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"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT: LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIMS'T AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."

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Poetical.

From the Baltimore Patriot.

Mary.

The name of Mary—how the heart
Thrills at the sound of that sweet name!
The holiest thoughts it may impart,
Or wake the soul to deeds of fame.

It comes upon the list'ning ear,
As soft, as sweetly as the song
That at some musing hour we hear,
Echo'd the silver lake along.

There is a something in the sound
Of that sweet name, we know not why,
That bids the beating bosom bound
With many a thrill of ecstacy.

On Scripture's high and holy page,
That ever blessed name appears—
Glorious alike in every age,
And will be thro' succeeding years.

When all the world to ruin fell,
And sin and sorrow stalked abroad;
When all our race were doomed to hell
By the avenging wrath of God:

Then did the gentle Mary give
A Saviour, who in love unfurled
His Gospel grace, that man might live,
And died to save a sinking world.

First at the Cross did she in pain,
Stand in that awful hour of gloom;
And first she sought her Savior slain,
E'en at at the portal of the tomb.

To every Christian spirit warm,
Lit with Religion's blissful flame,
There is a high and holy charm
E'en at the sound of that dear name.

Ay, from all other things apart,
The name of Mary hath a spell,
That fascinates affection's heart;
And fancy loves on it to dwell.

From musing memory, it wakes
Remembrance of some sister dear;
Or, of some lov'd one lost, oft breaks
In mournful music on the ear.

Methinks upon an angel's tongue,
No other name so sweet would seem;
For oh! it hath like music rung,
Upon mine ear, in many a dream!

It oft recalls the happiest hours,
And brightest scenes that life hath known;
Sweet scenes of sunshine and of flowers,
With boyhood's hopes forever flown.

J. H. M.

Miscellaneous.

From the Ladies' National Magazine.

THE PILOT'S BOY.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

The storm raged loud and fierce. The wind swept wildly over the waste of waters, catching the spray in its embrace, and hurled it furiously onward, so that the ocean seemed a vast sheet of foam. The clouds hung low and dark, scowling on the terrible vortex below. It was one of the most awful tempests that had for years devastated the Atlantic coast.

On a low, sandy beach, against the which the waves thundered until the ground shook beneath them, stood a mother and her daughter, gazing anxiously seaward, regardless of the storm. So powerful was the wind, that they could with difficulty stand; yet they fearlessly kept their watch, shading their eyes with their hands to keep off the spray, apparently looking for some object on the ocean.—Suddenly the child cried—

"Mother—there they are."

She pointed with a trembling finger as she spoke, and following its direction, the mother beheld a white speck, like a flake of snow, amid the dark waters on the horizon. It rose and fell, but kept steadily increasing in size, as if approaching.

"Oh, Lord, I thank thee," said the mother, clasping her hands and looking up to heaven. "The father of my babes yet lives; save him for thy sake."

It would have melted the sternest heart to have heard the deep emotion with which she breathed that prayer. Then with hands clasped before her she stood silent, watching the little barque which contained her husband and her only boy.

And bravely did that gallant craft struggle through the tempest. Now it would be lost to sight in a whirlwind of foam, as it plunged through the head sea, and now it would reappear, its white sail glancing like the wing of a gull. At times the wind would press with such force on the close reefed canvass, as to lay the mast nearly level with the billows, so that the mother's heart sunk within her, for it seemed then as if the brave barque would never recover herself; and again the frail spar would struggle upward, and the boat skim along for a space, like a spirit walking the deep.

For nearly half an hour, the little barque was thus visible: and during that period the suspense of the mother was worse than the most intolerable agony. One while she saw herself bereft of those she loved, and again hope would resume its sway in her bosom, only, however, to be overthrown by the next surge that broke over the devoted craft. It seemed a mirable that the boat had lived so long; and even the sanguine hopes of a mother could not long persuade her she should see her darling boy again.

