

will say then, that she is weak, foolish, imprudent; I will say, she kills with kindness, spoils with indulgence, and all that; but just now I will say nothing.

In one thing I think her kindness very sensible,—she uses no check-rein. I think with Sir Francis Head, that all horses are handsomer with their heads held as Nature pleases. I pity the poor

creatures when I see them turning to one side and the other, to find a little relief in change of position. To restrain horses thus, who have heavy loads to pull, is the height of folly, as a waste of power.

You take no interest in these remarks, perhaps; but treasure them. If ever, Cousin Mary, you *drive a dray*, they will serve you.

[To be continued.]

THY PSYCHE.

LIKE a strain of wondrous music rising up in cloister dim,
Through my life's unwritten measures thou dost steal, a glorious hymn!
All the joys of earth and heaven in the singing meet, and flow
Richer, sweeter, for the wailing of an undertone of woe.
How I linger, how I listen for each mellow note that falls,
Clear as chime of angels floating downward o'er the jasper walls!

Every night, when winds are moaning round my chamber by the sea,
Thine's the face that through the darkness latest looks with love at me;
And I dream, ere thou departest, thou dost press thy lips to mine;—
Then I sleep as slept the Immortals after draughts of Hebe's wine!
And I clasp thee, out of slumber when the rosy day is born,
As the soul, with rapture waking, clasps the resurrection morn.

'Twas thy soul-wife, 'twas thy Psyche, one uplifted, radiant day,
Thou didst call me;—how divinely on thy brow Love's glory lay!
Thou my Cupid,—not the boy-god whom the Thespians did adore,
But the man, so large, so noble, truer god than Venus bore.
I thy Psyche;—yet what blackness in this thread of gold is wove!
Thou canst never, never lead me, proud, before the throne of Jove!
All the gods might toil to help thee through the longest summer day;—
Still would watch the fatal Sisters, spinning in the twilight gray;
And their calm and silent faces, changeless looking through the gloom,
From eternity, would answer, "Thou canst ne'er escape thy doom!"
Couldst thou clasp me, couldst thou claim me, 'neath the soft Elysian skies,
Then what music and what odor through their azure depths would rise!
Roses all the Hours would scatter, every god would bring us joy,
So, in perfect loving blended, bliss would never know alloy!

O my heart! the vision changes; fades the soft celestial blue;
Dies away the rapturous music, thrilling all my pulses through!
Lone I sit within my chamber; storms are beating 'gainst the pane,
And my tears are falling faster than the chill December rain;—
Yet, though I am doomed to linger, joyless, on this earthly shore,
Thou art Cupid!—I am Psyche!—we are wedded evermore!

DR. WICHERN AND HIS PUPILS.

"WOULD you like to spend a day at Horn and visit the *Rauhe Haus*?" inquired my friend, Herr X., of me, one evening, as we sat on the bank of the Inner Alster, in the city of Hamburg. I had already visited most of the "lions" in and about Hamburg, and had found in Herr X. a most intelligent and obliging cicerone. So I said, "Yes," without hesitation, though knowing little more of the *Rauhe Haus* than that it was a reform school of some kind.

"I will call for you in the morning," said my friend, as we parted for the night.

The morning was clear and bright, and I had hardly despatched my breakfast when Herr X. appeared with his carriage. Entering it without delay, we were driven swiftly over the pavements, till we came to the old city-wall, now forming a fine drive, when my friend, turning to the coachman, said,—

"Go more slowly."

"The scenery in this vicinity we Hamburgers think very beautiful," he continued, turning to me.

To my eye, accustomed to our New England hills, it was much too flat to merit the appellation of beautiful, though Art had done what it could to improve upon Nature; so I assented to his encomiums upon the landscape, but, desirous of changing the subject, added,—

"This *Rauhe Haus*, where we are going, I know but little of; will you give me its history?"

"Most willingly," he replied. "You must know that our immense commerce, while it affords ample occupation for the enterprising and industrious, draws hither also a large proportion of the idle, depraved, and vicious. For many years, it was one of the most difficult questions with which our Senate has had to grapple, to determine what should be done with the hordes of vagrant children who swarmed about our quays, and were harbored in the filthy dens which before

the great fire of 1842 were so abundant in the narrow streets. These children were ready for crime of every description, and in audacity and hardihood far surpassed older vagabonds.

"In 1830, Dr. Wichern, then a young man of twenty-two, having completed his theological studies at Göttingen and Berlin, returned home, and began to devote himself to the religious instruction of the poor. He established Sabbath-schools for these children, visited their parents at their homes, and sought to bring them under better influences. He succeeded in collecting some three or four hundred of them in his Sabbath-schools; but he soon became convinced that they must be removed from the evil influences to which they were subjected, before any improvement could be hoped for in their morals. In 1832, he proposed to a few friends, who had become interested in his labors, the establishment of a House of Rescue for them. The suggestion met their approval; but whence the means for founding such an institution were to come none of them knew; their own resources were exceedingly limited, and they had no wealthy friends to assist them.

"About this time, a gentleman with whom he was but slightly acquainted brought him three hundred dollars, desiring that it should be expended in aid of some new charitable institution. Soon after, a legacy of \$17,500 was left for founding a House of Rescue. Thus encouraged, Wichern and his friends went forward. A cottage, roughly built and thatched with straw, with a few acres of land, was for sale at Horn, about four miles from the city, and its situation pleasing them, they appropriated their legacy to the purchase of it. Hither, in November, 1833, Dr. Wichern removed with his mother, and took into his household, adopting them as his own children, three of the worst boys he could find in Ham-