

### THE TRUE END OF THE NEWSPAPER PRESS.

Journalism, to attain its end, should understand and preserve its proper character. It should be cautious, and yet courageous; circumspect, dependent, acting out its own honest interest on its own behalf; when the honest and brave journalist bosom to the storm, and bid defiance to and danger. He may be called to see and abjure truth, and combat popular character and substance in obeying of honest convictions, while he cheerfully time for a more partial hearing and a just judgment. Worthless and vile is the ignorant to take positions, or, once having them, ever ready, from timidity or sordid calculations, to abandon them.

Churches. A correspondent, "of the Island," a week or two since, uttered some sharp strictures upon sundry remarks on church architecture, contained in a recent discourse by Rev. O. Dewey of New York. A writer in the New Bedford Mercury complains that injustice has been done to those remarks, "inasmuch as but a disconnected portion of them was selected for critical animadversion, and that, consequently, unwarrantable inferences were drawn therefrom. These latter reproaches, which are dictated manifestly by no ungentle feeling, have induced us to recur to the original subject of discussion—the address itself. And we must, frankly confess, after an examination of the context that the language of Mr. Dewey, taken as it was evidently meant to be understood, and considered as a whole, is not, in our opinion, obnoxious to the charges preferred by our correspondent, "C." It embraces an extended argument, of which but a partial view seems to have been taken by the author of the strictures. His criticisms were chiefly confined to the second paragraph of the following extract; which paragraph alone was cited at the time; and which, thus detached from its corresponding parts, might perhaps deserve what was said by way of comment. But we feel bound to declare, that to the general course of reasoning pursued in the annexed quotation, and especially to its conclusions, we can neither perceive an objection, nor justly refuse to yield assent. Well would it be for the reputation of Christians of all denominations, if the spirit which moves upon the face of this brief specimen of the discourse, were more widely diffused throughout all their churches.

"Meet it is that the temples of a nation's worship should be goodly and fair. I cannot think that this is the only point at which liberality is to pause, and expense to be carefully restricted. Every large city in the country is each year lavishing upon luxuries, entertainment, spectacles—upon things that perish with the passing year—enough to build ten churches; and every town and village is doing the same thing in its proportion. Now, surely, if there is any thing for which a people should be willing even to strain their resources somewhat, it is to do that well which is to be done but once in the course of some hundred years; to bestow some unusual care and expense on that which is to be associated with religious ideas, and in that important relation to be viewed with pleasure or disgust by the eyes of passing generations.

"Architecture is a language as truly as sculpture and painting; nay, as truly as literature—as poetry. The front of a majestic and beautiful church is known and read as all men. The stranger, the gazer, the passer-by, though he reads nothing else, reads that. And there are religious edifices in the world whose effect in elevating the mind cannot be transcended by any painting or statue, by any poem or eloquent discourse. And suppose that such poem or discourse could be so depicted as to be set up in an enduring form by the wayside, where multitudes and generations are walking? Would it not be a goodly work to place it there? Would not the very idea, the bare possibility of it, awaken the utmost enthusiasm? But a magnificent piece of architecture is such a poem, is such a discourse, inasmuch that I will venture to say it advisedly and deliberately, that I would value as much in any city or town, the effect of the York Minster in England, as of that great work of England's sublimest bard, the 'Paradise Lost.' He who gazes on such a structure is melted, enraptured, overwhelmed with delight and veneration; he feels as he does when he gazes on the sublimest objects of Nature. And to place a majestic cathedral in one of our cities—would that it might yet be done here—would be as if you could place the loftiest mountain of the Alps in the neighborhood, to be a up

thoughts of its inhabitants to sublimity, beauty, to heaven.

"A church, too, is more than a work of art. It is a place of refuge, a place of rest, a place of communion between heaven and earth. They are like the ladder which Jacob saw in vision, on which the angels of God were ascending and descending; and he who pauses beneath them in the sacred hours, to meditate and pray, is sometimes led to exclaim, with the ancient patriarch, 'How awful is this place! This is none other than the house of God; this is the gate of heaven!' What would a city or a village be, even in appearance—open to the passing traveler, without churches? a city of habitations and warehouses, and houses of entertainment for the wayfaring man, and houses of pleasure for the gay; but without one structure to recognize the sense of devotion and of duty? Would not the very traveler hasten for his life from such a city as the city of destruction?"

### WHO'LL HAVE ME.

Who'll have me, who'll have me,  
As a partner for life?  
I address those young men  
Who are seeking a wife.  
Say, say, you will have me,  
And I'll be to you  
A firm and sincere friend,  
Constant and true.  
Who'll have me, who'll have me?  
You'll never regret  
The choice that you made,  
Or the day that we met.  
I can sing, I can play,  
I can sew, I can darn,  
And what I don't know  
I am willing to learn.  
Who'll have me, who'll have me,  
For better or worse?  
I'll attend to your home,  
And take care of your purse.  
I'll attend you in weal;  
In fact I'll be near you  
Wherever you go.  
Who'll have me, who'll have me?  
Oh, dear! I'm afraid  
I shall pine to a shadow,  
And die an old maid!  
Say, say, will you have me?  
Decide if you can,  
In a few lines, addressed  
To "My dear MARY ANN."

(From the Charleston Mercury.)

### ANGEL VISITS.

BY MARY S. S. BANA.

