

POETRY.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

BY W. H. TAPPAN.

The angel ranks that gird the throne
Of Majesty, stand not alone;
To mortals disenthral'd, 'tis given
To join the choral hymn of heaven.

Gabriel ne'er touched a sweeter string,
His legions listen as they sing;
O whence those cherub minstrels,—say,
Clad in Immortals' bright array?

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL! Earth has no name
Worthier to fill the breath of fame—
The untold blessings it hath shed
Shall be reveal'd when worlds have fled.

VARIETY.

All pleasure consists in Variety.

HISTORY OF ROME.

[SELECTED.]

The rise, aggrandizement, decline,
and fall of the Roman power are included
within the compass of twelve centuries.

The Romans, illustrious as they were
for the dignity of their character, their
martial prowess, and the extent of their
empire, hold forth a splendid light for
the guidance of mankind.

O Luxury,
Bane of elated life, of affluent states,
What dreary change, what ruin is not thine?

THE COLISEUM AT ROME.

From the London Port Folio.

On approaching the majestic ruins of
this vast amphitheatre, the most stupendous
work of the kind antiquity can boast,

\* Rome was founded B. C. 753. Taken by
Marie A. C. 410. Duration of the Empire 1165.
Gibbon, vol. iii, p. 255, &c.

its height." Nearly one-half of the
external circuit still remains, consisting
of four tiers of arcades, adorned
with columns, of four orders,

Thirty thousand Jews are said to
have been engaged by Vespasian, whose
name it occasionally bears, in the construction
of this vast edifice; and they
have not discredited their forefathers,

The Roman Emperors who succeeded
Titus were careful of the preservation
of this superb monument; even the voluptuous
Heliogabalus caused it to be repaired,
after a great fire.

From the Emporium.

THE BEGGAR AND BANKER.

"Stand out of my way," said a
rough, surly voice, under my window
one day, as I sat musing over the bustling
scenes below me, at my lodgings
in Chesnut-street.

"Your honour will please to recollect,"
replied a sharp and somewhat indignant
voice—"your honour will please to recollect
that I am a beggar, and have as much right
to the road as yourself."

"And I'm a banker," was retorted
still gruffly and angrily.
Amused at this strange dialogue, I
leaned over the case, and beheld a couple
of citizens, in the position which a pugilist
would probably denominate squared,
their countenances somewhat menacing,
and their persons presenting a contrast
at once ludicrous and instructive.

Upon a close observation, however,
of the countenance of the Banker, I
discovered, almost as soon as my eye
fell upon it, a line bespeaking something
of humour and awakened curiosity,
as he stood fixed and eyeing his antagonist;
and this became more clear and conspicuous
when he lowered his tone and asked—"How will you make
that 'right' appear?"

"How," said the beggar, "why lis-

ten a moment, and I'll learn you.—In
the first place, do you take notice that
God has given me a soul and body just
as good for all the purposes of thinking,
eating, drinking, and taking my pleasure,
as he has you—and then you may remember
Dives and Lazarus just as we pass.

"But," interrupted the Banker, "do
you pretend there is then no difference
between a beggar and a banker?"

"Not in the least," rejoined the other,
with the utmost readiness; "not in the least
as to essentials. You swagger and drink
wine, in company of your own choosing—I
swagger and drink beer, which I like better
than your wine, in company which I like
better than your company. You make thousands
a day, perhaps—I make a shilling, perhaps—if
you are contented, I am—we're equally
happy at night. You dress in new clothes;
I am just as comfortable in old ones; and
have no trouble in keeping them from soiling;
if I have less property than you, I have less
to care about; if fewer friends, I have less
friendship to lose; and if I do not make
as great a figure in the world, I make as
great a shadow on the pavement; I am as
great as you. Besides, my word for it, I have
fewer enemies; meet with fewer losses; carry
as light a heart, and sing as many songs as
the best of you."

"And then," said the banker, who
had all along tried to slip a word in
edgewise, "is the contempt of the world
nothing?"

"The envy of the world is as bad as
its contempt; you have perhaps the one,
and I a share of the other. We are a match
there too. And besides the world deals in
this matter equally unjust with us both.
You and I live by our wits, instead of living
by our industry; and the only difference
between us in this particular worth naming,
is that it costs society more to maintain you
than it does me—I am content with a little,
you want a great deal. Neither of us raise
grain or potatoes, or weave cloth, or manufacture
any thing useful, we therefore add nothing
to the common stock; we are only consumers;
and if the world judged with strict impartiality,
therefore, it seems to me I would be pronounced
the cleverest fellow."

