with this lightning age—but we would see him "make haste slowly," be his pursuit what it may. Fire at the game on the wing, or without taking deliberate aim, and ten chances to one you miss it. Some men are always in a hurry, and never accomplish anything. They never can find time to attend to political, social, or religious duties. They pass through the world in a hurry, and die, and are forgotten in a hurry. Then

"Shun all rash acts. Let moderation mark
Each enterprise in which you may embark;
And from your mind ne'er let there be effaced
The old, yet startling proverb, 'haste makes waste.'"

YOUNG MEN TAKE HEED.—Read the confession of a convict and ponder well ere you make the first step into crime:—"Had I been early trained to truth and virtue—had one-twentieth part of the time and effort been spent upon my moral culture, that was lavished on my worldly education, I would not be the creature of guilt and passion, nor the disgraced felon that I am."

TALL.—There's a lady in this city so high-minded that she disdains to own she has *common sense*. We think she shows the truth of it by giving utterance to the above.