Wilberforce was then met with determined opposition. The case appeared hopeless, but, year after year, he agitated it, and though he experienced eleven defeats in his endeavors to carry the measure, at length he triumphed; and the disgraceful barter in human flesh and blood ceased to stain the character of the English nation.

Long will that grateful country cherish the name and memory of Wilberforce. He showed in the senate of the land how noble is the union of Christian graces with the character of a legislator; while his coadjuator, and indeed forerunner, in the work, Thomas Clarkson, from youth to manhood, and from maturity to old age, devoted himself unreservedly to the one great purpose of obtaining freedom and justice for the oppressed negro. Finely has the poet Wordsworth said, in his sonnet to Clarkson, on the final passing of the Slave-Trade Abolition Bill, in 1807:

"Clarkson! it was an obstinate hill to climb;
How trilsome, nay, how dire it was, by thee
Is known—by none, perhaps so feelingly.
But thou, who, starting in thy fervent prime,
Didst first lead forth this pilgrimage sublime,
Hast heard the constant voice its charge repeat,
Which out of thy young heart's oracular seat
First roused thee. O true yoke-fellow of time,
With *unabating effort*, see, the palm
Is won! and by all nations shall be worn!
The bloody writing is forever torn,
And thou henceforth shall have a good man's calm,
A great man's happiness: thy zeal shall find
Repose at length, firm friend of human kind!"

N. W. B.

ENVELOPES.

These new fashioned inclosures of Letters lead to mistakes, which are sometimes ludicrous, and sometimes serious. We have recently heard of one of each of these cases.

A young gentleman wrote a letter to his lady-love, and inclosed it in an envelope directed to her father, instead of one on business, which he intended to send to him, but sent it to the daughter. As neither party knew of the other's *engagements*, the disclosure was somewhat laughable.

The other case was that of a young gentleman in Boston, about to sail for Europe. He wrote to an intimate friend in New York, for some information, and by return of Mail, received his *own letter* back again, without a word of explanation. This of course surprised and disappointed him. After he had gone in the vessel, another letter came, which his father opened, and found it contained many apologies for the *mistake* in not enclosing the reply which he wrote in the envelope which he sent. These facts may lead others to be more careful.

THANKSGIVING INCIDENTS.

Previous to thanksgiving day, the Boston Traveller gave notice that a gentleman had offered to distribute Thanksgiving Dinners to a number of poor and deserving families, if any persons would furnish the money to purchase them. Several donations were sent to the Editors, until the sum of *seventy dollars* was received. On Friday the Traveller stated that "More than fifty families have, to a greater or less extent, been aided by this timely benevolence. The kind doners would have been repaid a thousand fold for their generosity, if they could have seen the happiness and the gratitude of which they were the instruments."—*A good example.*

On the Wednesday before thanksgiving day, a gentleman was walking in Pleasant street, Boston, when a provision wagon rapidly passed him and turned a corner, without his perceiving who the driver was. He soon saw that a fine fat turkey had been dropped on the pavement. He picked it up, and seeing a poor woman coming towards him, he asked her if she would like to have a turkey for dinner to-morrow.

"Indeed I should, sir, but I have no money to pay for it." "Well," said he, "I have just picked this up, and I don't know who the owner is. I will give it to you, for I have enough at home." She took it with many thanks and blessings on the kind gentleman, who was as happy in giving, as she was in receiving.

To Correspondents.—"Sacred Valleys," No. 4 and 5, are received. The number of other Communications on hand, will oblige us to defer the first named until the commencement of the new year. We hope the author will continue his interesting and instructive series regularly.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Merrimack, N. H., Nov. 18, 1851.

Mr. Willis, Dear sir,—We feel compelled to part with your interesting little paper, although it is with great reluctance that we do so. We have taken it several years, and have truly found it a "Youth's Companion," and even now we would not part with it, could it be otherwise. When the younger members of the family are old enough to feel interested in it, it may possibly resume its old place by our fireside again.

Your humble friend. Mrs. C. E. Parker.

DAGUERREOTYPES.

Mr. John A. Whipple, No. 96 Washington street, has long been known to our citizens as one of the most successful daguerreotype artists in the city. He has produced some of the finest pictures we have ever seen, and his rooms are adorned with many fine specimens of the art—including likenesses of many distinguished persons. His family groups are superior. A letter from London, descriptive of the Daguerreotype Department at the Great Exhibition, says "there were no groups that could begin to compare with Whipple's." It will be remembered that Mr. Whipple received a medal at the World's Fair for his pictures. When the President was here he visited Mr. Whipple's rooms, and sat for his likeness. Duplicates have since been sent to Mrs. Fillmore and her daughter, which have been acknowledged by the President in a letter, in which he says:

"Your favor of the 25th ult., accompanied by a daguerreotype of myself for Mrs. Fillmore, came duly to hand; and she desires me to return her thanks for the compliment, and say that she considers it an excellent likeness. My daughter also desires me to return her thanks for the beautiful little miniature of the same in a locket. She is greatly delighted with it."

Variety.

HOW SCHOLARS ARE MADE.

Costly apparatus and splendid cabinets have no magical power to make scholars. As a man is in all circumstances under God the master of his own fortunes, so he is the former of his own mind. The Creator has so constituted the human intellect, that it can only grow by its own action, and by its own action it will certainly and necessarily grow. Every man must therefore educate himself. His books and teacher are but helps; the work is his. A man is not educated until he has the abillity to summon in an emergency his mental powers into vigorous exercise to effect its proposed object. It is not the man who has seen most or read most, who can do this; such a one is in danger of being borne down like a beast of burden, by an overloaded mass of other men's thoughts. Nor is it the man who can boast merely of native vigour and capacity. The greatest of all warriors who went to the siege of Troy had not the pre-eminence because nature had given him strength and he carried the largest bow, but because self-discipline had taught him to bend it.—*Daniel Webster.*

Prayer.—Praying *frequently* helps to praying *fervently*. Be assured, it is better to wander *in* prayer, than to wander *from* it.—*Bishop Wilson.*

THE UNIVERSALIST'S WIFE.