Some passers by here interrupted the
conversation. The disputants separated,
apparently good friends; and I drew in
my head, ejaculating somewhat in the manner
of Alexander in the play—is there then no
more difference between a Beggar and a Banker!

But several years have since passed
away; and now both these individuals have
paid the last debt of nature. They died
as they lived, the one a Banker and the other
a Beggar. I examined their graves, when I
next visited the city. They were of similar
length and breadth; the grass grew equally
green above each; and the sun looked down
as pleasantly on the one as the other. No
honours, pleasures, or delights, clustered
round the grave of the rich man. No finger
of scorn was pointed to that of the poor
man. They were both equally deserted,
lonely and forgotten! I thought too of the
destinies to which they had passed; of that
state in which temporal distinctions exist not;
where pride and all the circumstances which
surround this life never find admittance.
Then the distinctions of time appeared
indeed as an atom in the sunbeam, compared
with those which are made in that changeless
state to which they both had passed.

THE RETURN HOME.

The life of man is made up of checked
scenes and strange vicissitudes, in which
misery often predominates over happiness,
and passion over reason; and in the different
parts which we are destined to perform
in this eventful drama, we often find ourselves
the most active agents in producing our
own unhappiness. We are undoubtedly much
more the creatures of impulse than reason;
impulse is always at home with us, at pleasure;
whilst reason is a guest of whom we know
not the value, and whom we too seldom
entertain. Imaginary evils become real
by being dwelt on, and it seldom happens
that when the gifts of fortune are so numerous
and lavish as to deprive us of real cause
for complaint, that we do not fasten on
some ideal misery, until it becomes substance.
My own story is a case in point, and I will
relate it.

Circumstances which are painful to
remember and unnecessary to retrace,
deprived my father at a late period of
his life, and while I was just entering
my eighteenth year, of a considerable
fortune; most of which he had acquired
by his own industry, and which he now
lost by a trust too unsuspectingly reposed
in one who was unworthy of it. My
father made the necessary sacrifice of
his property, to meet the demand against
him, with apparent indifference, until
it became evident that the mischief was
more wide spread than he had anticipated;
and that his paternal estate, which he
had hoped to save from the wreck, would
also be swallowed up in the liquidation
of his unfortunate debt. The estate was
sold; and my father, unable to struggle,
at his advanced age, with misfortune
and bodily infirmity, soon sunk under
the trial.

The world was now before me, and
I was to begin life for myself. I had
numerous friends and connexions, by
whom many advantageous offers were
made me, and various residences proposed;
but in the wide world there was but
one spot which was endeared to me,
and that was the place of my nativity.
Being deprived of that, I was determined
to remove as far from its vicinity as
possible. I had vague notions and
undefined wishes, even then, of repossessing
this cherished spot, in some future
and more happy period; and every
succeeding day strengthened the hope,
until it became the anchor on which
all my wishes and exertions rested.

I removed to a distant land. I formed
business connexions which were fortunate,
and friendships which were pleasant.
I engaged the respect of the aged, and
the esteem of the young. I was gradually
acquiring a fortune, and I might have
been happy, could I have considered my
present place of residence as home.
But I could not. I looked upon it as
the pious saint looks upon this world
of trial; I considered it a place of probation,
and alas I made the place of my nativity
a heaven. Home was the name round
which all my recollections and anticipated
enjoyments clung; and the only place
which I thought could afford me happiness.
I had now been absent from my native
place near fifteen years, and had by industry
and good fortune acquired a handsome
estate, when I heard by accident that
my long regretted home was on sale.
I immediately commissioned a friend to
purchase it for me; I now congratulated
myself as being on the summit of felicity.
I collected my property; took leave of
my friends, and after a long journey,
rendered still more tedious by my impatience,
I once more stood upon my native soil.
Few would understand my feelings,
were I to describe them on seeing for
the first time, the white walls of my
old home shining through the trees
by which they were surrounded; and
fewer still would sympathise with my
almost childish joy in again possessing
the home of my fathers. But my happiness
was as evanescent as it was excessive.
I soon found that the short period of
my absence had been marked by many
changes; that of the friends whom I
left, some had removed under vicissitudes
of fortune, and many had been carried
off by death. The estate itself had
undergone strange alterations; and
through neglect, had become little better
than a barren waste.—The fences were
thrown down; and the fair fields and
beautiful meadows were laid open to
the ravages of the neighboring cattle;
the garden walks were over-run with
weeds so as scarcely to leave a trace of
their former existence; the bower had
fallen into total ruin, and the large
willow in front of the house, on whose
pendant branches I had swung a thousand
times when a boy, was uprooted and
dead. In short, the desolation of the
prospect was complete; and the desolation
of my heart corresponded with it.
The melancholy recollections of past
events, rendered this day to which I
had looked forward as the end of all
troubles and the commencement of
happiness, the most miserable of my life.

