

THE DESOLATE COTTAGE.—BY MISS PRESCOTT

Gay woodbines round the casement twine,
With star-like jessamine;
And lovely as an infant's face,
The rose looks laughing in;
The sunbeams glance between the leaves,
Like fond and silent smiles,
To greet the fruit that hangs
Beneath the sculptured tiles.
As silently as in a dream
The sunny moments pass,—
You e'en might hear the lily's leaf
Drop softly on the grass.

A deep unbroken stillness reigns,
Save when a flower is stirr'd
At intervals by drowsy bee:
Or when a summer bird
Floats onward, gaily as a cloud,
And murmurs forth its glee
To earth and sky in gentle streams
Of dew-like melody.

The vine's young tendrils hang unmoved—
So low the wind's rich breath—
But what is life's most silent calm
Beside the calm of death?

What if the rose still flourish there,
The grape's bright clusters shine,
The jasmin round the window frame
Its scented blossoms twine?
The eyes that watch'd their loveliness
May gaze on them no more,
The hand that train'd their budding leaves,
Alas! its task is o'er!

What though full sweetly on the ear
May fall the woodbird's strain,
The wild, impassion'd voice of grief
Hath call'd on her in vain!

She lies upon her stately bed,
Whose curtains' crimson fold
Still flings a bloom upon her face,
So still, so fair, so cold;
And yet such bloom is not like life,
A very babe might know,
The peaceful smile upon her lip
From earth's joy could not flow.
The brow that gleams so softly out
Beneath the braided hair,
What but the angel's parting look
Had left such calmness there?

WE ARE GROWING OLD.

BY FRANCIS BROWNE.

We are growing old—how the thought will rise
When a glance is backward cast
On some long remembered spot that lies
In the silence of the past;
It may be the shrine of our early vows,
Or the tomb of early tears;
But it seems like a far off isle to us,
In a stormy sea of years.

Oh, wide and wild are the waves that part,
Our steps from its greenness now,
And we miss the joy of many a heart,
And the light of many a brow;
For deep o'er many a stately bark
Have the whelming billows rolled,
That steered with us from that early mark—
Oh, friends we are growing old!

Old in the dimness and the dust
Of our daily toils and cares,—
Old in the wreck of love and trust
Which our burdened memory bears.
Each-form may wear to the passing gaze
The bloom of life's freshness yet,
And beams may brighten our latter days
Which the morning never met.

But, oh, the changes we have seen
In the far and winding way!
The graves in our path that have grown green,
And the locks that have grown gray.
The winters still our own may spare
The sable or the gold;
But we saw their snows upon brighter hair,
And, friends, we are growing old!

We have gained the world's cold wisdom now,
We have learned to pause and fear;
But where are the living founts whose flow
Was a joy of heart to hear?
We have won the wealth of many a clime,
And the lore of many a page;
But where is the hopes that saw in time
But its boundless heritage?

Will it come again when the violet wakes,
And the woods their youth renew?
We have stood in the light of sunny brakes,
Where the bloom was deep and blue;
And our soul might joy in the spring time then,
But the joy was faint and cold;
For it never could give us the youth again
Of hearts that are growing old.

A Christmas Story.--[By Alice Carey.]

'Tis Christmas Eve, and by the fire-light dim,
His blue eyes hidden by the fallen hair,
My little brother—mirth is not for him—
Whispers, how poor we are!

Come, dear one, rest upon my knee your head,
And push away these curls of golden glow,
And I will tell a Christmas tale I read
A long, long time ago.

'Tis of a little orphan boy like you,
Who had on earth no friend his feet to guide
Into the path of virtue, strait and true,
And so he turned aside.

The parlor fires, with genial warmth aglow,
Threw over him their waves of mocking light,
Once as he wandered idly to and fro,
In the unfriendly night.

The while a thousand little girls and boys,
With look of pride, with half-averted eye,
Their hands and arms o'erbrimmed with Christmas toys,
Passed and re-passed him by.

Chilled into half-forgetfulness of wrong,
And tempted by the splendors of the time,
As roughly jostled by the hurrying throng,
Trembling, he talked with crime.

And when the Tempter once had found the way,
And thought's still threshold, half-forbidden, crossed,
His steps went darkly onward day by day,
'Till he at last was lost.

So lost, that once from a delirious dream,
As consciousness began his soul to stir,
Around him fell the morning's checkered beam—
He was a prisoner.

Then wailed he in the frenzy of wild pain,
Then wept he till his eyes with tears were dim;
But who would kindly answer back again,
A prisoner-boy like him?

And so his cheek grew thin and paled away,
But not a loving hand was stretched to save;
And the snow covered the next Christmas day
His lonesome little grave.

Nay, gentle brother, do not weep, I pray,
You have no sins like his to be forgiven.
And kneeling down together, we can say,
Father, who art in Heaven.

So shall the blessed presence of content
Brighten our home of toil and poverty,
And the dear consciousness of time well spent,
Our Christmas portion be.

BURY ME IN THE MORNING.

BY MRS. HALE.

Bury me in the morning, mother,
Oh! let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother
Ere you leave me alone with the night;
Alone in the night of the grave, mother—
'Tis a thought of terrible fear!—
And you will be here alone, mother,
And stars will be shining here.
So bury me in the morning, mother,
And let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere I am alone with night.

You tell me of the Saviour's love, mother—
I feel it in my heart;
But oh! from this beautiful world, mother,
'Tis hard for the young to part!
Forever to part, when here, mother,
The soul is fain to stay,
For the grave is deep and dark, mother,
And Heaven seems far away,
Then bury in the morning, mother,
And let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere I am alone with night.

