clinching years, and that when he should have departed "to that undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns," he would leave behind him those whose "destiny for weal or for woe," would depend upon the character of the community in which they were placed.

Indeed, the effect is the same, whether the course of conduct of which we have spoken, be the result of an intention to emigrate, or of a morbid appetite for money, which has prevailed to so great an extent in our country.

One of the most remarkable phenomena in the constitution of the human mind, is the fact that men may by excessive love for money, a mere conventional agent of society, be blinded to their own temporal interest. An extreme case is found in the miser

"With vigilance, and fasting worn to skin
And bone."

Still "bending on his heaps
And holding strange communion with his gold."

But a not less striking one in the farmer, who strains every nerve, exhausts every resource, consumes all his time, destroys the value of his land, and neglects all the means of improvement, in his desperate anxiety to raise a large amount of staple to exchange for money; ignorant as it seems, that by a different course of conduct he would better serve the interests of himself, of society and of posterity. But on this topic we will not enlarge as we have already passed our limits.

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**WHAT IS LIFE?**

Is it life to see the hours
Of youth's gay spring unheeded fly,
To droop in sadness, as the flowers,
We nurtured early, fade and die?

Is it life to feel the glow
Of love warm springing in our breast,
Chilled in its currents, as they flow,
The moment when we felt most blest?

To feel that childhood's joys are past,
That sorrowing age is stealing on,
No hope to cheer our heart at last;
When all except our cares are gone.

No scene, no light of other days,
Of early joys remote from strife,
By which through memory to gaze
On youth awhile,—this is not life.