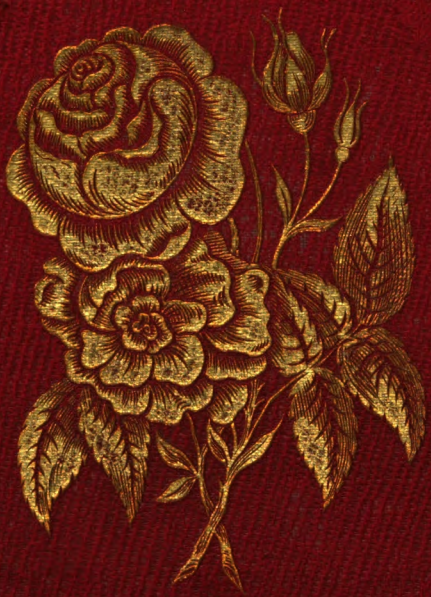

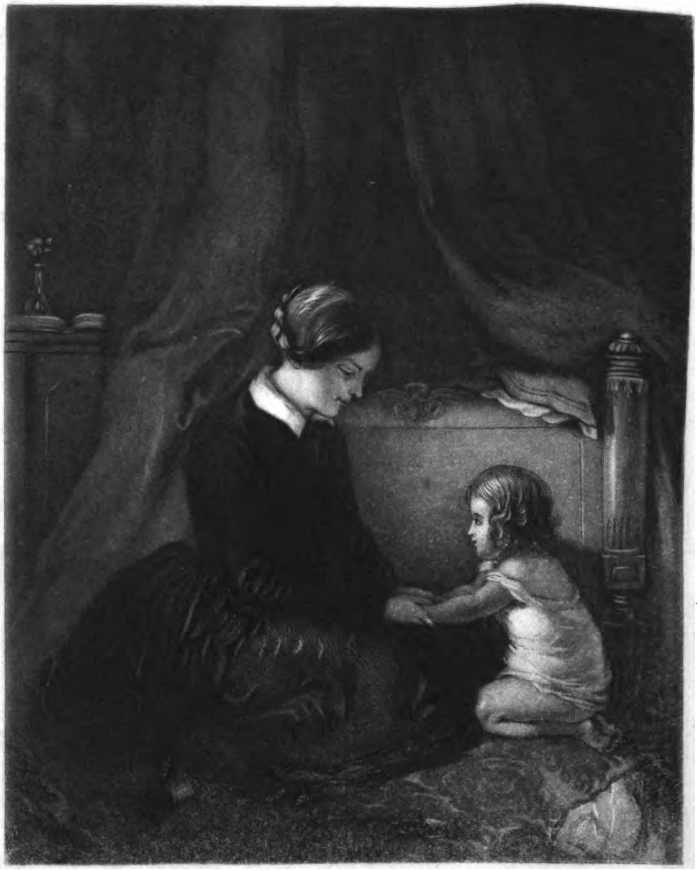

# SWEET HOME;

OR,

# FRIENDSHIP'S

# GOLDEN ALTAR.

EDITED BY

FRANCES E. PERCIVAL.

"From every land and every lot,
From palace hall and lowly cot,
To HOME, which ne'er can be forgot,
The mind goes straying back."

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# PREFACE.

THERE is no place like HOME! It may be a rude, rough home, at the foot of some stern, snow-clad mountain; but wherever we wander, we look back to it with the utmost interest. The object of this book is to awaken the memories of home — to remind us of the old scenes and old times, and kindle on old hearthstones the old fires. It will assist us in living over past days, and we shall murmur, —

"Give me my old seat, mother,
With my head upon thy knee;
I've passed through many a changing scene
Since thus I sat by thee:
O, let me look into thine eyes;
Their meek, soft, loving light
Falls like a gleam of holiness
Upon my heart to-night."

It is well often to go home, that the free innocence of childhood may be reflected from the hallowed scenes of early days upon our souls, which have been checkered with the joys and sorrows of life.

But home lives only in memory with some; its only existence is in the past. The cottage where we were born has been swept away, and a statelier edifice rises on the spot; the dear friends of our youth are dead, and their bones lie in the old churchyard, and we seldom go back to that old spot. This book is designed to be the memorial of the home which has faded away, and the homestead which is now demolished or acquired by another; to call up old faces, and hang them like portraits on the walls of our active, busy lives; to sketch like the landscape the well with the old oaken bucket, the brook along which we often wandered, the meadow with its furrows, and the distant mountain with its misty drapery.

Some one draws a picture of a laborer returning at night to his home: "He has borne the heat and burden of the day, the descending sun has released him of his toil, and he is hastening home to enjoy repose. Half way down the lane, by the side of which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him. One he carries, and one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his plain repast. See his toil-worn countenance assume an air of cheerfulness! His hardships are forgotten; fatigue vanishes; he eats, and is satisfied.

The evening fair, he walks with uncovered head around his garden — enters again, and retires to rest; and 'the rest of the laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much.'" So we send this volume to be a companion for the evening hour, like the voices of his children, to cheer the weary laborers at night, believing all its readers will find it pure in morals, elevating in its tone, cheerful and hopeful in its disposition, and reverent in all its views of God — a transcript of home, sweet home.

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## THE HOME ALTAR.

'Twas early day — and sunlight stream'd
Soft through a quiet room,
That hushed, but not forsaken seemed —
Still, but with nought of gloom;
For there, secure in happy age,
Whose hope is from above,
A father communed with the page
Of Heaven's recorded love.

Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright,
On his gray, holy hair,
And touched the book with tenderest light,
As if its shrine were there;
But O, that patriarch's aspect shone
With something lovelier far —
A radiance, all the spirit's own,
Caught not from sun or star.

Some word of life e'en then had met
His calm, benignant eye;

Some ancient promise, breathing yet
Of immortality;
Some heart's deep language, where the glow
Of quenchless faith survives;
For every creature said, "I know
That my Redeemer lives."

And silent stood his children by,
Hushing their very breath,
Before the solemn sanctity
Of thought o'er sweeping death;
Silent — yet did not each young breast
With love and reverence melt?
O, blessed be those fair girls — and blest
That home where God is felt.

## WOMAN'S SUPERIORITY.

Why term the fair the "weaker sex"?
(A foul aspersion, falsely cast!)
Behold, when worldly storms perplex,
How bravely they can bide the blast!

Lord of creation, lower thy crest:
Strive as you may, do all you can,
Woman, with all her faults confest,
Must still be *double* YOU, O *man!*

# THE TWO HOMES.

In a defective home education lies the groundwork of much of the evil that afflicts society. If the thoughts of parents were more centred in their homes, and as earnestly exercised in the division of ways and means for rightly educating the moral and intellectual natures of their children as in procuring food and raiment for the perishing body, they would render a service to society far greater than if they had built a city or founded a nation. If mothers wisely developed the higher and better sentiments of their sons, and cultivated in them, as far as that were possible, gentleness and forbearance towards others, there would be fewer unhappy wives in the coming generation. Ah, how many forget woman's true mission! How many forget that her hands are small, and soft, and all unfitted to grapple with the hard, iron man, yet full of a most wonderful skill to mould the pliant material of childhood! The world will never be made better through

woman's influence, as a lecturer, debater, or propagandist. She has failed in her work, and will ever fail, in seeking to sway opinion, and create a new public sentiment through appeals to the matured understanding. She may cause an ebullition in the elements around her, and draw after her a few weak or selfishly interested followers; but so far she may go, and no farther. As a pebble cast into the sea, she will awaken on the surface a few light, circling waves; but the waters will soon run smooth again, and leave no sign that she has been.

How different the result when limiting her efforts to the powers conferred and the materials given her to work with! In the home circle she is all potent. Her plastic hand is stretched forth, and, lo, forms of beauty grow under it, instinct with celestial life. Surrounded with young immortals, she is called to the honorable and holy office of educating them for a life of eternal usefulness. Alas, that so many are insensible to the high mission whereunto they are called; that so many let the fair garden given them to tend lie clothed with weeds, and every good plant to struggle in a feeble or gnarled growth! Shall I draw pictures of two homes, the one presided over by a vain self-seeker — the other by an angel woman? There is instruction in such pictures,

and I will endeavor to give them at least a distinct outline.

Over the first home to which I shall introduce you presided a woman who had herself never known a true home, nor had the ideal of a true home formed in her mind. She married with few right ideas of marriage in her thoughts, and when she became a mother, simply loved herself in her children, instead of loving them for their own sakes, out of herself. Early indulgence was the rule in every case; and as this indulgence warmed into life, what was evil in their natures, which gained thereby a strong development, soon became sources of sharp annoyance in the family, when the fruitless work of repression and control began too late, and not for the sake of the children, but for the sake of the parents' comfort.

Ever after, it was an angry contest between the mother and her children which should rule; and strife among the children was of daily, almost hourly occurrence. Punishment did not cure this, for it wrought no change in the internal character. The father, naturally a good sort of a man, and one inclined to love home and find his world of enjoyment there if the home itself were congenial, wearied, as his children grew older, of the incessant

wrangling and scolding that made the house a bedlam, sought quiet for his evening hours among more pleasant if not safer companions. Instead of striving to change the home element, and thus winning him back again, the wife assailed her husband with cutting language, and thus made the evil worse.

One evening the father came home depressed in spirits from business causes, and yearning for the sound of a gentle voice, and the pressure of a soft hand on his forehead. Such things had once been, in the earlier days of his wedded life, and the memory thereof in these later times often gave to his heart a woman's softness. He was just beginning to feel that danger lay in the path, diverging from home, which he was treading; and the desire to leave that path was strong.

"Ah," he sighed to himself, as he drew nearer his dwelling, "if there were peace and order, kindness and good will, at home! What would I not give for these! Ah, if Mary would only put a bridle on her tongue, and substitute loving acts for sharp words, there would be more bright days for us than stormy ones. And I'm sure the children would be more obedient. I wish I could talk with Mary about it; but the attempt to do so would only make things worse. She will not bear from me

the least suggestion that she is to blame in any thing."

Thus musing the husband and father walked homeward. Hoping for the repose of mind he needed, yet fearful in his hope, he laid his hand upon the door and entered his dwelling. The first sound that reached his ears was the voice of his wife, pitched to a high key, and giving utterance to some angry denunciation of their oldest son, whose badly-regulated temper was the cause of much trouble in the household. And the boy, unsubdued by the storm, was flinging back insolent words upon his mother.

"O, dear!" groaned the father. "Is there to be no end to this?" And he stood still in the passage below, his head bowed, and his heart throbbing with sudden pain. A few moments he stood thus, while the storm raged on above with even increasing violence. Then with a kind of hopeless abandonment of feeling, he turned and passed from the house. Far pleasanter companionship had he found within the doors of a neighboring tavern than in the place designated, almost in mockery, his home; and thither, after walking up one street and down another for half an hour, he went. Ah, what a struggle did his mind pass through in that hour! "Home!" there had ever been a charm to him in

the word. But how had all the beauty that lived in his imagination faded in the hard and harsh reality that came to him! Still the ideal was not obliterated; and when he turned into the tavern, as a kind of house of refuge, it was with a sad sense of the poor substitute it offered for a real home.

A few minutes after the father retired from his house, the son, stung to madness by the cutting language of his mother, exclaimed,—

"If you talk that way to me, I won't stay in the house."

"Go, and as quickly as you please," was the thoughtless, angry retort. "You're nothing but a trouble here."

The boy turned off instantly, and ere the mother had time to reflect was gone. The heavy slamming of the front door jarred painfully on her spirit. What had she done? Was that ill-regulated, passionate boy fit to be driven forth thus into the darkness, where temptation lay in wait for its victims at every street corner? The thought sobered her. Suddenly the raging storm in her bosom died away, and there was a pulseless calm, but only in the atmosphere where angry elements had been in contention; the deep ground-swell surged painfully in her heart, and the clearer and stiller became the air in

which perception and thought now ruled, the heavier rolled the waves of emotion below.

Out after the boy went her thoughts, anxiously, fearfully. Where would he go? At first she said to herself, "O, he'll soon come back again; it's only a little pet." But the fear that he might not come back troubled her more and more with every passing moment.

"I wish his father would come home," she at length said to herself. "What can keep him so late?" It was nearly half an hour since he, too, had left the house, driven out in a moment of weakness by the voice whose every tone should have been a spell to bind him to their hearthstone.

But the hours went slowly by, one after another, and neither father nor son came home. When the clock struck eleven, the mother was almost frantic. She had taken her bonnet and shawl from the closet, and was preparing to go for a neighbor, when the bell rung. She almost flew down stairs, and swung open the door. It was her husband, and he passed in without replying to her quick interrogation, or seeming to notice her. But she saw, as her eyes followed him, that his steps were unsteady. All her strength seemed to go instantly. For some moments her heart ceased to beat. It was with

difficulty that she made her way into the parlor, where she sank upon a chair, with scarcely the strength of an infant remaining. Nearly five minutes elapsed ere she had power to make her way up to their chamber, and then she found her husband in bed, and fast asleep.

All that night the wretched wife and mother was a lonely, weeping watcher; but she waited in vain for the return of her first born. The boy, who had gone forth in anger, came not back. Daylight found her sleeping wearily in a chair, with her face bowed upon a table; nature had yielded, and gathered around her sad spirit the shadows of oblivion.

Only half conscious was the husband and father, on awaking, of the condition in which he had come home on the night previous. But he expected harsh words from his wife, and prepared himself to repel them.

"O John! John! How could you?" Thus, in a half distressed, half-rebuking voice, began the wife; but he checked her speech by the quick retort, —

"There, now, keep your tongue off of me; I won't bear it!"

The sad, grieving woman was too deeply smitten for anger. Covering her face with her apron, she

sobbed violently. Without seeming to notice this, her husband arose and commenced dressing himself. After gaining a partial control of her feelings, she said, —

"Do you know where John is?"

"In bed, I suppose. Where else should he be?"

"O, no. He hasn't been in all night," was answered, with a fresh gush of tears.

"Not in all night! How comes that? He was home early in the evening, wasn't he?"

"Yes, but he got angry at something I said to him, and went off."

"Humph!" was the rather rough response. "I don't much wonder that he did. He's tired, I suppose, like his father, of this eternal wrangling and scolding. I heard you at it when I came home from the store last evening."

"You?" The wife's eyes flashed.

"Yes; and as I wanted peace rather than war, I took myself off. And I suppose John did the same. Poor boy! If he goes to ruin, he will have only his mother to blame. If there is not sunshine at home, the children will seek it somewhere else."

Chafed by these words, spoken in no kind mood, the unhappy wife threw back upon her husband a shower of angry, almost vehement, accusations,

which ended in his leaving the house before the morning meal was served. The whole of the day he spent in fruitless searches for his absent son, and came back at evening, weary, fretted, and troubled.

He had drank several times during the day rather freely, and this did not increase his better feelings.

"John hasn't come home yet. Have you seen any thing of him?" were the mother's anxious words as he came in.

"No;" was the short, gruff answer.

"Where can he be?"

"Heaven knows! I don't!"

"Can't you hear any thing of him?"

"No."

Word followed word, until the husband and wife grew too impatient with each other to forbear the spirit of accusation. A quarrel ensued, which ended in the former leaving the house, and spending his evening at a tavern, from which he came home, late, in a worse condition than on the night before.

We are not going to trace, step by step, all the progressive stages in the downward course of this unhappy family, consequent upon those whose duty it was to make the home circle attractive failing in that high and important duty. John had gone to the house of a lad with whom he was acquainted,

where he staid all night. On the next day, in a fit of desperation, he went on board a trading vessel, about leaving for some South American port, and when she sailed he sailed with her; and he did so without leaving behind a single clew by which his parents could trace him.

From that time the father seemed to lose both self-control and self-respect. Attractions outside of home grew stronger, and the home attractions weaker. There was no government of the children, on the part of the wife, except the government of force; and this kept up an ever-beginning, never-ending storm.

Four years passed ere there came a word from the absent one. Then he returned a rough, profane sailor, to find his father a sot, and even the few rays of sunshine that now and then gilded their home when he left shut out forever. On the second day of his return, he quarrelled with both father and mother, struck his sister an angry blow, and then left them again, with curses, not blessings.

A year or two more and the heart-broken mother found rest in the grave, while the children were scattered like sere leaves in the blasts of October.

Turn we now to the picture of another home. If,

alas! there are many homes like the one from which we have drawn aside the curtain for a moment, there are also many homes in our land where the sunshine of love falls daily with a brightness no clouds can wholly obscure; where only the attractive, not the repellent, forces exist. Such a home was that over which Mrs. Florence presided. No, we will not say "presided;" that is too formal and stately a word. In such a home she was the sweet attractive centre, towards which all hearts were drawn. Unselfish love was the bond of union.

Mrs. Florence had been blest with a wise and good mother. How much is told in that! With good principles, well-regulated affections, and right views of life, she entered the marriage state, chosen by one who looked past the attractive exterior to the qualities that lay hidden in the very groundwork of character. When beautiful children blessed this union, — children in whom all infantine loveliness centred, — the father and mother did not forget in their pride and joy, that germs of evil lay hidden in the hearts of their now pure offspring, surely to be developed. True love, therefore, prompted a most watchful care and a wise discrimination. Not so much in the firm repression of evil in its first scarcely seen development was this manifested, as in the

cultivation of opposite affections. The effort was to direct all the young minds' active powers into good forms, giving them a vigorous growth, and leaving the evil inclinations, like sickly plants, to die out, or only retain a feeble hold upon life. When evil came into a more than usually strong manifestation, genuine love for her children kept the mother's spirit calm and her judgment cool. She thought not of her own ease or pleasure, but of the good of her beloved ones — the young immortals given her to educate for a higher life.

And so in this home, over which an angel woman presided, grew no weeds in rank luxuriance, to bear fruits of discord and disunion. But let us come a little nearer.

A day of severe trial was drawing to a close, and the thoughts of Mr. Florence were turning homewards. Many such days of trial, accompanied by exhausting mental labor, were his allotment in life, and but for the sweet repose and loving ministrations of home, his spirit would have become soured or grown moody and fretful. There had been much on this day to disturb and depress him, and thought still dwelt earnestly on the trouble and disappointments through which he had passed as his steps bent homeward. Still thrown backward were his

thoughts, and still the shadow was on his spirits, when he stood with his hand on his own door.

Nor had the day passed in sunshine with Mrs. Florence. A bad-tempered domestic, when firmly remonstrated with for her neglect of duty, had grown insolent, and left the house. In consequence, though weak in body from a recent indisposition, Mrs. Florence had double work to perform, in order to meet the wants of her family. When evening shadows began to fall, a cloud was on her spirits. There had been a slight pain through one temple for some hours, and this, added to weakness, disturbed thought, and exhaustion, unstrung her nerves completely. She felt strangely irritable, and it was with difficulty she could at times repress an impatient word towards her children, who seemed bent on doing just such things as were particularly annoying.

Thus it was when Mr. Florence turned his steps homeward. As he opened the door, there came to his ears soft music from lightly falling fingers, and a low, sweet voice stole into his heart like the voice of a consoling spirit. What a lifting up of shadows there was! What a streaming in of sunshine upon his darkened spirit!

Depressed, wearied, and exhausted as she was, a

loving thought of her husband soon to come home quickened the heart of Mrs. Florence with a new life.

"He must find a better welcome than this," said she to herself; and so she made a hurried toilet, spoke a few timely words in the right spirit to her children, restoring thereby that harmony among them which had been slightly disturbed, and then drew them to the parlor with the promise of music, that always acted like a spell upon their spirits. And thus it was when the husband and father came home — the mother at the piano, with her children around her, singing to them an old, familiar song of home.

When Mr. Florence closed the door behind him on that evening, he shut out the world; and when he joined his family, he came in sunshine instead of shadows. How little thought Mrs. Florence that the light which pervaded the room on his entrance was only the sunshine from her own unselfish spirit thrown back upon her with added brightness! Yet it was even so. The loving kiss on her forehead, how it warmed even to her heart! And how full of consoling tenderness was the voice that said, —

"Is not our home a type of Eden?"

Was she not rewarded for her self-constraining

effort, though made in weariness and pain? O, yes; a thousand thousand fold. Not once did the shadows return to either heart that evening. How different it might have been, both with parents and children, it takes no effort of the imagination to see. It is with gloomy spirits as with clouds — the whole atmosphere grows darker when they meet.

"This has been one of my trial days," said Mrs. Florence to her husband, after the children were in bed, and they sat alone. Her voice, as she spoke, fell to a more subdued tone, and a slight shade of care threw a dim veil over her countenance.

Mr. Florence leaned towards her sympathizingly, and she told him, though not in a complaining or desponding voice, of the trials through which she had passed. He answered with encouraging words, and made suggestions in which her thoughts rested. How deeply he was touched, as it became apparent that, to welcome him to a cheerful home, she had repressed her excited feelings, and even in pain and weariness compelled herself to awaken a melody in the air to greet him at his coming! Were not heart bands drawn closer that evening? Yes, yes!

And so with them the seasons passed. If trials came, as come they will to all, they bore the burden cheerfully; if clouds obscured the light around

them, they drew closer to the hearth fire that never burned low. From such a home the children are never driven out into the world unarmed to meet temptation. When they do leave the sheltering roof, it is to make new homes that will be nurseries for heaven.

Many, many such homes there are, and yearly their number is increasing. Reader, is it in your power, through self-renunciation, to make one more such home in the land? If so, be true to yourself, true to your beloved ones, true to the world, and rearrange the moral elements of your heart as a beginning to the good work. But if you make the effort, forget not that while all that is done should be done as if the power were in yourself, there must be a clear acknowledgment that strength to do good comes from on high. The work of self-repression is always a difficult work in the beginning, but reward is never delayed. Is your home shadowed at times? Sweep your hand among the clouds above, and there will come down sunshine through the rifts.

# VIEWS OF LIFE.

YOUNG deemed this life a dreary vale,
Through which forever glide,
Murmuring to sighs of woe, deep streams,
By bitter tears supplied.

To Moore life seemed a rich parterre,
Adorned with fragrant flowers,
Where cheering sights and tuneful sounds
With pleasure winged the hours.

"Life is a jest," was said by one
Renowned for gayety;
While others take a different view
From either of the three.

To me life seems compounded well
Of sunshine and of shade,
And earth a place where joy and grief
With even scales are weighed.

One hour around the festive cup
We dance and laugh in glee;

The next, prostrate upon the couch,
We writhe in agony.

At morn Hope gives us wings to soar
Above consuming care;
Our pinions flag at noon; at night
We shudder with despair.

To-day we meet the friends we love,
And rapture fills the heart;
To-morrow anguish wrings the breast—
For we are forced to part.

Thus, 'mid life's ills, I ne'er expect
Pure happiness to gain;
Nor while its blessings I partake,
Of mingled woes complain.

## MY LOST YOUTH.

Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.

And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still —
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of far surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea tides tossing free,
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still,
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill,
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.

And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea fight far away,
How it thundered over the tide,
And the dead captains as they lay
In their graves o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died.
And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods.
And the verse of that sweet old song
It flutters and murmurs still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the schoolboy's brain,
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.

And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on and is never still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fatal song,
Come over me like a chill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet,
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow the well-known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
And sighing and whispering still,
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were
I find my lost youth again.

And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

## A FRIEND.

How many lovely things we find
In earth, and air, and sea! —
The distant bells upon the wind,
The blossom on the tree;
But lovelier far than chime or flower,
A valued friend in sorrow's hour.

Sweet is the carol of a bird,
When warbling on the spray,
And beautiful the moon's pale beam
That lights us on our way;
Yet lovelier friendship's look and word
Than moonlight, or than warbling bird.

How prized the coral and the shell,
And valued, too, the pearl!
Who can the hidden treasures tell
O'er which the soft waves curl?
Yet dearer still a friend to me
Than all in earth, or air, or sea.

## GOOD NATURE.

MEN are disposed to view sobriety as a necessary ingredient of religion, and to regard mirthfulness as needless, or at least to be sparingly indulged in. It is thus compelled to be a vagabond — a companion of idleness — begging its bread from door to door. It must not sit with scholars, lest its quips should disconcert their teachers; it must not be found in the counting-room; it must not do military duty. The judges of the bench regard it as an intruder, and drive it down among the lawyers. Its appearance at church shocks devotion, and awakens whole drowsy rows to indignation. Driven from all places, it is obliged to consort with men who will take it, and it repays them.

Refined or intellectual wit is the combination of mirthfulness with the reflective faculties of the intellect. Mirthfulness also unites with combativeness, and sometimes displays itself even in the sneering, biting sarcasm. It becomes dry wit, akin to sobri-

ety, peeping at you around a corner, and won't come out. Humor has been defined as suppressed wit, but rather should be regarded as suppressed wit striking through. It was an exudation which gems the sides of thought, as in summer the sides of water vases are gemmed with drops of water.

Cheerfulness is the manifestation of hope, and constitutes the sunshine of virtue. For virtue requires the sun as much as do the flowers. Mirthfulness, raised into the catalogue of moral feelings, becomes a handmaiden of Love, and love is the central idea of religion: Veneration is not fit to go alone; it is dim and downcast. It should always walk, leaning upon the two angels of Hope and Love.

Care is a human demon; it is like a dried, wrinkled apparition in the house of fear. Sorrows are noble and ennobling, but care is an evil hag. It has neither faith, nor hope, nor love. It touches the path of misfortune with blight, and rests upon the sensitive soul like mildew upon flowers. It curses poverty with weariness, and it stands forth mildewed and blasted. Sorrow hath slain its thousands, and care its tens of thousands. It is the rust that has tarnished and eaten the blade.

A man should be something else than a chisel, and

even were he only a cutting instrument he might cut better if he were to indulge in a more generous mental diet. Our people have no time to cultivate the flowers of sensibility. They pull up all the weeds, and every thing else. If we cultivate buoyancy and cheerfulness, it does not need that we should also adopt buffoonery, allow quips and quirks to usurp the place of vigilance and industry. Mirthfulness will be found to be a good investment, or, in plain terms, it would pay.

It is no valid objection to mirthfulness, that it has been found with the vicious. There is no part of man God took the trouble to put into him in order to make man take the trouble to put it out. The same musical tones which soothed Cleopatra in her barge were employed by the bard of Israel in singing praises to God.

Mirthfulness is said to be the devil's weapon; but it has exorcised the devil a hundred times where he has made use of it once.

God's angels hardly find the way to the doors of men through the clouds of anxiety with which they have surrounded themselves, and so they lose many visits; but they love to come to the homes of mirth, and coming often they bear the heavier loads.

The sobriety of holy writ was not the keeping

of the tongue in a minor key; it was a sobriety against revels — revels of wine — a temperate sobriety. If mirthfulness will destroy the monkish sobriety of the present day, then throw wide open the doors of the soul, and drive sobriety to the coverts of despair. The surest road to levity is unwise parental checks. Happiness is wholesome and medicinal, and children reared to mirthfulness are less liable to temptation. A faculty shut up is like a closed room; it grows mildewed and miasmatic. It is one of the avocations of mirthfulness to keep the soul open to God's sunlight. There is danger in all methods, but there is nothing so good for the young as cheerful occupation, and the utmost liberty possible. All wrongs are to be checked, yet even these restraints of wrong should be restrained. Life and buoyancy are less dangerous when not confined among bones and sepulchral dust.