Never unclasp my hand, mother,
Till it falls away from thine—
Let me hold the pledge of my love, mother,
Till I feel the love divine;
The love divine—oh! look, mother,
Above its beams I see;
And there an angel's face, mother,
Is smiling down on me!
So bury me in the morning, mother,
When sunbeams flood the sky—
And leads to light on high.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

Dr. CHALMERS is said to be the author of the following beautiful poem, written on the occasion of the death of a young son whom he greatly loved:

I am all alone in my chamber now,
And the midnight hour is near;
And the fagot's crack, and the clock's dull tick,
Are the only sounds I hear,
And over my soul in its solitude,
Sweet feelings of sadness glide,
For my heart and my eyes are full when I think
Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house—
Went home to the dear ones all—
And softly I opened the garden gate,
And softly the door of the hall.
My mother came out to meet her son—
She kissed me and then she sighed,
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come,
In the garden where he played;
I shall miss him more by the fire-side,
When the flowers have all decayed.
I shall see his toys and his empty chair,
And the horse he used to ride;
And they will speak with a silent speech
Of the little boy that died.

We shall go home to our Father's House—
To our Father's house in the skies,
Where the hope of our souls shall have no blight,
Our love no broken ties,
We shall roam on the banks of the river of peace,
And bathe in its blissful tide,
And one of the joys of our heaven shall be
The little boy that died.

TO MY BROTHER.

BY MRS M. A. RIDGELow.

BROTHER, brother! storms are sweeping
Through the skies on wings of gloom;
And to-day I have been weeping
At a rising thought of home.

Oh! the place where first we center
All the love of early years,
When life's stormy clan we enter,
How its memory prompts our tears!

Brother, does the vernal sunlight
Fall the same on the green wood?
Sings that stream as full of music?
Or, hath winter changed its mood?

Are cowslips still as fragrant?
Still as pure their golden light,
Showing the sweet brooklets pathway
Through the meadows fresh and bright?

Do the zephyrs soft at even
Gently wave the clambering vine?
Do the brilliant gems of heaven
Make the night about thee shine?

Are the fields around thee lying
Radiant with their former light?
Though above them clouds are flying,
Mem'ry sees them always bright!

Oh! there is no place—no other
Where the scenery seems so fair!
While afar my dearest brother,
Still thoughts are ling'ring there.

Could I wish the sun declining
Till the skies with crimson burn,
Till the moon-beams softly shining
Might forgotten thought return!

Could I take my seat beside thee,
Where the bees' soft lull is heard
And the young maturing foliage
By the breath of home is stirred!

Wherefore, wherefore am I turning
To conceal my bitter tears!
Wherefore, O my heart this yearning
For the home of earlier years!

Dearest, ever faithful brother,
Is that home unchanged to thee?
While I wonder with another,
Does thy heart's love follow me?

Dost thou miss me in the morning?
Am I missed at close of day?
Canst thou let me be forgotten
While afar my footsteps stray?

Let me know my brother loves me,
That the hearts of home are warm—
Then the heavens may frown above me,
And I will not heed the storm!

The Dead.

The dead are everywhere!

The mountain side, the plain, the wood profound;
All the wide earth—the fertile and the fair—
Is one vast burial ground!

Within the populous streets,
In solitary homes, in places high,
In pleasure domes, where pomp and luxury meet,
Men bow themselves to die.

The old man at his door;
The unweaned child murmuring its wordless song;
The bondmen and the free, the rich, the poor,
All—all to death belong!

The sunlight gilds the walls
Of kingly sepulchres enwrought with brass;
And the long shadow of the cypress falls
Athwart the common grass.

The living of gone time,
Builted their glorious cities by the sea;
And awful in their greatness sat sublime,
As if no change could be.

There was the eloquent tongue;
The poet's heart, the sage's soul was there:
And loving women with their children young,
The faithful and the fair.

There were, but they are not!
Suns rose and set, and earth put on her bloom,
Whilst man, submitted to the common lot,
Went down into the tomb.

And still, amid the wrecks
Of mighty generations passed away,
Earth's honest growth, the fragrant wild flower, decks
The tomb of yesterday.

And in the twilight deep,
Go veiled women forth, like he who went,
Sisters of Lazarus; to the grave to weep,
To breathe in low laments.

The dead are everywhere;
Where'er is love, or tenderness, or faith;
Where'er is pleasure, pomp, or pride, where'er
Life is or was, is death!

[From the Boston Post.]

“BORRROBOOLA-GHA.”

A stranger preached last Sunday,
And crowds of people came,
To hear a two hour sermon
With a barbarous sounding name;
’Twas all about some heathens
Thousands of miles afar,
Who live in a land of darkness
Called “Borrroboola-Gha.”
So well their wants he pictured,
That when the plates were passad,
Each listener felt his pockets,
And goodly sums were cast;
For all must lend a shoulder
To push the rolling car,
That carried light and comfort
To “Borrroboola-Gha.”

That night their wants and sorrows
Lay heavy on my soul,
And deep in meditation
I took my morning stroll,
Till something caught my mantle
With eager grasp and wild,
And looking down with wonder,
I saw a little child.

A pale and puny creature,
In rags and dirt forlorn;
What could she want, I questioned,
Impatient to be gone;
With trembling voice she answered,
“We live just down the street,
And mammy she’s a dyin’,
And we’ve nothing left to eat.”

Down in a wretched basement,
With mould upon the walls,
Thro’ whose half buried windows
God’s sunshine never falls;
Where cold, and want, and hunger,
Crouched near her as she lay,
I found a fellow creature
Gasping her life away.

A chair a broken table,
A bed of dirty straw,
A hearth all dark and cheerless—
But these I scarcely saw.
For the mournful sight before me,
The sad and sick’ning show—
Oh! had I ever pictured
A scene so full of woe!

The famished and the naked,
The babes that pine for bread,
The squalid group that huddled
Around the dying bed;
All this distress and sorrow
Should be in lands afar;
Was I suddenly transplanted
To “Borrroboola-Gha?”

Ah, no! the poor and wretched
Were close behind the door,
And I had passed them heedless
A thousand times before.
Alas! for the cold and hungry
That met me every day,
While all my tears were given
To the suffering far away.

There’s work enough for Christians
In distant lands, we know;
Our Lord commands his servants
Through all the world to go.
Not only for the heathen;
This was his charge to them—
“Go, preach the word, beginning
First at Jerusalem.”

