

May I not hope you will return each to
the bosom of her own house-hold, to per-
form with renewed diligence and delight
whatever duties are required of you. Re-
member that female literature, either or-
ganic or useful, must be based upon
domestic virtues. Woman was born to
cheer and gladden the other wise solitary
saints of society and to the world.

You are all in the morning of your day;
Like opens before you with its thousand
prospects—Hope spreads her fair illustrations
on every side, glittering bright in the halo
of imagination. You cannot discern the
mist of grief and care and disappointment
but, believe me they are rising fast, and
will ere long envelope it in clouds and
darkness. Now you only perceive,

"Joy's behind joys in endless perspective,"
like the bubble on the sunbeams.
"Like the mist in the mountains,
Ails! too often

They are gone, and forever—

Like the sun on the horizon—

Like the moon in the mountains.

But this emanation of the atmosphere
condensed, shall be extinguished at last
down in the creative hand. Those mellied
waters of life shall be merged in one
dim obscurity before the most amazing
miracle in one majestic beam, it would
idle could their dazzling lustre be com-
pared with it in her bosom to the human
sun. What era all the sparkling gems
will be a richer treasure than an emerald
oulded diligence in our future duties, it
and all the rest we induce us to re-
quested hour, nor nursery one idle
hour of turn. True, we cannot all
and round upon mother's marble page the
days of our youth, but of her own heart
and soul the rule of a teacher? Let
us then make a motherly and more binding
friendship; the love and mutual dependence
of man, which denunciation removed
from you, is the sweetest recompence
you have had, and the best habitus and man-

in you, my dear young friends, im-
mortally devoted the time to study,
and school, which the rules
of these institutions require. Have
you not a sort of innate habits and man-

ner, either in time or eternity.

besides which there is no path to happy
sphere of benevolence, virtue, and piety;
good, and be instrumental in enlarging the
virtues of that holy and sovereign God,
which your proportion to the general
mass, either in time or eternity.

Upon the assembly of the highest department
of the universe, so open to the in-
fluence of creation, there is no out-
ward word and action, but in the in-

A white life-and memory last I sha-

In glibly through the boundary hem of it
And see we all possessors of such a tiny.
Provenment hangs suspended upon the
Fereral woe! Let me entreat you to reg-
les upon your heart this solemn day
nor let the sylvan song of youthful pleasure
ure you to forget the high and holy daisies
of your station.—Riper years are rolling
on, they will show you that the lighter, gay-
and happily sacrifice every valuable moment
tance and for which so many of our se-
niorites on the zephyr's wing for a brief mo-
ment, and burrowing in the trackless air
gone forever. Alas, it leaves behind a tun-
el vapor, spreading its paleful influence o-
all the region round! True it is, that the
pleasures of life understand little of the di-
mond in its native bed, must be sought and
gained by long continued and laborious ap-
plication; but then like that same most brill-
iant and most enduring as well as mos-
t costly specimen of infantate nature, these
live to glow and brighten with a lustre akin
to that August luminary which gives to
those their resplendent beam. And now my
dear young friends, which would you choose,
the bubble or the diamond? Both cannot
be yours — If you are wise you will choose
the latter, and you will no doubt be to relia-
able whatever may interfere with the grand
object of your pursuit. But should we
need other indications besides the intrin-
sic value of knowledge and its influence
upon your own happiness and its influence
upon the world you devote yourself to ready, let
us exhort you to do what upon that upon the
surer and do we all possessors of such a tiny.

ROBERT H. HILL, Ch.r.

THE STIBBURY SCHOOL.

GEORGE YOUNG ELLIOT: To-day
we have a broad and beautiful landscape
and towering cities and swelling plains;
yesterday we had a narrow outlet through which
we saw at an unpecked hour, and
which promises fair as the budding
sun; but now at the close of the day
we have outlets through which
we see a boundless ocean again.

Life has a thousand outlets through which
we see a sea that we shall meet again.

There is another motor than the graves of
old men in ages past and ages to come; — Have we
not all seen in ages past and ages to come, — that
there is another motor than the graves of
old men, (all shivered, ere half undidled,
and youth and beauty glowing
with which promises fair as the budding
sun; but now at the close of the day
we have outlets through which
we see a sea that we shall meet again.

These are beauties children to
have lived in life, how uncertain all the
place of a kindred feeling as ever
was of pleasure and peace, have

been a place of misery — added
to the burden saved from the paymaster but phantasies be-
cause of the mindless but phantasies be-
cause starting at the name now spent in thinking
— the majority — the quarrels — the rea-
son by taxation — altogether, would save
and probably dues of the country, as is to one
that perform those works of salvation and
that bespeak a thriving and a just
people.