## TO AN ABSENT HUSBAND.

"No place for you in this wide world!"
Ah, say not thus, my dear;
There is *one* place which you can fill,
One niche in this wide sphere.

Here is a chain, of which you make
One bright, connecting link;
No adverse fortune e'er can break
That golden chain, I think.

'Tis something that a human soul
Has found its counterpart,
And something that a kindred mind
Can share a genial heart.

'Tis something that the hand of love
Is thrown around us here,
Emblem of unity above,
And bliss in yon bright sphere.

'Tis something, when death lays us low,
That we can part in peace,

That we have shared each other's woe,
Each other's joy increased.

'Tis something when in realms above
We shall again unite,
To share for aye this mutual love,
Where sin can no more blight.

Then say not, "In this wide, wide world
There is no place for me:"
We're only in a nursery here;
Transplanting forms the tree.

## FIRST LOVE.

Few hearts have never loved; but fewer still
Have felt a second passion; none a third:
The first was living fire; the next a thrill;
The weary heart can never more be stirred;
Rely on it, the song has left the bird.
All's for the best. The fever and the flame,
The pulse that was a pang, the glance, a word,
The tone that shot like lightning through the frame,
Can shatter us no more — the rest is but a name.

# GOOD MANNERS.

FEW persons in these days are so cynical as to maintain that manners are of no consequence. Though they are but the external surface of character, and therefore not of the vital importance which belongs to the inner heart and root of it, still it would be absurd to deny that the qualities of that surface do not contribute very much to the happiness both of the individual and of society. The gardener's labor is not spent in vain when he cherishes into bloom merely the brilliant tinted flower. The wise cultivator of the human plant, however, will bear in mind the analogy of nature, and will not think he can produce that beauty by painting the surface. If art can add a tint to the flower, it must be by laying no pigment on the petal, but by infusing a new chemical element into the soil, which must, by ascending the stem, be elaborated in its secret glands. And so, to cultivate manners that will be really attractive, we must labor from the

heart and soul of man outward, and they in their turn will react upon the heart, and aid the growth and development of virtuous character, as those flowers whose leaves, with their polished surfaces, imbibe the sun and air, give back nourishment to root and stem.

Good manners should be cultivated, because, first, they are good; they are beautiful, suitable, proper; they gratify the artistic perception in ourselves; and a refined mind would prompt to elegant action in a solitary wilderness. In the second place, because they are agreeable to others, and to give pleasure is no mean branch of benevolence.

Let children be taught and trained to sit quietly, to talk gently, to eat with nicety, to salute gracefully, to help another before themselves, because it is proper, it is kind, it is becoming to do so.

Politeness, which Dr. Johnson describes to be "the never giving any preference to one's self," frequently, we know, lies all upon the surface; still this is better than the absence of it; for, as we have already intimated, the habitual regard to observances which are prescribed upon the principles of benevolence, which is at the root of all politeness and good manners, will lead by degrees to the love and practice of benevolence itself. And when it is

considered how contagious are all the feelings of our nature, whether good or evil; how the frown will excite an answering frown, as smiles will kindle smiles; how the rude jest will provoke the insulting reply; how he that always takes care of number one will find himself jostled by a host of equally independent unities, whose bristles are roused in emulation of his own, — it is evident that the well being of society is affected in no slight degree by the regard which is paid to the outward decencies and amenities of life. Manners (*mores*) may not now mean *morals*, but they are the best possible substitute.

## MILLY GREY; OR, APPEARANCES DECEPTIVE.

"O, ever let the aged be
As sacred angels unto thee."

"HA, ha, ha!" cried gay Bell Grosvenor, "see yonder country gawky; as I live he is beckoning the coachman. Now, if he gets in there'll be fun, for I do love to plague these green ones. Why,

Milly, how you open your great blue eyes! You ain't frightened, are you? Look at her, Annie; ha, ha, ha! just look at her."

"But you are not in earnest, Bell?" said Milly, timidly shrinking back into her seat; "you would not be so impolite, so ——"

"Our politeness is reserved for the city, dear," broke in Annie; "we consider such fellows as that nobodies; and if they don't want to be laughed at, why, they must take an outside place with the coachman; that's all."

"Then you won't catch me sitting on the same seat with you," exclaimed Milly, with a look of alarm, springing away from her cousin and ensconcing herself in a seat opposite.

"So much the better," cried Bell, with a merry laugh; "we can have a good time with both of—— Hush! here he comes. O Annie, what a fright!"

The young man unbuttoned the coach door himself, for the horses were going up hill, and springing up the steps rather awkwardly, on account of a large portmanteau he had, seated himself on a seat near Milly. Bell and Annie exchanged looks and bit their lips.

Milly hugged the back of the coach, blushing

crimson with shame for her cousins; and the country greeny, who wore a very much soiled coat and shocking cap, over which a light, thin handkerchief was thrown and fastened under his chin, looked up at them demurely. Once he could not but notice that the object of their mirth was himself, he suddenly put his hand on his throat as if to unite his uncouth cap string, — that is, the ends of the handkerchief, — but pausing he seemed to change his mind, and let them alone.

"Won't you have my vinaigrette, Milly dear?" said Bell, with an arch smile, and a side glance at the stranger.

"You do look pale," chimed in Annie, tossing back her thick curls; and restraining herself no longer, she burst into a rude laugh, for the poor girl's cheeks were distressingly flushed.

"Take my fan, coz," exclaimed Bell, proffering it; "the air in this coach is really overpowering;" and she placed her delicate pocket handkerchief to her face.

"I thank you," said Milly, with as much dignity as she could assume, while her lips trembled, "I do not need it."

"She certainly is faint, Annie," said Bell, in a low tone; "come, Milly, you had better sit between

us where we can support you; you haven't quite room enough on that side."

The thoughtless girl started, for a blazing black eye flashed upon her; it was only a second, though, that quick, piercing glance, with the fire of fifty outraged dignities concentrated within it.

"If you please, cousin Bell," said Milly, with more spirit than they dreamed she possessed, "don't annoy me any more; I am better pleased with my seat than your rudeness;" and the pretty lip trembled again, and the pretty face looked as if it was going to cry.

The young man turned quickly; the hard expression that had gathered around his mouth melted into something akin to a pleasant smile, while the two rebuked cousins were very angry, one might have seen.

There was no more comment until the coach stopped again, this time to take up a fat old lady with a well-worn bonnet, loaded down with innumerable bandboxes and bundles, most of which she insisted on carrying into the coach with her. Here was plenty of material for the merriment of the thoughtless sisters. Bell declared that the bandboxes must have once contained old Mrs. Noah's best bonnet; and Annie persisted that if so, that identical bonnet must now be before them.

No sooner was the coach door opened than out sprang the stranger, and taking sundry things from the old lady, deposited them carefully in the inside, all but one, about which she seemed very choice; but just as she performed the laborious feat of stepping within the door, down rolled the paper with a crash; something was destroyed, and Bell and Annie, enjoying her real distress at the accident, burst into another impertinent laugh.

The old lady could not avoid looking towards them, and as her hair was a little awry, and her spectacles crooked, she presented a sight appearing to them so ludicrous that they had their faces almost convulsed with laughter.

"Are these your sisters, sir?" she asked mildly, turning to the gentleman.

"I hope not, madam," he answered, in low, measured tones; "my sisters respect age; to them gray hairs are too sacred for trifling." He did not wince in the least under the angry glance of the mortified girls, now completely silenced; but Milly had thrown her thick veil down, and was weeping all to herself.

"I am going to the house of Dr. James; do you know him, sir?" asked the old lady, after a few moments of silence.

"I should, madam, for he is my father," said the stranger, with a smile.

The flushed cheeks of Bell grew instantly pale, and her eyes met those of her companion, on whose face a similar reaction had taken place.

"My son, Professor L——, lectures in Taunton to-night, and as I have seldom the pleasure of listening to him, he is so often away, I thought I would make an effort to visit your house. I am glad he is your father, young man; you do him honor," she continued, with a gratified look; "you have his eyes and his forehead — I should know them." The stranger had lifted his cap, taken off his handkerchief, and was wiping the moisture from a magnificent brow, above which the jet black curls hung thick and silkily. "I shall have also the pleasure of meeting a son at your house, and acquainting him with your politeness towards a strange old woman, who was the subject of some not very flattering remarks."

She did not glance this time towards the young ladies; if she had she would have pitied them; they sat cowering down completely crestfallen. It was, indeed, an unenviable situation in which they had placed themselves. They, too, were going for the express purpose of hearing Professor L——, one of the

most brilliant lecturers of the day, and who had almost been bewitched by the sparkling beauty of Bell Grosvenor when a guest at her father's in the city; so much so that he had been heard to declare he knew not another woman who appeared to possess so many desirable qualities for a wife. And strangely enough, they were going to the very house of the man they had so grossly insulted; for they never could have dreamed the gawky to be the only son of their mother's friend, the rich and influential Dr. James. They knew indeed that he had been for some time expected home from his tour in Europe, but his travel-stained attire and his silence completely deceived them.

Meantime Milly recovered a little from her trouble: the envious veil was thrown back, the two pouting lips restored to their equanimity; the glad, merry eyes, all the brighter for the little wash of tears, rested or rather danced over the beautiful prospects of fields, and trees, and rose-lined paths; she, innocent heart, had nothing to reproach herself with, and gladly would her cousins have changed places with her.

They sat very silent, trembling, and almost fainting, till the stage drew near the broad entrance into the doctor's grounds. They were still undecided,

when the coachman said, "The young ladies are to stop here, I believe," and unstrapped the trunks from the huge tongue.

Henry James, after a moment's embarrassment, stepping back to the door, and with a bright smile at Milly, said, as if nothing had transpired, "Will you allow me to assist you out, young ladies?" How daintily he conducted Milly to the ground! But as the others descended there was a chilling reserve in his manner, and a painful confusion in theirs, that told how indelible would be the recollection of that unfortunate meeting.

Bell Grosvenor and her sister returned the next day; they could not endure to meet Professor L—— in the presence of his mother. But they have learned a lesson which they will probably treasure for life — not to judge by externals, and to treat old age, even in rags, with a reverence as holy as though it moved about in golden slippers.

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"But I am a portionless orphan, Henry."

"But you are the same Milly Grey that sat in the back seat of the old stage, and nobly resisted the influence of wealth and fashion when those rude, proud girls would have laughed down the uncouth countryman. From that moment I loved you, and

still more when I perceived your delicate attention to my father's friend. Believe me, Milly, no true man would trust his happiness with one who would insult gray hairs; there is little heart in such a one, however faultless the exterior; and I have such extreme reverence for the aged, that a loathing, impossible for me to express, came over me when I witnessed the behavior of your cousins. They may be wealthy, highly educated, fascinating, but I would no more wed one of them than I would play with a rattlesnake. There, — God bless you, Milly, — look up, love, and let me tell you that in my eyes you are worth millions, nay, more than all the world."

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Bell and Annie Grosvenor are both wedded, but neither of them has Professor L—— or Dr. James for a husband. They are, however, very gay and fashionable, if that is any compensation. But Milly, sweet Milly, lives in a beautiful villa in a country town, as happy and devoted a wife and mother as can be found in the wide, wide world.

# KIND FRIENDS AT HOME.

O, THERE'S a power to make each hour
As sweet as heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be that find it.
We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what nature found us;
For life hath here no charms so dear
As home and friends around us.

We oft destroy our present joy —
For future hopes — and praise them;
Whilst flowers as sweet bloom at our feet,
If we'd but stoop to raise them.
For things afar still sweeter are,
When youth, bright spell, hath bound us;
But soon we're taught that earth hath nought
Like home and friends around us.

The friends that speed in time of need,
When hope's last reed is shaken,
To show us still, that, come what will,
We are not quite forsaken;

Though all were night, if but the light
From Friendship's altar crowned us,
'Twould prove the bliss of earth was this —
Of home and friends around us.

## MY MOTHER.

My mother's voice! How often creeps
Its cadence on my lonely hours,
Like healing on the wings of sleep,
Or dew on the unconscious flowers!
I might forget her melting prayer,
While wildering leisures madly fly;
But in the still, unbroken air,
Her gentle tones come stealing by,
And years of sin and manhood flee,
And leave me at my mother's knee.

I have been out at eventide,
Beneath a moonlit sky of spring,
When earth was garnished like a bride,
And night had on her silver wing;
When bursting buds and dewy grass,
And waters leaping to the light,
And all that makes the pulses pass
With wilder fleetness thronged the night:

When all was beauty, then have I
With friends on whom my love is flung,
Like myrrh on winds of Araby,
Gazed on where evening's lamp is hung.

And when the beauteous spirit there
Flung over all its golden chain,
My mother's voice came on the air,
Like the light dropping of the rain;
And resting on some silver star,
The spirit of a bended knee,
I've poured a deep and fervent prayer
That our eternity might be —
To rise in heaven, like stars by night,
And tread a living path of light.

## THE FAULTS OF MAN.

A THOUSAND faults in man we find;
Merit in him we seldom meet:
Man's inconstant and unkind;
Man is false and indiscreet;
Man's capricious, jealous, free,
Vain, insincere, and trifling, too;
Yet still the women all agree,
For want of better, he must do.

# HOW TO BE HAPPY.

I WILL give you two or three good rules which may help you to become happier than you would be without knowing them; but as to being completely happy, that you can never be till you get to heaven.

The first is, "Try your best to make others happy." "I never was happy," said a certain king, "till I began to take pleasure in the welfare of my people; but ever since then, in the darkest day, I have had sunshine in my heart."

My second rule is, "Be content with little." There are many good reasons for this rule. We deserve but little, we require but little, and "better is little, with the fear of God, than great treasures and trouble therewith." Two men were determined to be rich, but they set about it in different ways; for the one strove to raise up his means to his desires, while the other did his best to bring down his desires to his means. The result was, the one who coveted much was always repining, while he who desired but little was always contented.

My third rule is, "Look on the sunny side of things."

"Look up with hopeful eyes,
Though all things seem forlorn;
The sun that sets to-night will rise
Again to-morrow morn."

The skipping lamb, the singing lark, and the leaping fish tell us that happiness is not confined to one place. God in his goodness has spread it abroad on the earth, in the air, and in the waters. Two aged women lived in the same cottage; one was always fearing a storm, and the other was always looking for sunshine. Hardly need I say which it was wore a forbidding frown, or which it was whose face was lighted up with joy. Said a venerable farmer, some eighty years of age, to a relative who lately visited him, "I have lived on this farm for over half a century. I have no desire to change my residence as long as I live on earth. I have no desire to be any richer than I now am. I have worshipped the God of my fathers with the same people for more than forty years. During that period I have rarely been absent from the sanctuary on the Sabbath, and have never lost but one communion season. I have never been confined to my bed by sickness a single day. The blessings of God

have been richly spread around me; and I made up my mind long ago that if I wished to be any happier I must have more religion."

## NOT WORTH THE TROUBLE.

"O, IT'S not worth the trouble to dress; I see only my husband." Then, madam, if your husband is not better worth pleasing than a host of "company," it is a pity you are married. Not worth the trouble to look better to him than his merest acquaintances? Not worth the trouble to surround yourself with every grace and fascination that you are capable of? Then, if you are a neglected wife by and by, never complain, for it is your own fault; it was "not worth the trouble" to have a happy home.

## TO MY WIFE.

COME hither, dearest one of earth, come sit thee by my side,
For thou art e'en more lovely now than when my blushing bride;
Departed years have shown thy worth, and tested well thy love,
And I have found in thee a friend next to my Friend above.
Sweet, kindred soul, my own fond wife!
A world of bliss 'mid earthly strife,
I bless thee, kindest Heaven, for this, the choicest boon of life.

The glow of thy affection pure, the beauty of thy mind,
Have round me thrown their golden links, my willing heart to bind;
They 've shed upon my path their rays so sweet, so calm, so bright,
That they have changed a darkened world to one of hallowed light:
Of earth thou art my Eden fair,
The sharer of my joy and care,
The blest companion of my heart, in thought, and wish, and prayer.

Beloved, when I saw thee first, and met thee as a friend,
And only in acquaintanceship our hearts began to blend,
My youthful soul was kindled then, and unknown raptures felt;
Unconsciously I breathed thy name while in devotion knelt;
And every day, before my eye,
Came, like a seraph from the sky,
Thy lovely image, dearest one, and in my dreams 'twas nigh.

Oft, arm in arm, with joyful steps, o'er flowery fields we trod;
Oft, listening to the Sabbath bell, we sought the house of God;
And many a blissful hour flew by, when sitting side by side;
But happiest was the moment when I took thee as my bride:
O then, my beautiful, were given
Our pledge to each, our vows to Heaven,
And nought hath yet, for three bright years, our deep affection riven.

In mutual hope and faithful trust, and in confiding love,
Receiving from our Father's hand rich blessings from above,
Amid life's duties, toils, and cares, along our pilgrim way
Together we have come with joy increasing till to-day;
Thou, like a guardian spirit fair,
Hast sought my every ill to share:
For thee, O precious boon of Heaven, shall rise incessant prayer.

And on our path, and in our home, hath beamed a precious light,
Replete with new and wondrous charms, in hope and promise bright, —
An angel's baby face and form, and laughing life of glee,
A golden link of love to bind my heart more close to thee;
Amusing, mirthful, elfin girl,
A treasure sweet — immortal pearl!
O, ever round our darling may celestial pinions furl.

Our little world of peaceful joy, with cloudless sky serene,
By sordid hearts and vulgar eyes is never known nor seen;
The sweetest bliss can ne'er be found in glittering wealth alone,
Nor does it dwell in royal courts, nor on ambition's throne;
In hearts of faith and love it springs,
And blesses those to whom it clings,
Sheltered and sweetly shadowed by its soft, angelic wings.

Thou loveliest one of all on earth, of my own self a part,
The choicest of celestial gifts, and nearest to my heart,
O, never shall this arm forbear my chosen to defend,
And never shall this heart grow cold till life's last pulse shall end.
Sweet star of life, serenely bright,
Dispelling gloom with purest light,
Can such affection know decay, or die in death's dim night?

The love that bindeth Christian hearts is not alone of earth;
It is an effluence from God, and hath a heavenly birth;
Its spirit thrills our wedded souls like music tones divine;
Its holy fire of sympathy through all our path shall shine:
Then, in those radiant skies afar,
Where nought can e'er its beauty mar,
'Twill even beam in glory with the Bright and Morning Star!

## DOUBT.

Doubt when radiant smiles are shining,
Doubt when clasping hands are twining,
Doubt when honeyed words are flowing,
Doubt when blushes warm are glowing,
But never doubt that truth sincere
That glistens in a woman's tear.

Doubt when mirthful tones invite thee,
Doubt when gayest hopes delight thee,
Doubt whate'er is fondest, fairest,
Doubt whate'er is brightest, rarest,
But O, believe that truth can live
In hearts that suffer and forgive.

# SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

It is Saturday night! How welcome an hour to the weary, sad-hearted ones in this working-day world of ours! How welcome a time to the Christian, for the rest day comes "to-morrow;" thrice blessed, because to-night he feels that he must "pitch his moving tent" a week's march "nearer home." I am not weary of life. O, no! Our earthly home is very happy; no shadow from the wing of the death angel is upon our hearthstone; the stern old reaper has not cut down one of our gentle blue-eyed blossoms; yet how uncertain is our life, and how frail is our hold of earthly bliss! And so, as to-night I clasp my treasures to my heart, I almost tremble at their frailty, and, as I think of the rest day to-morrow, and of that coming eternal Sabbath of which it is an emblem, I thank God for the home here; and O, emphatically, I thank him for the bright home there. In that blessed land, where

tears are wiped from off all faces, may our "lost be found." With a sort of mingling of these feelings in my heart, I sat gazing somewhat dreamily into the fire, — for though we are far in June, the month of roses, yet this cool easterly wind makes such an old-fashioned fire very pleasant and cozy, — when a simple word has touched the electric chain, and my thoughts have assumed a more practical and perhaps more profitable hue. Our little curly-headed pet had just repeated his simple prayers.

"Lord, I'm a little child;
Teach me how to pray;
Make me gentle, meek, and mild;
Take my sins away."

Then followed that well-known, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and, finally, the "Lord's Prayer," doubly beautiful and impressive from the lisping voices of children; then, though the blue eyes looked very sleepy, mother "must teach him that Saturday night hymn." It is a simple thing, familiar as household words, yet somehow to-night they set me thinking.

"How pleasant is Saturday night,
When I've tried all the week to be good,
Not spoken a word that was bad,
And obliged every one that I could!"

The dear child accompanied every line with the strictest self-examination, and his lips quivered and tears filled his eyes when he remembered a time when he spoke a naughty word, when he forgot to "try to be good." God give thee ever as tender a conscience, blessed child; and O that in after years retrospection may be no more painful! But have we "tried to be good" all the past week? Let us think. In our abundance have we remembered the many pale, sad faces which we might have caused to smile with gladness? In the joys of our happy home circle, have our hearts once gone out to some lonely, desolate one, who, perhaps, beneath our own roof sees the cordial, happy life going on around her — hears its songs and laughter — but in the midst of this social, loving community she is alone. A kind word, an approving look, have they been given? Lady fair, perchance your domestic is ignorant and unlovely; perhaps her speech betrayeth her to be from the land darkened by priests and despotism; or perhaps she bears upon her brow the mark of the lowly and despised race; but she has a human heart, and you can do her good; you can make her life less wearisome; you can point her to a glorious rest for the weary in the far future; you can teach her the way to obtain it. Cannot love teach an

ignorant servant girl? Thank Heaven, there is one who, though he be high, "hath respect unto the lowly." Do you know who hath said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto me"?

Have we been gentle, and forgiving, and patient? Have we gone often to our closets in communion with God and our Savior? Alas, alas! how many of us have "tried all the week to be good"? Have we spoken an impatient word to the beloved about our hearthstone? Have we grieved a loving heart by an ungentle, hasty retort? Have we spoken lightly or unkindly of an absent one, or, by listening, encouraged a slandering word? Have we spoken gently to our erring sister woman? She has sinned, and suffered, and repented, perhaps, but the light and joy of her youth have gone out forever, with the loss of her innocence. Why should we — sinful, erring mortals ourselves — why should we deepen the misery of one erring human heart, by a haughty look or unfeeling word? Perhaps she has been more "sinned against than sinning," and a kind word might have touched that heart not yet hardened in the ways of sin, might have allured her back to the paths of pleasantness and peace. Ah, my sister, in that day yet to come, shall we know what

might have been the result of a word that remained unspoken. *Might have* been! Ah me!

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'It might have been.'"

## MY SOUL IS SAD.

My soul is sad, for days of yore
Come thronging on my brain,
And memories of "lang syne" to me
Are memories of pain;
Such tearful shadows of the past
Come o'er my aching eye,
I close my weary lids, and bid
The vision to pass by.

My soul is sad, for sun-bright hours
That scarcely knew a shade;
Life's colors looked so fair to me
It seemed they would not fade.
Pass on! bright visions of the past,
Ye only give me pain;
Those happy days, too bright to last,
Will never come again.

## THE OLD PLAY-GROUND.

I SAT an hour to-day, John,
Beside the old brook stream,
Where we were schoolboys in old time,
When manhood was a dream;
The brook is choked with fallen leaves,
The pond is dried away;
I scarce believe that you would know
The dear old place to-day.

The schoolhouse is no more, John,
Beneath our locust trees;
The wild rose by the window side
No more waves in the breeze;
The scattered stones look desolate;
The sod they rested on
Has been ploughed up by stranger hands,
Since you and I were gone.

The chestnut tree is dead, John;
And, what is sadder now,
The broken grape vine of our swing
Hangs on the withered bough;

I read our names upon the bark,
And found the pebbles rare
Laid up beneath the hollow side,
As we had piled them there.

Beneath the grass-grown bank, John,
I looked for our old spring,
That bubbled down the alder path
Three paces from the swing;
The rushes grow upon the brink,
The pool is black and bare,
And not a foot, this many a day,
It seems, has trodden there.

I took the old blind road, John,
That wandered up the hill;
'Tis darker than it used to be,
And seems so lone and still.
The birds sing yet among the boughs
Where once the sweet grapes hung,
But not a voice of human kind
Where all our voices rung.

I sat me on the fence, John,
That lies as in old time,
The same half panel in the path
We used so oft to climb;
I thought how o'er the bars of life
Our playmates had passed on,
And left me counting on this spot
The faces that are gone.

## LEARN TO SAY, NO.

A VERY wise and excellent mother gave the following advice with her dying breath: "My son, learn to say, No." Not that she did mean to counsel her son to be a churl in speech, or to be stiff-hearted in things that were indifferent or trivial, and much less did she counsel him to put his negative upon the calls of charity and the impulses of humanity; but her meaning was, that, along with gentleness of manners and benevolence of disposition, he should possess an inflexible firmness of purpose — a quality beyond all price, whether it regards the sons or the daughters of our fallen race.

Persons so infirm of purpose, so wanting in resolution, as to be incapable, in almost any case, of saying, No, are among the most hapless of human beings; and that notwithstanding their sweetness of temper, their courteousness of demeanor, and whatever else of amiable and estimable qualities they possess. Though they see the right, they

pursue the wrong; not so much out of inclination, as from a frame of mind disposed to yield to every solicitation.

An historian of a former and distant age says of a Frenchman who ranked as the first prince of the blood, that he had a bright and knowing mind, graceful sprightliness, good intentions, complete disinterestedness, and an incredible easiness of manners, but that, with all these qualities, he acted a most contemptible part for the want of resolution; that he came into all the factions of his time, because he wanted power to resist those who drew him in for their own interests; but that he never came out of any but with shame, because he wanted resolution to support himself whilst he was in them.

It is owing to the want of resolution, more than to the want of sound sense, that a great many persons have run into imprudences, injurious, and sometimes fatal, to their worldly interests. Numerous instances of this might be named, but I shall content myself with naming only one, and that is, rash and hazardous suretyship. The pit stands uncovered, and yet men of good sense, as well as of amiable dispositions, plunge themselves into it with their eyes wide open. Notwithstanding the solemn warnings in the proverbs of the wise man, and notwith-

standing the examples of the fate of so many that have gone before them, they make the hazardous leap. And why? Not from inclination,,or with a willing mind, but because, being solicited, urged, and entreated, they know not how to say, No. If they had learned not only to pronounce that monosyllable, but to make use of it on all proper occasions, it might have saved from ruin themselves and their wives and children.

But the worst of it is still behind. The ruin of character, of morals, and of the very heart and soul of man, originates often in a passive yieldingness of temper and disposition, or in the want of the resolution to say, No. Thousands and many thousands, through this weakness, have been the victims of craft and deceit. Thousands and many thousands, once of fair promise, but now sunk in depravity and wretchedness, owe their ruin to the act of consenting, against their better judgments, to the enticement of evil companions and familiars. Had they said, No, when duty, when honor, when conscience, when every thing sacred demanded it of them, happy might they now have been — the solace of their kindred and the ornaments of society.