Oh! Christian, God has promised
Whoe’er to thee has given
A cup of pure cold water,
Shall find reward in Heaven.
Would you secure the blessing,
You need not seek it far;
Go, find in yonder hovel
A “Borrroboola-Gha.”

The Last Rose of Summer, alone, alone
In the light of the morning hour,
Like some sad half-remembered tone,
Mournful and sweet that the soul will own,
Wild and low as a lay unknown,

That steals with a soothing power
O'er every prayer and every thought
That fear has formed or hope has wrought.
We will call thee Faith, a gift divine,
That God gives back to the spirit shrine.

We will call thee Trust—lone, lonely one,
While thy whisperings seemed to say,
God's will on earth, not ours, be done,
And the strain comes up while the morning sun
The midnight shadows half have won,
From marble and mound away,
And the autumn hours in their change go by—
Will the grave yard rose remain:

The last, alone, a memory,
The echo of that one refrain
That is ever struggling through the heart,
That seems of the treasured past a part.

We will call thee Truth, emblem of Him
That came our world to save,
Whose voice was heard in the midnight dim,
In the morning prayer, in the evening hymn;
Whose life he freely gave
For us, for all; the lost to win
Away from every woe and sin.

We will call thee Hope, while yet ye stay,
A guardian angel here,
While yet is heard the song bird's lay,
Where wandering footsteps lightly stray,
Where the mourner comes to weep and pray,
With the willow shadows near,

That have gathered close to yonder spot,
Where rests the loved and the unforgot.

We will call thee Love, lone churchyard flower,
For God, our God, is love;
O'er His own, He watches every hour.
This, this comes up with a holy power,
From altar shrine and woodland bower,
Those breathings from above,
That are for earth, a promise high,
The presence of Heaven forever nigh.

The Last Rose of Summer; a morning watcher
there,

Where the minstrel and the mourner may come
with thoughts of prayer,

That wander back in sadness to dark Gethsemene,
To the trial hour, the mockery, the plaint of
agony;

To the cross, the crucifixion, the sepulchre alone,
To resurrection morning, when is heard that one
low tone

That steals on the startling stillness, like broken
music low.

"They have taken away my Lord," is said with
words all wild with wo.

Farewell, fair flower, farewell; I will see thee
not again,

Yet still like a haunting memory comes up the
life like strain,

Like some low lay, immortal, to which I lend the
heart,

A presence of the present, of the cherished past a
part;

O mourner, listen to it, the still small voice so
near—

Remember, O remember an angel one is here.

THE DIM OLD WOODS.

The dim old woods in the wintry time !
How solemn and sad their tone ;
When the winds sweep through, with moaning a chime
The aisles of the forest lone !
When the root its wonted thirst hath lost,
For the flow of the hidden rill—
And the fragile shoot is stiff with frost ;
And the sap in its cell is still—
When each gay leaf, that threw so soft
In its shades o'er summer's brow,
Hath flown from its wavy sphere aloft,
To rest 'neath the starry snow—
When each sweet flower, with scented cup,
Frail withering where it grew,
Hath closed its faded petals up,
No more to drink the dew—
And when each trembling note that gushed,
In soft and silvery song,
And the insect hum are silent hushed,
The leafless boughs among !
Ah ! sorrowing seem those woods so dim,
As they lift their branches bare—
The shivering twig and the rigid limb,
To the clasp of the frosty air ;
And they seem to mourn, 'mid the wintry storm,
For the flush of the greenwood bough,
And sigh for the sere and ruined bloom
That sleeps on the earth below,
And yet, those dark, sad solitudes !
I love their music well—
When whi-pering echo fits the woods
With tones of her murmuring shell—
For though the wind no voice doth own,
As it sleeps in the silent tree,
Yet the forest breathes with hollow moan,
Like the sound of the ceaseless sea—
As the spirit forms of leaves and flowers
That grace warm summer's smile,
Where rustling still smong the bowers,
Where erst they shone, the while—
And the spangled frost work, cold and bright,
That gleams on twig and stem,
Seems a throne for each of frozen light,
With a diamond diadem !
Oh ! I love those gems by the sunbeam kissed,
As they swing in the sparkling air,
And I love in the dim old woods to list
To the voices stirring there !

THE OLD MAN TO HIS WIFE.

We are growing very old, Kate,
I feel it every day ;
The hair upon my temples now,
Is growing thin and gray.
We are not as we were, Kate ;
And yet our hearts are young
As when we roved the sunny hills
And flowery dells among.

We are growing very old, Kate ;
But it is not age of heart,
Though speedily the hour comes on,
When thou and I must part ;
When thou and I must part, Kate,
As we have ne'er before,
Beside our cottage hearth to meet,
With words of love no more.

But we're growing very old, Kate,
And the parting won't be long,
'Till we meet within a better house,
Amid yon heavenly throng ;
'Till we sing the song together, Kate,
The angels sing above ;
Where ne'er the fears of parting take,
The blessedness of love.

[For the American.]

The Mission of Death.

The early spring's soft morning breath
Around a cradle played,
Where lovely in the arms of death
A little child was laid.

And scattered o'er that cradle lay
Violets and snowdrops fair,
Spring's earliest flowers—emblems they,
Of the pure infant there.

But mournfully, to that spring sky,
On that sweet morning air,
Rose a young mother's frantic cry,
Of anguish and despair.

For with that babe's frail life had fled,
The light of hers—the ray,
A little angel's presence shed,
Forever passed away!

It was the first time death had crossed
The threshold of her door—
Leaving behind the early lord,
A shadow ever more!

The spring is gone—years pass—the glow
Of summer's evening skies,
Upon a dying girl's fair brow,
Like a bright glory lies.

Over that roof, had death before
With desolation swept,
When a young mother sorrowing o'er
Her first born, there had wept.

And now again, that mother keeps
With sad and bitter tears,
Her vigil by the couch, where sleeps
The hope of riper years.