During a revival of religion in W——, Mrs. P—— was awakened and hopefully converted to God. Her husband who was a decided, Universalist, was absent at the time. When he returned, her first act was to tell him what the Lord had done for her, kindly to invite him to join her, and to read to him a chapter from the Bible. She felt it her duty to pray with him, but for that time shrunk from the cross. Upon his return the next evening she again took the Bible, read a portion, and after again affectionately urging him to seek the salvation of his soul, and go with her, she knelt by his side and besought God to save her husband. Another day passed; and again at the twilight hour, her prayer ascended from their quiet room; and this time the husband, a weeping penitent, was kneeling by her side. His proud heart was humble, his strong will subdued. Sleep visited him not that night; and very early the next morning the pastor was called to aid the devoted wife in guiding him to the cross of the Redeemer. He soon found peace; the alter still stands, and morning and evening sacrifice is offered upon it.—*Am. Mess.*

A CAUTION TO YOUTH.

When youth set themselves against age, the probabilities are that they are in the wrong, and that the result will not be to their honor. The day we live in is not remarkable for the humility of youth: boldness, self-sufficiency, disregard of parents, contempt of authority—these are rather the attributes of a large, and, we fear, a growing class. But assuredly these are not the attributes of a character that is to attain excellence, or of a man that is to reach respectability. Modesty, diffidence, submission to years and wisdom—these are the marks of the man that is destined to get on.

THE COMPASSES.

Charity and faith make up one perfect pair of compasses, that can take the true latitude of a Christian heart; faith is the one foot, pitched in the centre immoveably; while charity walks about in a perfect circle of beneficence; these two never did, never can go asunder. Warrant me your love. I dare warrant your faith.—*Bishop Hall.*

"Ask what I shall give thee."—2 Chron. i. 7.—As a little boy was paring an apple which had been given to him after dinner, the following questions were put to him by a lady: "Supposing God were to tell you he would give you whatever you chose to ask him for, what would you ask him to give you?" "Do you mean to eat?" inquired the little boy. "No," replied the lady, "I mean of all things you can think of that you like, what would you ask him for?" The child laid down his apple, and seemed for a few seconds to be lost in thought; then looking up at the lady, he answered, "I would ask God to give me a new heart."—*Visitor.*

The most difficult commandment.—"As I stood one day by Mr. Jeffreys," says Mrs. Jeffreys in her Journal, "catechizing the children, I asked them which of the commandments was most difficult to observe. One, after a long pause, mentioned one, and another a different precept; till at last a boy about twelve years old said, 'The last is the hardest.' Mr. Jefferys said, 'Why is it so, my boy?' He replied, 'Because, for one who is poor, to see another possessing a great deal of money, a great deal of clothes, and much cattle and rice, without wishing for some of them, is very hard; I think no person can keep this commandment.'"—*Ib.*

Come thou with us, and we will do thee good; Num. x. 29.—After Mr. Phillip Henry, who came to Worthenbury a stranger, had been in the country for some time, his attachment to Miss Matthews, afterwards his wife, became manifest; and it was mutual. Among the other objections urged by her friends against the connection, was this—that although Mr. Henry was a gentleman and a scholar, and an excellent preacher, he was quite a stranger, and they did not know even where he came from.

"True," replied Miss Matthews, "but I know where he is going, and I should like to go with him."

Callous hearts, that are insensible to other's misery, are susceptible of no true delight.

RIDICULING OTHERS.

A wise man said, hundreds of years ago, that "he never could have a good opinion of a child who makes it his study to raise a laugh, by mimicking the manners, the looks, or the defects of others." And he gives an excellent reason for it. "A child, to have true genuis, should, in my opinion, be good and virtuous. I had rather see him a little slow and dull, than with *a bad sort of smartness.*"

He gave them their request but sent leanness in their soul.—A minister praying for a child apparently dying, said, "If it be thy will, spare ——." The wretched and distracted mother, interrupting him, cried, "It must be his will; I have no ifs." The child, to the surprise of many, recovered, but lived to break his mother's heart, and was publicly executed at the age of twenty-two.

Poetry.

THE CHILD'S DREAM.

Upon a summer day,
When flowers wreathed the willow,
Edwin lay down to sleep—
A Bible for his pillow.

And, as he slept, he smiled—
For spirits round him chanted,
And white-robed little boys
His happy vision haunted.

Far off in heaven's blue,
With silvery wings extended,
A happy, holy band,
Through dazzling pathways wended.

At length they rested near
A throne of marble whiteness,
On which a lamb was raised,
Rayed round with heavenly brightness.

Then raised that angel choir
A song of adoration,
"Worthy the Lamb," they sang,
"Who brought to us salvation."

The song awoke the boy;
His mamma's kiss was given;
He clasped her neck, and sighed,
"I dreamed I was in heaven."

"PUT THY WHOLE TRUST IN HIM."

The child leans on its parent's breast,
Leaves there its cares, and is at rest;
The bird sits singing by his nest,
And tells aloud
His trust in God, and so is blest
'Neath every cloud.

He has no store, he sows no seed,
Yet sings aloud, and doth not heed.
By flowing streams or grassy mead,
He sings to shame
Men who forget in fear of need
A Father's name.

The heart that trusts for ever sings
And feels as light as it had wings;
A well of peace within it springs;
Come good or ill.
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is his will.

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