Sweetness of temper, charitableness of heart, gentleness of demeanor, together with a strong

disposition to act obligingly, and even to be yielding in things indifferent, or of trifling moment, are amiable and estimable traits of the human character; but there must be withal, and as the groundwork of the whole, such a firmness of resolution as will guaranty it against yielding, either *imprudently* or *immorally*, to solicitations and enticements. Else one has very little chance, in passing down the current of life, of escaping the eddies and quicksands that lie in his way.

Firmness of purpose is one of the most necessary sinews of character, and one of the best instruments of success; without it, genius wastes its efforts in a maze of inconsistencies, and brings to its possessor disgrace rather than honor.

# THE VILLAGE CLOCK.

WRITTEN IN THE BELFRY OF AN OLD CHURCH.

FROM here we catch its measured stroke,
Artistic as a minstrel's rhyme;
List to its ceaseless tick, tick, tick —
*It is the pulse of Time!*
With every tick our seconds pass,
Our heart-beats are the falling sands
Within an unseen hour-glass.

There is a heart in this old clock, —
Its tongue speaks hourly to the town, —
Which has, since first it 'gan to throb,
Seen many a heart run down,
Seen many a human clock grow dumb,
Seen many a life sway to and fro,
As restless as the pendulum.

The chiming of these metal lips,
Which wake such melody at nine,
Has rung in other ears, my friend,
Than those of thine and mine;

In the still graveyard, in the dell,
There slumber hundreds who have heard
The music of this sweet old bell.

And when we join the group which sleeps
So calmly in the sunshine there,
This pulse will tick the same as now,
And, in the twilight air,
This bell to other, stranger ears,
Will say the same odd words it said,
Sweet words to us, in other years.

The swallow in the belfry high,
Each summer time, will build its nest;
The ring-dove seek it in the storm,
To smooth its ruffled breast;
The busy spider in the light
Will spin quaint fancies round the posts;
The mournful curfew sound at night.

The shadows on the antique porch
Will come and go in silent waves;
The moss will grow upon the roof,
The daisies on our grave;
The clock will tick, St. Agnes chime
The Sunday in — but not for us;
We will not heed the pulse of Time!

## THE TWO PALACES.

I HAD been trying to exclude outward objects from my mind, and turn my thoughts inward upon the soul. I endeavored to think of its origin, of its capacities, of its never-ending existence; my mind became bewildered by the subject, and I fell asleep, and dreamed.

A form of divine beauty stood beside me, and pointed towards a noble palace, that at a little distance rose before me. It was vast, and symmetrical in its proportions, and of a dazzling whiteness. Clear, rosy light hovered above it like a cloud, and air bracing as that of the mountains, yet soft as in early June, floated around it.

"Enter!" said my guide. In another moment I stood within the palace, astonished at its splendor. Above me rose a crystal dome, through which a flood of morning light streamed. The floor was inlaid with gems that reflected the light in a thousand hues, so that there was no hiding-place for

darkness in all the palace. The walls were hung with pictures, some of them of scenes familiar to me and very dear, while others represented forms and places more glorious than any of which I had ever dreamed. My ear was delighted also with the songs I heard, sweeter than the carol of early birds. I could not see the singers; but it was as if their music filled all the air.

This palace, as I have said, was very vast; and yet it seemed, in some mysterious way, constantly to increase in magnitude, and as constantly to receive additional resources. It was full of people, all beautiful, and all active.

"Who," said I, addressing my guide, "is that grave and dignified personage who stands in the central court, to whom all eyes are so often directed?"

"That is Order," he answered; "for order reigns here, as well as in heaven."

"And who is she, with a bloom like the young rose, and eyes so full of purity and tenderness? All smile as she approaches, and she glides about like a spirit, leaving her own image upon every face she looks at."

"That is Love."

"And she, who follows her every where, as if she

were her shadow, with the light step and evergreen garland?"

"That is Joy."

"Will you not point them all out to me?" I said to my guide; "I would know them all. I have never seen so goodly a palace, or beings so fair as these."

A grave smile passed over his face, and he pointed to the door, through whose golden archway two figures were just then entering. One was tall, and of a lofty carriage, with large, bright eyes, and a robe that seemed wrought with sunbeams. She carried in her hand a rich casket of jewels, and looking upon it she smiled joyfully, then glanced upward, and then bent her eyes reverently upon the small, yet graceful figure at her side.

"These," said my guide, "are Knowledge and Humility; for here they always walk together. Knowledge has brought vast treasures to this palace, and is constantly bringing more. She has collected the choicest gems of sea and land. She has sailed over the wide ocean of Immensity, and brought away riches from the stars. She has talked with angels, and her choicest treasures were brought directly from the presence chamber of God himself. See, now, how she loves Humility. She has always done so since she has seen the Lord.

"Now turn thine eyes in another direction. Observe Wisdom. He it is, with such a depth of thought expressed in his large eyes. That bold-looking personage upon whom he leans is Truth, and the fair being who so much attracts you, reclining by Wisdom's side, whose white robe and innocent eyes seem so well to harmonize, is Purity.

"You will remark that this palace is large indeed, and in no part unoccupied, and yet there is not a single deformed or unlovely person in it all. Neither are there any discords here, nor any sorrows. Happiness, here, is perfect and complete. Yet it was not always so. You will scarcely believe me, when I tell you that this fine palace was once a ruin, occupied by fierce banditti. It was ransomed from their hands at a great price, by the mighty prince who now rules over it, and who has made it what you wonder to behold.

"But come now with me, and I will show you what this palace might have been, by showing you another."

I sighed to leave such a scene of beauty and blessedness; but my guide beckoned me on. In a short time, I had left behind me the golden dome and lofty portal, and found myself in the region of night and gloom.

Again I stood before a vast palace, if that could be called a palace from which every trace of royalty was gone. The heavens seemed to frown upon it, and the walls looked blackened and blasted, as if by lightning. A lurid light streamed from the windows, exposing all the ruin; and with it came a voice like the midnight wind of winter; now, a low and heavy sigh; now, a long wail; and now, a wild shriek, that seemed borne from some distant sea.

"Look within," said my guide, "and tell me if this is like the other, or like any thing thou hast ever seen."

I looked, and shuddered. How shall I describe what I there saw? No light from above; but a great furnace, from beneath, made the place hideous. And yet there were pictures of beauty upon those walls, as upon the other palace. I recognized some of the same scenes; but here they seemed burnt in as by fire, and spiders, and toads, and venomous serpents crawled over them.

This palace, too, was full of inhabitants; but how unlike the other! Here Discord ruled; here Love was displaced by Hatred; and Wisdom, Truth, and Purity were quite shut out. One who was called Knowledge was here; but how different from the

angelic being I saw in the other palace! She carried in her hand a basket of the forbidden fruit of paradise, and wore around her head a garland of its deadly leaves. Pride was her companion, and Misery followed her.

Yet, in this fearful place, there was one person evidently of divine origin. I pointed him out to my guide. "Who is he," I said, "with the pure robe, uplifted finger, and stern eye — he who is always speaking, and whose voice grows louder and more terrible every moment?"

"That," he answered, "is Conscience. He is stronger than the strong man armed, and cannot be driven out. Conscience is unconquered and unconquerable."

"Will he, then," I asked, "at some future period, make this palace like the other? Will he transform these miserable beings into pure spirits, extinguish this fiery furnace, and let in light from heaven?"

"Alas, no!" replied my guide. "He is here as a tormentor only. They would not accept a ransom. This palace must remain a ruin.

"And now," he added, as he led me away from this dismal scene, "hast thou understood these things that I have shown thee?"

"Only in part," I answered. "What dost thou seek to teach me?"

"In the first palace," he replied, "thou hast seen a human soul, saved, sanctified, glorified. In the second palace, also, thou hast seen a human soul, that would not be redeemed, and must remain a wreck forever!"

## THE OLD KIRK-YARD.

O COME, come with me to the old kirk-yard:
I well know the path through the soft green sward;
Friends slumber there we were wont to regard;
We'll trace out their names in the old kirk-yard.

O, mourn not for them; their grief is o'er;
O, weep not for them; they weep no more;
For deep is their sleep, though cold and hard
Their pillow may be, in the old kirk-yard.

I know 'tis in vain, when friends depart,
To breathe kind words to a broken heart;
I know that the joy of life seems marred,
When we follow them home to the old kirk-yard.

# THE TRESS OF HAIR.

A SINGLE tress of golden hair,
A sacred relic kept with care,
A memory of one so fair,

That angels left their hymning band
And came to earth, to take his hand
And lead him to the unseen land.

But ere he trod the starry way
That leadeth to eternal day,
As calm and beautiful he lay,

This curling tress of golden hair,
This sacred relic kept with care,
She gathered from his forehead fair.

O, lingering o'er the treasure long,
A thousand tender memories throng —
She hears again his cradle song!

And yesternight, before she slept,
She pressed it to her lips and wept,
Warm tear-drops down her pale face crept;

While to her aching heart she said,
"Why mournest thou that he is dead?
He sleepeth in a peaceful bed.

"God called him to a sweet repose;
And he hath slept through winter's snows,
Till now the dewy violet blows.

"Above his grave soft mosses spring,
And birds with free and happy wing
All day their heaven-tuned praises sing.

"Ah, yes! with joy the April rain
Thrills nature's breast; but mine with pain
Sigheth, he will not come again."

## I CAN'T.

Never say, "I can't," my dear;
Never say it.
When such words as those I hear
From the lips of boy or girl,
Oft they make me doubt and fear;
Never say it.

Boys and girls that nimbly play
Never say it;
They can jump and run away,

Skip, and toss, and play their pranks;
Even dull ones, when they're gay,
Never say it.

Never mind how hard the task,
Never say it;
Find some one who knows, and ask,
Till you have your lessons learned;
Never mind how hard the task,
Never say it.

Men who do the noblest deeds
Never say it;
He who lacks the strength he needs,.
Tries his best and gets it soon,
And at last he will succeed;
Never say it.

But when the evil tempt to wrong,
Always say it.
In your virtue firm and strong,
Drive the tempter from your sight;
And when follies round you throng,
Ever say it.

When good actions call you near,
Never say it.
Drive away the rising fear,
Get your strength where good men do;
All your paths will then be clear.
Would you find a happy year?
Would you save a sorrowing tear?
Never say it.

# FANNY AND FLORA.

It was in the leafy month of September; the time was twilight. Two young ladies sat in the room of their boarding house, gayly chatting. They were sisters. One was tall and dignified in her appearance, yet easy and familiar; her bright, sparkling eye and merry laugh at once banished a thought of sadness. The other, though not so delicate in form, was beautiful; for her large, soul-lit eyes, as she gazed upon her sister, spoke volumes of intellectual worth. They were from home, attending school at the excellent institution at L——; and it is useless to say, that they were looked up to by all as superiors. Wealth was theirs, and it exerted, as it ever does, an extensive influence around them, making all hearts bow beneath the mystic spell. And as we look around the room, we see many things that wealth and good taste have produced, to add to their happiness. In one corner is an elegant seraphine, which tells that they love to "discourse sweet music." And even now, if you listen, you

will hear them consulting one another upon the propriety of attending the choir meeting, which was to be that evening. They decided to go, and, rising hastily, they threw aside their thick, warm cashmeres, for thin, light bareges, and thus imprudently prepared themselves for the evening's pleasure, and stepping forth from their comfortable room into the cold, damp air of an autumn night, hurried to the place of the appointed meeting, little thinking that they should never sing together again. They were, as usual, the gayest among the crowd. But all evenings have an end, and so did this evening. The sisters returned home in good season, for it was Saturday night. Next day the youngest complained of slight indisposition, but they both attended church. Upon rising the following morning, it was found that Flora had taken a severe cold. Her ever-kind landlady did all she could to quiet the raging fever, but all in vain. So they decided to carry her home, that a kind mother might bend over her, and, if possible, mitigate every pain. Still the disease progressed, and baffled the best of medical skill. Fanny remained at school; but think you she could study then, knowing that her lovely sister was rapidly passing away? Ah, no! it could not be. One afternoon, as she was returning from school,

sad and lonely, she paused at her own door, to satisfy the eager inquiries of her schoolmates after her sister, and looking down the street, saw a carriage approaching, bearing an elderly gentleman. She looked but once, gave one wild cry, and rushed into the house. Need I tell you, it was her uncle, who had come to take her home, that she might have the privilege of bidding her sister a last farewell? She read in his silent and mournful countenance the painful truth. But long ere she reached home, reason had fled from that lovely brow, and she met no familiar greeting from the dearly-cherished one. But at last the dread summons came; the last sigh was heard, and her sweet spirit passed away. Then the news flew over hill and dale, to that band of mourning scholars, and touched a chord in every bosom. Never did school seem so completely stripped of every pleasure as it did then. And with the news came a kind invitation, from the heart-stricken parents, requesting the attendance of both teacher and scholars at the funeral. This request they complied with; and as carriage after carriage rolled up to the door, bearing its burden of loved schoolmates, they noiselessly entered the house of death, to greet the lonely sister with tears. How sad and how changed the scene! The lovely

Flora, who was ever ready to meet friends with a smile, was then shrouded for the tomb. And as the bell tolled a requiem low, each loving friend dropped a silent tear for her who had gone "to that land from whose bourn no traveller returns."

## THE TALE OF THE FIREFLY.

On the evening of a hot and sultry summer day, Maria, a poor widow, sat at the open window of her little chamber, and gazed out upon the neat orchard which surrounded her cottage. The grass had been mown in the morning, but the heat of the sun had soon dried it. She had already gathered it into heaps, and the sweet smell of the hay now blew into her chamber, as if to refresh and strengthen her after her labor. The glow of sunset was already fading upon the border of the clear and cloudless sky, and the moon shone calm and bright into the little chamber, shadowing the square panes of the half-open window, together with the grape vine which adorned it, upon the nicely-sanded floor. Little Ferdinand, a boy of six years of age, stood leaning

against the window frame; his blooming face and yellow locks, with a portion of his white, clean shirt sleeves and scarlet vest, were distinctly visible in the moonlight.

The poor woman was sitting thus to rest herself, perhaps. But oppressive as had been the labor of the sultry day, yet a heavier burden weighed upon her bosom, and rendered her forgetful of her weariness.

She had eaten but a spoonful or two of her supper, which consisted of bread and milk. Little Ferdinand was also greatly disturbed, but did not speak, because he saw that his mother was so sorrowful; having observed that his mother, instead of eating, wept bitterly, he laid aside his spoon, and the earthen dish stood upon the table almost as full as when served up.

Maria was left a widow in the early part of the previous spring. Her deceased husband, one of the worthiest men of the village, had, by industry and economy, saved a sum of money sufficient to purchase the little cottage, with its neat meadow, though not entirely free from encumbrance. The industrious man had planted the green and cheerful field with young trees, which already bore the finest fruit. He had chosen Maria for his wife, although she was a

poor orphan, and her parents had been able to give her nothing more than a good education; he had chosen her because she was known as the most pious, industrious, and well-behaved maiden in the village. They had lived happy together. But the typhus fever broke out in the village, and her husband died. Having nursed him with the greatest tenderness, she was herself attacked with it after his death, and barely escaped with life.

Her husband's sickness and her own had thrown them much behindhand; but now she must even part with her little cottage. Her deceased husband had long labored for the richest peasant in the country, a man by the name of Meyer. The peasant, who highly esteemed him on account of his fidelity and industry, had lent him three hundred crowns to purchase this cottage and ground belonging to it, upon the condition that he would pay off fifty crowns yearly, twenty-five in money and twenty-five in labor. Until the year that he was taken sick, her husband had faithfully performed his agreement, and the debt now amounted to but fifty crowns. Maria knew all this very well.

Meyer now died of the same disease. The heirs, a son and a daughter-in-law, found the note for three hundred crowns among the papers of the de-

ceased. They did not know a word about the affair, as the old man had never spoken of it to them. The terrified woman assured them, called Heaven to witness, that her deceased husband had paid off the whole except fifty crowns. But all was of no avail. The young peasant called her a shameless liar, and summoned her before a court of law. As she could not prove that any thing had been paid, it was decided that the whole claim was valid. The heirs insisted upon payment, and as poor Maria had nothing but her cottage and grounds, this little property must now be sold. She had fallen upon her knees before the heirs, and had prayed them not to turn her out of doors; little Ferdinand wept with her — both wept; but all was in vain. The following morning was appointed for the sale. She heard this an hour before, just as she had finished her day's work. A neighbor had called out over the hedge and told it to her.

It was for this reason that she now sat so sorrowful by the open window, glancing now upward to the clear sky, now upon Ferdinand, and then gazing steadily upon the floor. There was a sad silence.

"Alas!" she said to herself, "I have to-day, then, raked the hay from the orchard for the last time. The early yellow plums which I picked this morn-

ing for Ferdinand are the last fruit which the poor boy will eat from the trees which his father planted for him. Yes, this may be the last night we may spend beneath this roof. By this time to-morrow, this cottage will be another's property; and who can say but we shall be turned out at once? Heaven alone knows where we shall find a shelter to-morrow. Perhaps under the open heavens!" She began to sob violently.

Little Ferdinand, who until now had not moved, came forward, and weeping, said, —

"Mother, do not cry so bitterly, or else I cannot talk to you. Do you not know what father said, as he died there on that bed? 'Do not weep so,' he said; 'God is a Father to the poor widows and orphans. Call upon him in thy distress, and he will aid thee.' This is what he said; and is it not true, then?"

"Yes, my dear child," said the mother, "it is true."

"Well," said the boy, "why do you weep so long, then? Pray, and he will help you."

"Good child, thou art right!" said his mother; and her tears flowed less bitterly, and comfort was mingled with her sorrow. She folded her arms, and raised her moist eyes towards heaven, and Ferdinand

folded his hands also, and looked upward, and the bright moon shone upon mother and child.

And the mother began to pray, and the boy repeated every word after her: —

"Great Father in heaven," she said, "look down upon a poor mother and her child; a poor widow and poor orphan raise their eyes to thee. We are in great need, and have no longer any refuge upon the earth. But thou art rich in mercy. Thou hast thyself said, 'Call upon me in the day of thy trouble, and I will deliver thee.' O, to thee we pray. Thrust us not from this dwelling; take not all from a poor orphan, his only little inheritance. Or if, in thy mysterious but still most wise and benevolent purposes, thou hast otherwise decreed, prepare for us a resting-place upon the wide, vast earth. O, pour this consolation into our hearts, lest they break as we wander forth, and from yonder hill turn to look for the last time upon our house!"

Sobs interrupted her; weeping, she gazed towards heaven, and was silent. The boy, who yet stood with folded hands, suddenly exclaimed, with outstretched finger, —

"Mother, look! What is that? Yonder moves a light. Yonder flies a little star. Look, there it hurries by the window. O, see, now it comes in.

How bright, how beautiful it shines! Look, only look; it has a greenish light. It is almost as beautiful as the evening star. Now it moves along the ceiling. That is wonderful."

"It is a firefly, dear Ferdinand," said his mother. "In the daytime it is a small, unsightly insect, but in the night it gives out a most beautiful light."

"May I catch it?" said the boy. "Will it not hurt me, and will the light not burn me?"

"It will not burn thee," said the mother; and she laughed, while the tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Catch it, and examine it closer; it is one of the wonders of almighty power."

The boy, entirely forgetful of his sorrow, at once tried to catch the sparkling firefly, now on the floor, now under the table, now under the chair.

"Ah me, what a pity!" said the boy; for, as he stretched out his hand to catch the bright insect, it flew behind the great chest that stood against the wall. He looked under the chest.

"I see it plainly enough," he said; "there it is, close against the wall; and the white wall and the floor, and every bit of dust near it, shines as if the moon shone upon it; but I cannot reach it; my arm is not long enough."

"Have patience," said the mother; "it will soon come out again."

The boy waited a little while, and then came to his mother and said, with a soft, imploring voice, —

"Mother, do you get it out for me, or move the chest a little from the wall, and I can easily catch it."

The mother rose, moved the chest from the wall, and the boy took the quiet firefly, examined it in the hollow of his little hand, and was delighted with it.

But his mother's attention was attracted by a different object. As she moved the chest, something which had stuck between it and the wall fell upon the floor. She uttered a loud cry as she picked it up.

"Ah," she exclaimed, "now all our trouble is over. That is last year's account book, which I have so long looked for in vain. I thought it had been destroyed as of no value, by strangers, perhaps, while I lay senseless during my illness. Now it can be shown that thy father paid the money that they demand of us. Who would have thought that the account book stuck behind the great chest which we took with the cottage, and which has not been moved since we bought it?"

She at once lighted a lamp, turned over the leaves of the account, while tears of joy sparkled in her eyes. Every thing was correctly put down; the sum which the deceased husband owed of three hundred crowns at the beginning of the year, and what he paid off in money and work. Below stood the following lines, written in old Meyer's own hand: —

"I have settled accounts with James Bloom today, (St. Martin's day,) and he now owes me fifty crowns."

The mother struck her hands together with joy, embraced her child, and exclaimed with delight, —

"O Ferdinand, give thanks, for we now need not leave home; now we can remain in our cottage."

"And I was the cause; was I not, mother?" said the little fellow. "If I had not begged you to move the chest, you never would have found the book. It might have lain there a hundred years."

The mother stood for a while in silent astonishment, and then said, —

"O my child, it was God's doings. I feel a thrill of awe and reverence when I reflect upon it. Look! as we both prayed and wept, there came the sparkling firefly, and pointed out the spot where this book was concealed. Yes, truly. Nothing comes by chance. Even the hairs of our head are all num-

bered; not one of them falls to the ground without his knowledge. Remember this for thy life long, and put thy trust in him, especially in time of need. It is easy for him to aid and to save. He does not need to send a shining angel to us. He can send us help by a winged insect."

The mother could not sleep that night for joy. Soon after break of day she took her way to the judge, who at once sent for the heir. He came. He acknowledged the writing as genuine, and was much ashamed of having slandered the woman before the court, and having called her a liar. The judge declared he owed her some recompense for the shame and great sorrow which he had caused her. The man was not willing to make atonement for his injustice.

But when the poor woman had related the whole account of her evening prayer, and the appearance of the firefly, the judge said, —

"That is the finger of God; he has visibly helped you."

Young Meyer, however, was much moved, and said, with tears in his eyes, —

"Yes, it is so. He is the Father of the widow and the fatherless, and their Avenger also. Pardon me for harshness towards you; I release you from

the payment of the fifty crowns, and if you are at any time in need, come to me, and I will assist you. And if ever I come to want, or if my wife should be a widow and my children orphans, may He help us also, as he has helped you."

## COME HOME.

Brother dear, why dost thou stay
From thy home so long away?
Know'st thou not fond ones are watching,
Praying for thee every day?
When two years ago you left us,
Withered leaves were falling fast;
Thickly were the rain drops pouring,
Hoarsely wailed the autumn blast.

Brother, in our household circle
Now is seen one vacant chair;
Mother's gone, and O, how lonely
Seems our household — she's not there!
When she lay upon her death bed,
Oft she blest her absent son,
Prayed that she in heaven might meet you,
When your earthly race was run.

## SORROW AT THE COTTAGE.

Camly fell the silver moonlight
Over hill and over dale,
As, with mournful hearts we lingered,
By the couch of Agnes Vale.

She was dying, — our sweet Agnes, —
She was passing, like a sigh,
From the world of love and beauty,
To a brighter home on high.

She was passing like a vision
Which may never more return,
Or like flowers which meekly wither
Round some lone, white burial urn.

Brightly dawned the morrow's morning
Over hill and over dale;
Still with mournful heart we lingered
By the side of Agnes Vale.

Softly through the trellised window,
Came the west wind's gentle breath;

But she heeded not its mildness,
For she slept the sleep of death.

Fondly 'mid her raven tresses
Twined we flowers of purest white;
Then, beside yon little streamlet,
Laid they Agnes from our sight.

There she sleeps, our gentle sister,
Where the stars their light may shed,
In serene and holy quiet,
O'er the loved, the early dead.

But beyond the silver moonbeams, —
Ay, beyond the stars of night, —
Dwells the spirit of our Agnes,
In the home of angels bright.

## ENNUI.

To live — to breathe — is a great task,
Greater than can be well performed;
And who in this wide world, I ask,
Has raved, has fretted, and has stormed
Through life's rough journey, but has found
That life's a farce, with nothing in it?
There's not a wretch above the ground,
If life were ended, would begin it.

## COMFORT IN THE COTTAGE.

I MET a child; his feet were bare,
His weak frame shivered with the cold,
His youthful brow was knit by care,
His flashing eye his sorrow told.
Said I, "Poor boy, why weepest thou?"
"My parents both are dead," he said;
"I have not where to lay my head.
O, I am lone and friendless now!"
Not friendless, child; a Friend on high
For you his precious blood has given:
Cheer up, and bid each tear be dry —
There are no tears in heaven.

I saw a man, in life's gay noon,
Stand weeping o'er his young bride's bier;
"And must we part," he cried, "so soon!"
As down his cheek there rolled a tear.
"Heart-stricken one," said I, "weep not."
"Weep not!" in accents wild he cried;
"But yesterday my loved one died,
And shall she be so soon forgot?"
Forgotten? No! still let her love
Sustain thy heart, with anguish riven;

Strive thou to meet thy bride above,
And dry your tears in heaven.
I saw a gentle mother weep,
As to her throbbing heart she pressed
An infant, seemingly asleep,
On its kind mother's sheltering breast.
"Fair one," said I, "pray, weep no more."
Sobbed she, "The idol of my hope
I now am called to render up;
My babe has reached death's gloomy shore."
Young mother, yield no more to grief,
Nor be by passion's tempest driven,
But find in these sweet words relief,
"There are no tears in heaven."

Poor traveller o'er life's troubled wave, —.
Cast down by grief, o'erwhelmed by care, —
There is an arm above can save;
Then yield not thou to fell despair.
Look upward, mourners, look above!
What though the thunders echo loud,
The sun shines bright beyond the cloud;
Then trust in thy Redeemer's love.
Where'er thy lot in life be cast,
Whate'er of toil or woe be given, —
Be firm — remember to the last,
"There are no tears in heaven."

## MY MOTHER—MOTHER—MOTHER.

It is said that these were among the last words of the great and lamented Henry Clay.

Mothers, learn here a lesson. Look at your sons and daughters, and realize this important truth, that in the nursery is laid the foundation of your child's future life. Instead of teaching them to play the empty-headed coxcomb, and to *tête-à-tête* a lifetime away in nonsense, teach them the path of true greatness and usefulness. Who are the men who have adorned human nature, and reflected a halo of glory upon their country? They are, with few exceptions, those who in infancy learned to clasp their tiny hands and kneel at a mother's side, and dedicated their hearts to the Father of Spirits.

A mother's hallowed influence never dies. The boy never forgets his mother's love. Though he may wander far from home, and engage in many vices, yet that mother's voice, soft and tender, that fell upon his ear in infancy, is borne upon many a

passing breeze, and whispers, "My son, my son, remember a mother's love; how she has taught you to pray, and reverence the God of mercy."

Seventy-five long years has been numbered with the past; scenes, political and national, warm and exciting, have passed away; near fifty years had marked the resting-place of that Christian woman, when her noble son, upon a bed of death, is heard calling for "my mother, mother, mother." Sweet words for the lips of one who owed his greatness to the maternal care of a mother's love.