And yet, though now no frenzied prayer,
No murmurings loud and deep,
In the hushed silent chamber there,
Disturb that peaceful sleep.

If asked, "How is it with the child?"
Still would her lips rebel,
With heart subdued in accents mild,
To answer, "It is well!"

Summer is gone—years pass—the snow
Upon the pathway lies,
Winter is come—and sad and low,
The bleak wind moans and sighs

Around that home, where death again,
With stern relentless will,
Comes with the winter's solemn train,
His mission to fulfil.

And now his shadow rests, where lies
A youth, whose spirit eye
Beams as his mortal vision dies,
With immortality!

Alone, at midnight, watching there,
Time's snows upon her head,
Again that mother kneels in prayer,
Beside a dying bed.

Resigned and calm—tho' she had leaned,
On *him* her last sole stay.
But God's pale messenger had weaned
The spirit from the clay!

STANZAS.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee,
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be :
It never through my mind had past,
That time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more !

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain;
But when I speak, thou dost not say,
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary ! thou art dead !

If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene--
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been !
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still my own ;
But there I lay thee in thy grave--
And I am now alone !

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee;
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore !

THE BLIND BOY.

An editor, from whose selections we take the following lines, has beautifully said, that for himself he could not see to read them through :—

It was a blessed summer's day ;
The flowers bloomed, the air was mild,
The birds poured forth their sweetest lay,
And everything in nature smiled :

In pleasant thought I wandered on
Beneath the deep wood's simple shade,
Till, suddenly, I came upon
Two children who had hither strayed.

Just at an aged beech tree's foot,
A little boy and girl reclined ;
His hand in hers she gently put—
And then I saw the boy was blind.

The children knew not I was near—
A tree concealed me from their view ;
But all they said I well could hear,
And I could see all they might do.

"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,
"That little bird sings very long ;
Say, do you see him in his joy,
And is he pretty as his song?"

"Yes, Willie, yes," replied the maid,
"I see the bird on yonder tree."
The poor boy sighed, and gently said,
"Sister, I wish that I could see!"

"The flowers, you say, are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there ;
How beautiful for one who sees!

"Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,
And I can feel the green leaf's shade,
And I can hear the notes that swell
From those dear birds that God has made.

"So, sister, God to me is kind ;
Though sight, alas ! he has not given ;
But tell me, are there any blind
Among the children up in Heaven?"

"No, dearest Willie ; there all see ;
But why ask me a thing so odd?"

"Oh, Mary, He's so good to me,
I thought I'd like to look at God."

Ere long disease his hand had laid
On that dear boy so meek and mild ;
His widowed mother wept and prayed
That God might spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,
And said, "Oh, never weep for me,
I'm going to a bright, bright place,
Where Mary says I God shall see.

"And you'll come there, dear Mary, too ;
But mother, dear, when you come there,
Tell Willie, mother, that 'tis you—
You know I never saw you here!"

He spoke no more, but gently smiled,
Until the final blow was given ;
When God took up the poor blind child,
And opened first his eyes—in Heaven.

POETRY.

THE OLD DOOR STONE.

A song, a song, for the old door stone,
To every household dear;
That hallowed spot where joys and griefs,
Were shared for many a year.
When sank the sun to his daily rest,
When the wild bird's song was o'er,
When the toil and care of the passing day
Annoyed the heart no more;
Then on that loved and time worn spot
We gathered one by one,
And spent a social twilight hour
Upon the old door stone.

How sweet to me do memories come
Of merry childhood's hours,
When we sped blithely through the fields
In search of budding flowers,
Or gathered berries from the bush,
Or bending green wood tree,
Or chased the light-winged butterfly
With pealing shouts of glee;
The freshest hour in memory's book
Was spent at the set of sun,
My weary head on mother's knee,
Upon the old door stone.

That mother's face, that mother's form,
Are graven on my heart,
And of life's holiest memories
They form the dearest part;
Her counsel and instructions given,
Of friendship, love and truth,
Have been my guardians and my guides,
Through all the ways of youth;
And yet I seem to hear again
Each love and treasured tone,
When I in fancy set me down,
Upon the old door stone.

Long years have passed since mother died,
Yet she is with me still,
Whether a toiler in the vale,
Or wanderer on the hill;
Still with me at my morning care,
Or evenings quiet rest,
The guardian angel by my side,
The kindest and the best.
A mother now, I often strive
To catch her thought and tone,
For those who cluster round my knee,
Upon my own door stone.

And oft beneath those clustering vines
Have kindred spirits met,
And holy words breathed softly there—
Vows all unbroken yet—
And friendships formed and plans devised,
And kindly pledges given,
And sweet communions there begun,
Far reaching into Heaven!
Oh! those who met in Love, "Lang Syne,"
In life's wide paths are tarown,
Yet many turn with longing hearts,
Back to the old door stone.

Years have flown since those bright days,
And all the world has changed,
And some who loved most kindly then
Are by the world estranged!
Some fond hearts too, then full of joy,
Are cold and still this day!
Forsaken plants and withered hopes
Lie strewn all o'er the way,
And strangers' feet tread those old halls
Where pattered once our own,
And spend the pleasant twilight hour
Upon the old door stone.

The door stone, the clustering vine,
Oh! may they only remain;
And may the household band that's left
Meet there but once again;
Meet, not to weep o'er pleasures past,
Or canvass joys to come—
Meet to receive the sacred loves
Once centered in that home,
A brother and a sister sleep,
Our parents both are gone;
Oh! it would be a saddened hour
Upon that old door stone.

THE HOUSEHOLD DARLING.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE, A WORKING MAN IN ENGLAND
—A WEAVER.

Little Ella, fairest, dearest,
Unto me and unto mine—
Earthly cherub, coming nearest
To my dreams of shapes divine!
Her brief absence frets and pains me,
Her bright presence solace brings,
Her spontaneous love restrains me
From a hundred selfish things.