At length one mountainous billow was seen advancing, its huge breast lifting itself slowly up, the masses of waters piling one over another until they seemed to mingle with the black clouds above, then a speck of foam suddenly appeared on the extreme top of the wave, which, spreading rapidly to the right and left, until the crest was every where crowned with it, the huge bulk of piled up waters tumbled headlong, and the boat, which had been seen a second before, laboring in the trough of the sea beneath, was lost to sight forever in the white and chafing whirlpool.

The mother held her breath as the waters fell, and remained like one struck by a basilisk gazing on the fierce vortex, as if hoping even against hope, that the boat would reappear; but moment after moment passed, until it seemed to her as if hours had elapsed, and yet no sign of the bark was visible. At length the waters partially subsided; another billow swept over the place where the first had broken; and then the mast of the little craft rolled upward; but the hull was nowhere visible.

"They are lost—oh, my dear father—and Harry! Mother, can't you save them?" said the child, in accents of the most heart-rending grief.

But the mother answered not. She looked wildly at her daughter, and then ran like one distracted, to the edge of the surf, venturing so far down with the undertow, that it appeared indescribable she could escape the angry breakers. Here she strained her eyes again, to see if she could catch any glimpse of the crew of the ill-fated boat. But nothing was visible except the black surges, capped with foam; and no sound was heard but the roar of the hurricane.

"Oh! Father in heaven," she cried, in accents of that stony grief, which once heard lives forever in the memory, "save my child—save him even yet!"

At that instant a dark mass appeared on the crest of a breaker, and with a cry of joy, the mother saw the form of her darling boy close at hand. The next moment the boy was hurled towards her, and rushing recklessly into the surf, she caught the child by his clothes, and hurried inward to gain the dry land, before a second surge could overtake her. Twice she was struck down, before reaching the beach, and twice the weeping daughter lost sight of her parent; but the energy of the mother finally triumphed, and she bore her prize to land, and laid the senseless form on the beach. The moment after the hardy fame of the pilot was seen struggling with the surf, and he too at length reached the shore in safety. The first object that met his gaze was the body of his darling extended on the beach.

"My boy—my boy!" he cried, casting himself, beside it. "Oh; God, he is dead!" were his heart-broken exclamations; and wringing his hands; he looked up to heaven, his whole face convulsed with the tearless agony of a bereaved father.

It was a touching spectacle. In the fore ground lay the figure of the boy, cold and wet, his beautiful hair, washed back from his side, as if he had been sleeping. Over him knelt the afflicted mother, her form half prostrate on his, and her face buried in his hands. Her garments and those of the father, were flying wildly in the wind. The background of the picture was filled up by the white foam of the surf, and the whirling masses of clouds overhead. In the distance, scarcely visible through the darkness of approaching night, was a little fishing village.

"But may he not yet live?" suddenly said the mother, as if a new hope had struck her, "oh, if we had him at home, we might do something for him."

The father started up from his momentary stupor, and every feature of his face was now instinct with energy. Catching the senseless body in his arms, without a word, he strode onward toward the village almost on a run, the rest of his family following behind—the mother in breathless silence, her heart agitated with hope and fear alternately, and the daughter clinging to her dress and sobbing as if her heart would break.

The neighbors met them before they reached their home, all eager to lend their aid; for, they knew that the pilot had been abroad that day and the rumor of his wreck soon reached every heart. The senseless body was laid on the bed: those who could be of service remained in the room; and the rest anxiously waited the result in the apartment without. After some time hopelessly spent in the attempt to revive him, and when the neighbors were beginning to despair, the mother thought she saw some faint signs of life. Their exertions were now redoubled, and at length he faintly breathed;

"My boy lives," said the mother fervently, and though she breathed no prayer in words, her heart was poured out in thankfulness to her Father in heaven as she looked on.

Before the night was very far spent, the child, thus rescued from the jaws of death, was able to sit up, and many and heartfelt were the thanks for his recovery breathed to heaven that night by the mothers of the little fishing village, for each felt that it might yet be to her own darling, as it had been that day to the *Pilot's Boy*.

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LESSON ON HUMOR—FOR THE NEW YEAR.

In a number of the New York Mirror for January last, we are presented with rather a clever sketch of a character of real life, Jeremiah Carey by name, who in all his fortunes and misfortunes exhibited the picture of a contented man.