Mothers, do you wish your sons to honor you in the busy conflicts of life, to be ornaments to society, to call you in the cold hour of death? Then act to them a mother's part — teach them the way of virtue, of morality and religion.

Our cities and country have too many young men and boys destitute of the first principles of virtue, who are strangers to good breeding, and know nothing of the means of usefulness. They have been brought up in idleness, the mother of vice; foolish and silly mothers have instilled in their minds false ideas of what constitutes a gentleman, and they are taught to look with disdain upon their betters. Had such characters met with a Franklin or a Clay, when the former was a poor, honest

apprentice at the printer's trade, or with the latter in the slashes of Hanover, riding his father's horse to mill, they would have curled the lip of contempt, and turned away from so unsightly an object. To converse with such is impossible. Their words are as wind, their minds as chaff, and their souls as vapor. They have no moral nor intellectual form nor comeliness. Their views, if they have any, are of the lowest order. Why is this? Is it owing *to* their natural incapacity? No; but it is traceable to a defective early education. No mother was there properly and duly qualified to take charge of the infant mind. Instead of teaching them the means of usefulness, that woman that gave them birth would tell them of "their blood," which, if honestly traced, had run through the veins of many a culprit or penitentiary convict; or of their riches, which, if truth were known, were obtained by extortion and many other unlawful means. They grow up with such impressions, and soon find a disgraceful end. Then the mother weeps over the disgrace her son has brought upon the memory of the family, and blames his associates for it, not thinking that she, and only she, is to blame for the whole of it.

Mothers, the destinies of your children depend

upon you. Watch their infant minds, properly cultivate their moral sensibilities, and walk yourselves in the paths you would have them to walk.

## SOME MURMUR WHEN THEIR SKY IS CLEAR.

Some murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue;
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy, gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied;
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

# TEARS.

THERE is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, of unspeakable love. If there were wanting any argument to prove that man is immortal, I would look for it in the strong convulsive emotion of the breast when the soul has been deeply agitated, when the fountains of feeling are rising, and tears are gushing forth in crystallic streams. O, speak not harshly of the stricken one, weeping in silence. Break not the solemnity by rude laughter or intrusive footsteps. Despise not a woman's tears; they are what makes her an angel. Scoff not if the stern heart of manhood is sometimes melted to tears of sympathy; they are what help to elevate him above the brute. I love to see tears of affection. They are painful tokens, but most holy. There is a pleasure in tears, an awful pleasure. If there were none on earth to shed a tear for me, I should be loath to live; and if no one might weep over my grave, I could never die in peace.

# MY ANGEL LOVE.

I GAZED down life's dim labyrinth,
A wildering maze to see,
Crossed o'er by many a tangled clew,
And wild as wild could be;
And as I gazed in doubt and dread,
An Angel came to me.

I knew him for a heavenly guide,
I knew him even then,
Though meekly as a child he stood
Among the sons of men;
By his deep spirit-loveliness
I knew him even then.

And as I leaned my weary head
Upon his proffered breast,
And scanned the peril-haunted wild
From out my place of rest,
I wondered if the shining ones
Of Eden were more blessed.

For there was light within my soul,
Light on my peaceful way,

And all around the blue above
The clustering starlight lay,
And easterly I saw upreared
The pearly gates of day.

So, hand in hand, we trod the wild,
My angel love and I,
His lifted wing all quivering
With tokens from the sky.
Strange my dull thought could not divine
'Twas lifted but to fly!

. . . .

Again down life's dim labyrinth
I grope my way alone,
While wildly through the midnight sky
Black, hurrying clouds are blown,
And thickly, in my tangled path,
The sharp, bare thorns are sown.

Yet firm my foot, for well I know
The goal can not be far,
And ever, through the rifted clouds,
Shines out one steady star;
For when my guide went up, he left
The pearly gates ajar.

# THE INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.

It is by the promulgation of sound morals in the community, and more especially by the training and instruction of the young, that woman performs her part towards the preservation of a free government. It is generally admitted that public liberty, the perpetuity of a free constitution, rests on the virtue and intelligence of the community which enjoys it. How is that virtue to be inspired, and how is that intelligence to be communicated? Bonaparte once asked Madame de Stael in what manner he could most promote the happiness of France. Her reply is full of political wisdom. She said, "Instruct the mothers of the French people." Mothers are, indeed, the affectionate and effective teachers of the human race. The mother begins her process of training with the infant in her arms. It is she who directs, so to speak, its first mental and spiritual pulsations. She conducts it along the impressible years of childhood and youth, and hopes to deliver it to the rough contests and tumultuous scenes of

life, armed by those good principles her child has received from maternal care and love.

If we draw within the circle of our contemplation the mothers of a civilized nation, what do we see? We behold so many artificers working, not on frail and perishable matter, but on the immortal mind, moulding and fashioning beings who are to exist forever. We applaud the artist whose skill and genius present the mimic man upon the canvas; we admire and respect the sculptor who works out that same image in enduring marble; but how insignificant are these achievements, though the highest and the fairest in all the departments of art, in comparison with the great vocation of human mothers! They work, not upon canvas that shall fail, or the marble that shall crumble into dust, but upon mind, upon spirit, which is to last forever, and which is to bear, for good or evil, throughout duration, the impress of a mother's plastic hand.

I have already expressed the opinion, which all allow to be correct, that our security for the duration of the free institutions which bless our country depends upon the habits of virtue, and the prevalence of knowledge and of education. Knowledge does not comprise all which is contained in the larger term of education. The feelings are to be

disciplined; the passions are to be restrained; the true and worthy motives are to be inspired; a profound religious feeling is to be instilled and pure morality inculcated under all circumstances. All this is comprised in education. Mothers who are faithful to this grand duty will tell their children that neither in political nor in any other concerns of life can man ever withdraw himself from the perpetual obligations of conscience and of duty; that in every act, whether public or private, he incurs a just responsibility; and that in no condition is he warrated in trifling with important rights and obligations. They will impress upon their children the truth, that the exercise of the elective franchise is a social duty, of as solemn a nature as man can be called to perform; that a man may not innocently trifle with his vote; that every free elector is a trustee, as well for others as himself; and that every man and every measure he supports has an important bearing on the interests of others as well as his own. It is in the inculcation of high and pure morals, such as these, that in a free republic woman performs her sacred duty, and fulfils her destiny.

## THERE CAME AN ANGEL TO MY HOME.

The frost had spoiled the flowers that wove
Their wreaths about my cot,
But could not chill the bloom of love,
The flower that fadeth not.
And though the autumn winds had reft
The clustering vines apart,
The birds that nested there had left
Their songs within my heart.
But ere the flowers returned to bloom,
Know ye the blessing given?
There came an angel to my home,
The fairest out of heaven.

A blessed sprite, with wings concealed,
And some forgotten name,
And eyes whose holy depths revealed
The Eden whence she came.
Ah me! the birds have never tried
Such songs as charmed my ear;
The common sunshine dimmed beside
This sunshine, doubly dear.
What cared I then that wealth should come,
Or fame or friends be given?

There dwelt an angel in my home,
The fairest out of heaven.

A tiny, dimpled form of grace,
A footfall here and there,
And kisses gushing o'er my face,
And through the glowing air.
And now, when o'er the cottage floor
The common sunshine streams,
The form she wore is there once more —
She dwelleth in my dreams.
For ere the second summer's bloom
Its fragrant freight had given,
There went an angel from my home,
An angel back to heaven.

Ah me! she was an angel blest,
Too bright for earth to claim;
A tomb of love is in my breast,
O'erwritten with her name;
A memory of exceeding bliss,
A yearning, crushing pain;
A searching thought of happiness,
That will not come again.
Methinks those hearts are nearer home
That have such lessons given;
She sees no shadows in the tomb
Who hath a child in heaven.

## MOTHER.

I AM sitting on the door stone of our loved, gladdened home,
Watching for thy coming, mother, wondering if you will not come, —
Every moment looking upward, if thy form I may not see
Coming back again, my mother, to thy loved ones and to me.

Not for long have we been parted, — seven suns not yet have set, —
But the hours trail slowly onward, when their wings with tears are wet;
And the life must not be measured by its weeks, or months, or years,
But by sorrow and by gladness, by its happiness or tears.

Somewhere in this glorious sunshine, thou art on thy homeward way,
In thy heart a pleasure thrilling, in thine eye a loving ray;
Thou wilt joy to meet us, mother, much as we to meet with thee,
And I know you must be coming back to-day, to home and me.

Not for long have we been parted; has that little while
been bright?
Did not Pleasure fold around thee all her shining robes
of light?
If she came not to thy spirit, if she lightened not thy
brow,
Then she ne'er should bless another, never worthier were
than thou.

Thou shouldst never dwell with Sorrow, thou who hast
been kind and good
To the lone and friendless orphan, in this cold world's
solitude;
Blessings countless, blessings brightest, on thy pathway
should be shed,
Thou whose hand hath lain in blessings on the helpless
orphan's head.

Though I know of all earth's forms least I do deserve
thy love,
Yet that same dear love I beg for every other good
above;
And the swiftest shaft of sorrow which can pierce my
bleeding heart
Is, that I should grieve such goodness, or should act the
ingrate's part.

I am sitting on the door step, watching, mother, still for
thee,
Peering through the glorious sunshine, if thy form I may
not see;

Thinking o'er a thousand fancies I will whisper in thine ear,
Which no ear as thine, my mother, half so patiently would hear.

## BE NOT DISHEARTENED.

A GENIAL moment oft has given
What years of toil and pain,
Of long, industrious toil, have striven
To win, and all in vain.

Yet count not, when thine end is won,
That labor merely lost;
Nor say it had been wiser done
To spare the painful cost.

When heaped upon the altar lie
All things to feed the fire,
One spark alighting from on high,
The flames at once aspire.

But those sweet gums and fragrant woods,
Its rich material rare,
By tedious quest o'er lands and floods
Had first been gathered there.

# DEATH OF A HOUSEHOLD TREASURE.

It is well with the child, because she has left a world of suffering and entered a world of boundless enjoyment. This world is marked by suffering. Wherever you go you find misery and woe. The good and the bad, the virtuous and the vile, are alike involved in distress and sorrow. It is a part of life; it belongs to man, and is necessary to his discipline. It is not one stray thread in the fabric of time, winding unseen amid the beautiful figures on the tapestry of existence, but is interwoven with every day's toils and every night's dreams. Man is born to it as he is born to the sunlight and to the beauties of nature. Its elements are in him and all around him, and the very breath he draws is choked with the inhalations of the pervading atmosphere. Every organ of the physical nature is an inlet of pain as well as pleasure; every nerve is the avenue of intense and intolerable anguish, a railroad of fire to bear in upon the soul the sharp distress, a tele-

graphic wire communicating between the outward senses and the living spirit, over which passes anguish beyond endurance. The history of man is a history of shipwrecks, disasters, accidents, perils, spasms, plagues, graves. The body is a most perfect organism, exquisite in all its parts, beautiful beyond description; but every part is susceptible to the keenest anguish as well as to the highest enjoyment. The eye looks out upon the glories of nature, delights in views of surpassing beauty; but it also carries us to the sad scenes of crime and wrong, reflects upon the interior life all that is malignant, selfish, defiled, and cursed of earth. It measures an angel's joys — it also takes in at a single glance a devil's torment. The ear bears into the temple of the heart the melodious sounds without — the songs of birds, the music of the cathedral, the harmony of prayer, the eloquence of domestic life and love. It also swells with the awful voice of profanity, the sharp, shrill cry of distress, the wail of family discord, the dying groans of our friends, and all that telleth of woe and suffering. The taste, the smell, the touch, all have avenues of pleasure, and all communicate the fiercest pain.

Beyond man, every thing is fitted to produce sorrow as well as joy. You fire, — has it not consumed

your dwelling, destroyed your property, and blistered and blackened your own body? Yon river, moving your spindles, floating your commerce, — has it not ingulfed your friends, or swept away the lifeless bodies of your children? Yon summer gale, laden with the fragrance of roses and honeysuckle, — has it not come to you or yours laden with contagious disease, or sweeping into your household the terrible pestilence? Yon heaven, that smiles above your head, — has it not sent its hail and snow, chilling your limbs, and consigning you to disease?

Society, designed by God to bless, framed together for high and noble purposes, — has it not its evils? Whence come wars and fightings among you? What mean the constant and terrible convulsions of social life? They all speak one language, and confirm the declaration of the inspired penman, "Man is born unto trouble." Reason, conscience, the senses, nature, society — all things emit in turn some jets of anguish, which fall like lava upon the burning, suffering heart of those who trace their origin to her who, guilty and detected, was exiled from the bowers of Eden to a world of weeping, tears, and death. This conviction that suffering is a part of human existence cannot be evaded. As Dr.

Channing beautifully remarks, "Suffering is the chief burden of history. It is the solemn theme of one of the highest departments of literature — the tragic drama. It gives to fictions their deep interest. It wails through much of our poetry. A large part of human vocations are intended to shut up some of its avenues. It has left its traces on every human countenance over which years have passed. It is not to a very few the most vivid recollection of life."

Suffering, then, being a part of human life, interwoven with every year of its progress, and presented by the evolution of its epochs, it follows that one who escapes from life early escapes from a deep, surging ocean of calamities — passes away from a world where heaven and earth combine to enforce the penalty of sin. The early death of your child and mine is not a calamity. The little one that we loved so tenderly is taken from all suffering to a world of endless pleasure. In infinite love God stooped down and took the spirit up to dwell with him, where there is no night, no mourning, no death. While the child lived, our hearts were torn with the anguish we saw; our ears tingled with the groans we heard; day and night we wept for sorrows we could not allay, and pains we could not relieve.

But the end of sufferings has come, and the child is received to a world where sorrow is unknown. She did not live to sing with the licentious poet, —

> "My days are as the yellow leaf;
> The flowers and fruit of love are gone;
> The worm, the canker, and the grief
> Are mine alone."

But before sin had stamped its seal upon the heart, or crime had discolored the pages of the daily life, she went to God.

> "She died before her infant soul
> Had ever burned with wrong desires,
> Had ever spurned at Heaven's control,
> Or ever quenched its sacred fires."

She looked upon the world, and saw its vanity; she tried life, and found it full of sorrow, and, smiling, turned away. And O, what parent would chain his child to this dungeon world, to this night-shadowed land, when angels are beckoning, when heavenly doors are opened, when Christ himself stands ready to lead the little trembling pilgrim in? I know what would have been the last words of the child, could her infant lips have spoken; I know with what thrilling accents she would have said, as she unwound herself from the tender arms that enfolded her, "Let me go."

"Father! the pearly gates unfold,
The sapphire walls, the streets of gold,
Are bursting on my sight;
The angel bands come singing down,
And one has got my starry crown,
And one my robe of white.

"Poising above on silvery wing,
They're waiting my freed soul to bring
To its new home above;
There, folded to my Savior's breast,
How sweet, how full will be my rest
Beneath his eye of love!

"Thou wouldst not hold me longer here,
Though well I know that many a tear
For my dear sake will flow.
The morning dawns upon my sight;
How long, how dark has been the night!
Father! I go, I go."

It is well with the child also, because she has left a world of sin, and entered a world of perfect holiness. Sin is universal. It is a product of all climes, an inhabitant of all lands, and has been familiar with all ages. It is entailed upon us; it comes in a line of hereditary succession from sire to son, and its monuments are every where. That dark, gloomy prison there, with its iron doors, its grated windows, and its sentineled towers, is a mon-

ument of sin. That insane asylum, with its crowd of idiots and its company of raving maniacs; — that blind asylum, with its unfortunate beings, straining their sightless eyes to catch some glimpse of the beautiful objects of nature; — the deaf and dumb asylum, where are those who never heard the ripple of the lake, the murmur of the breeze, the gush of mellow music from the young birds, the chanting of a company of choristers; who never spake one word of love or hate; who never sang or prayed; who never lisped the name of wife or child, Christ or God; — that hospital, with its wards of cripples, its rooms of fevered ones, its cells of mad ones, its halls of mourning ones, — are all monuments of sin. The plain, covered with soldiers rushing into deadly battle; the gibbet on the prison wall, on which dangles a human being; the melancholy funeral of the suicide, — all are trophies of sin. The drunkard reeling to his fall; the criminal going chained to his labor; the murderer skulking at night along the deserted street, — are all evidences of sin. Sin has left its tracks on the tops of the mountains, and in the beds of rivers, on the sands of the desert, and by the wayside. The picture which Pollok drew of the fearful prevalence of crime has not yet ceased to be true; the dark, dark interweaving of crime

which he saw and deplored, we only need a full view of life to behold:—

> "Satan raged loose, Sin had her will, and Death
> Enough. Blood trod upon the heels of Blood;
> Revenge, in desperate mood, at midnight met
> Revenge. War brayed to War, Deceit deceived
> Deceit. Lie cheated Lie, and Treachery
> Mined under Treachery; and Perjury
> Swore back on Perjury; and Blasphemy
> Arose with hideous Blasphemy, and curse
> Loud answering curse; and drunkard stumbling fell
> O'er drunkard fallen; and husband husband met
> Returning from each other's bed defiled;
> Thief stole from thief; and robber on the way
> Knocked robber down; and Lewdness, Violence,
> And Hate met Lewdness, Violence, and Hate."

Now, the child who is introduced into such a world walks amid continual dangers, and though we fondly hope that our children will escape the dreadful influences of sin, we do not know. Who fills the prisons? Who supplies candidates for gibbets? Who furnishes the suicides? Who swells the mighty tide of sorrow and vice? The lost, fallen ones of earth were somebody's children! They had mothers who nursed them tenderly, and fathers who counselled them wisely, and hearts that loved them fondly. We recoil from the idea that

our children will ever become lost and degraded. The bare suggestion seems an insult to the heart of parental love, and none believe it of their own. But where is the safeguard? Who will give me a pledge that my son will not bring my hairs with sorrow to the grave? Who can tell me that my daughter, had she lived, would not have wrung my heart with anguish, and made me curse the hour wherein she was born?

There was an angel once who stood before God. Age after age he swept the harpstrings, and cherubim and seraphim came from the uttermost heaven to hear his song, as it rolled out, sweeter and purer than all the rest. But sin entered that angel heart; he fell; his shriek echoed through the skies, and gave fearful evidence that all was lost. And now, scarred and blackened, he liveth only to destroy. Good men fly from him; angels turn their faces from him as they meet him in the air, and God denounces him as his most terrible foe. So the cherub things that lie cradled on your breast sometimes change to fiends of vengeance and despair.

But if the child die in early life, this life of sin is escaped entirely; these pitfalls are all avoided. The child is rendered to God; the body lies in the ground, and the spirit ascends to heaven. O, there

it is safe from temptations and sins. Had it remained here we know not what it might have been; but now we know what it will forever be. No tear can dim that angel eye; no grief can stain that angel cheek; no discord can mar that angel song. The dark wing of sin will not hang over that spirit, but in the full, broad blaze of an eternal day it will forever live.

It is well with the child! We have had a sorrowful parting. Tears have been freely shed, and mourning has been put on; but it is well with the child.

"'Tis better far in childhood's
Friendless years, ere sorrows come and cares of earth
Enslave us, sweetly to fall asleep and
Wake in heaven."

It must be to the pious parent a source of holy satisfaction that he has a child safe in glory. Day after day, as he watches the struggle with death, he sees in the light of his exalted faith the effort of the soul to break the chrysalis of time and soar away. And when the contest is over, and the little hands are folded upon the tender breast, he knows that his child is with the holy angels. He seems to stand on the shore of a river, on the other side of which is the city of God, of whose beautiful palaces he

now and then catches a glimpse, and whose music now and then steals deliciously upon his senses.

"Time is a river deep and wide,
And while along its banks we stray,
We see our loved ones o'er its tide
Sail from our sight away, away.
Where are they sped — they who return
No more to glad our longing eyes?
They've passed from life's contracted bourn
To land unseen, unknown, that lies
Beyond the river."

## WHEN I AM OLD.

When I am old — and O, how soon
Will life's sweet morning yield to noon,
And noon's broad, fervid, earnest light
Be shrouded in the solemn night;
Till like a story well nigh told
Will seem my life — when I am old.

When I am old — this breezy earth
Will lose for me its voice of mirth;
The streams will have an under tone
Of sadness, not by right their own;
And spring's sweet power in vain unfold
In rosy charms — when I am old.

## POP, GOES THE QUESTION

LIST to me, sweet maiden, pray;
Pop, goes the question!
Will you marry me, yea or nay?
Pop, goes the question!
I've no time to plead or sigh,
No patience to wait for by and by;
Snare me now, I'm sure to fly;
Pop, goes the question!

"Ask papa," O, fiddle de dee!
Pop, goes the question!
Fathers and lovers can never agree;
Pop, goes the question!
He can't tell what I want to know,
Whether you love me, sweet, or no;
To ask him would be very slow;
Pop, goes the question!

I think we'd make such a charming pair;
Pop, goes the question!
For I'm good looking, and you're very fair;
Pop, goes the question!

We'll travel life's road in a gallant style,
And you shall drive every other mile,
O, if it pleases you, all the while;
Pop, goes the question!

If we don't have an enchanting time,
Pop, goes the question!
I'm sure it will be no fault of mine;
Pop, goes the question!
To be sure, my funds make a feeble show;
But love is a nourishing food, you know,
And cottages rent uncommonly low;
Pop, goes the question!

Then answer me quickly, darling, pray;
Pop, goes the question!
Will you marry me, yea or nay?
Pop, goes the question!
I've no time to plead or sigh,
No patience to wait for by and by;
Snare me now, or I'm going to fly;
Pop, goes the question!

## THE WHOLE FAMILY.

PHILOSOPHY is rarely found. The most perfect sample I ever met was an old woman, who was apparently the poorest and the most forlorn of the human species — so true is the maxim which all profess to believe, and none act upon invariably, viz., "that happiness does not depend upon outward circumstances." The wise woman to whom I have alluded walks to Boston, a distance of twenty or thirty miles, to sell a bag of brown thread and stockings, and then patiently walks back again with her little gains. Her dress, though tidy, is a collection of "shreds and patches," coarse in the extreme.

"Why don't you come down in a wagon?" said I, when I observed that she was wearied with her long journey.

"We hain't got any horse," she replied; "the neighbors are very kind to me, but they can't spare theirn, and it would cost as much to hire one as all my thread would come to."

"You have a husband — don't he do any thing for you?"

"He is a good man; he does all he can, but he's a cripple and an invalid. He reels my yarn and mends the children's shoes. He is as kind a husband as a woman need to have."

"But his being a cripple is a heavy misfortune to you," said I.

"Why, ma'am, I don't look upon it in that light," replied the thread woman. "I consider that I have a great reason to be thankful that he never took to any bad habits."

"How many children have you?"

"Six sons and five daughters, ma'am."

"Six sons and five daughters! Why, what a family for a poor woman to support!"

"It is a family, ma'am; but there ain't one of 'em I'd be willing to lose. They are all as healthy children as need to be, — all willing to work, and all clever to me. Even the smallest boy, when he gets a cent now and then for doing an errand, will be always sure to bring it to me."

"Do your daughters spin your thread?"

"No, ma'am; as soon as they are big enough they go out to service, as I don't want to keep them always delving for me; they are always willing to

give me what they can; but it's right and fair that they should do a little for themselves. I do all my spinning after all the folks are gone to bed."

"Don't you think you would be better off if you had no one but yourself to provide for?"

"Why, no, ma'am, I don't. If I had not been married, I should always have to work as hard as I could; and now I can't do no more than that. My children are always a great comfort to me, and I look forward to the time when they will do as much for me as I have always done for them."

Here was true philosophy! I learned a lesson from that poor woman which I shall not soon forget.

## A SONG.

Come into the garden, Maud;
For the black bat, Night, has flown:
Come into the garden, Maud;
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

# I AM FORGOTTEN NOW.

The autumn leaves are perishing,
The winter winds have come
To chill the waves where zephyr's wings
Had gathered its perfume;
The autumn flowers lie pale and dead;
No dew can bid them glow;
Like them, my hopes have wildly fled —
I am forgotten now.

Thou movest in the lighted hall,
Where beauty's lights are poured,
And there, the brightest of them all,
Art cherished and adored;
Thou sweepest through the mazy dance,
And listest love tones low;
Ah, by that gentle smile and glance —
I am forgotten now.

Why should I ask a heart like thine
A darkened shade to wear?
It is too beautiful a shrine
To cloud with hues of care:

Float on, float on in thy sweet dream;
It suits thy fair young brow;
I read in thy young beauty's gleam —
I am forgotten now.

## DON'T LOOK ON THE DARK SIDE.

Don't look on the dark side! Turn over the leaf;
See — a beautiful picture awaits you;
Why study with care the pale outline of grief
When life-tinted hope may elate you?

Don't look on the dark side! Your sadness and gloom
Will spread like a pestilence round you;
Such moping is selfish; give cheerfulness room;
Let the balm of its atmosphere bound you.

Don't look on the dark side! There's brightness enough
In the world, if you only view it;
To fret is ungrateful; your way may be rough,
But complaining with briers will strew it.

Don't look on the dark side! Or, if 'tis all dark,
If night and a storm both are given,
Remember, though clouds veil each luminous spark,
The stars are yet shining in heaven.

# THE TRUE WIFE.

She is no true wife who sustains not her husband in the day of calamity; who is not, when the world's great frown makes the heart chill with anguish, his guardian angel, growing brighter and more beautiful as misfortunes crowd along his path. Then is the time for trial of her gentleness; then is the time for testing whether the sweetness of her temper beams only with the transient light, or, like the steady glory of the morning star, shines as brightly under the clouds. Has she smiles just as charming? Does she say, "Affliction cannot touch our purity, and should not quench our love?" Does she try, by happy little inventions, to lift from his sensitive spirit the burden of thought.

There are wives — no! there are beings, who, when the dark hours come, fall to repining and upbraiding, — thus adding to outside anxiety the harrowing scenes of domestic strife, — as if the blame in the world would make one hair white or

black, or change the decree gone forth. Such know not that our darkness is heaven's light — our trials are but steps in a golden ladder, by which, if we rightly ascend, we may at last gain that eternal light, and bathe forever in its fulness and beauty.

"*Is that all?*" and the gentle face of the wife beamed with joy. Her husband had been on the verge of distraction; all his earthly possessions were gone, and he feared the result of her knowledge, she had been so tenderly cared for all her life. But, says Irving's beautiful story, "a friend advised him to give not sleep to his eyes, nor slumber to his eyelids, until he had unfolded to her all his hapless case."

And that was her answer, with the smile of an angel — '*Is that all?* I feared by your sadness it was worse. Let these things be taken — all this splendor, let it go. I care not for it; I only care for my husband's love and confidence. You shall forget in my affection that you were ever in prosperity; only still love me, and I will aid you to bear these little reverses with cheerfulness."

Still love her! Her a man must reverence, ay, and liken her to the very angels, for such a woman is a living revelation of heaven.

## BROTHER, COME HOME.

Come home:
Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep!
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee,
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
With these unvarying words of melody: —
Brother, come home!

Come home:
Come to the hearts that love thee, to the eyes
That beam in brightness but to gladden thine;
Come where fond thoughts like holiest incense rise,
Where cherished memory rears her altar shrine: —
Brother, come home!