Little Ella moveth lightly,
Like a graceful fawn at play,
Like a brooklet running brightly
In the genial smile of May;
Like a breeze upon the meadows,
All besprent with early flowers;
Like a bird 'mid sylvan shadows,
In the golden summer hours.

You should see her, when with nature
She goes forth to think or play,
Every limb and every feature
Drinking in the joy of day;
Stooping oft mid floral splendor,
Snatching colors and perfumes,
She doth seem so fair and tender,
'Kin to the ambrosial blooms.

Sweet thought sitteth like a garland
On her placid brows and eyes,—
Eyes which seem to see a far land
Through the intervening skies;
And she seems to listen often
To some voice above the spheres,
Whilst her earnest features soften
Into calmness, 'kin to tears.

Not all mirthful is her manner,
Though no laugh so blithe as hers;
Grave demeanor comes upon her
When her inmost nature stirs.
When a gentle lip reproves her,
All her gladsome graces flee;
But the word "forgiveness" moves her
With new joy, and sets her free.

Should a shade of sickness near me,
Then she takes a holier grace;
Comes to strengthen and to cheer me,
With her angel light of face.
Up the stair I hear her coming,
Duly at the morning hour,
Sweetly singing, softly humming,
Like a bee about a flower.

Good books wake ecstatic feelings
In her undeveloped mind;
Holy thoughts, whose high revealings
Teach her love for human kind.
Music thrills her with a fervor,
Like the songs of seraphim;
May bright spirits teach and nerve her
To partake the perfect hymn.

God of Heaven! in thy good seeing
Spare this darling child to me,—
Spare me this unsullied being,
'Till she brings me close to thee.
Unseen angels, bless her, mould her
Into goodness, clothed in grace,
That on high I may behold her
Talking with ye, face to face.

Spring's Retinue.

IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN OF TIECK.

Father Winter moped in the woods all day,
His trunks all packed for the going away;
And he grimly smiled, as he touched his hat,
Adieu to the hearths at whose blaze he sat.
Dame Spring, mischievous, in frolicsome way,
Tripped up for a tweak of his beard so gray:
He patted her cheek, and he touched her ear,
And he dropped on her bosom an icy tear.
He hath gone, and the sunbeams warmly shine
Aslant on the hills of the river Rhine;
With violet-stems on the doors Spring drums,
From cellar to garret the knocking hums,
And servants many hath she in her way—
Wherever each knocked, admit straightway,
Autumn hath only Sir Borean Blast—
Winter Sir Frost, with the brow overcast!
Spring hath young Morning Wind blithe and wild—
He of the Spring is the frolicsome child;
And her Sir Sunshine, in genial advance,
With lustrous beam for the tip of his lance.
And there Flower Fragrance, with breath so sweet,
And here purling brook, with the pearly feet:
While Blossom and Budler twin homage lend
In the train of Verdure, the dame's best friend.
Oh, a charming retinue travels with Spring!
As their violet knocks through the mansion ring,
An echo of welcome all souls shall bring,
And the doors fly open for blithesome Spring.

SPEAK KINDLY.

FROM THE "STAR SPANGLED BANNER."

Speak kindly to the little child,
Sporting amid the flowers,—
Thy words of love will sweetly add
Joy to his sunny hours;
And when the circling years have borne
Away these hours of bliss,
Thy kindly words may brightly gleam,
From out the Past abyss.

Speak kindly to the aged one
Descending to the tomb,
Around his dark and dreary way
Bright flow'rets yet may bloom.
If thou with words of kindness cheer
And soothe his bosom's woe,—
Then ever to the aged let
Thy words of kindness flow.

Speak kindly to the sorrowing,
And let no chill despair
Enrobe the spirit in its gloom,
For thou canst sweetly share.
And with thy words of kindness soothe
The weary, troubled breast,
And lead the soul to fairer realms
Of sweet, eternal rest.

Speak kindly to the erring one,
And strive by words of love
To lure him back to virtue's path,
Thence nevermore to rove;
Thou'lt find thy gentle, loving word
A magic power hath
To lead the wand'rer back to paths
Of virtue and of truth.

Speak gently to thy brethren all—
Let words of kindness flow,
To soothe, sustain and cheer the heart,
Whilst wand'ring here below;
They'll strew thy path with flow'rets fair,
They'll gild with joy thine hours—
And weave a chaplet for thy brow,
Of amaranthine flowers.

[FOR THE SPIRIT OF JEFFERSON.]
I WOULD NOT BE IN A POETIC MOOD.

BY J. B. J.

I would not be in a poetic mood,
For it is oft the child of solitude.
It tells the spirits are oppressed,
And robs oblivion of its *zest*,
It reverts to life in all its folly,
And gives e'en to bliss a melancholy,
It brings to the present by-gone joys,
Which lull to pleasure, and then decoys—
The feeling, that in time was secured,
And makes more dark what we'd endured ;
Yes, it sinks the heart and moves the soul,
Like a magic that's beyond control,
For it carries the mind to days of yore,
And makes the past more pungent than before,
Ah! yes, it fills us with unwont'd pain,
And binds the soul with memory's chain—
To happy hours long since past and gone,
And leaves the feelings in sadness lone.
Then the smiles of the muse I would eschew,
And forget its favor and pastime too.

HARPERS-FERRY, 1854.

[For the Baltimore American.]

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

A hundred years ago! How strange

To Fancy's eye they seem;—

A scene less like reality

Than some fantastic dream;

As backward to her lifted wand

The stream of years doth flow,

It almost looks like Fairyland,

A hundred years ago!

How stately were their revels when

In antique halls they met,

And high born knights and ladies led

The courtly minuet.

In swords and hoops and rich brocade,

It was a gallant show

To see them in their bravery

A hundred years ago.

We scarce can think they loved as we

The sunset, stars and flowers;

That 'neath their quaint attire beat hearts

As young and warm as ours;—

But whispered words of hope and fear,

Which lovers only know,

Were breathed, as now, in beauty's ear

A hundred years ago.