Jerry's countenance was plainness to the fullest extent. "Never mind," said Jerry, "I shall not be troubled by the petticoats. My face is my ægis." In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred such a conclusion would have been correct, but Jerry was fated to stumble over the solitary exception; inasmuch as a young and rather handsome heiress, forgetting his defects of phiz, and seeing only his contented disposition and intellectual worth, fell in love with him one day, and he, very good-naturedly reciprocating the compliment, married her.

Proceeding home in a carriage from the church where the union had just been performed, the vehicle upset, spilled the bride and bride's-maid, and broke a leg of the bridegroom.

It was, especially, *mal-apropos*—to break a limb upon such an occasion; and Jerry had as much reason to repine at the accident as any one, similarly situated, could have, but he bore it with his usual good nature.

"Ah!" said he, one day in the last quarter of his damaged honeymoon, in answer to an expression of regret, endearment and sympathy which had escaped his interesting spouse, "'t is all for the best Susy. I *desired* a little in-door life. Besides, but for this accident, my love, business would not have allowed me so much of your company. So, ha! ha! upon my word I look upon it as one of the most fortunate events of my life. I do indeed!"

Susan's first child was, unfortunately, born blind.

"Not so very unfortunate after all!" said Jerry.

"It might have been worse. Let us thank omniscient Providence that the dear little fellow is not clubfooted. Surgery may, perhaps, remedy his sight; if it cant, why, after all, the faculty of seeing is so often abused—so often a curse to its possessor. It changed Lot's wife to a lump of salt, you know!"

Such is Jeremiah's philosophy; and for all trials, great or small, he makes it applicable.

His wife broke a pitcher—a costly one!—"Dear me! what a pity!" said she, provoked at her own carelessness.

"Not a whit!" responded Jerry; I never liked that pitcher. Such an awkward handle! I'll get another."

His chimneys were contrary. There are few who can keep their patience in smoky rooms; Jeremiah, however, after fully ascertaining that with his house the nuisance was incurable, forthwith began to extol the *virtues* of smoke, and it was not until after he had sold his babon making residence, and purchased an abode more conducive to comfort, that he would allow that smoke was not an indispensable necessary to civilized life.

His little blind boy withered and died like a sinless rose, ere he could lisp "father!"—Susan had been a second time a mother, but the love for her first-born burned brightest, for to the pure flames of maternal love was added interest for the darkness which shrouded his vision like a continual night. Even so was the poor boy endeared to the heart of his father.—Sad, indeed, then was the ceremony with which the little sufferer was consigned to the grave, where all are blind alike.

They returned to their dwelling. The prattle of the sightless one no longer greeted their footfall—all seemed cheerless and desolate to Susan, and sitting down, she hid her face in her hands and wept. The heart of Jeremiah was sad, but not to abandonment like that of his wife. He opened the Bible given him by his mother on her deathbed, and drawing his chair nearer to Susan, read aloud that beautiful chapter wherein our Saviour asks for little children to be brought unto him, "for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

When he had concluded, he closed the book and clasped the hand of his wife affectionately with his own.

"Susan," said he, and his voice sounded like gentle music in her ears, "let us not murmur; God is just—is merciful. If he had lived, it would only have been to grope through the world. Now he is heaven, where, to all, all is light. Let us deserve to meet him there."

Only a few years afterwards Jeremiah was reduced to comparative poverty. The bulk of his property had been invested in the stock of the bank, which failed, unable to pay a shilling on the dollar. Thus compelled to dispose of his expensive establishment, change his style of living altogether, and with his wife and four children to take "to short commons," his spirit did not desert him.

Said Jerry, "Never mind!" two words which he never failed to throw at the teeth of every mishap which he encountered; "never mind! I like variety. I'm tired of riding in a carriage; once broke my leg in one. Walking is an exercise that I need very much. Come, come, this is not so bad an affair after all—it will test the value of my friends. Besides, now I can earn the bread we eat. Ah! it will be a labor of love, and that enriches the soul! I can almost say I am glad this accident has happened. I can, indeed!"