Come home:
Come to the hearthstone of thine earlier days;
Come to the ark, like the o'erwearied dove;
Come with the sunlight of thine heart's warm rays;
Come to the fireside circle of thy love: —
Brother, come home!

Come home:
It is not home without thee; the lone seat
Is still unclaimed, where thou wert wont to be;
In every echo of returning feet
In vain we list for what should herald thee:—
Brother, come home!

Come home:
We've nursed for thee the sunny buds of spring;
Watched every germ a full blown floweret near;
Saw o'er their bloom the chilly winter bring
Its icy garlands, and thou art not here:—
Brother, come home!

Come home:
Would I could send my spirit o'er the deep;
Would I could wing it like a bird to thee;
To commune with thy thoughts, to fill thy sleep
With these unvarying words of melody:—
Brother, come home!

# THE WAYSIDE.

I'm almost home. Dear native home, — in this quiet little village, nestled down closely by this sweet murmuring river, — how many sweet memories cling to thee! how beautiful thou art, surrounded by these proud hills and fine groves, scattered among which are neat cottages, green fields, and flourishing gardens! — the delight of the sober farmer and his prudent, loving wife. Where else does the glorious sun look down so cheerfully? How like a mantle of gold is his light thrown over these distant hills! and with what beauty does he tinge the heads of those stately oaks, silver maples, and proud pines, as they bow a welcome to the morning! Nor has he forgotten to gild the spire of the dear old church, with which are connected sweet and sad recollections. There I received instructions from the sacred Scriptures, and heard holy words from the man of God, never to be forgotten. But where are those who listened with me? I must go read the inscrip-

tions on those plain monuments and marble slabs within the churchyard, (sacred place!) within whose bosom is locked the precious dust of loved ones. Here, in this corner, is my dear grandfather, the old man with silver hair, whose face shone so brightly when he talked of heaven and rest for the weary. And here, beside him, is one who shared his sunny days and dreary hours through many a year, but, weary of life, laid down to rest before him. Here is little Freddie's grave, and there his dear Alice, too.

O Death, thou hast sent gloom into many a happy heart; ay, and taken those who once made happy and bright a home in this little cottage. Dear old home — every thing around has a peculiar beauty to me; and each tells of joyous days and sunny hours. The old maple still stands firm, though the fierce winds of many a winter have beat upon it; and the elm spreads out his arms as lovingly as when I played beneath its shade with a merry group. I see them now, those honest, rosy faces; and "would I were a child again." Our young hearts had never known sorrow then, the bitter tears of disappointment had never dimmed our eyes, nor had our ears ever heard the last adieu of a dear sister, a fond father, and a tender mother. The future was then one long, bright, happy day of gladness and mirth.

Though sad changes, dark days, and gloomy scenes from the past ever come before me, here, still, it's a loved spot, a sacred place; for here I first heard the story of God and heaven, learned my first lesson of gentleness and forbearance, and was first taught to lisp my wants in the ear of Him who giveth every good.

## YOU REMEMBER IT — DON'T YOU?

You remember the time when I first sought your home,
When a smile, not a word, was the summons to come,
When you called me a friend, till you found, with surprise,
That our friendship turned out to be love in disguise.
You remember it — don't you?
You will think of it — won't you?
Yes, yes, of all this the remembrance will last
Long after the present fades into the past.

You remember the grief that grew lighter when shared;
With the bliss, you remember, could aught be compared?
You remember how fond was my earliest vow —
Not fonder than that which I breathe to thee now.
You remember it — don't you?
You will think of it — won't you?
Yes, yes, of all this the remembrance will last
Long after the present fades into the past.

## NOWADAYS.

Alas! how every thing has changed,
Since I was sweet sixteen,
When all the girls wore homespun frocks,
And aprons nice and clean,
With bonnets made of braided straw,
That tied beneath the chin,
The shawls laid neatly on the neck,
And fastened with a pin!

I recollect the time when I
Rode father's horse to mill,
Across the meadows, rock, and field,
And up and down the hill;
And when our folks were out at work,
As sure as I'm a sinner,
I jumped upon a horse bare-back,
And carried them their dinner.

Dear me! young ladies, nowadays,
Would almost faint away
To think of riding all alone
In wagon, chaise, or sleigh;

And as for giving "pa" his meals,
Or helping "ma" to bake,
O, saints! 'twould spoil their lily hands —
Though sometimes they make cake.

When winter came, the maiden's heart
Began to beat and flutter;
Each beau would take his sweetheart out,
Sleigh riding in the cutter.
Or, if the storm was bleak and cold,
The girls and beaux together
Would meet and have most glorious fun,
And never mind the weather.

But now, indeed, — it grieves me much
The circumstance to mention, —
However kind the young man's heart,
And honest his intention,
He never asks the girls to ride,
But such a war is waged!
And if he sees her once a week,
Why, surely, "they're engaged."

## HOW SHE FOUND THE TIME.

"Ah," said Mr. Nelson, as, drawing his chair to the centre table, his eye rested on one of the popular novels of the day, "so you have a new book to read, Sarah. Where did you get it?"

"I borrowed it of Mrs. Merton, or rather she lent it to me — insisted upon my taking it, because, she said, she knew it would interest me, fascinate me; indeed, I told her it wasn't much use to take it, for I should never find time to read it."

"But she had found time — hadn't she?" asked her husband, a little roguishly.

"Of course she had. She always finds time to do any thing she wants to; I never saw such a woman in my life."

"And yet she has four children, and keeps but one girl?"

"And I have only two children, and as many girls, I suppose you would like to add — would you

not?" responded the wife, just a very little bit out of humor.

"I must confess you have guessed aright, my dear. But I would not have said it in a fault-finding way, but simply from a desire to find out, if we can, why you have so little time to devote to reading — why you always have so much to do. Does Mrs. Merton do up every thing as neatly as yourself? Her parlors, I know, always seem the perfection of order and comfort, her husband's and children's clothes are always tidy, and she herself, in appearance, the personification of neatness and taste. But after all, perhaps there may be some oversight that is kept out of view."

"You are mistaken," said Mrs. Nelson, emphatically. "She is one of the most thorough housekeepers I ever knew. I have been sent there when she had been taken suddenly ill, and so violently, too, as to be unable to give a single direction; and yet every thing needed was always found without the least trouble; every drawer and closet was in order, and the whole house would have borne the rigid scrutiny of the most prime member of the Quaker sisterhood. And yet she never is in a hurry, and though always doing something, never complains of being wearied. She does all her own

and children's sewing, even to cutting dresses, and coats and pants; embroiders all her collars, and sleeves, and little girls' ruffles; writes more letters every year than I have done since my marriage, and reads more than any other woman not purely literary that I ever knew. But how she does it is a mystery."

"Why don't you ask her to solve it?"

"I have thought of doing so; but — but — well, to own the truth, I am ashamed to. It would be a tacit confession that I am in the wrong somehow."

"But do you think you are?"

"Sometimes I do; and then again I think my failures to do what I would so dearly love to, are the result of the circumstances which I cannot control. For instance, yesterday afternoon I meant to have emptied my mending basket entirely, — I could have done so easily, and then one worry of the week would have been over, — but Mrs. Lawrence and her friend from Boston came in quite early, and, as you know, passed the afternoon. I could not blame them for coming when they did, for I had told them to come any afternoon this week; and I was glad to see them, and enjoyed the visit. Yet it upset my plans about mending entirely, for of course it would never have done to have littered the parlor

with that. The afternoon was lost as far as work was concerned."

"But was there nothing you could do?"

"Yes, if I had only had it. There were the handkerchiefs and cravats you want to take with you next week, which I might have hemmed if I had only had them. But you see, I had designed them for this afternoon, and so did not go out to buy them till to-day. And now I suppose the mending must lie over till next week, and then there will be two baskets full. And so it goes. I wish sometimes the days were forty-eight, instead of twenty-four hours long."

"Well, I don't, I'm sure," said her husband, good humoredly; "for I get tired enough now, and I doubt, Sarah, if either you or I would find any more time than we do now."

"Well, one thing is certain — I shall never find time, as the days are now, to do what I want to do."

"But you say Mrs. Merton does."

"Yes, but she is an exception to all the rest of my acquaintances."

"An honorable one."

"Yes, an honorable one. I wish there were more with her faculty."

"Perhaps there would be, were her example followed."

"I understand you, and perhaps some day will heed the hint." But here her further reply was prevented by a request from his head clerk to see her husband alone on urgent business.

All this time, while Mrs. Nelson had been bewailing the want of time, she had sat with her hands lying idly in her lap. To be sure, she was waiting for Bridget to bring the baby to be undressed; but she might easily have finished hemming the last cravat in those precious moments, and there it lay on her workstand, and her thimble and thread both with it. But she never thought of taking it — not she. She never thought it worth while to attempt doing any thing while waiting to do some other duty that must soon have to be performed. And thus, in losing those moments, she lost the evening chance to finish the hem; for when the baby did come, he was cross and squally, and would not let her lay him in the crib until nine o'clock, and then she was so tired and nervous, she couldn't, she said, set a stitch to save her life.

It happened one day, in the following week, after a morning of rather more flurry and worry than usual, that she went to the centre table to hunt for

a misplaced memorandum. In her search for it her glance casually fell upon the borrowed novel, and with that glance the foregoing conversation rushed forcibly over her memory.

"I declare," said she, "I have half a mind to run over to Mrs. Merton's this afternoon, and cross-question her, till I learn her secret. Such a life as I am living is unbearable. I can't stand it any longer. If she can find time, I know I can, if I only knew how."

And true to her resolution, for though seemingly hasty, it had been for some time maturing in her mind, almost unwittingly she found herself at an early hour at her friend's parlor, her bonnet and shawl thrown aside, and herself, work-bag in hand, snugly ensconced in a low rocker beside her little work-stand.

"You have not finished your collar, then?" she observed to Mrs. Merton, after a while, by way of leading the conversation in the desired channel.

"O, yes, indeed," answered the hostess, tossing her head to one side, gayly, with a pretty affectation of pride. "Didn't you notice how becoming it was?"

"And commencing another so soon?"

"Only basting on the pattern, so as to have it ready for some odd moment."

"But how do you bear to spend so much time in embroidery? Why not purchase it at once; it is so much cheaper in the end?"

"For the wealthy it is, I grant, and for those not very wealthy, if their eyesight is poor, or if lacking in taste and needle skill. But I find it cheaper to do it myself. My husband's salary does not allow us many luxuries, and the small sum we can spend for them I prefer should go towards purchasing what my own fingers cannot make. I can embroider collars and sleeves not as perfectly, it is true, as they do in foreign climes, but handsomely enough to suit my own and husband's eyes; but I cannot write books, magazines, reviews, and newspapers, and they are luxuries more essential to my happiness than these articles of dress; so I do my own needlework, and with the money thus saved we purchase something that will never go out of fashion — an intellectual heritage for our little one as well as a perpetual feast for us."

"But how do you find time to do so much work? I cannot conceive how or where."

"Well, I hardly know myself," said Mrs. Merton, laughingly. "My husband sometimes tells me he believes the fairies help me. I seldom sit down to it in earnest, but I catch it up at odd

moments, and before I am aware of it myself, it is done."

"O, dear," and Mrs. Nelson sighed. "I wish I had your faculty. Do, pray, Mrs. Merton, tell us the secret of your success in every thing. How do you always find time for every thing?"

"Do you question me seriously, or only mockingly, to remind me how much I leave undone?"

"Seriously? Yes, very seriously. To own the truth, it was to learn this I came over here to-day. There are a thousand things I long to do, because they would not only increase my own joys, but those of my husband and household; but I cannot find the time. Yet you do them, and you have more cares and duties than I. If you tell me your secret, believe me, I shall feel under the deepest obligations to you."

Her friend hesitated a moment. She was not wont to speak very much of herself, believing that character should reveal itself by actions mostly, and conscious that it will, too, whether it be a perfect or faulty one. Yet there was such an urgency, at length it conquered the scruples of modesty.

"I am afraid I shall remind you of 'great I,' if I undertake it," she said, with a blush; "yet I can hardly give you my experience without subjecting

myself to the charge of egotism. Yet, as we are alone, and as you seem to think I have avoided some of the besetting evils of this life, why, I will reveal to you what you call my secret.

"My mother early instilled into my mind and heart, by precept and example, a few rules of action, that I have sedulously endeavored to follow, and which, I believe, almost more than any thing else have contributed to my domestic peace and happiness.

"One of them is, always to have a time for every ordinary duty; to have that time at such a day or hour of the day as is best adapted to its perfect fulfilment, and always, extraordinary cases excepted, to perform the duty at that time.

"For instance, my general sweeping day is on Friday, because to my mind it is the most suitable one of the week. And the best portion of the day to do it in is very early in the morning, for then I can throw open my doors and windows to the freshest, purest breezes we get at all; and I am not disturbed by the din of travel, nor annoyed by the dust; and then, by postponing my bath and breakfast toilet, merely throwing on a wrapper and cap to sweep in till the house is clean, why I am tidy for the rest of the day.

"Whereas, if I wait till after breakfast, I must spend time to take another bath, and make another change of dress. Now, I confess, it is hard sometimes to keep this rule. When my sleep has been broken by the restlessness of baby, or when something has kept me up later than usual the previous evening, I feel strongly inclined to lie in bed and let the sweeping hour go by. But the dreadful consequences always stare me in the face so ruefully, that sleepy and weary though I may be, I struggle out of bed, — for it is verily a struggle, — and tying down my hair, and buttoning on my wrapper, and drawing on my gloves, as my old aunt used to say, I 'make business fly.' And I assure you I always find myself enough happier to compensate me for my efforts, hard though they seemed.

"And then, for a second rule, I always have a place for every thing, and always put it in its place, and thus waste no time in looking after things. For example, perhaps you will laugh at it, but I always make it a rule to put my thimble in my sewing-box, when I leave my work, no matter how great the hurry; and you can have no idea, until you have tried it, how much time is thus saved. Why, I have one friend who says she lost so much time by looking up her thimble, that she has bought herself three, so

that when one is mislaid, she needn't wait to hunt it up. Yet this rule, which soon would become a habit, would have saved her time and money.

"The third and last rule necessary to specify is this: to be always busy, or perhaps I ought to say employed, for with housekeepers, generally, to be busy is to be in a worry over too much work."

"But you don't mean to say you never rest — that you never get tired?"

"By no means; I both rest and get tired, and many times each day. But rest does not always imply cessation from labor. Sometimes it does, I grant; and when, after any unusual fatigue, I find myself inclined to lie down and sleep, I always indulge the feeling. It is one of Nature's promptings, which, to insure health and joy, should be heeded. And I do not feel that I ever lose any time that way, for the half or even hour's sleep so invigorates me, that I can work with twice the ability, afterwards, that I could if I had striven on with weary limbs and fretted nerves. But many times a change of employment or occupation will rest one as much, nay, more, than idleness. You know yourself, after a busy forenoon on your feet, that it rests you to sit down in your rocker, and busy yourself with your sewing. And sometimes, when I have been handling

heavy clothes, such as coats and pantaloons for my boys, till my arms and fingers ache, I rest them by taking up some light garment for my little girl. Or when my limbs ache severely, from some arduous duty, and yet I have no inclination to sleep, as is frequently the case after rocking a worrisome child to sleep, I lie down on my old-fashioned lounge, and rest myself in body by that course; while I soothe, and gladden, and improve my mind by reading, always being careful, though, to put by the book just as soon as I feel that I am enough recruited."

"But suppose you get behindhand with your work from sickness or company, or some other cause; what do you do then?"

"I never allow myself to get behindhand from the latter cause — visitors. I never allow them to interrupt my domestic affairs. I never invite company except on those days of the week that have the lighter duties. And if casual visitors come along, they will not disturb or hinder you, if the rules I have given you are implicitly followed. You are always ready for chance company. And with these rules, even sickness, unless long continued, will not vary the domestic economy. But if I do get behindhand, I make it up as quick as possible. I rise an hour earlier every morning, and deny myself the

luxury of visiting till the accumulated work is performed."

"Excuse me, but I must ask you one more question. What do you mean by odd times? You said you should work your collar at odd moments."

"I can answer you but by some examples. Yesterday afternoon I was going to cut and baste a dress for myself. But unexpectedly a friend from the country came in to take tea with me. Now, I did not want to litter the parlor with my pieces; so I went to my basket and took out a pretty little sack for Harry, and spent my time on sewing that. I always keep something in my basket suitable for such odd times; and when I have nothing really necessary, I take up my embroidery. And then, you know, we wives are frequently obliged to wait till a considerable time has elapsed for the appearance of our husbands at the table, and these odd moments, usually so irksome to women, are precious to me. I always mean to have the meals ready at the hour: if Mr. Merton is not here then, — and, being head clerk, scarcely a day passes but some meal must wait, — instead of watching the clock or thrumming on the windows, I read the newspapers and magazines. I assure you I never take any other time to read them, and yet I am never behindhand with them.

And when I have none of them on hand, I catch up some story that I want to read, and yet don't want to give that time which I usually devote to solid reading. The volume I lent you" — Mrs. Nelson blushed; she had had it a week, and read only the first chapter — "I read in four days in this way. And when I have no reading that I am anxious to do, I spend the moments in writing. Most of my letters are penned while waiting for the tea bell to ring. And hark, there it is now; a pleasant sound for your ears, too, I guess, after the homily I have just given you. Please," and she rose gracefully, "let 'great I' usher 'dear you' to the dining room."

"With pleasure; yet I wish the bell had not rung so early. I have not heard half enough."

"Have you never observed, my dear friend, that many sermons lose half their effectiveness by undue length? The benediction at such a time is noted as a relief, not a blessing. Some other time I will preach the rest."

"I pray Heaven I may have resolution enough to practice what you have already taught. Sure I am, if I so do, my life, what is left of it, will be like yours — a perpetual sermon; and my daily benediction like yours also — the blessings of my children and the praise of my husband."

## SHE WOKE THAT MORN IN HEAVEN.



She knelt alone, that little one,
An orphan child of three,
And whispered forth the prayer she learned
Beside her mother's knee.
No gentle hand upon her head
In soft caress was laid,
No sweet voice murmuring her name —
She knelt alone and prayed.

The tear drops resting on her cheek
A tale of sorrow told;
For even she, that angel child,
Had found the world was cold,
And murmured forth, with tiny hands
Up-pointing to the skies,
"God, take me to my mamma, when
Poor little Lily dies."

The angels, pausing, heard the prayer,
And in the calm moonlight
Bent down and breathed upon the child,
And kissed her forehead white;

And bearing her with songs of love
Through the blue depths of even,
They laid her in her mother's arms —
She woke that morn in heaven!

## MAIDEN BEAUTY.

Her hand's like a lily —
But just at the tip
It hath stolen a tint
Like the hue of her lip.
Her breath's like the morning,
When hyacinths blow;
Her feet leave a blessing
Wherever they go.

For each one she's something,
To comfort or cheer;
When her purse fails her wishes,
She gives them a tear.
E'en the sound of her step
Seems to bring them relief;
And they bless that sweet face
Which speaks hope 'mid their grief.

## GIVE ME MY OLD SEAT, MOTHER.

GIVE me my old seat, mother,
With my head upon thy knee;
I've passed through many a changing scene
Since thus I sat by thee:
O, let me look into thine eyes;
Their meek, soft, loving light
Falls like a gleam of holiness
Upon my heart to-night.

I've not been long away, mother;
Few suns have rose and set
Since last the tear drops on thy cheek
My lips in kisses met;
'Tis but a little time, I know,
But very long it seems,
Though every night I come to thee,
Dear mother, in my dreams.

The world has kindly dealt, mother,
By the child thou lov'st so well;
Thy prayers have circled round her path,
And 'twas a holy spell

Which made that path so clearly bright,
Which strewed the roses there,
Which gave the light and cast the balm
On every breath of air.

I bear a happy heart, mother;
A happier never beat;
And even now new buds of hope
Are bursting at my feet.
O mother, life may be a "dream;"
But if such dreams are given
While at the portal thus we stand,
What are the truths of heaven?

## A WORLD OF LOVE AT HOME.

The earth hath treasures fair and bright,
Deep buried in her caves,
And ocean hideth many a gem,
With its blue curling waves.

Yet not within her bosom dark,
Or 'neath her dashing foam,
Lies there a treasure equalling
A world of love at home.

## WITTY WOMEN.

A WRITER, illustrating the fact that some errors are lifted into importance by efforts to refute them, when they need to be treated with wholesome doses of contempt and ridicule, observes, that "all the blows inflicted by the herculean club of certain logicians are not half so effectual as a box on the ear of a celebrated atheist by the hand of beauty. After having in vain preached to a circle of ladies, he attempted to revenge himself by saying, 'Pardon my error, ladies; I did not imagine that in a house where wit vies with grace, I alone should have the honor of not believing in God.' 'You are not alone, sir,' answered the mistress of the house; 'my horses, my dog, my cat, share this honor with you; only these poor brutes have the good sense not to boast of it.'"

This reminds us of what occurred a few years ago on a steamboat, on one of our western rivers. A thing in the shape of a man was glorying in his

atheism, avowing that the present life was all of a man; that he had no soul and no hereafter. "And so you say you have no soul," asked a gentleman in the group, evidently designing to reason with him on the subject. "No," replied the atheist, "not a whit more than a pig." The gentleman was about to enter on an argument with him, when an elderly Scotch lady spoke up smartly, "Sir, I hope you will not spend your breath reasoning wi' the creature; by his ain confession, he has nae mair soul than a pig; and ye wad nae argue wi' a pig."

## TO AN ABSENT WIFE.

'Tis morn — the sea breeze seems to bring
Joy, health, and freshness on its wing;
Bright flowers to me, all fresh and new,
Are glittering in the early dew,
And perfumes rise from every grove,
As incense to the clouds that move
Like spirits o'er yon welkin clear;
But I am sad — thou art not here.

## NOBODY'S CHILD.

Tell me, homeless wanderer, tell me,
For the storm is growing wild,
What sad fortune hath befell thee;
Art thou some lone orphan child?
Wandering, while the dismal tempest
Breathes its low and fearful tone,
And the cheerful fire is glowing
Bright in many a cheerful home.
"Ah, my friend, no kindly welcome
Greets me on this desert wild;
Others have their homes and firesides,
But I am nobody's child.

"For my fate no heart is beating,
And my grief no eye can see;
Others meet their cheerful greeting,
But nobody cares for me.
Words of love, and pleasant faces,
Thoughts of mercy, voices mild,
Ne'er my hapless lot embraces,
For I am nobody's child."

When thy bosom heaves with sorrow,
Anguish racks thy youthful head,
Who will light thy gloomy morrow?
What kind hand will smooth thy bed?
Falls there ne'er a tear above thee,
When thy heart is growing faint?
None to listen, none to love thee,
When thou makest thy complaint?

"Nay, this world is cold, unfeeling,
Full of vain contempt and scorn;
Mercy still her face concealing,
'Mid the pelting, winter storm."

Wanderer, there are floating round thee
Ardent longings, all unseen;
Some warm tear for thee is falling,
Some kind voice for thee is calling,
'Mid this desolated scene.
Tender spirits, gone before thee,
Hover on their stilly wings,
Yet thou canst not hear their music,
Flung from tender spirit strings;
Or, perchance, there yet may linger,
On the earth, or on the sea,
Some kind spirit, true and faithful,
Some lone heart that beats for thee.

"Nay, they tell me I am passing
To the lone and quiet tomb;
Sure it seems a dreary pathway,
Covered by the deepest gloom.

There, they tell me, pain and sorrow
No more haunt the troubled breast;
There the cold world always points me,
As the only place of rest.

"But I've heard, or dreamed I heard it,
Of 'Our Father' in the skies;
Will he mark the lonely dwelling
Where my worthless body lies?
Will he, from his home above me,
Write the names of those who love me?
O'er my grave, in letters wild,
Will he trace *Nobody's Child?*"

## THE AWAKENING OF THE LYRE.

FATHER, I cannot strike my lyre
Till thy celestial breath
Hath swept across the trembling chords,
And waked its soul from death.
The full, deep melodies of love,
The mystic powers of song
That sleep within, thou only knowest;
To thee they all belong.

## CORRECTING IN ANGER.

We were pained the other day, passing near the Gas Works, in seeing a father driving his little boy before him, apparently about nine years of age. The father was evidently much angered, and lashed the little fellow every few steps most severely with a heavy cart whip. The child, it would seem, had played the truant — provokingly enough, no doubt, and deserved, it may be, chastisement. But the father who will horsewhip his child in the public streets, in presence of the passing crowds, is unfit to be trusted with a parent's responsibilities. In this way that delicate sense of shame, which is essential to a noble and virtuous character, and all the finer sensibilities, are blunted. Whatever the meed of punishment due that little boy, that parent should not judge of his delinquency under the influence of his anger. The exhibition of such anger is *prima facie* evidence that the punishment was too severe. The parent who strikes a child in anger deserves

two blows for every one given. He makes himself more a culprit than his child.

We have alluded to this circumstance because it illustrates a too common and often fatal error in the management of children. Parents, punish your children for their disobedience — it is your duty to do it; but never do this in a way to crush the feeling of self-respect, and never do it in anger. Speak not in reproof; lift no chastening rod till your anger has thoroughly cooled; wait, if need be, till the quietude and solemnity of evening, when the business and play of the day are ended. Be grave, be deliberate; explain the nature of the misconduct, and show that love, and not revenge, impels you to punish. Thus will you awaken the child's conscience, and win it to your side. With penitential feelings and purposes of amendment, the little offender will fall asleep, and awake with a warmer filial affection, and strengthened desire to do right.

## SONG OF THE PILGRIMS.

THE breeze has swelled the whitening sail,
The blue waves curl beneath the gale,
And, bounding with the waves and wind,
We leave Old England's shores behind —
Leave behind our native shore,
Homes, and all we loved before.

The deep may dash, the winds may blow,
The storm spread out its wings of woe,
Till sailors' eyes can see a shroud
Hung in the folds of every cloud.
Still, as long as life shall last,
From that shore we'll speed us fast.

For we would rather never be
Than dwell where mind cannot be free,
But bows beneath a despot's rod,
E'en where it seeks to worship God.
Blasts of heaven, onward sweep;
Bear us o'er the troubled deep.

O, see what wonders meet our eyes!
Another land and other skies!

Columbian hills have met our view:
Adieu! Old England's shores, adieu!
Here, at length, our feet shall rest,
Hearts be free, and homes be blessed.

As long as yonder firs shall spread
Their green arms o'er the mountain's head, —
As long as yonder cliffs shall stand
Where join the ocean and the land, —
Shall those cliffs and mountains be
Proud retreats for liberty.

Now to the King of kings we'll raise
The pæan loud of sacred praise;
More loud than sounds the swelling breeze,
More loud than speak the rolling seas.
Happier lands have met our view:
England's shores, adieu! adieu!

# THE WORLD OF MIND.

THERE are people we meet with in life (and they constitute no small class of humanity) who are like walking newspapers, or cheap magazines, filled up with the "odds and ends" of literature; whose ideas are jumbled together like the "splinter" items of those same printed sheets. They have a smattering of every thing, but really understand nothing. You may know them by a certain flippancy of speech, and by their off-hand way of disposing of a subject (no matter how deep) with an air of assurance, if not to the edification of others, at least to their own satisfaction.