Time, however, has given reason
the ascendancy over feeling, and has
taught me that it is wisdom to form
our happiness of the materials within
our reach, and not to refer it to some
distant period, which may never arrive.

CHARITY.

CHARITY, decent, modest, easy, kind,
Softens the high, and rears the abject mind:
Knows with just reins and gentle hand to guide
Betwixt vile shame and arbitrary pride.
Not soon provok'd, she easily forgives,
And much she suffers as she much believes;
Soft peace she brings, wherever she arrives;
She builds our quiet as she forms our lives;
Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,
And opens in each heart a little heaven.

From a London paper.

JUVENILE SATIRIST.

George Pope, a boy about ten years
of age, was charged at Guildhall, with
assaulting one Develin. It appeared
that two boys' schools had been established
in the Close, the noise of which was
so annoying, that Develin at the
instance of a Mr. Pym, a resident in
the Close, had been appointed to pre-
serve order; in doing which, Mr. De-
velin had got kicked on the shins.

Mr. Savage, the schoolmaster, said
the appointment of street keeper had
originated entirely out of the illwill of
a Mr. Pym, resident in the Close. He
had some remarkably clever boys in his
school, and there was one in particular
who was extremely fond of Martial,
and one of the epigram writing, and a
little sally of his playing on the very
peculiar name of the officer, (Develin)
which, if it failed to excite admiration
of the child's genius, ought to have
been passed by with a laugh, had, on
the contrary, created a most rancorous
feeling against the whole school, and
the street keeper had pretty clearly evinced
malice in the partial and savage
manner in which he exercised his office.
Mr. Savage then read one of the epigrams,
which ran thus—

"The Close of Bartlemy's well known,
A paradise to revel in,
The saints from thence drove out the boys,
And then they let the Devil in."
Another ran thus—
"if P. Y. M. be Y. M. P.
Then Pym is Imp—'tis clear to see.
Now is it odd, in times so evil,
That a d—d Imp should raise the Devil?"
Mr. Alderman Cox said Develin had
not brought a proper object before him
for punishment, and dismissed the complaint.

The Law is like a mouse trap, you are
first tempted to put your nose into it by
the savory smell of the toasted cheese,
or in other words, the prospect of gain-
ing an advantage. You venture a little
further; the passage is narrow, and
crowded full, you would fain draw back,
but you find a hook in your ear pretty
soon, and to go forward is the only remedy.
The further you go in, the more impracticable
is your retreat—at last you are too poor
for picking. He who knows enough
of the law to keep out of it, is well off.
It's often cheaper to give a neighbor
his demand and ten dollars into the bargain,
than to go to loggert heads and gain your suit.
You may injure him, it's true—and you may
bite your own nose off in spite of your teeth.

RELIGIOUS.

There cannot be a more striking instance,
how emphatically every doctrine
of the Gospel has a reference to practical
goodness, than is exhibited by St.
Paul, in that magnificent picture of the
Resurrection, in his Epistle to the Corinthians,
which our Church has happily
selected, for the consolation of survivors
at the last closing scene of mortality.—
After an inference as triumphant, as it
is logical, that because "Christ is risen,
we shall rise also;" after the most philosophical
illustration of the raising of the
body from the dust, by the process of
grain sown in the earth, and springing
up into a new mode of existence; after
describing the subjugation of all things
to the Redeemer, and his laying down
the mediatorial Kingdom; after sketching
with a seraph's pencil, the relative
glories of the celestial and terrestrial
bodies; after exhausting the grandest
images of nature, and the dissolution of
nature itself; after such a display of the
solemnities of the great day, as makes
this world, and all its concerns shrink
into nothing: In such a moment, when,
if ever, the rapt spirit might be supposed
too highly wrought for precept and
admonition—the apostle wound up, as he
was, by the energies of inspiration, to the
immediate view of the glorified state—the
last trumpet sounding—the change
from mortal to immortality effected in
the twinkling of an eye—the sting of
death drawn out—victory snatched from
the grave—then, by a turn, as surprising
as it is beautiful, he draws a conclusion
as unexpectedly practical as his premises
were grand and awful:—"Therefore, my
beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, un-
moveable, always abounding in the work
of the Lord." Then at once, by another
quick transition, resorting from the duty
to the reward, and winding up the
whole with an argument as powerful, as
his rhetoric had been sublime, he adds
—"forasmuch as ye know that your labor
is not in vain in the Lord."