Let no one think that our patient friend's philosophy is the apaty of the stoic. It arises from no lack of sensitive and acute feelings, but from a benevolent determination to make the best of every thing. This is the secret of his contentment under a load of mishaps and reverses. Ever striving to render all around him happy, he is a sterling friend; never repining at the decrees of Providence, he is a true christian.

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THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

The touching incidents in scriptural history, which has furnished the theme for so much poetry, is beautifully set forth in the following article:

"The only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

Forth from the gates of Nain a funeral train in mournful silence came. The sunset flush was lingering still upon the hills around, the last departing ray of day yet stayed, tinged the floating clouds above with hues of crimson and of burnished gold, while heaven's pure azure seemed more soft and sweet amid those gorgeous tints; for naught within the wide world's bounds could more entrance the soul than that sweet sunset scend among Judea's hills and plains.

Yet death was there, and even now off swept his silent train. And he who lay the stricken victim there had died all glorious in his manly pride;—the noble form, but half concealed beneath the sable robe which wrapped it round, was cold and motionless, yet lo! how beautful in death! The pale and ashy lips on which the parting lip seemed to tremble low, were chiseled like Apollo's—proud, soft—and wore the stamp of energy and strength;—the radiant eyes were glazed in death, in which once shone ambition's fires and gleamed youth's bright hopes in days agone, and yet they seemed as if closed in gentle sleep; and 'mid his rich and clustering hair which lay, as if in life's warm glow, upon the pall, so soft and fair it was, the low wind moved, stirring the curls and wildly flowing locks, as when in health it had been freely flung to woo its balmy breath. A thing of light, too beautiful he seemed to die, yet he was passing to his last long home, so young and fair—his widowed mother's only stay—and she now left alone to meet the world's cold frowns and cheerless live.

Behind the bier, with form bowed down and bleeding heart, she came, and as she gazed upon her noble boy, struck down amid the flush of youth's bright dreams—and saw the arm on which it was her wont to lean, all stiff and palsied now in death—and looked in vain into those dull glazed orbs, for the fond glance which there were was used to beam—her bursting heart gave way; she bowed her head upon the silent corse, and wildly wept in speechless agony and woe.

But, lo! as onward swept the mournful train, a band of humble pilgrims met the weeping throng; and one among them came and touched the bier. 'Twas he, the lowly outcast Nazarene. His mild blue eyes looked sadly on the group, and gushed from out his heart, all that pure love he brought from heaven, towards her whose hope was gone—was buried 'neath the silent pall. The sad procession stopped, and they that bore the corse stood still. Jesus a moment gazed upon the noble form as in her wo the frantic mother had thrown back the pall from off her stricken boy,—a moment looked upon her, who weeping, hung upon the bier, then touched the stiffened hand, and calmly said, "*Arise.*" At that life-giving word, the line of health began to steal upon the dead; and like the first faint flush of dawn the warm blood mantled to the cheek and brow, and light began to beam from out the eyes; the lips just parted, caught a sunny smile; and like the leaping wave, his bosom heaved beneath the dark habiliments of death, which lay upon his quickened form.

Ths piercing cry, "He lives—he lives!" burst from the mourner's lips, and on the Savior's breast she fell and wept.

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ANOTHER CHAPTER IN THE ROMANCE OF LIFE.

About twelve years ago, a resident of Baltimore, an Englishman, died suddenly, leaving a widow and three children—two boys and a girl, the latter not quite two years old. The moderate income on which the family had subsisted, died with its head; and the widow found penury added to the other sorrows of her bereavement. Friends were raised up for her, however, by whem the two children were cared for, and placed in situations which would enable them, in due time, to provide for their own subsistence; and very soon after, an English lady, married but childless, becoming acquainted with the mother and interested in the remaining child, proposed to adopt the latter as her own. The offer was thankfully accepted, and the widow, thus relieved, betook herself with energy to the task of making for herself a place and a provision in the world, with whose trials she was now to struggle unaided and alone.