They are persons who read, or run over, every thing that falls in their way, either from a love of what is new and exciting, or from a desire to be thought vastly intellectual. Thus they are continually cramming their brains with a heterogeneous mass of matter, from which they can seldom draw a distinct idea, that might serve a good purpose in

confounding error, elucidating truth, or in strengthening the formation of good principles. Perusing a work without reflection, they never endeavor to make a noble sentiment, or a great thought, their own, to use for the proper development of some desirable trait of character — for the suppression of evil tendencies, the strengthening of high resolves and aspirations after a higher, purer life in the soul. In these days of superficial attainments, of false show, in an artificial state of society, the temptation to be satisfied with a mere outside polish is peculiarly strong. This trying to make the most glitter, with the least outlay of labor or expense, is to a great extent prevalent in all grades of society.

But if one can be content to enjoy a quiet, unassuming position — to realize a serene inner life, without this cringing deference to hollow forms, to time-serving policy and belittling sentiments, how much of frivolity and tedious unrest would they escape! and their example, though for a time it might be disparaged, yet in its steady adherence to the higher interests of mind, would prove like the sun in mid heaven — a blessing to the world as far superior to the flashy brilliancy of time-serving worldlings, as that same glorious luminary exceeds the gairish light emitted from confined gases.

If we were but sensible of the inestimable worth of mind, so grand in its native endowments, so sublime in its far-reaching powers, and immortal in its being, how much that is poor and trifling, how much that is debasing in its nature, should we discard as unworthy our attention! and in the development of its latent powers, the cultivation of its higher faculties, find our chief happiness — a happiness as pure as it is ennobling. We should then become what God designed us to be — learners for eternity, co-workers with all the true and good of the past and present; laboring for the improvement of humanity — for the uplifting of the soul to a higher, holier state of progress, whose perfection will be found in the far-reaching cycles of endless being.

## WHOM DOES THE LORD LOVE BEST?

THREE brothers, lingering in a wood,
Conversed on heavenly things,
When in their path an angel stood,
With splendor-flashing wings.

"Who careth most for God?" she said;
"Thou with the haughty brow,
What wouldst thou give to win his love,
If he were present now?"

"Of gems a thousand sparkling stones,
Of jewels all I own;
And if I had a hundred thrones,
They should be his alone."

The second eager spoke: "And I
Would bring him lands and gold."
The third, abashed, stood trembling by,
Nor dared his gift unfold.

Her azure eye the angel turned
Full on his shrinking form;
She knew his soul with fervor burned,
His heart with love was warm.

He murmured, "Lo, I am not fit
To look upon thy face;
My brothers have both wealth and wit,
And much of heavenly grace;—

"And I, alas! am weak and poor,
With little worldly pelf;
Yet, if he could the gift endure,
I'd gladly give — myself!"

"Thou art," I heard the angel say,
"More blessed than the rest;
For whoso gives himself away,
Him the Lord loveth best."

## SELF-CONCEIT.

Some men there are so wondrous wise,
They're always right in their own eyes,
And set themselves for standards high,
By which all other men to try.
When such a man you chance to find,
Ne'er ask him his, nor tell your mind;
For sure I am you'll not be right,
Unless your eyes see with his sight.

## TRUE WORDS BETTER THAN TEARS.

"WHAT could I say? To offer consolation would have been a waste of words. Nothing was left for me but to weep with my poor friend."

"Nothing?" was the calmly spoken inquiry.

"There are griefs so deep as demand only our tears," was replied.

"Yet the physician — no matter how virulent the disease — will tell you that while there is life there is hope. Is it not the same in mental diseases?"

"What medicament can reach this case?" was asked.

"There is only one remedy to be applied in all cases of mental pain."

"What is that?"

"The truth."

The first speaker, a lady, looked doubtingly into the face of her friend.

"To sit down and weep with those who are in

trouble or affliction may do for a brief season; but to make tears a substitute for consoling words, is to say that earth has a 'sorrow that heaven cannot heal.'"

"But what could I say that her own heart would not suggest?"

"Much. There is usually a selfishness in sorrow that obscures the perception of truth. The grieving one narrows down all things to a little circle, in the centre of which she sits weeping. Darkness obscures her mind. She forgets the great truth, that all sorrow is for purification; and that while she is in the furnace of affliction, the Refiner and Purifier is sitting near, and will see that only the dross of self-love is consumed. Far better would it be to say, 'It is good for us to be afflicted,' — thus throwing a truth into the mind, — than merely to mingle tears with the child of sorrow."

"In her state she would reject the sentiment," said the lady friend.

"A marked symptom of diseased mental action," was answered, "that imperatively calls for skilful treatment."

"But if she reject the truth, how can she be healed?"

"A wise physician will use his utmost skill in the selection of a remedy that will not be rejected."

"I am neither wise nor skilful so far as my unhappy friend is concerned."

"Say not so. If we desire to be instruments of good, He who is seeking the good of all his creatures will show us the way of accomplishment. Do you not think that some merely selfish considerations are seriously aggravating this trouble of Mrs. Edwards?"

"I am sure of it. Dearly-cherished ends of her own have been utterly destroyed. Blending with her fears for her child are mortification and wounded love. While she sees no promise of happiness for Lucy in the future, her sympathy for the erring one is swallowed up in an almost maddening sense of filial disobedience."

"Why not seek to awaken her mind to this perception? Until she sees her error she cannot rise above it."

"But how is this possible? She will not bear to have Lucy's name mentioned."

"Another marked symptom of a malady that calls for better remedies than sympathetic tears. She must be told the truth."

"Who will speak the words?"

"You, if you are sincerely her friend," was the firm answer.

"She will be offended."

"No matter. The truth will be seen after the blinding excitement of anger has departed. If you truly love her, you will brave even the risk of offending, for the sake of doing her good."

The lady who was thus reminded of her duty in the case of a friend in great trouble—a friend with whom she had mingled her tears, but failed to speak words of consolation in which was a healing vitality—went thoughtfully to her home, brooding over what she had heard. It was an easy thing to weep with the weeper; but to speak words of truth that would hurt, and might offend, was a duty from which she shrunk with instinctive reluctance. But she now saw the case in a clearer light, and a genuine regard for Mrs. Edwards led her to act the part of a wise rather than a weak friend.

An hour for calm reflection was permitted to elapse, and then the lady went to the suffering one, with her mind clear and her purpose strong. Reflection had thrown a light upon her way, and she saw the true path in which she must walk clearly.

The pale weeper was still sitting under the shadow of her great life-sorrow, when her friend came back to her darkened chamber, in which reigned an almost

death-like stillness. A hand was laid in that of Mrs. Edwards; only a feeble pressure was returned, and the tears of the grieving one flowed afresh. But the friend gave no answering tears. She had not come to weep with her sorrowing sister, but to offer words of consolation in which lay the power of healing.

"I am going to speak with you about Lucy," she said.

"If you love me, name her not," replied Mrs. Edwards, almost sternly.

"It is because I love you that I speak of her," answered the friend, with as much firmness as she could assume. "Lucy is not all to blame for the unwise step she has taken."

"Who is, then?" was the natural inquiry.

"You and her father may be quite as much to blame as your unhappy child."

A sudden flush came into the pale face of Mrs. Edwards. There were few who did not think just as the friend had spoken; but she alone had ventured to utter the truth, where, of all things, its utterance was most needed.

"We to blame!"

A curve of indignation was on the lip of Mrs. Edwards.

"If you were sure this were the case, would it not greatly soften your feelings towards Lucy?"

"But I am not sure of it," said the lady, whose tears had already ceased to flow.

"You are not the only sufferer in this case."

"Who else suffers?"

"Your unhappy child."

"She deserves to suffer. What else could she expect, in such a union, but a life of suffering?" Mrs. Edwards spoke severely.

"Why do you so object to the marriage?"

"He is not the man to make her happy. In all respects, they are unsuited to each other."

"Can you imagine a sadder life than that which a woman must lead who broadly errs in the choice of a married partner?"

"None."

"Pity your child, then. If such a lot is to be hers, let your love make softer the pillow on which her poor head must lie. O my friend, do not fill it with thorns."

Fitly spoken were these words, and they found a lodging-place in the mind of Mrs. Edwards; yet she answered —

"She deceived us. She broke her solemn promise not to marry this man."

"Had you any right to extort such a promise?" calmly asked the friend.

"Was she not our child?"

"Yours to love, guard, guide, and educate for heaven, while a child, and yours to advise and lead into right ways when a woman; but not yours, after the child became the woman, to extort promises in violation of that freedom to love which is the heart's God-given prerogative. The attempt to constrain in this direction was the very way to thwart your own wishes. Are you a woman, and ignorant on this head? Commune with your own heart, my friend, and you will see that you have erred. Pardon me, when I say that you had no right to bring your child into the agonizing strait of choosing between her parents and the man she loved, no matter how you might estimate him — no, not even if he were utterly unworthy of her, which I will not believe to be so. For the breach of a promise to yourselves you are more to blame than she; for you forced her to make a promise that she could not keep; and the necessity of the case absolves her."

"Her father will never forgive her," said Mrs. Edwards, her voice subdued from its recent sternness. "This act has separated him forever from his child."

A step was heard in the passage at this moment.

The ladies glanced towards the door, and saw Mr. Edwards. There was a dark shadow on his face. He nodded coldly to the visitor, who said to him, speaking from the moment's impulse, —

"This cannot be true."

"What?" he inquired.

"That you will never forgive Lucy for the step she has taken."

The shadow on his face grew darker, as he answered, —

"She was forewarned of the consequences."

"But you will relent and forgive."

"Never!"

"You have a Father!" said the visitor, impressively.

Mr. Edwards looked with a half-doubting, half-startled air into the face of his interrogator.

"A Father in heaven!" and a finger, slowly raised, was pointed upward.

"Madam!"

The voice of Mr. Edwards was far from being steady.

"Have you never offended — never acted in disobedience to the will of that Father? What if he were to say, 'I will neither relent nor forgive'? Pardon this freedom of speech in one who claims

to be a true friend," added the lady, in a changed and lower tone of voice; then rising, she passed from the room ere they could prevent her departure.

They were true words, spoken resolutely, and at a fitting moment, and they sunk deeply and disturbingly into the hearts of Mr. Edwards and his wife, awakening doubts and questionings which they vainly tried to thrust aside. Had they ever lived in obedience to the will and word of their heavenly Father? Had they nothing to be forgiven, that they so resolutely refused to forgive?

Mr. and Mrs. Edwards were in a calmer frame of mind, as they sat alone on the evening that followed this day — calmer for the words of truth which had found a lodgment in their minds. To see and acknowledge the duty of forgiveness was to soften their hearts towards their erring child. And now the mother's spirit began to have a realizing perception of the unhappy life that awaited her daughter, united as she was to one who possessed not, in her estimation, a single attribute of genuine manhood. Yearning love followed the motions of pity. Forgiveness became spontaneous. And when she spoke to her husband, it was in entreaty for the absent one. He received her words in silence; but his heart did not reject them.

How changed was all! From the lips of Mr. Edwards fell no harsh and denunciatory language — from his brow had passed the deep lines of stern anger or fiery indignation. And tears no longer filled the eyes or glistened on the cheeks of Mrs. Edwards — in her tranquil face the anguish of a hopeless sorrow was not seen. Truthful words, though harshly sounding, had been far better for them than weak sympathy or idle tears.

And now they were in a better state to meet the great sorrow and disappointment of their lives, and to extract from the cup both they and their child would be called to drink whatever of sweetness yet mingled in the bitter potion.

The marriage of Lucy was not a wise one. It involved so many incongruous elements that happiness, in her new relation, was a thing impossible. Yet, in the forgiveness of her parents and in their tender sympathies, she found a strength to endure and bravery to meet her life-duties, from which, but for this, she would have fainted and fallen by the way.

Anger towards the erring and the disobedient springs from a selfish feeling; forgiveness is the godlike spirit that loves out of itself, and blesses all upon whom it desires a blessing.

# OUR OLD HOMESTEAD.

When first the skies grow warm and bright,
And flash with gold the hours,
And, in her pale, faint robes, the spring
Is calling up the flowers, —
When children with unslippered feet
Go forth with hearts of glee
To the straight and even furrows
Where the yellow corn must be, —
What a beautiful imbodiment
Of ease, devoid of pride,
Is the good old-fashioned homestead,
With doors still open wide!

But when the happiest time is come
That to the year belongs,
Of uplands bright with harvest gold,
And meadows full of songs, —
When fields of yet unripened corn,
And daily garnering stores,
Remind the thrifty husbandman
Of ampler threshing floors, —

How pleasant, from the din and dust
Of the thoroughfare aloof,
Seems the old-fashioned homestead,
With steep and mossy roof!

When home the woodman plods, with axe
Upon his shoulder swung,
And in the knotted apple tree
Are scythe and sickle hung, —
When light the swallows twitter
'Neath the rafters of the shed,
And the table in the ivied porch
With decent care is spread, —
The hearts are lighter and freer
Than beat in the populous town,
In the old-fashioned homestead,
With gables sharp and brown.

When the flowers of summer perish
In the cold and bitter rain,
And the little birds with weary wings
Have gone across the main, —
When curls the blue smoke upward
Towards the bluer sky,
And cold along the naked hills
And white the snow drifts lie, —
In legends of love and glory
They forget the cloud and storm
In the old-fashioned homestead,
With hearthstone ample and warm.

# THE MARRIAGE RELATION.

THERE is no relation of a temporal nature so vastly important to the best interests of humanity as the marriage relation, whether we contemplate those interests with reference to the parties immediately concerned in the union, or the happiness of those in whose society they mingle after its consummation.

We look upon the man or woman entering into this relation as possessing an influence a thousand fold greater, either for good or evil, than ever before. Hence the importance of thought and reflection, congeniality of mind, and similarity of disposition, before assuming the responsibilities of husbands and wives, in the formation of a union authorized by an institution divinely appointed — a union more sacred, tender, and endearing than that which the child sustains to the parent.

"For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife; and they twain

shall be one flesh." The sentiments already expressed harmonize with this declaration of holy writ, and impress the mind at once with the importance of judicious care and wise discretion in the selection of one as a companion whose disposition, sympathies, moral and intellectual qualifications, will tend to increase the enjoyment of domestic life and lessen its sorrows. In order to do this, the parties seeking this union should study carefully each other's dispositions. Will the distinguishing traits of their minds blend in harmony, so as to warrant a union of the kind desirable, as a means of increasing enjoyment? Upon the settlement of this question depend the present well being of the parties concerned, and the good of community, in proportion to the realization and promotion of sound morality through the united instrumentality of husband and wife.

Hasty marriages, then, should be avoided as unnecessary, and oftentimes highly injurious to peace and abiding prosperity. It requires time and care, caution and wisdom, imbodied in a knowledge of human nature, to perceive and understand the elements of mind as developed and strengthened by the influences of early associations, education, habits, wealth, and previous standing in society,—and determine from that perception, and the knowledge

thus gained, whether there will be a corresponding harmony in efforts for the mutual edification and constantly increasing happiness of those who seek an alliance as partners for life.

Personal beauty, external attractions, such as wealth and mere intellectual attainments, a faculty to please and elicit applause, should not serve as the only governing motives in the selection of a husband or wife. There are other considerations, vastly more important and a thousand times more weighty, which claim the attention above and beyond all others. "'Tis the mind that makes the man," was the language of Pope, the truthfulness of which has never been questioned.

"Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price," was the language of uninspired Peter.

The mind, beautified with the ornaments of goodness, love, virtue, meekness, quietness, patience, forbearance, mercy, and modesty, possesses an influence illuminating, elevating, and happifying in its tendencies. Like the brightness of the sun, extending

farther and spreading wider as its emanating source rises higher in the heavens, revealing the God-created glories of surrounding scenery, this influence, radiating through the moral ornaments of the mind, smiles upon the domestic hearthstone, and runs throughout the happy household, harmonizing the feelings, increasing the affections, forgiving and forgetting the word unkindly spoken.

Go into the family of the gentleman and lady who have thus understandingly entered into the marriage relation, and how soon we perceive the perfection of earthly enjoyment! The sweet smile of contentment reposes upon the brow of each. No angry words efface it or cloud its brightness. They know how and exhibit a willingness to suppress the unpleasant thoughts that may sometimes find way into the heart, or recall the harshly uttered word. With this disposition on the part of each to cherish and manifest a spirit of kindness and good will, to avoid contention, and to overlook each other's seeming faults, they walk in flowery paths. External beauty may not attract the eye, wealth and luxury may not adorn their dwelling, nor influence false and deceptive friends to court their favor; but, what is far better and infinitely more desirable, the cup of domestic happiness sparkles with the bright gems of

true contentment and unsullied joys. Thus they live, one in mind, one in interest, one in feeling, and one in affection. This reciprocity of feeling in the duties, joys, and sorrows of their station verifies the words of Christ, "and they twain shall be one flesh." "Keeping the unity of the spirit in the bonds of peace," their lives are pleasant, their home peaceful and interesting, and their union in a world where death shall never more sunder the ties of domestic love, glorious and eternal.

And when the spoiler of man's earthly hopes and comforts brings the grave between them, the hour of parting is rendered less sorrowful by the remembrances of mutual kindnesses. Pleasant memories of the past impart a sacredness to the loved one's resting-place, causing tears of love and fond affection for many a year to fall upon the flowers that bloom in mournful beauty over the dead. O, if there is a place on earth enchantingly lovely that angels may with pleasure visit, and the virtuous admire, it must be the home of those "whose hearts, and faith, and hopes are one."

## THE HARVEST HOME.

God of the rolling year! to thee
Our songs shall rise, whose bounty pours,
In many a goodly gift, with free
And liberal hand, our autumn stores;
No firstlings of our flock we slay,
No soaring clouds of incense rise,
But on thy hallowed shrine we lay
Our grateful hearts in sacrifice.

Borne on thy breath, the lap of spring
Was heaped with many a blooming flower;
And smiling summer joyed to bring
The sunshine and the gentle shower;
And autumn's rich luxuriance now,
The ripening seed, the bursting shell,
The golden sheaf and ladened bough,
The fulness of thy bounty tell.

No menial throng, in princely dome,
Here wait a titled lord's behest,
But many a fair and peaceful home
Hath won thy peaceful dove a guest;

No groves of palm our fields adorn,
  No myrtle shades our orange bowers,
But rustling sheaves of golden corn
  And fields of waving grain are ours.

Safe in thy care, the landscape o'er,
  Our flocks and herds securely stray;
No tyrant master claims our store,
  No ruthless robber rends away;
No fierce volcano's withering shower,
  No fell simoon, with poisonous breath,
Nor burning sun, with baleful power,
  Awake the fiery plagues of death.

And here shall rise our song to Thee,
  Where lengthened vale and pastures lie,
And streams go singing mild and free,
  Beneath a blue and smiling sky;
Where ne'er was reared a mortal throne,
  Where crowned oppressors never trod,
Here at the throne of heaven alone
  Shall man in reverence bow to God.

# LITTLE BENNIE.

We shall see him no more. It seems but yesterday we held him on our knee, and listened to his lively prattle. Then his eye sparkled with joy; then the rose of health bloomed upon his cheek, and his light hair was parted on his forehead. Then we felt sure that he must live and gladden our heart with his presence for many a year. Memory and hope pictured him grown to manhood, the joy and pride of our being. We remember how he used to mount upon our knee, and how confidingly he would lie in our lap. When we opened the door, how he ran to meet us! How happy when we came, and how sad when we went away! We felt that others might be bereaved of their children — we knew that others had been; but our loved one could not die. Thus we thought of little Bennie. But, alas! the angel of death came to our home, and touched our boy with his ashy pinion. He sealed his eyelids, and took him away. Never before had we known what

death was. But now have we been taught the sad lesson; now have we tasted of the bitter cup. That face whose smiles we have often sought, those little hands that have so often been folded in our own, are no more.

Come and see where we have laid our boy. Yonder is his grave, covered with the verdure and fragrant with the breath of summer; here lies that form so dear to our hearts. We stand beside the place of our darling's rest. While we muse, the rays of the sun are sweetly falling, and the tall grass is gracefully waving in the morning light. Here shall the earliest carol of the bird be heard; here shall the yellow buttercup and the modest daisy lift their dewy heads; here shall they welcome our coming with their sunniest smile. Upon the green turf that covers our boy the flowers of memory and affection shall ever grow.

Little Bennie was not ours, but His, and He but loaned him for a little while. We have but resigned him again to Him, who will keep him for us. He has passed away, and we mourn his loss; and yet we would not be selfish. We would remember the Father's claim to his child. All we ask is, that we may meet our boy in heaven.

## CARRY ME HOME TO DIE.

O, CARRY me back to my childhood's home,
Where ocean surges roar,
Where its billows dash on a rock-bound coast,
And moan forever more.
I'm pining away in a stranger's land,
Beneath a stranger's eye;
O, carry me home, O, carry me home,
O, carry me home to die!

Then let me rest in a peaceful grave,
Beside the loved and dead;
For the quiet earth is the only place
To rest my weary head.
I would sweetly sleep, if you buried me there,
Beneath my country's sky;
O, carry me home, O, carry me home,
O, carry me home to die!

## INFLUENCE OF AN UNKIND WORD.

INCIDENTS trifling in themselves often have an important influence in determining the character of a life. A word spoken in season, a cruel taunt, wounding the heart to its core, have been the turning points in destiny, and put a young mind on the high road to fortune, or sent it downward to ruin. Almost every person can recall some occurrence in early life which gave tone and impulse to effort, and imbued the mind with principles whose influence is even now controlling. We give place to the following true narrative, as an illustration of this fact, and because it inculcates a truth which every man, woman, and child may profitably bear in mind.

Years ago, when I was a boy, it was customary, and probably is now to some extent among district schools in the country, to have spelling schools during the winter term. These gatherings were always anticipated with great interest by the scholars, as at those times was to be decided who was the best speller. Occasionally, one school would visit an-

other for a test of scholarship in this regard. Ah, how the little hearts would throb, and big ones thump, in their anxiety to beat the whole.

Once on a time a neighboring school sent word to ours, that on a certain day in the afternoon they would meet in our school house for one of these contests. As the time was short, most of the other studies were suspended, and at school and at home, in the evenings, all hands were studying to master the monosyllables, dissyllables, polysyllables, abbreviations, &c., which the spelling books contained.

At length the day arrived, and as our visitors were considered rather our superiors, our fears and anxieties were proportionately great. The scholars were ranged in a standing position, on opposite sides of the house, and the words pronounced to each side alternately, and the scholar that "missed" was to sit down; his game was up.

It did not take long to thin the ranks on both sides. In a short time our school had but eight on the floor, and theirs but six. After a few rounds the contest turned in their favor, as they had four standing to our two. For a long time it seemed as though these six had the book "by heart." At length the number was reduced to one on each side. Our visitors were represented by an accomplished

young lady, whose parents had recently arrived in town, and ours by myself, a ragged little boy of ten summers, who had set up night after night, while my mother, with no other light than that produced by pine knots, pronounced my lessons to me. The interest of the spectators was excited to the highest pitch, as word after word was spelled by each. At length the young lady missed, and I stood alone. Her teacher said she did not understand the word. She declared she did; that the honor was mine, and that I richly deserved it. That was a proud moment for me. I had spelled down both schools, and was declared victor. My cheeks burned, and my brain was dizzy with excitement.

Soon as the school was dismissed, my competitress came and sat down by my side, and congratulated me on my success, inquired my name and age, and flatteringly predicted my future success in life.

Unaccustomed to such attentions, I doubtless acted, as most little boys would under such circumstances, injudiciously. At this juncture, Master G., the son of the rich man of our neighborhood, tauntingly said to me, in the presence of my fair friend and a number of boys from the other school, "O, you needn't feel so big — your folks are poor, and your father is a drunkard."

I was happy no more — I was a drunkard's son — and how could I look my new friends in the face? My heart seemed to rise up in my throat, and almost suffocated me. The hot tears scalded my eyes, but I kept them back, and soon as possible quietly slipped away from my companions, procured my dinner basket, and, unobserved, left the scene of my triumph and disgrace, with a heavy heart, for my home. But such a home! "my folks were poor, and my father was a drunkard." But why should I be reproached for that? I could not prevent my father's drinking, and, assisted and encouraged by my mother, I had done all I could to keep my place in my class at school, and to assist her in her worse than widowhood.

Boy as I was, I inwardly resolved never to taste of liquor, and that I would show Master G., if I was a drunkard's son, I would yet stand as high as he did. But all my resolves could not allay the gnawing grief and vexation produced by his taunting words and haughty manner.

In this frame of mind — my head and heart aching, my eyes red and swollen — I reached home. My mother saw at once that I was in trouble, and inquired the cause. I buried my face in her lap, and burst into tears. Mother, seeing my grief, waited

until I was more composed, when I told her what had happened, and added, passionately, "I wish father wouldn't be a drunkard, so we could be respected as other folks." At first mother seemed almost overwhelmed, but quickly rallying, said,—

"My son, I feel very sorry for you, and regret that your feelings have been so injured. G. has twitted you about things you cannot help. But never mind, my son. Be always honest; never taste a drop of intoxicating liquor; study and improve your mind. Depend on your own energies, trusting in God, and you will, if your life is spared, make a useful and respected man. I wish your father, when sober, could have witnessed this scene, and realized the sorrow his course brings on us all. But keep a brave heart, my son. Remember you are responsible only for your own faults. Pray God to keep you, and do not grieve for the thoughtless and unkind reproaches that may be cast on you on your father's account."

This lesson of my blessed mother, I trust, was not lost upon me. Nearly forty years have passed since that day, and I have passed many trying scenes; but none ever made so strong an impression on my feelings as that heartless remark of G's. It was so unjust and so uncalled for! Now, boys, remember

always to treat your mates with kindness. Never indulge in taunting remarks towards any one, and remember that the son of a poor man, and even of a drunkard, may have sensibilities as keen as your own.

But there is another part to this story. The other day, a gentleman called at my place of business, and asked if I did not recognize him. I told him I did not. "Do you remember," said he, "of being at a spelling school at a certain time, and a rude, thoughtless boy twitting you of poverty, and being a drunkard's son?" "I do most distinctly," said I. "Well," continued the gentleman, "I am that boy. There has not, probably, a month of my life passed since then but I have thought of that remark with regret and shame; and as I am about leaving for California, perhaps to end my days there, I could not go without first calling on you, and asking your forgiveness for that act." Boys, I gave him my hand as a pledge of forgiveness. Did I do right? You all say, yes. Well, then, let me close as I began. Boys, never twit another for what he cannot help.

## CREATION'S WORK IS DONE.

When half Creation's works were done,
Just formed the stars, the glowing sun,
And softly blushing skies;
And wide across earth's dewy lawn
Gleamed the first glances of the morn,
And flowers began to rise; —

Clad in her robe of tender green,
Nature delighted viewed the scene,
Pleased with each novel form;
And from each sweetly-blooming flower,
From hill, and vale, and shady bower,
She culled some lovely charm.

She took the balmy violets blue,
The sweet carnation's mellow hue,
Rich with the tears of night, —
Though the young beam of rising day
Had melted half that tear away,
In the first stream of light; —

And now in majesty arrayed,
Her last, her fairest work she made,

Almost a seraph's frame;
To animate this form was given
A gentle spirit, sent from heaven,
And WOMAN was her name!

