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## POETICAL.

## The Death of the Nightingale.

By a LITTLE GIRL.

"Let me die the death of the nightingale, and let my  
last end be like his."—Nightingale, 1842.Within a clove of the nightingale,  
Upon a sunny couch lay,  
Propped up, his head on his wing,  
Behold the gentle bird, as if dying,  
A weeping groan beside him,  
But his soul looks out on the spirit land.The partridge, and the quail,  
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## MISCELLANEOUS.

## Reforming a Wife.

My dear Van der, when in 1795, I lived in a high style on the Keizer Grange, in Amsterdam, had a very pretty wife, who dressed most extravagantly, played high, gave expensive routs, and showed every disposition to squander money quite as fast as her husband gained it. She was young, handsome, vain, and giddy, and completely the slave of fashion. Her husband had not the politeness to allow himself to be ruled by her unfeeling folly and dissipation; he complained of her conduct to her parents and nearest relations, whose advice was of no more use than his own. Next he had recourse to a respectable minister of the Lutheran church, who might as well have preached to the dead. It was in vain to deny her money, for no tradesman would refuse to credit the elegant, the fascinating wife of the rich Van der. Involved as the young lady was in the vortex of fashionable dissipation, she had not yet ruined her health and reputation; and her husband, by the advice of his friends—*to wit*,—determined to send her for six months to a "Yvetter, Reuter, Huisen," or house for the reformation of manners, such as is to be found in most of the towns in Holland. With the utmost secrecy he laid before the municipal authorities the most complete proof of her wasteful extravagance and her incorrigible levity; added to which, she had recently attacked herself to gaming with French officers of rank, who lay under imputations of dishonour, such as is to be found in most of the towns in Holland. With the utmost secrecy he laid before the municipal authorities the most complete proof of her wasteful extravagance and her incorrigible levity; added to which, she had recently attacked herself to gaming with French officers of rank, who lay under imputations of dishonour, such as is to be found in most of the towns in Holland.

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your home, and never make that you have caused to reproach me." Her husband who loved her with unabated affection, notwithstanding all her levity, at last relented, and the same coach drove her back to her home, where not one of the domestic (a trusty man-servant excepted) had the least suspicion of what had occurred. As soon as her husband led her to her apartment, she dropped on her knees, and implored his pardon: told him the extent of all her debts, begged him to take her to Zurich for a few weeks, and promised so to reduce her expenditures as to make good the sums she had so inconsiderately thrown away. Allowing for the excessive terror she felt, when, instead of being driven to Zurich, she was proceeding round the ramparts outside the city gates, which she could not wholly overcome, she spent the happiest evening of her life with her husband; and from that day abandoned her former career of dissipation, and became all that her husband wished—a good wife and an affectionate mother. From a collection of Anecdotes.

## Prayer at the Mast Head.

A sailor recently returned from a whaling voyage and in conversation with a pious friend spoke of the enjoyment he had in prayer while at the mast head. "But," inquired his friend, "in the midst of the confusion on shipboard where could you find a place to pray?" "Oh," said he, "I always went to the mast-head." "I have heard of closets in various places, but never one more peculiar than this." Peter went upon the house to pray. "Others have sought the shades of the forest," I remember hearing of a youth who came home from the camp during the last war, and his pious mother asked him, "Where, John, could you find a place to pray?" He answered, "Where there is a heart to pray, mother, it is easy to find a place."

And yet the sailor's closet was a favorite spot. The ear of man could not hear him as he cried mightily unto God. The gales that wafted his ship on its voyage, would bear his petitions upward toward the throne. "The voice of many waters would be the music of his secretary, and the angels that had charge concerning him, would listen to the swelling song." As he lifted up his heart and his voice to prayer, he was surrounded with the majesty and glory of his maker. The "deep, deep sea" spread its illimitable expanse around him. The heavens spread on like the curtains of Jehovah's chamber, and the stars, like the Jewels that adorn His crown, hung over him as he climbed the giddy mast, and bowed down to pray. Perhaps he had little imagination, and entered not into the grandeur of the scene around him. But he had a soul; and a soul that felt the power of God, that loved His holy communion with the Father of spirits, and while the others below were rioting in the mirth of a sailor's jocular life, his joy was literally to rise above the world and find intercourse with heaven.

What place there was in that sailor's heart. The storms might "rudely toss his foundering bark," but they could not shake his confidence. "God. The ocean might yaw beneath him as he swayed him in his faithless depth, but he was sheltered in the bosom of his Father's love. The frail bark might be driven at the mercy of the waves, or be dashed against the rocks, or stranded on the shore, but he had hope that was an anchor to the soul-both here and steadfast, entering into that within the veil. Through the thickest darkness that enveloped him, the "star of Bethlehem" shed its celestial loveliness over his path in the trackless deep, and guided him onward and upward to the heaven of his eternal rest. Thitherward from mast-head he strained his eye, and true as the needle to the pole, he pursued his way; when tempted he sought the "mast-head" to pray; when weary, when distressed, when dejected, he found joy, when the tumult of his companions filled his ear with pain and his soul with grief, he fled to the mast-head and poured out the desires of his heart, unto the ear of him who hears the humblest supplicants that cry.

I love to think of this sailor. I wish I knew him, and could kneel down with him and hear him converse with God. How few would be as faithful! How many would neglect their closet and seldom pray in secret, unless they could have a more secure retreat; and a more sacred chamber than the mast of a wave-rocked whaler. But he, "when here a sailor's pillow pressed" walks now on the mighty deep, and when the tempest-tossed mariner cries, he answers "He is not afraid!"—New York Observer.

## The Rising Generation.

If the question were asked us who are destined to make out most useful citizens of the next generation, we should reply, those clerks and apprentices who endeavor to improve their leisure time to the best advantage—those who are seldom seen at the corner of our streets; or any impure resort at late hours, using profane and vulgar language. Such are the youth who are to become our most respectful and influential citizens, when their fathers are gathered to their long home. When an apprentice, or clerk is found perusing instructive and valuable books, or practicing, or improving his talents in composition, in painting, in drawing, in figures, in mechanics, or in any thing that may prove useful to him, we are certain there is something in that youth. Let the rising generation stamp upon their impressions they are living for the future, and the impressions they now receive, and the cast they give to their minds will have an important bearing upon their manhood. Improve all your leisure time. If your employees see you are characterized by a disposition to become useful, by your own exertions, they will step forward and give you their assistance; they will put the means into your hands, and they will be assisted by the aid of application and words of encouragement. Do not waste your leisure evening in idle pursuits—in improper amusement, or in any society where you cannot be profitably employed. Then you will rise, and a glory will attach itself to your names, which will not be easily marred. Indolent habits, connected with

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