Oh! human love and human truth

Unaltered ye abide,

The rocky walls through which rolls on

Time's unreposing tide;

And all that gives our life its worth

Or blesses it, we owe

To our true hearted ancestors

A hundred years ago.

Who, of our land's proud battlements

The firm foundations laid?

Who planted Freedom's tree that we

Might walk beneath its shade?

Who stood in battle for our right,

Between us and the foe,

And fell, our champions in the fight,

A hundred years ago?

As we are passing, they have passed,

The hero and the sage;

But left us in their memories

A princely heritage.

Then fill the cup—in love and pride

One health around shall go:—

“The gallant hearts that lived and died

A hundred years ago!”

W. H. B.

Woods in Winter.--(By Henry W. Longfellow.)

When winter winds are piercing chill,
And through the hawthorn blows the gale,
With solemn feet I tread the hill,
That overbrows the lonely vale.

O'er the bare upland, and away
Through the long reach of desert woods,
The embracing sunbeams chastely play,
And gladden these deep solitudes.

Where, twisted round the barren oak,
The summer vine in beauty clung,
And summer winds the stillness broke,
The crystal icicle is hung.

Where, from their frozen urns mute springs
Pour out the river's gradual ride,
Shrilly the skater's iron rings,
And voices fill the woodland side.

Alas! how changed from the fair scene,
When birds sang out their mellow lay,
And winds were soft, and woods were green,
And the song ceased not with the day.

But still wild music is abroad,
Pale, desert woods! within your crowd,
And gathering winds, in hoarse accord,
Amid the vocal reeds pipe loud.

Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear
Has grown familiar with your song;
I hear it in the opening year,—
I listen, and it cheers me long.

[Written for the American.]

Footprints in the Snow.

Over lane, and roof, and steeple,
Lies the soft and yielding snow;
And, behold! a crowd of people
Moving, noiseless, to and fro;
Like to gangs of spectres—people
Moving, noiseless, through the snow.

Tho' the echoes all are voiceless
To the steps that come and go,
Every step, however noiseless,
Leaves a footprint in the snow;
And each print, altho' 'tis voiceless,
Tells its story to the snow.

Here be steps of youth and maiden,
Age and manhood—pleasure, pain—
Some, whom cares have overladen,
Some, whom care hath sought in vain—
Steps of manhood, youth, and maiden,
Care will follow *not* in vain!

Yonder print all blear'd—uneven—
Marks some weary pilgrim's shoon;
After all his sins forgiven,
May the grave accept him soon!
He, whose steps seem so uneven—
May the grave accept him soon!

There are foot-marks, hard and rigid—
From their pressure we may know
One, whose heart as winter frigid,
Melts not at another's woe!
But, beware! Wrong, however rigid,
Right will overtake with woe.

There an impress, neat and slender,
Shows where some fair girl hath pass'd—
God! o'erwatch a thing so tender,
Angels! shield her from the blast!
Heart so frail, and form so slender,
Needs be shielded from the blast!

Here a naked foot seems creeping,
Plainly mark'd each little toe;
Has some mad-cap child been leaping
From the window, in the snow?
Out! some beggar's brat is creeping,
Creeping, shivering thro' the snow!

While, with whoops, and shout bewild'ring,
Chasing, racing down the street,
Here, a band of merry children
Leave the marks of dancing feet!
To that bare-foot child, bewild'ring
Are those marks of dancing feet!

Like the child of long-ago,
I could gaze for hours, unwearied,
Counting footprints in the snow!
Musing o'er the prospect dreary,
Reading footprints in the snow!

In them lies no unwise moral—
Footprints in the melting snow!
With the soft snow do not quarrel,
But a little while—'twill go!
Meantime, all may find a moral,
Reading footprints in the snow.

BALTIMORE, January 1st, 1854.

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WASTED.

"He hath wasted his goods."—LUKE XVI. 1.

Wasted!

Precious pearl of time,
Moments rich as diadems!
One by one they come unnoted;
One by one afar they floated;
One by one! till myriads sped
Far away to join the dead,
Till that lost life, shattered, broken,
Won no heaven-born light nor token—
Drifted to the fearful shore,
Hopeless, hopeless ever more!

Wasted!

Gifts of doubtless mind
By the Hand Eternal given;
They had mounted to the skies,
Meet and reverent sacrifice
To the Majesty of heaven;
But that spirit-lyre, erst strung
To sweet harmonies unspoken,
Shiver'd, and its deep chords broken,
Murmureth but of songs unsung;
Of rich melodies flung wildly
Of fame's gorgeous altar fire;
One brief moment in its brightness
Flashing, swiftly to expire;
On high purposes all blasted,
Talents hidden, treasures wasted!
Consecrate at Mammon's shrine,
Owing not the Hand Divine.

Wasted!

Founts of deepest love,
Gifts of mercy from above,
Lavish'd on a human breast,
Striving for an earthly rest;
On a human idol pouring
Treasures from affection's deep;
At a human shrine adoring,
Waking but to writhe and weep;
Starting from its dream of rapture
At the touch of mortal care:
On its shiver'd idols gazing
In the frenzy of despair.
Heart sore-stricken! Love eternal
Woo thee from a heavenly throne;
He, the world's Redeemer, asks thee
Now to trust the unchanging One!

Wasted—youth's rich golden hours!
Wasted—loftiest, mightiest powers!
Wasted—manhood's glorious prime,
Hopes, and aims, and thoughts sublime!

Weep'st thou? Ere life's setting sun,
Ere Time's fleeting sands be run,
Rouse thee from ignoble rest,
Toil to win the land more blest.
Swiftly are thy moments flying;
Up! ere hope be drooping, dying!
Ere high purposes all blasted
Speak thy life forever wasted.

HOME SONG.

Now, thrust my thimble in its case,
And store the spools away,
And lay the muslin rools in place ;
My task is done to-day ;
For, like the workman's evening bell,
A sound hath met my ears,
The gate clink by the street doth tell
Papa hath come, my dears.
Bear off the toy box from the floor—
For yonder chair make room ;
And up, and out, unbar the door,
And breathe his welcome home ;
For 'tis the twilight hour of joy,
When home's best pleasure rally ;
And I will clasp my darling boy,
While papa romps with Allie.