Hark! hark! she speaks, and silver strains,
Melodious, floating o'er the plains,
A thrilling joy impart;
A nightingale has caught the tone,
And made that melting voice his own,
That vibrates on the heart.

Fair Nature cast her glance around
The glowing sky, the flowery ground,
The day-diffusing sun;
On woman last, her beauteous child,
She gazed, and said, with accents mild,
"Creation's work is done."

## GOOD TEMPER.

SINCE trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And though but few can serve, yet all may please;
O, let the ungentle spirit learn from hence
A small unkindness is a great offence.

# LESSONS OF CONTENTMENT.

It happened once on a hot summer's day, says a German parable, I was standing over a well, when a little bird flew down, seeking water. There was, indeed, a large trough near the well, but it was empty, and I grieved for a moment to think that the little creature must go away thirsty; but it settled upon the edge of the trough, bent its little head forward, then raised it again, spread its wings, and soared away, singing: its thirst was appeased. I walked up to the trough, and there in the stone work I saw a little hole about the size of a wren's egg. The water left there had been a source of revival and refreshment; it had found enough for the present, and desired no more. This is contentment.

Again, I stood by a lovely, sweet-smelling flower; and there came a bee, humming and sucking, and chose the flower for its field of sweets. But the flower had no honey. This I knew, for it had no nectary. What then, thought I, will the bee do?

It came buzzing out of the cup, to take a farther flight; but it spied the stamina full of golden farina, good for making wax, and it rolled its legs against them until they looked like yellow hose, as the bee keepers say, and then, heavily laden, flew away home. Then said I, "Thou camest seeking honey, and, finding none, hast been satisfied with wax, and hast stored it for thy house, that thy labor may not be in vain. This, likewise, shall be to me a lesson of contentment."

The night is far spent — the dark night of trouble that sometimes threatened to close around us; but the day is at hand, and even in the night there are stars, and I have looked out on them and been comforted; for as one set, I could always see another rise; and each was a lamp, showing me somewhat of the depth of the riches of the wisdom and knowledge of God.

# THE HOMEWARD VOYAGE.

A TINY boat was launched, one morn,
Upon a blue and boundless sea,
Whose sparkling waves were pure and bright
As ocean wavelets e'er could be.

A lovely child was at the helm,
With graceful form and merry eye,
And sunny curls of golden hue,
Shading a forehead pure and high.

A joyous smile broke o'er his face,
His heart with hope was beating wild,
And angels bent from heaven above
To bless the little fairy child.

The gentle breezes fanned his brow,
Glad sunbeams nestled 'mid his hair,
Bright garlands decked his little barque,
Woven of flowerets strangely fair.

And from his rosebud mouth there broke
An infant carol wildly free;
The burden of his little lay
Was, "Life is beautiful to me."

The morn passed on, and noontide's heat
Fell from a clear and cloudless sky
Upon the youth, who swiftly sailed
With wearied frame and drooping eye.

His song had lost its merry tone,
And faintly echoed o'er the sea.
"Alas!" he said, and softly sighed,
"Life is a weariness to me."

The evening shadows darkly fell,
The bright day-god had sunk in gloom
Behind a mass of murky clouds,
And morning's rosy light was gone.

The boat had neared a glorious land,
Whose gates were pearl, whose streets were gold,
Where angels bright with holy songs
Spoke volumes ne'er to mortals told.

The youth beheld the heavenly scene
With radiant eye and joyous heart,
Knowing that he had neared a shore
From whence he never should depart.

Into this peaceful port he sailed;
And now his song was full and free,
As in a glad, exulting tone,
He warbled, "Heaven is won for me."

## GENTLENESS.

This is a simple word, but full of meaning. Mildness of temper, softness of manners, kindness, tenderness, meekness, and benevolence are all blended to form true gentleness of character. But

> "There are those who never knew one generous thought
> Of kind endeavor, or sweet sympathy."

Alas, what a weary world would this be if gentleness were banished from it! Discord, harshness, and contention would reign triumphantly, the pleasures of society be utterly destroyed, and mankind would seek the desert or the wilderness for quiet and contentment. The affections are rooted up by harsh tones, and the spirits of the sensitive crushed by unkind words from thoughtless and uncharitable lips. How many are the bitter fruits of such elements of character! Strange that no more is done, no more is said, to rid society of such baneful influences.

On the contrary, where gentleness is the governing principle, society is lovely and attractive; or if it rule a single heart, that heart is like a fountain of living waters, sending forth healthful streams. A society thus governed is like an oasis in the desert of life, where the weary traveller may rest and refresh himself. Gentle words break the flinty heart in twain, and open the hidden founts of human sympathy, disarm anger, and overcome wrath. Who has not felt the power of gratitude expressed for a simple favor bestowed, and acknowledged that it is indeed "more blessed to give than to receive," when the hearty "God bless you" has come up from the overflowing bosom? Gentle tones have power to heal the broken heart, and soothe earth's sorrows. It is the gentle spirit, the contented disposition, the kind look, the cheerful answer, the unaffected interest in others' welfare, that render one a blessing to community. All these are signs of true and generous love to all mankind, and the spring of that mighty power that makes us "love our neighbor as ourself."

"Gentleness of manner does not exclude strength of character." Those who govern by gentleness alone exert a far greater power than such as rule by other means. Impatience and fretfulness injure

the affections and harden the heart; while gentleness subdues the most stubborn will. A look of gentle, firm reproof will penetrate the soul and make it weep for shame. O, say not, "There is no power in gentle words."

There is gentleness in nature. Though the mountain stream is noble as it bursts in grandeur from its vantage ground, and strength is in its gleam of brightness, and thunder in its deafening roar, yet lovelier far is the streamlet as it gently murmurs by the lone churchyard, and by its dirge-like melody speaks its modest worth and living beauty — fit emblem of true gentleness.

The proud ocean, heaving with convulsion when the furious tempest spends its strength upon its waters, fills our souls with awe and wonder, and we fear and dread its wrath. But when its waters gently rock proud vessels that sail on her bosom, we love to sing "Beautiful Sea," and never tire of gazing on its deep, blue waters.

The roar of the angry lion and the screams of the hungry panther may fill the heart with fear; but we love the sweet, gentle strains of the feathered songsters, rejoicing in their being.

We listen to the orator's bold figures, and feel emotions rising in our bosoms in obedience to his

will; but we love the gentle strain of infant voices, and find our hearts subdued by the magic of their power.

Woman needs the elements of gentleness instilled into her nature, else she falls far short of filling the place her God assigned for her. She may, without it, be admired for wit, beauty, and intelligence; but never can she hold the sway of the affections, if this most important element be wanting, or make her home the nursery of happiness and love.

## NEVER RAIL AT THE WORLD.

NEVER rail at the world — it is just as we make it;
We see not the flower if we see not the seed;
And as for ill luck, why, its just as we take it;
The heart that's in earnest no bars can impede.
You question the justice which governs man's breast,
And say that the search for true friendship is vain;
But remember, this world, though it be not the best,
Is next to the best we shall ever attain.

## O, HASTEN ON, YE WINGED HOURS.

O, HASTEN on, ye winged hours!
I yearn once more to see
The valley of my childhood's home,
The mountains, and the lea;
The feathery groves that crown the hills,
Or droop beside the stream,
The silvery brooks, the murmuring rills,
Where downy violets gleam;
The winding path beside the lake,
Where water-lilies float,
And spread at eve their stainless sails,
Like some sweet fairy boat.

The dark-gray rocks that raise their heads
Far up the mountain side,
The gentle stream that winds below
Like a clinging, timid bride.
All, all my spirit pines to see —
Each spot within that vale,
Each looming crag, each mossy stone,
Each verdant, smiling dale:

Then hasten on, ye winged hours,
And o'er the swelling sea
O, safely launch and guide my bark
Until thus blest I be.

## MARY'S DIRGE.

'Tis now the month of light and bloom,
The month of many roses;
I heed it not. The silent tomb
Our sweetest flower encloses.

The sun upon the bright blue streams
Throws many a golden arrow;
But Mary's eye no longer beams —
The tomb is dark and narrow.

The winds are playing through the trees
That fringe the proud old river;
Our Mary's voice was like the breeze —
And that is stilled forever!

## INCENSE FROM THE FAMILY ALTAR.

WHAT can be more beautifully appropriate than the worship of God in families!

Here is a little company of human beings joined together in the most intimate connection — dwelling under one roof, fed at one table, supplied with the necessaries of life from sources of income that are common to them all; feeling themselves to have altogether common interests, common wants, and common exposures. It is granted that they all ought to worship God; is it not appropriate that they should worship him together? Each of them ought to thank God for his daily food, and daily to ask God for the needed supply. But the family take their meals together. It is supplied from a common store, and spread upon a common table, and the daily gatherings around that table are the recognized symbol of their close intimacy. Is there any other scene which ought to be sanctified with prayer, if not that where a family most frequently look in

each other's faces — where the responsible providers distribute the liberal provision — where parental love lavishes itself upon its tender objects — and where the children not only have their bodies nurtured, but their minds and manners cultivated?

A prayerless family meal is a most unchristian, a most ungodly thing; and seldom does that graceless spirit whose plainest name is Fashion, show her impiety more plainly than when, at a social entertainment, she whispers that, as the family table would be too narrow for so numerous a company, so the family custom of giving thanks at the table is too homely for so splendid an occasion; just as if the larger and costlier provision did not need the divine blessing, and did not call for thanks, as much as the ordinary meal; and just as if an unblest meal, partaken by a numerous company scattered through the ample spaces of a parlor, were any more Christian than the same thing at an ordinary table.

Nor is it only at the table that families should worship. Sheltered by one roof, the family have laid them down in peace and slept, and awoke in safety, because the Lord has sustained them. Coming from their several chambers, they meet and exchange their affectionate salutations, glad to feel

"We are all here." It is a common protection they have shared. They have together been kept from the assassin, from the fire, from the "pestilence that walketh in darkness." Should not they kneel together, and give thanks to their heavenly Guardian? They are going forth, too, in duties, and to dangers, and they need a common guidance; shall they not ask for it together? And at the close of the day, have they not equal reasons for united prayer and thanksgiving? They have all been led and kept by one Providence, and they all need to commit themselves to one divine Guardian. On both occasions it is appropriate, besides the prayer, to read the divine word together, and to unite, if they are able, in sacred song.

There will, of course, be mornings when all have not come from their chambers in the glow and the joy of health; there will be evenings when the family will sadly gather, returning from a new grave. Thenceforth, at the table, and at the fireside, there will be "one vacant chair." All families must have these days of sorrow. What shall they do with this sorrow? To whom shall they tell it? On whose friendly strength shall they lay it? There is no such other place for a bereaved family to soothe and comfort themselves as their family altar.

Is it the father that is gone? Nowhere else will they find such comfort as kneeling, in their tears, at the family altar, and pouring out their prayers from their broken hearts, through the channel, perhaps, of a feebler and softer voice than that to whose manly tones they were accustomed.

Or has one of the little ones been taken? The table must henceforth lack the light of his happy face — the house will no more ring to his merry laugh; but there is no sweeter memory, when you see the white hands laid together on the still breast, than that you had seen them folded on the edge of the table at the giving of thanks, or on the chair by your side at the daily worship.

In joy and sorrow, amid all the varieties of domestic experience, they who live together may most appropriately and beneficially worship together.

# FRIENDSHIP AND LOVE.

FRIENDSHIP is sweet to those
Who know no purer gem;
'Tis like the blushing rose,
Blown from its tender stem;
Or like the queen of night,
That glistens in the sky;
Her ever-fading light
Forms but a transient tie.

Love is a theme that springs
Pure in the human heart;
'Tis friendship decked with wings,
A bond no time can part.
As the green ivy bowers
Around the old oak tree,
So Love outlives the flowers
That Friendship culled for me.

# THE MIGHT OF TRUTH.



From out the little fountains
There swells a mighty tide,
Upon whose broad, elastic back
The broods of commerce ride;
And on the wingéd tempest
A little seed there flies,
Whose roots strike deep, whose giant arms
Reach upward to the skies;
And so the little, slighted Truth,
At length more mighty grown,
Shall fill the nations with its power,
And make the world its own.

There is a flower, when trampled on,
Doth still more richly bloom,
And even to its bitterest foe
Gives forth its sweet perfume;
The rose that's crushed and shattered
Doth on the breeze bestow
A fairer scent, that farther goes
E'en for the cruel blow.
And so Truth's crushed and trampled flower,
By injury stronger grown,
Shall win its very foes to love,
And make the world its own.

## SUMMER'S LAST SUNSET.

Far above the rosy west,
See the summer sun is sinking,
Warm and thirsty, seeking rest,
From Pacific's chalice drinking;
Soon the tapestry of night
Gathers round his temples bright.

While the summer with us stays,
Bright the skies, and fresh the showers,
Long and cheerful are the days,
Birds are warbling in the bowers;
And when Eve her star robe shows,
Zephyrs fan us to repose.

Luscious fruits on bending trees,
Redolent and gorgeous flowers,
Gold crops waving in the breeze,
All declare his magic powers;
Autumn's purple clusters, too,
And brown nuts to him we owe.

But when Summer quits his rule,
And his wondrous skill in farming,
Rearing harvests rich and full,
To the eye and heart most charming,

Soon the fields sad changes show,
For the plants refuse to grow.

Loved beguiler of our feet,
Through the vale and up the mountain,
Who, when we complained of heat,
Slaked our thirst from mossy fountain,
Must we bid a long adieu
To a friend so kind and true?

But all praise to Him that sent
Summer, with its joys and beauty,
To escort us as we went
Onward through the paths of duty,
With the promise kindly given
Of brighter, sweeter scenes in heaven.

## CHEER UP, BE NOT DISCOURAGED YET.

Once on a time, from scenes of light
An angel winged his airy flight;
Down to this earth in haste he came,
And wrote, in lines of living flame,
These words on every thing he met:
"Cheer up, be not discouraged yet!"

# THE CRUSHED BUD.

How many sad hours mothers may unwittingly bring to their own home circle, by failing to encourage the confidence of their children! Fashion, friends, or other ordinary considerations, should not excuse the mother from listening to the mental wants of her little ones; and listening, she should seek earnestly to sympathize with their ingenuous natures. It is not stooping to study for the most accurate replies to their simple inquiries, nor a waste of time to learn how truth will appear most lovely to their active, restless minds. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt see it after many days."

"Mary, why are there no stars in the daytime?" said little Katie Grey to her governess, as at twilight she sat folded in her embrace beside the open casement.

"Because, love, the light that reaches us from the sun is so much stronger than that which comes to us from the stars, we cannot see them in the daytime."

"Then there are stars in the sky all the day long,

only we do not see them. Is that the way it is, Mary?"

"Yes, dear; and sometimes, when the sun is eclipsed,—that is, darkened by the shadow of some other heavenly body,—stars may be seen in the daytime."

After asking many artless questions, which were kindly answered by Mary, little Katie nestled closer to her heart, and thought and thought until her gentle eyes closed in slumber. Then she dreamed brilliant dreams of bright stars that, like the angels, are ever stationed above us, though we may not behold them, and was all unmindful of the warm tears falling fast upon her young head.

The governess wept, though not for selfish sorrow, but for her little charge — the sleeper upon her bosom. A few evenings before, Katie had asked this same question about the stars of her mother, the elegant and accomplished Mrs. Grey. The child had been sitting silently on the door stone for a full half hour, philosophizing upon the pretty clouds and fair stars; but these were childish mysteries she could not solve alone, and she sought her mother to ask of her; but Mrs. Grey was at her toilet, sparkling in diamonds and beauty, her fancy busy in a realm far from Katie's thoughts. The festal hour

and the adulation of the gay multitude preoccupied her mind, and making no reply to her little daughter, with an impatient gesture she bade her leave the room, for it was "time that children were asleep," she said. Katie burst into tears; but Mary, who, passing at that moment, heard the unthinking mother, caught the little girl to her bosom, and bore her to her own apartment.

As Mrs. Grey adjusted the last rosebud in her beautiful tresses, a deep blush overspread her handsome features, which might have been mistaken for the glow of conscious loveliness. Did it not rather betray her guilt, and did she not inly confess herself unworthy the high trust which the name of mother implied?

Katie sobbed too violently to hear aught about the stars that night; so the governess soothed her with a lullaby until she fell asleep. The carriage called for Mrs. Grey, who hastily kissed the brow of the sleeping child, and with that questionable flush upon her face withdrew. When the sound of wheels had died in the distance, it grew very quiet in that little room. Katie slept so silently, and her cheek was so very pale, any one might have supposed her breath had ceased, but for the convulsive sobs that broke the stillness as Mary bent over her.

The governess was a gentle, pious girl, and she prayed that pleasing dreams might come to the slumberer's pillow; and as if angels were hovering around to answer, that little face became radiant with a placid smile. The sobbing ceased, and the shadow of the soul's "first great grief" passed from that sunny brow; but Katie was not free to tell her pretty thoughts in her mother's presence from that day.

However, Mrs. Grey seemed truly to regret having wounded the feelings of her little daughter; still she regarded her as by far too sensitive. She was confident that when she was herself a child, so slight a thing would not have troubled her. She thought Mr. Grey — to whom she apologetically related the circumstance — "attached altogether too great importance to a matter so trivial;" she had no doubt that "Katie herself had already forgotten it," and she deemed it "very unwise to let children regard their wants as paramount to those of older people."

Poor Mrs. Grey, you did not think how deeply Katie's heart was absorbed in her twilight musings; how she felt her soul expanding with newly-awakened and sublime feelings; how the confused interrogatories of her young mind were seeking to mould themselves into form, so that those great emotions

should become great thoughts. Ah, Mrs. Grey! the diamonds were brilliant that glowed upon your breast that night, but a jewel of value untold was spurned from your bosom when you drove that little one from you.

A year passed away, and the repulsed affections of the child clung nervously to poor Mary, for she had ever a gentle smile and a loving word. With delight almost maternal she watched the unfolding of this "bud of promise;" and though she often wearied of the boisterous plays of the older children, she never deemed it a task to talk with little Katie. It was very pleasant to mark the changing expression of that lovely face, while listening to the long, beautiful tales which Mary had learned just to relate to her darling.

But all this time Mrs. Grey was engrossed with things foreign from the mother's trust. She did not fail to congratulate herself upon her own good fortune in securing the services of so trustworthy an individual to take charge of her children as Mary; and this most perfectly quieted the conscience of the deluded woman. But Mary was too young and frail to sustain the weight of care which she had assumed. She grew pale and thin, and when the physician came, and said that she must go far away into a land

of pleasant scenes and healthful breezes, little Katie wept sorrowfully; yet she did not realize that her "dear, good Mary" would go away and leave her behind. But the kind governess departed, never to return to the home of little Katie again. And who was now left to answer the childish inquiries? to return the yearning love of her susceptible nature? Mrs. Grey would fain have been thoughtful, earnest, and patient even as was poor Mary; but she was impulsive, beautiful, and fond of display, which last trait amounted to a passion, making her selfish in the extreme, and she could not appreciate the young spirit whom God had intrusted to her keeping.

Katie mourned piteously when her dear governess was at last gone, and for a time sought no one to supply the place she had left vacant; but that little busy mind could not solve every question of its own propounding, nor could that warm, young heart beat freely without a sharer in its lofty aspirations.

Her father was a highly-cultivated and excellent man, but business called him much abroad; and he, too, failed to apprehend the great want of his little daughter. Katie found little companionship with those of her own years, and though she often joined heartily in their gay pastimes, she could not induce them to love that which she most delighted in.

One bland spring morning, when the air seemed permeated with coloring of peach blossoms and lilac flowers, and zephyrs were gay with the new life of young buds and green leaves, Katie Grey bent fondly above a bed of fresh-blown violets, as if spell-bound by their humble beauty. She would have deemed it sacrilege to sever one from its tender stem, and thus destroy the life of aught so lovely. Now the warm blood rushed to her temples, and the little hands were pressed convulsively against her brow; anon that beautiful face grew pale, and then it was flushed again; strong emotions were agitating her young breast. Was she in converse with those gentle flowers? and did she find in them a kindred spirit? As the breeze played past they appeared to her pulsating with life; she felt with unutterable pleasure the influence of their grace and freshness, and while gazing she seemed assimilated to them; then she asked herself why they grew, and whether so beautiful things could really die. Conjectures like these may seem fanciful and absurd to more mature minds; but are they not the first unfolding of those high thoughts which are the germs of noble action? Thought is not formed to waste itself in words; to reach its ultimate in empty sound, but rather to become imbodied in great and lofty deeds.

The swinging of an old cathedral lamp, the fall of an apple, or a soap-bubble sailing in sunlight, may bring to human knowledge the existence of an immortal law of God's universe; and the first crude imaginings of a child may develop into ideas that may one day move the world.

Long did the little girl watch the violets; but suddenly springing forward, she ran to her mother, exclaiming, —

"Mother, dear mother, do the flowers have souls?"

"Why, Katie, are you not ashamed to ask a question so silly? You are certainly old enough to know better." And Mrs. Grey bit her lip, and colored with vexation, as though her Katie were truly the veriest ninny in the world.

But Katie did not know better; she had communed so lovingly and long with the sweet flowers, those fair nurslings of nature, which are as footprints of the angels, that she began to wonder if within their bosoms there was not the same undying principle which made life so full of interest to her; and in her simplicity she ran to her mother, that unthinking woman of the world, with that "silly question."

That mother did not seek to learn wherefore she asked. Had she but traced

"Back to its cloud this lightning of the mind,"

she might have guessed how beautiful was the fairy world she had so thoughtlessly laid in ruins; she might have known something of the lovely child she called her own. But one who dealt with the cold deception of the fashionable world alone, could have little sympathy in common with a spirit so natural and free in its impulses.

Katie returned to the sweet bed of violets as to the bosom of a friend; and bitter, very bitter, were the tears she shed, for those cruel words were constantly ringing in her ears. Laying her burning temples to the soft, velvet faces of the flowers, she thought that flowers must indeed have souls, their cool breath was so soothing to her fevered brow. There the little creature lay, sobbing herself into delirium; and when at length her father came, he found his darling with her head pillowed upon the violets. He gently raised her, and addressed her in fond accents; but Katie only smiled, for she thought it was the flowers answering her, and that Mary was there as their interpreter.

The morrow dawned, but that precious bud was withered — crushed by the hand that should have cherished, the hand of an unskilful gardener.

Violets bloomed upon the grave of little Katie

Grey, and people did not marvel at her untimely death; she was "too pure for earth," they said; but strange visions haunted the mother's sleep, of delicate and beautiful flowers, with human faces nestling in their fragrant bells; and in their midst a bud just unfolding would disclose the angel features of little Katie, thoughtful and inquiring in expression, with eyes gazing imploringly into her own. Holy beings walked among them, guarding their culture with the utmost vigilance; and when she fain would clasp the opening bud to her bosom, and claim it as her own, those guardian ones would look reproachfully upon her, and motion her away. But yes, she must go to her own little Kate, and as in her eagerness she passed, the flowers along her way would wither; and as she drew nearer to the fair bud, the breeze would resolve itself into the most plaintive music, as if it were sweeping over the chords of her heart—those chords strained to so fearful tension; and its tones would mockingly ask if the flowers were possessed of souls. Then the bud would languish, and the half-expanded petals would fall to the ground; the air would be filled with fragrance, and they who were watchers there would receive little Katie from the crushed heart of the flower, and bear her away, the mother knew not whither. Then,

awaking, she would weep sadly; but tears could not revive the wasted bud, or sorrowing restore the lost one to her embrace; yet, thenceforward, none could be more kindly considerate, when addressed by a little child, than Mrs. Grey, for she had learned — alas! too late — how slight a thing may wound their untried and confiding affection.

## THE DEWDROP'S GRAVE.

A DEWDROP, falling on the wild sea wave,
Exclaimed in fear, "I perish in this grave!"
But in a shell received, that drop of dew
Unto a pearl of marvellous beauty grew,
And, happy now, the grace did magnify,
Which thrust it forth, as it had feared to die, —
Until again, "I perish quite," it said,
Torn by rude diver from its ocean bed;
O, unbelieving! so it came to gleam
Chief jewel in a monarch's diadem.

## LIFE IS REAL—MEMORY JUST.

When daylight yields to eve's serener birth,
And lambent shadows bathe the autumn earth;
When all the sky in regal pomp reveals
The starry splendor which the day conceals; —

When soft winds sigh to kiss the fading flowers,
And pensive memories fill the passing hours, —
Alone I sit, 'mid scenes my childhood knew,
And days long vanished I in thought review.

The years have taught me, in their varied tread,
To love the living, and to mourn the dead;
The grave holds treasures — one who used to share
With me the bounty of a mother's prayer.

The grave holds treasures? Nay, I would not bring
A thought like this, to which no hope can cling,
Since Heaven doth shield from all terrestrial care
The vital germ in death transplanted there.

As memories cluster I recount the years,
Their flight thus measured by my smiles and tears;
Yet there are those, though fled, whose memories stay
Like Alpine snows that will not melt away.

Some years of rapture, which to live again
Were worth enduring life's attendant pain;
Which, 'mid the wreck of Time's ingulfing tomb,
Within the heart in vernal beauty bloom.

Earth's scenes are changeful; their duration shows
How frail the fabric of a life's repose;
We live, we breathe, we bask in noonday light,
Nor heed the shadow of a coming night.

I've learned this truth; yet oft I gaze between
The boundless vista of the far unseen,
Where hope presents in smiling garb, anew,
The future fairer, and existence true.

And is it not? Though clouds may veil a while
The quiet beauty of a sunset smile,
To-morrow dawns — in aureate splendor robed,
All Nature smiling at the wound she probed.

'Tis thus in life: joy follows close on pain;
And when we die, 'tis but to live again:
From forth the cradle to the bier we tread,
The earth behind and heaven before us spread.

## FOR THOU, MY LOVE, ART STILL THE SAME.

THY cheek is pale with many cares,
Thy brow is overcast,
And thy fair face a shadow wears
That tells of sorrows past;
But music hath thy tongue for me:
How dark soe'er my lot may be,
I turn for comfort, love, to thee,
My beautiful, my wife!

Thy gentle eyes are not so bright
As when I wooed thee first;
Yet still they have the same sweet light
Which long my heart has nursed;
They have the same enchanting beam
Which charmed me in love's early dream,
And still with joy on me they stream,
My beautiful, my wife!

When all without looks dark and cold,
Nor voices change their tone,
Nor greet me as they did of old,
I feel I am not lone;

For thou, my love, art still the same,
And looks and deeds thy faith proclaim;
Though all should scorn, thou wouldst not blame,
My beautiful, my wife!

## A BLEST RELIEF IN TEARS.

When the sad heart is wrung with grief,
Or pressed with gloomy fears,
It often finds a solace sweet,
A blest relief in tears.

As when denied the showers of heaven
Beneath a summer sky,
The little tender floweret droops
Upon the ground to die, —

So droops the heart denied these tears
In its dark sorrow low;
Or in its silent anguish breaks
Beneath the heavy blow.

