

not as heretofore, rich valleys covered with lofty timber, nor fertile Savannahs with the tall luxuriant grass, and wild-flowers waving in the wind; but one wide-spread lake, one vast ocean of lurid glare and sulphurous stench, which in the distance resembled a vast unbounded plain of ruinous pine, burned to a living glowing coal, emitting dark volumes of dense smoke. Every instant brought Tom nearer to the horrid goal—every instant added some new form of terror to the scene, and gave some new cry of madness to the ear. The fiery plain became a moving current of liquid fire, and as it rose in tempestuous waves, he could hear it hiss and see it sparkle like vivid lightning, and burst like bellowing thunder. Then his ear would catch a demoniac intonation of the human voice, wrought into agony by excruciating, hellish torments. Tom tried to pray and could not—he tried to scream—he had lost his voice—he tried to shut his eyes, it was a vain effort—his fate was before him, and his destiny compelled him to look upon it. In another instant he perceived before him, on the borders of the boiling ocean, an immense black arch which ever, as the flaming billows rose to its level, exhibited in transparency—"Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife—nor his man-servant nor his maid servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's."

As Tom's eye fell on his sentence, a trumpet sounded, the fiend steed gave one desperate bound, they were whirled in the boiling gulph. A devil seized Tom Nott—he gave one convulsive scream and awoke, and lo! it was all a dream, by which I hope I have profited, and pray I may be able to continue to profit the balance of my days.

THOMAS BROWN NOTT.

GIRLHOOD.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

My joyous child, when press'd with care,
I scarce can think, that ever I
Was once a thoughtless thing like thee,
With merry laugh and flashing eye;
That I could smile as thou dost now,
The wet tears still upon my cheek;
Could clap my hands with idle glee,
And play all day at hide and seek—

Could sit with earnest look the while,
And list the tale so often told,
And think each morn and every day
How I was growing tall and old;
And love to ape old-lady ways,
With sober look and matron tread;
Compress my lips to look severe,
And shake my very knowing head—

With solemn voice, and moral strong,
Reprove Miss Doll for sad misdeed,

And fearful punishment inflict,
That she may learn to take more heed;
With small foot cross'd, and lullaby,
Then sing the poor thing fast to sleep,
And lay it down on tiny bed,
And watch, like anxious mother, keep—

Eat bits of cake with sober grace,
And sip my tea with lady zest;
Play nurse my babe, with *such* a look,
And teach their A B C's the rest;
Then talk of husband gone away,
And all the cares that matrons know;
Look *smart* when washing day came round,
And put small blankets out to blow—

With dainty step, and mincing tone,
Play "go abroad" with sister Ann;
In talk and look a woman be,
As much as merry childhood can—
Oh, this was *seeming*!—how unlike
The sad reality of life.
I *seem* no more—for I am now
In truth a mother and a wife.

Illusions sweet! Life's early dreams!
All, all, forever pass'd away—
Oh, all do *seem* in this cold world;
Who would not be a child at play?
Yes, childhood's faith and childhood's love
Shall ever fresh with me remain;
I'll be a very child at heart,
Nor *seeming* live those days again.

THOUGHTS ON LITERATURE.

BY CHARLES LANMAN.

A taste for literature is one of the most substantial sources of enjoyment with which the human race is acquainted. It has a tendency to bring to perfection many of the noblest feelings of the heart. To its possessor it is a treasure of which the revolutions of the world cannot deprive him. In opulence or poverty, whether free to roam over the world or confined in a prison—still, if he has within his reach a few favorite authors, he can banish the troubles and trials of the present and be happy within the world of mind.

There is a certain class of men in almost every community, who take pleasure in sneering at those who follow literature as a profession and who are anxious for its rewards. They look upon the man of letters as one prone to build airy castles, continually longing for pleasures which can never be realized, or as a mere day-dreamer. They think it would be better if all men were mechanics, or merchants, or farmers, and that man was made to plod through life with no higher aim than to satisfy his sensual desires! How foolish, how despicable are such ideas. These persons generally pass through life without making any good impressions upon their fellows, and when they die the memory of their usefulness is buried with them. What is the object of our living upon the earth, if it is not to train the