There take the hat and gloves, and bring
The slippers, warm and soft,
While bounds the babe, with laugh and spring,
In those loved arms aloft ;
And let each nook some comfort yield—
Each heart with love be warm,
For him whose firm strong hands shall shield
The household gods from harm,
Our love shall light the gathering gleam ;
For o'er all earthly hope,
We cherish first the joys of home ;
A glad, rejoicing group ;
And through the twilight hour of joy,
We turn from toil, to dally
With thy young dreams of life, my boy,
And gaily fondle Allie.

For the Free Press.

SONG.

BY LUIS.

I love the sea ! the dark blue sea,
Where stormy billows bound,
Where wanton winds sport merrily
O'er ocean's depths profound !
The broad sunbeam and lightning's gleam
Have each a charm for me ;
The thunder's roar and sea-bird's scream,
Alike are melody !
As speeds our bark, thro' light or dark,
Before the piping blast,
A brilliant wake our course doth mark
While creaks the stalwart mast !
The sporting gale fills out each sail,
And bears us o'er each wave ;
In storm, or sunshine, rain or hail,
'Tis joy the sea to brave !

THE GARRET.

*Translated by W. M. THACKERAY, from the French of
BERANGER.*

With pensive eyes my little room I view,
Where in my youth, I weathered it so long,
With a wild mistress, a stanch friend or two,
And a light heart still breaking into song:
Making a mock of life, and all its cares.
Rich in the glory of my rising sun,
Lightly I vaulted up four pair of stairs,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Yes: 'tis a garret—let him know't who will,
There was my bed—full hard it was, and small;
My table there—and I decipher still
Half a lame couplet charcoaled on the wall.
Ye joys, that Time hath swept with him away,
Come to my eyes, ye dreams of love and fun:
For you I pawned my watch, how many a day,
In the brave days when I was twenty-one!

One jolly evening, when my friends and I
Made jolly music with our songs and cheers,
A shout of triumph mounted up thus high.
And distant cannon opened on our ears:
We rise—we join in the triumphant strain,—
“Napoleon conquers—Austerlitz is won—
Tyrants shall never tread us down again!”
In the brave days when I was twenty-one.

Let us be gone—the place is sad and strange—
How far, far off, those happy times appear;
All that I have to live I'd gladly change
For one such month as I have wasted here—
To draw long dreams of beauty, love and power,
From founts of hope that never will outrun:
And drink all life's quintessence in an hour,—
Give me the days when I was twenty-one.

THE POET AT A FIRE.

A sonnet showing how the practical may overcome the poetical at times, and exhibiting a seeming necessity for such predominance.

Oh, beautiful! see where the struggling fire
Beams with red strife behind the “window bars,”
While flakes escaping, up and up aspire,
As if to hold communion with the stars!
And now, with mighty roar and sparkling glee,
The towering flame bursts through the yielding roof,
And leaping forth with wild exuberancy,
King of Dismay, it rears itself aloof!
Oh, beautiful! like lightning through the crowd,
The flames gleam mid the rolling mass of dun,
The banners of the fire with bearing proud
Advance—hurra! hurra!—the victory's won.
“Down with her sewing!”—“Play 'way Number Three!”
The flame fades out—the dream is o'er—darkness is all we see

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A MOTHER'S love, the fadeless light
That glimmers o'er our weary way,
A star amid the clouds of night,
An ever-burning quenchless ray.
A guarding power through good and ill,
Where'er the truant footsteps rove,
A ceaseless, flowing, sparkling rill,
A fount of hope, a mother's love.

A mother's love, it whispers first,
Above the cradled infant's head,
And when those human blossoms burst,
Her bosom's still the flowret's bed.
When their bright summer day has past,
And autumn clouds hang dark above,
It lingers round us to the last,
That dearest boon, a mother's love.

And yet how oft our footsteps roam,
Thro' pleasure's bright, alluring maze,
Forgetful of the ties of home,
And all the joys of earlier days.
But, there's a charm to lure them back,
And like the weary, wandering dove,
The heart retreads its childhood's track,
To that one ark, a mother's love.

BUT WHERE ART THOU?

BY HON. MRS. NORTON.

When, poor in all but youth and love,
I clasped thee to this beating heart,
And vows for wealth and fame to rove,
That we might weep no more to part.
Years have gone by—long weary years
Of toil, to win my station now—
Of ardent hope and sickening fears,
And wealth is mine—but where art *thou*?

Fame's dazzling wreath for thy dear sake
Grew brighter than before to me,
I clung to all I thought could make
This lonely heart more worthy thee.
Years have gone by—the laurel droops
In mocking o'er my withered brow,
A conquer'd world before me stoops,
And fame is mine—but where art *thou*?

In life's first hour, despised and lone
I wandered through the busy crowd,
And now that life's best joys have flown,
They greet with smiles and murmurs loud.
Oh! for that voice—thy gentle voice
To breathe to me its welcome now!
Wealth, fame, and all that should rejoice,
To me are vain—for where art *thou*?

Nursery Song.