As when upon the dry, parched earth
Falls the refreshing rain,
The little drooping flower looks up,
And smiles in joy again.

# OUR OLD GRANDMOTHER.

"I FIND the marks of my shortest steps beside those of my beloved mother, which were measured by my own," says Alexandre Dumas, and so conjures up one of the sweetest images in the world. He was revisiting the home of his infancy; he was retracing the little paths around it in which he had once walked; and strange flowers could not efface, and rank grass could not conceal, and cruel ploughs could not obliterate, "his shortest footsteps," and his mother's beside them, measured by his own.

And who needs to be told whose footsteps they were that thus kept time with the feeble pattering of childhood's little feet? It was no mother behind whom Ascanius walked "with unequal steps" in Virgil's line, but a stern, strong man, who could have borne him and not been burdened; folded him in his arms from all danger, and not been wearied; every thing, indeed, he could have done for him, but just what he needed most — he could not sympathize

with him; he could not be a child again. Ah, a rare art is that, — for indeed it is an art, — to set back the great old clock of time, and be a boy once more. Man's imagination can easily see the child a man; but how hard it is for it to see the man a child! And he who had learned to glide back into that rosy time, when he did not know that thorns were under the roses, or that clouds would ever return after the rain; when he thought a tear could stain a cheek no more than a drop of rain a flower; when he fancied that life had no disguise, and hope no blight at all, — has come as near as any body can to discovering the north-west passage to paradise.

And it is perhaps for this reason that it is so much easier for a mother to enter the kingdom of heaven than it is for the rest of the world. She fancies she is leading the children, when, after all, the children are leading her; and they keep her indeed where the river is the narrowest and the air is the clearest; and the beckoning of a radiant hand is so plainly seen from the other side, that it is no wonder she so often lets go her clasp upon the little fingers she is holding, and goes over to the neighbors, and the children follow, like lambs to the fold; for we think it ought somewhere to be written, "Where the mother is, there will the children be also."

But it was not of the mother we began to think, but of the dear, old-fashioned grandmother, whose thread of love, spun "by hand" on life's little wheel, was longer and stronger than they make it now, was wound about and about the children she saw playing in the children's arms, in a true love-knot that nothing but the shears of Atropos could sever; for do we not recognize the lambs sometimes, when summer days are over, and autumn winds are blowing, and they come bleating from the yellow fields, by the crimson thread we wound about their necks in April or May, and so undo the gate and let the wanderers in?

Blessed be the children who have an old-fashioned grandmother. As they hope for length of days, let them love and honor her, for we can tell them they will never find another.

There is a large, old kitchen somewhere in the past, and an old-fashioned fireplace therein, with its smooth old jambs of stone; smooth with many knives that had been sharpened there; smooth with many little fingers that have clung there. There are andirons, too; the old andirons, with rings in the top, wherein many temples of flame have been builded, with spires and turrets of crimson. There is a broad, worn hearth; broad enough for three

generations to cluster on; worn by feet that have been torn and bleeding by the way, or been made "beautiful," and walked upon floors of tessellated gold. There are tongs in the corner, wherewith we grasped a coal, and "blowing for a little life," lighted our first candle; there is a shovel, wherewith were drawn forth the glowing embers in which we saw our first fancies and dreamed our first dreams; the shovel, with which we stirred the sleepy logs, till the sparks rushed up the chimney as if a forge were in blast below, and wished we had so many lambs, or so many marbles, or so many somethings that we coveted; and so it was that we wished our first wishes.

There is a chair — a low, rush-bottomed chair; there is a little wheel in the corner, a big wheel in the garret, a loom in the chamber. There are chests full of treasures of linen and yarn, and quilts of rare pattern, and "samplers" in frames.

And every where and always the dear old wrinkled face of her whose firm, elastic step mocks the feeble saunter of her children's children — the old-fashioned grandmother of twenty years ago; she, the very Providence of the old homestead; she, who loved us all, and said she wished there were more of us to love, and took all the school in the Hollow for

grandchildren beside. A great, expansive heart was hers, beneath that woollen gown, or that more stately bombazine, or that sole heirloom of silken texture.

We can see her to-day; those mild, blue eyes, with more of beauty in them than Time could touch or Death do more than hide; those eyes that held both smiles and tears within the faintest call of every one of us; and soft reproof, that seemed not passion, but regret. A white tress has escaped from beneath her snowy cap; she has just restored a wandering lamb to its mother; she lengthened the tether of a vine that was straying over a window, as she came in, and plucked a four-leaved clover for Ellen. She sits down by the little wheel; a tress is running through her fingers from the distaff's dishevelled head, when a small voice cries, "Grandma," from the old red cradle; and "Grandma" Tommy shouts from the top of the stairs. Gently she lets go the thread, — for her patience is almost as beautiful as her charity, — and she touches the little red bark a moment, till the young voyager is in a dream again, and then directs Tommy's unavailing attempts to harness the cat. The tick of the clock runs faint and low, and she opens the mysterious door, and proceeds to wind it up. We are all on tiptoe, and

we beg in a breath to be lifted up one by one, and look in the hundredth time upon the tin cases of the weights, and the poor lonely pendulum, which goes to and fro by its little dim window, and never comes out in the world; and our petitions are all granted, and we are lifted up, and we all touch with a finger the wonderful weights, and the music of the little wheel is resumed.

Was Mary to be married, or Jane to be wrapped in a shroud? So meekly did she fold the white hands of the one upon her still bosom, that there seemed to be a prayer in them there; and so sweetly did she wreathe the white rose in the hair of the other, that one would not have wondered had more roses budded for company.

How she stood between us, and apprehended harm! how the rudest of us softened beneath the gentle pressure of her faded and tremulous hand! From her capacious pocket that hand was ever withdrawn closed, only to be opened in our own, with the nuts she had gathered, the cherries she had plucked, the little egg she had found, the "turn-over" she had baked, the trinket she had purchased for us as the product of her spinning; the blessing she had stored for us — the offspring of her heart.

What treasures of story fell from those old lips!

of good fairies and evil; of the old times when she was a girl; and we wondered if ever — but, then, she couldn't be handsomer or dearer — if ever she was "little." And then, when we begged her to sing, "Sing us one of the old songs you used to sing mother, grandma."

"Children, I can't sing," she always said; and mother used to lay her knitting softly down; and the kitten stopped playing with the yarn upon the floor; and the clock ticked lower in the corner; and the fire died down to a glow, like an old heart that is neither chilled nor dead; and grandmother sang. To be sure, it wouldn't do for the parlor and the concert room nowadays; but then it was the old kitchen, and the old-fashioned grandmother, and the old ballad, in the dear old times; and we can hardly see to write for the memory of them, though it is a hand's breadth to the sunset.

Well, she sang. Her voice was feeble and wavering, like a fountain just ready to fall; but then how sweet toned it was! and it became deeper and stronger, but it couldn't grow sweeter. What joy of grief it was to sit around the fire, — all of us except Jane, that clasped a prayer to her bosom; and her we thought we saw, when the hall door was opened a moment by the wind; but then we were

not afraid, for wasn't it her old smile she wore? — to sit there around the fire, and weep over the woes of the "Babes in the Woods," who lay down side by side in the great, solemn shadows! and how strangely glad we felt when the robin redbreast covered them with leaves! and last of all, when the angels took them out of the night into day everlasting!

We may think what we will of it now, but the song and the story heard around the kitchen fire have colored the thoughts and lives of the most of us; have given us the germs of whatever poetry blesses our hearts; whatever of memory blooms in our yesterdays. Attribute whatever we may to the school and the schoolmaster, the rays, which make that little winter's day we call life, radiate from the God-swept circle of the hearthstone.

Then she sings an old lullaby she sang to mother — her mother sang to her; but she does not sing it through, and falters ere 'tis done. She rests her head upon her hands, and it is silent in the old kitchen. Something glitters down between her fingers in the firelight, and it looks like rain in the soft sunshine. The old grandmother is thinking when she first heard the song, and of the voice that sang it; when, a light-haired and light-hearted girl, she hung around that mother's chair, nor saw the

shadows of the years to come. O, the days that are no more! What spell can we weave to bring them back again? what words unsay, what deeds undo, to set back, just this once, the ancient clock of time?

So all our little hands were forever clinging to her garments, and staying her, as if from dying; for long ago she had done living for herself, and lived alone in us. But the old kitchen wants a presence to-day, and the rush-bottomed chair is tenantless.

How she used to welcome us when we were grown, and came back once more to the homestead! We thought we were men and women, but we were children there. The old-fashioned grandmother was blind in the eyes, but she saw with her heart, as she always did. We threw our long shadows through the open door and she felt them, as they fell over her form; and she looked dimly up, and saw tall shapes in the doorway, and she says, "Edward I know, and Lucy's voice I can hear, but whose is that other's? It must be Jane's," for she had almost forgotten the folded hands. "O, no, not Jane; for she — let me see — she is waiting for me; isn't she?" and the old grandmother wandered and wept.

"It is another daughter, grandmother, that Edward has brought," says some one; "brought for your blessing."

"Has she blue eyes, my son? Put her hand in mine, for she is my latest born, the child of my old age. Shall I sing you a song, children?" Her hand is in her pocket, as of old; she is idly fumbling for a toy, a welcome gift for the children that have come again.

One of us, men as we thought we were, is weeping; she hears the half-suppressed sob; she says, as she extends her feeble hand, "Here, my poor child, rest upon your grandmother's shoulder; she will protect you from all harm. Come, children, sit round the fire again. Shall I sing you a song, or tell you a story? Stir the fire, for it is cold; the nights are growing colder."

The clock in the corner struck nine — the bedtime of those old days. The song of life was indeed sung, the story told; it was bedtime at last. Good night to thee, grandmother! The old-fashioned grandmother was no more, and we miss her forever. But we will set up a tablet in the midst of the memory, in the midst of the heart; and we write on it only this: —

SACRED TO THE MEMORY
OF THE
OLD-FASHIONED GRANDMOTHER.
GOD BLESS HER FOREVER.

## LET ME IN.

When the summer evening's shadows
Veiled the earth's calm bosom o'er,
Came a young child, faint and weary,
Tapping at the cottage door:
"Wandering through the winding wood paths
My worn feet too long have been;
Let me in, O gentle mother;
Let me in!"

Years passed on — his eager spirit
Gladly watched the dying hours:
"I will be a child no longer,
Finding bliss in birds and flowers;
I will seek the bands of pleasure,
I will join the merry din;
Let me in to joy and gladness;
Let me in!"

Years sped on — yet vainly yearning,
Murmuring still, the restless heart:
"I am tired of heartless folly;
Let the glittering cheat depart;

I have found in worldly pleasure
Nought to happiness akin;
Let me in to love's warm presence;
Let me in!"

Years flew on — a youth no longer,
Still he owned the restless heart:
"I am tired of love's soft durance;
Sweet-voiced siren, we must part;
I will gain a laurel chaplet,
And a world's applause will win;
Let me in to fame and glory;
Let me in!"

Years fled on — the restless spirit
Never found the bliss it sought;
Answered hopes and granted blessings
Only new aspirings brought:
"I am tired of earth's vain glory,
I am tired of grief and sin;
Let me in to rest eternal;
Let me in!"

Thus th' unquiet, yearning spirit,
Taunted by a vague unrest,
Knocks and calls at every gateway,
In a vain and fruitless quest:
Ever striving some new blessing,
Some new happiness, to win;
At some portal ever saying,
"Let me in!"

# GUARDIAN ANGELS.

CHILD of earth, and child of heaven!
Each alike in form and face,
Save that wings to one are given,
Something, too, of loftier grace.

Yet the trustful and the true
Dwell in meekness with the other —
These alone it was that drew
From the skies its angel brother.

Half in blindness, half in trust,
Guardian arms around him pressed,
Sleeps the child of time and dust,
Shielded by his cherub guest.

Angel child! and child of earth!
Semblance ye of hidden things;
One hath reached its spirit birth,
One but waiteth for its wings.

## I'M OLD TO-DAY.

An aged man, on reaching his seventieth birthday, like one surprised, paced his house, exclaiming "I am an old man! I am an old man!"

I WAKE at last; I've dreamed too long.
Where are my threescore years and ten?
My eye is keen, my limbs are strong;
I well might vie with younger men.
The world, its passions and its strife,
Is passing from my grasp away,
And though this pulse seems full of life,
"I'm old to-day — I'm old to-day."

Strange that I never felt, before,
That I had almost reached my goal.
My bark is nearing death's dark shore;
Life's waters far behind me roll;
And yet I love their murmuring swell —
Their distant breakers' proud array;
And *must* I — *can* I say, "Farewell"?
"I'm old to-day — I'm old to-day."

This house is mine, and those broad lands
That slumber 'neath yon fervid sky;

Yon brooklet, leaping o'er the sands,
Hath often met my boyish eye.
I loved those mountains when a child;
They still look young in green array:
Ye rocky cliffs, ye summits wild,
"I'm old to-day — I'm old to-day."

'Twixt yesterday's short hours and me
A mighty gulf hath intervened:
A man with men I seemed to be;
But now 'tis meet I should be weaned
From all my kind — from kindred dear;
From those deep skies — that landscape gay;
From hopes and joys I've cherished here;
"I'm old to-day — I'm old to-day."

O man of years, while earth recedes,
Look *forward, upward,* not behind!
Why dost thou lean on broken reeds?
Why still with earthly fetters bind
Thine ardent soul? God give it wings,
'Mid higher, purer joys to stray!
In heaven no happy spirit sings,
"I'm old to-day — I'm old to-day."

## THE UNTHANKFUL.

HOME! there's a sacred sweetness hid
In that one short and simple word,
And cold and worthless is the heart
That is not by its utterance stirred.

Yet there are those who rudely turn
Away from all the bliss of home,
Who spurn the joys that, pure and bright,
Light up the old parental dome.

They scorn the mother's holy love,
The father's fond affections slight,
And crush with cold, remorseless hand
The hopes that made the future bright.

"'Tis sharper than the serpent's tooth,"
To see the proud, ungrateful child,
Who in its earlier love and truth
Upon its doting parents smiled,
Turn scornfully to stranger hearts,
Their worthless favor strive to win,
And thrust aside the gentle love
That hath a guardian angel been.

Alas! that such should dare to speak
Of pure emotion — wondrous thought —
Of feelings not to be expressed,
So deeply, so intensely wrought;
I'd sooner trust an oyster's heart,
I'd rather with a tiger roam,
Than strive to move the soulless breast
That feels no interest in home.

## THE VOICE OF HER I LOVE.

How sweet at the hour of silent eve
The harp's responsive sound!
How sweet the vows that ne'er deceive,
And deeds by virtue crowned!
How sweet to sit beneath a tree
In some delightful grove!
But O, more soft, more sweet, to me
The voice of her I love.

# CHARLIE MOSS.

## A LEAF FROM MY COUNTRY NOTE-BOOK.

EVERY morning a little curly-haired, rosy-cheeked boy came whistling down the lane, preceded by a drove of the most beautiful cattle I ever beheld.

I am not "passionately fond" of animals; indeed, I can hardly confess to the idiosyncrasy of petship; but I admire beauty, even if it chances to enshrine itself in just such a commonplace object as a farmer's cow; and these cows were positively worthy of admiration. They were fine, noble, well-proportioned animals; with such an expression of grave wisdom reposing in their huge, massive features, it struck me as bordering very closely upon intelligence. Then they trod the ground so calmly and independently, stopping here and there to crop a mouthful of dewy grass, as if fully conscious that the shining sleekness of their brightly-spotted coats was sufficient security against any undue proximity of a certain long beech rod, which seemed carried, like the clergyman's cane, rather for show than use.

The young lad I fell in love with at first sight. He was a pretty, winsome little fellow, and my heart went out after him as naturally as if he had been my kin. One morning, at early dawn, I awoke from troubled slumbers, and flung wide the casement, to inhale the delicious breath of the flowers that grew in luxuriant profusion around the old house. It was a glorious hour. Nought but the dreamy, monotonous hum of insects — "those sounds which seem of Silence born" — broke the universal stillness. The skies wore a hue of soft, pearly gray, and Lucifer looked forth over a neighboring hill, clear and bright as a diamond.

I grew poetical, and gave utterance in an under tone to the opening lines of Willis's exquisite poem of *Hagar*. Gradually the silvery light in the east took crimson dyes — the jewel over the hill-top grew pale and lustreless — a freshening breeze swept through the valley — dawn brightened into day, and sounds of busy life came from the vicinity of the farm houses; and ere long the spotted cows were seen wending leisurely down the cool, shadowy road, followed by my little favorite, who whistled and sang alternately, wild and clear as a skylark.

My dunstable was on instanter, and the next moment I was hurrying down to the wicket gate

at the foot of the garden — bent on making his acquaintance.

"Good morning, little boy," said I, by way of introducing myself; and he doffed his straw hat deferentially, with none of that bashfulness often observant in the manners of country children. "I would like to walk a little way down the lane this fine morning. The cows are not rude to strangers — are they?"

"O, no," he replied; "Molly and Dolly are very gentle, and Brown and Black only toss their horns when Deacon Wilbur's dog barks at them. O, no, you needn't mind them at all." So I stepped fearlessly into the path.

"They are all very pretty cows," I continued, trying to make some advancement in conversation; "are they yours?"

"O, no, ma'am; they belong to Mr. Hinkley. My name is Charlie Moss, and I live at Mr. Hinkley's, and drive the cows to pasture every morning."

"How far is the pasture?" I asked.

"Only a little way — just over the hill, close by the lily meadow. Would you like to go down there?" he inquired, very earnestly; "there are lots and lots of lilies down there."

The inquiry sounded quite like an invitation; so

I answered, that I would like to go, at which he appeared very much pleased, and we walked on a few paces in silence; then, looking quickly up into my face, he said, —

"I was thinking if your name mightn't be Lucy; you look something like her, only she had bluer eyes, and her hair was all bright and shiny, like gold. Mr. Cleverly, the schoolmaster, used to call her his faired-haired lassie. She was my sister, and she used to kiss me and call me her own darling Charlie; but may be you knew Lucy?"

I said, no; that I was a stranger in the village, and my home was in the city, but that I was spending a few weeks with a friend of mine, who lived in the old house that we could just see through the trees. "But tell me all about Lucy, please. Where is she now?" I inquired.

"Gone," said he; "gone with father and mother. They all live in a new home — up there, where the stars shine; but I'm not sorry," he continued, "for I shall go, too, by and by; and I try to be very glad, for Lucy loves me just the same, and waits for me. I thought she beckoned to me the other night, when the moon shone so bright on my bed; but Kate Hinkley said 'twas only a dream, and angels never beckoned to little boys. I

don't know — I can't quite think; can you tell me, ma'am?"

I could not. Hot tears were in my eyes. The simple, loving imagery of the child was far preferable to the chill metaphysical theory of the world. He seemed to understand my silence, and, with that delicate sensibility which we sometimes see in the very young, he kept his eyes averted, and I observed that his face wore an expression of forced composure. Such an apparent effort at self-control affected me painfully. Something like a paternal feeling gushed up from my inmost heart. I wanted to take him in my arms, and soothe him to sleep on my bosom; but angels were very near him even then, and waiting to sing his lullaby.

As we rose to the top of the hill, Charlie pointed to the meadow, which was spread out in the valley below us like an emerald sea studded with miniature azure islets; and then he ran on to lower the bars of the cow pasture.

When I came up with him, he had regained his usual cheerful manner, and seemed anxious to do away any emotion of sadness which his little story had excited.

"Now, then," said he, "we'll get the lilies. You wait here, please, while I roll up my panties and

pick them, for it's all dewy over there, and you'll get wet if you go over."

I could but admire his childish gallantry; and when he returned, with a nice bunch for each of us, I bent down and kissed his fairy, round cheek. He quietly said, "Thank you," and we proceeded homeward.

From that day Charlie and I became the warmest friends imaginable. He was my child-lover, in the truest sense of the word. I had wrapped him in the folds of my heart's purest affection, and I watched his daily coming, with a sweet tenderness that grew into a positive idolatry. Every morning I met him at the garden gate, and every evening he stopped to receive his good night kiss.

Frank Willoughby laughed at what he called my infatuation, and joked immoderately of my rustic Cupid. On such occasions, Laura usually interposed in my behalf, for she loved Charlie very dearly. She had told me of his family; of the death of his parents, and the adoption of the children by Farmer Hinkley; of the strong attachment which existed between the brother and sister, and of her sudden decease a few months before; but he was a gay little fellow, she added, and soon recovered from the loss. Alas! she did not know how much it cost him to be gay.

Thus time wore on. In our interviews we talked of many things, but most of all of Lucy. When I spoke of the great city, with its beautiful parks; of the magnificent shop windows filled with glittering gems, and shining trinkets, and pretty toys; of the entertaining books, and games for children, he would smile, and say it must be very pleasant, but that was all. He never once expressed a wish to see them. I inquired of his school, his studies and intellectual pursuits; and when I ascertained that he lacked application, I tried to encourage him to more diligence, and to stimulate him to ambition, by telling him stories of great men, who were once little schoolboys, and rose to eminence by their own untiring exertion; but he looked sad and perplexed, and said, "he hoped I'd love him just the same; but it took so many years to be a man, that he didn't want to grow so long, for Lucy'd get tired of waiting."

I forbore to mention the subject again, for I saw that it distressed him uselessly. He had no desire for emulation, and he was gradually losing his hold on earthly things. But he was very cheerful; only at times relapsing into a thoughtful mood, which hushed without destroying his natural buoyancy of spirits. The summer went by, with its lilies and happy hours. The golden rod blossomed on the hill-

side, and the pastures grew bright with autumn flowers. My long protracted visit with the Willoughby's was drawing to a close, and yet sad misgivings filled my heart whenever I thought of leaving Charlie. He had often, during our acquaintance, alluded to a separation; but it was relative to his own departure, rather than mine. The one thought, that Lucy was waiting for him, continually haunted his mind.

It was a warm, bright, golden afternoon. Laura and I had gone into the garden to loop up some dahlias, which had fallen away from their fastenings. We had nearly completed our pleasant task, when a childish voice called my name. I turned round, and there, at the gate, stood Charlie, looking very pale and very glad. I ran down to meet him, and to my earnest inquiries, he replied that he had not felt quite well that day, and Mr. Hinkley thought a walk might do him good. "Would you like to go down to the great rock by the river?" he asked. I hesitated not a moment. Sad presages of evil were upon me, but I dreamed not the reality was so near.

All that bright afternoon we spent together, talking of the past. From our position we could see the lily meadow now lying crisp and withered beneath a September sky; near by the spotted cows

grazed as usual; below us rolled the river, and far on our left the white tombstones were just visible in the churchyard where Lucy was reposing.

What a holy atmosphere was abroad that day. Heaven seemed to come down to us, and Charlie was in a perfect delirium of happiness. He sat and gazed into the blue air above him, till, suddenly, as if from extreme exhaustion, his head dropped heavily upon my lap, and he slept. I raised him softly in my arms, and folded my mantle about him, pillowing his brown curls on my bosom. I saw that his cheek grew pallid, and dark shadows were gathering around his eyes. Angels waited for him. Lucy might even then be beckoning in his dream. I awoke my darling when the day declined, that he might see the sun go down in great clouds of purple and amber: then we went home. That walk was our last together. Ere another week had elapsed, Charlie Moss had left me alone. Softly and gently passed he up from earth, as flowers yield up their breath in summer time. I saw him laid in a sweet grassy bed, where his tiny feet had loved to wander. I wept, but they were not bitter tears, for I knew there was joy at a happy family reunion in heaven.

# THE OLD CHURCH BELL.

Every holy Sabbath morning,
While the sunbeams are adorning
Sloping hills and valleys fair,
Or when wintry winds are sighing,
And the shadows thick are lying
On the uplands, bleak and bare —
Still I hear that silver ringing pealing out upon the air.

From the belfry's lofty station,
With a constant, sweet vibration,
Floats the sound from door to door,
Calling to the sad and weary,
And, through by-paths lone and dreary,
To the wretched and the poor;
All earth's toil-worn children hear it, hear and bless it evermore.

On some happy, festive morning,
Long before the rosy dawning,
Have I heard that merry sound
Ringing out across the meadows,
Waking all the sleeping echoes
Through the misty, quiet town,
Starting from their peaceful slumbers all the dreaming world around.

And when dust to dust is given,
When earth's tenderest ties are riven,
Still is heard that plaintive bell,
Tolling mournfully and slowly,
While alike the high and lowly
Listen to the passing knell:
List, and learn the solemn meaning of the deep-toned funeral bell.

Peals of joy, and tones of sorrow,
Sad to-day, and gay to-morrow, —
Thus are life's great changes rung;
Strong emotions, upward stealing
From the deepest fount of feeling,
Uttered by that iron tongue,
While the sweet reverberations die away the hills among.

## WE COME NOT BACK.

How restless fleet away the years!
How blind the fugitives to tears!
We send our cries along their track:
Their echo is, "We come not back;
Gaze not at us with longing sight;
Behold what droppeth in our flight —
Riches that mock all plundering power,
Robes that outlast the festive hour."

# DAILY DUTIES.

Our daily paths with thorns or flowers
We can at will bestrew them;
What bliss would gild the passing hours,
If we but rightly knew them!
The way of life is rough at best,
But briers yield the roses;
So that which leads to joy and rest
The hardest path discloses.

The weeds that oft we cast away,
Their simple beauty scorning,
Would form a wreath of purest ray,
And prove the best adorning.
So in our daily paths, 'twere well
To call each gift a treasure,
However slight, where love can dwell
With life-renewing pleasure.

# FLOWERS.

O, THEY look upward in every place
Through this beautiful world of ours,
And dear as a smile on an old friend's face
Is the smile of the bright, bright flowers.
They tell us of wanderings by wood and streams,
They tell us of lanes and trees;
But the children of showers and sunny beams
Have lovelier tales than these —
The bright, bright flowers!

They tell of a season when men were not,
When earth was by angels trod,
And leaves and flowers in every spot
Burst forth at the call of God;
When spirits, singing their hymns at even,
Wandered by wood and glade,
And the Lord looked down from the highest heaven
And blessed what he had made —
The bright, bright flowers!

# BEYOND THE RIVER.

Time is a river deep and wide;
And while along its banks we stray,
We see our loved ones o'er its tide
Sail from our sight away, away.
Where are they sped — they who return
No more to glad our longing eyes?
They've passed from life's contracted bourne
To land unseen, unknown, that lies
Beyond the river.

'Tis hid from view; but we may guess
How beautiful that realm must be;
For gleamings of its loveliness,
In visions granted, oft we see.
The very clouds that o'er it throw
Their veil, unraised for mortal sight,
With gold and purple tintings glow,
Reflected from the glorious light
Beyond the river.

And gentle airs, so sweet, so calm,
Steal sometimes from that viewless sphere;

The mourner feels their breath of balm,
And soothéd sorrow dries the tear;
And sometimes listening ears may gain
Entrancing sound that hither floats,
The echo of a distant strain
Of harps' and voices' blended notes,
Beyond the river.

There are our loved ones in their rest;
They've crossed Time's River: now no more
They heed the bubbles on its breast,
Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore;
But there pure love can live, can last —
They look for us their home to share;
When we in turn away have passed,
What joyful greetings wait us there,
Beyond the river!