The lady who adopted the little girl was not permanently a resident of Baltimore. Before many months she came to this city, and here she died, leaving the child to the care of her husband's brother, who was also childless, though married. The little girl was of attractive character, and her new foster parents became strongly attached to her. In brief, she has remained with them, tenderly brought up, well educated and treated in every respect as though she had been their daughter. In the meantime, however, the death of her first protectress and the necessities of her mother's position had effected a complete severance of all communication between the parent and child, so that, at the time of the incident we are about to relate, the young girl had lost all knowledge of her childhood's history, except that she had a widowed mother, and that she legitimately bore another name than that by which she was known among her friends.

The endeavors of the mother, during these intervening years, had moderately prospered; and as the weight of care was lessened on her mind, thoughts of her absent child began to occupy it almost wholly. But she had lost all clue by the death of the lady to whom she had consigned the infant; and all her searches and inquiries, extending through some years, had been fruitless. At last, however, she wrote to a lady in Boston, with whom she had a slight acquaintance; and it happened, fortunately, that the letter was forwarded from Boston to New York; the lady being here on a visit. Its subject was to solicit co-operation in the search for the child, the mother supposing that something might be leared in Boston. The lady to whom it was addressed, happened to speak of its contents in the presence of a friend, who was interested by the story, and proffered her assistance, remarking that she knew a family bearing the name of the deceased.

To the residence of that family she proceeded, and being shown into the parlor, was immediately joined by a young girl of about fourteen, who said that her mother was engaged at the moment, but would soon be at liberty. Something—a desire rather than a suspicion that this girl might prove the one she sought—induced the visitor to introduce the subject in a proper way; and to make short of the story, the desire was gratified. At the mention of her real name, and of her mother, the young girl started up, almost wild with agitation and hope. Amid all the comforts of her lot, there had been but one eager wish ever active in her heart—the wish to find her mother, of whose residence, and even existence, she knew nothing. The description given to us by the lady who called upon her, of her appearance and expressions, as the truth was made known to her, would be read with moistened eyes, if we could do it justice; but we shall not make the attempt. It is enough to add that with the least possible delay she was on the road to Baltimore, where, long before this time, she and her mother have, no doubt, been made very happy in each other's presence.

The story is romantic enough, the reader will say; but there is a little addition to be made to it, so very like what occurs in novels that we doubt it ourselves, if we had not the fullest assurance of its truth. Only a few days before the child was found, the mother received a letter from England, announcing that a comfortable property was awaiting her husband's heirs; and the whole family are preparing to cross the ocean and take possession of their inheritance.—*Cincinnatti Paper.*

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DRESS.—It must be rather an humbling thought to those who are fond of dress, to consider that the respect they obtain is not paid to them, but to their clothes.

I once heard that a gentleman's servant of the name of Simon, who was considered silly, was found bowing and scraping to his master's wardrobe. His master asked him how he could be such a fool as to act in so silly a manner? "For the matter of that," said Simon, "I am not a greater fool than my neighbors, for they all bow to a handsome suit of clothes, and turn up their noses, at a suit that is threadbare. If you doubt this, master, let me put on your clothes, and you dress yourself in mine for a while, and we will go and seek our fortunes together, and see who will have the most respect paid to him." The gentleman by no means relished the proposal, and was often heard to say, afterwards, that silly Simon was one of the shrewdest men he had about his premises.

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ANECDOTE OF DR. BEN. FRANKLIN.—Dr. Franklin was once in company with Dr. Priestly, with whom he was very intimate, and with a number of other scientific men, who made up a party; they were mostly members of the Royal Society, and known to each other.—The conversation turned on the progress of arts, and on the discoveries favorable to human life, *which remained to be made.* Franklin regretted much that no method had yet been found out to spin *two threads* of cotton, or wool, at the same moment. Each of the company lifted up his eyes in astonishment, at first at the thought itself, and secondly at the impossibility of executing it. Franklin, however, insisted that the thing was practicable, and not only so, but would long remain a mystery. He lived long enoug not only to see his notion reduced to practice, but to see as many as forty threads spun by the same motion.—Had he lived till now, he would have seen a hundred spun at the same instant, by a single female with only the help of a child.