1.  
When a voiceless word  
By thee is heard—  
Then scarce canst know  
What the whisper'd word may mean—  
When, 'mid the mirth,  
Of the sons of earth,  
An unseen cause  
Has made thee pause—  
There's an Angel with thee then.

2.  
In the moments sweet  
When dear ones meet,  
And the heart beats high  
As the rooster's eye,  
Sees long lost friends again—  
When from their deep  
And slumbering  
Old Memory brings  
Forgotten things—  
There are Angels with thee then.

3.  
When Death comes nigh,  
And the parting sigh  
Tells thee that thou  
Art lonely now,  
And thy bosom throbs with pain—  
When, with muffled tread,  
To view the dead,  
To the chamber's gloom  
The mourners come—  
There are Angels with thee then.

4.  
What ministries  
Of Love are these?  
How soon might we be  
Like the Angels be,  
Whom thus we entertain—  
Did we but know  
These things are so,  
Could we but see  
How cheerfully  
God's Angels come to men!

5.  
Oh, ever near  
Bright Angels are,  
Forever thus  
They visit us;  
Never may they come in vain—  
And thus, if Love  
Our spirits move,  
Earth soon may grow  
A Heaven below,  
Where Angels dwell with men.  
Orangeburg, Jan. 1, 187.

WIN  
Looked in a close embrace  
Earth's guileless heart  
Within her frozen breast, her frozen breast,  
To be forgotten fragrance, dumbly still;  
Gleam her veins, and numb her withered arms,  
That still, outstretched, stand mementoes dear  
Of flower and fruit, all increase of the year:  
Less the river, in ice framework chained;  
Hushed the sweet cadences of bird and bee;  
Dumb the last echo to soft music trained,  
And warmth and life are a past memory:  
Thus, buried deep beneath dull Winter's rime,  
Love dreamless sleeps through the long winter time.

DISSIPATION.  
The world is not so barren of beauty and bliss that we must, to recreate our spirits, drink of the foul sediment of corrupt pleasure. When every sunbeam is winged with glory, and every rain-drop falls as if it were a benediction from the skies—when in our daily walks so much gladness meets us at every turn—when, even in our labors of hand and head, there is often mingled so much of still, steady happiness—when in our homes, the air is so full of love and enjoyment—when in music, in books, in innocent sports and games, in the ride, the social festivity, such ample and various means are provided for all rest, noble exhilaration—who would in his better moments wish to plunge into the giddy world of fashionable dissipation.

THE ART OF DOING GOOD.  
Every mind has a mission to fulfill, an influence to be felt, either for good or for evil; and none are so lost, so degraded; but that some spark of moral fire is burning within their bosom—and that little spark, though faint and feeble, may kindle a bright and glowing flame. Say not it is too insignificant, too trifling to accomplish any end. Whatever is good, is worthy of preservation, is worthy of cultivation. The little germ of Truth you throw by the way-side, will not be lost—it shall not perish; no! it will be guarded and nurtured by angels, and shall flourish forever!  
Think not, then, a look of kindness or an act of love, however trifling may seem the word of friendly admonition, think them not thrown away, whenever the opportunity to speak, to act, is seen; then do your duty, your good deed will be recorded in heaven—and you will find even here on earth, a full and satisfactory reward!

CANDOR AND THE AGE.—It is wrong to believe that frank sentiments and the candor of the mind are the exclusive share of the young; they ornament oftentimes old age, upon which they seem to spread a chaste reflection of the mildest graces of their younger days, where they shine with the same brightness as those flowers which are often seen peeping fresh and laughing, from among the ruins.

A FEW WORDS FOR YOUNG WIVES.  
How easy it is to be neat—to be clean! How easy to arrange the rooms with the most graceful propriety! How easy it is to invest our houses with the upholsterer or the draper; it is not in the mosaic, the carvings, the rosewood, the mahogany, the canelabrs, or the marble ornaments; it exists in the spirit presiding over the chambers of the dwelling. Contentment must always be most graceful; it sheds serenely over the scene of its abode; it transforms a waste into a garden. The home lightened by these imitations of a nobler and brighter life may be wanting in much which the discontented desire; but to its inhabitants it will be a palace, far outshining the oriental in brilliancy and glory.

THE SLAVES OF CUSTOM.  
The constraints of society are great preventives of enjoyment. Free as we too often boast of being, we are the veriest slaves of custom. Public opinion is the despot who rules us with a rod of iron. No matter where we may be—in the social circle—in halls of festivity—in excursions of pleasure—Custom establishes her marks and bounds, a hairs breadth over which not a soul has the temerity to tread. We dare not abandon ourselves fully to the spirit of the occasion for there sits grim Propriety, frowning ogre-like, on the least departure from her strict rules. We do not give nature full play. We put an ugly bit in her mouth, and a clumsy harness on her back, and draw a taut rein whenever she is in the least disposed to be frolicsome.

BEING ONE'S OWN MASTER.  
Every body is impatient for the time when he shall be his own master. And if coming of age were to make one so, if years could indeed "bring the philosophic mind," it would rightly be a day of rejoicing to a whole household and neighborhood. But too often he who is impatient to become his own master, when the outward checks are removed, merely becomes his own slave,—the slave of a master in the insolent flush of youth, hasty, headstrong, wayward and tyrannical. Had he really become his own master, the first act of his dominion over himself, would have been to put himself under the dominion of a higher master and a wiser.