As I walked over the hills one day,
I listened and heard a mother sheep say;—
“In all the green wood here is nothing so sweet,
As my little lammie with its nimble feet,
 With eyes so bright,
 And his wool so white;
O, he is my darling, my heart’s delight,
 The robin, he
 That sings on the tree,
Dearly may dote on his darlings four;
But I love my own little lambing more.”
So the mother sheep, and the little one,
Side by side, lay down in the sun,
And there went to sleep on the hill-side warm,
While my little lammie lies here on my arm.
I went to the kitchen, and what did I see
But the old gray cat, with her kittens three;
I heard her whispering soft. Said she:
“My kittens, with tails so cunningly curled,
Are the prettiest things there can be in the world.
 The bird in the tree,
 And the old ewe, she
May love their babies exceedingly:
But I love my kittens from morn to night;
Which is the prettiest I cannot tell,
Which of the three, for the life of me,
I love them all so well.
So I’ll take up the kittens, the kittens I love,
And we’ll lie down together beneath the warm
 stove.”
So the kittens lie under the stove so warm,
While my little darling lies here on my arm.
I went to the yard, and I saw the old hen,
Go clucking about with her chickens ten;
And she clucked, and she scratched, and she
 bristled away,
And what do you think I heard the hen say?
I heard her say: “The sun never did shine
On anything like to these chickens of mine;
You may hunt the full moon and the stars, if you
 please,
But you never will find ten such chickens as these.
The cat loves her kittens, the ewe loves her lamb,
But they do not know what a proud mother I am;
For lambs nor for kittens I won’t part with these,
Though the sheep and the cat should go down on
 their knees.
My dear downy darlings, my sweet little things,
Come, nestle now cosily under my wings.”
 So the hen said,
 And the chickens sped,
As fast as they could to their warm feather bed:
And there let them lie, on their feathers so warm,
While my little chick lies here on my arm.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY MRS. H. HYNEMAN.

It is her right to bind, with warmest ties,
The lordly spirit of aspiring man,
Making his hours an earthly paradise,
Rich in all joy allotted to life's span;
Twining around each fibre of his heart,
With all the gentle influence of love's might,
Seeking no joy wherein he has no part—
This is undoubtedly—a woman's right!

It is her right to teach the infant mind,
Training it ever upward in its course;
To root out evil passions that would bind
The upward current of his reason's force;
To lead the erring spirit gently back,
When it has sunk in gloom of deepest night;
To point the shining path of virtue's track,
And urge him forward. This is woman's right.

It is her right to soothe the couch of pain,
There her true mission upon earth to prove,
To calm with gentle care the frenzied brain
And keep her vigil there of holiest love;
To watch untiring by the lonely bed.
Thro' the bright day and in the solemn night,
'Till health ensue, or the loved form is laid
To rest forever. This is woman's right.

She is a flower that blossoms best, unseen;
Sheltered within the precincts of her home;
There, should no darkening storm-cloud intervene,
The rude and strife of worldlings never come.
Let her not scorn to act a woman's part,
Nor strive to cope with manhood in its might;
But lay this maxim closely to her heart—
Whatever Gods ordains is surely right.

I MET THEE IN MY EARLY YOUTH.

I met thee in my early youth,
When life was young and fair;
Thy magic charms stole o'er my soul,
And left their impress THERE.
I gave to thee a heart unstained
With sins of after years—
A heart which never ceased to love,
In sunshine or in tears!

Tho' years have passed since first we met,
And youth's bright dreams are gone;
Yet thou art now as dear to me
As in life's early morn!
Amid the cold, unfeeling crowd,
Thine angel form I see;
And in its slumb'ring reveries,
My spirit turns to thee!

The spell which thou didst cast upon
My spirit in its youth,
Has proved a shield in after life,
Of purity and truth;
Thy magic power o'er my soul
Has shed a sunny ray
Of love and purest sympathy,
Which ne'er can fade away!

Oh lady! tho' I dare not hope
To call thee ever mine—
For clouds are gath'ring o'er my path
Which ne'er must darken thine—
Yet in the temple of my heart,
The vestal flame shall glow;
Which clothed my dreams of early youth,
In beauty—"long ago!"

Now.

The following lines from *Household Words*, are full of wholesome advice as well as beautiful imagery. They convey to the youthful *dreamer* a lesson which it would be well for him to ponder:—

Arise! for the day is passing
While you lie dreaming on:
Your brothers are cased in armor,
And forth to the fight are gone;
Your place in the ranks await you;
Each man has a part to play;
The past and the future are nothing
In the face of the stern to-day.

Arise from your dreams of the future—
Of gaining a hard-fought field,
Of storming the airy fortress,
Of bidding the giant yield;
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honor; (God grant it may!)
But your arm will never be stronger
Or needed as now—to-day.

Arise! If the past detain you,
Her sunshine and storms forget!
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret;
Sad or bright, she is lifeless ever;
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife to-day.

Arise! for the hour is passing;
The sound that you dimly hear,
Is your enemy marching to battle!
Rise! rise! for the foe is near!
Stay not to brighten your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
And from dreams of a coming battle,
You will waken, and find it past.

THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL.—The following beautiful lines should be inscribed on every human heart. We found them in the Spiritual Telegraph, of New York, No. 72 quoted by Mr. Courtney, of Pittsburg, in an article of his upon "The Cause and Cure of Crime"—an article as elaborate as it is truthful and unanswerable. These lines may very properly be styled Heaven's Diploma:

"Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a sweet dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
An angel, writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;
And to the presence in the room he said—
'What writest thou?' The vision rais'd its head,
And in a voice made all of sweet accord,
Answer'd: 'The names of those who love the
Lord.'

'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spake more low,
But cheerily still, and said—'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellow-men.'
The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night
It came again, with a great waking light,
And show'd the names of those whom God had
bless'd—

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LIFE MUSINGS.

FROM THE LOUDOUN DEMOCRAT.

When my heart was young and hopeful,
Forth its tendrils then it put;
Now their summer day has ended
And their opening blooms have shut,
One was sunder'd by misfortune,
False love rudely tore another,
Harsh, rude words and chill neglect
Froze the life-blood of the other.

Deep its wail and desolation,
As of one by one bereft,
There seemed nothing in its vision,
Worth the caring, to be left,
And it beat on, lone and cheerless,
Through young years so drear and long,
Old before its time, and joyless,
Like a bird without a song.

Then I said in bitter musing,
No more tendrils shall it bear;
In the pathway of this desert
None my grief nor joy shall share;
Life is short—too short to murmur—
I will live my little span,
Then away to the immortals—
They have ever joys for man.

But in vain the useless striving,
Vain the weak, the brief resolve;
Nature spurned the selfish teaching—
Nothing could her claim absolve—
Quick she showed each heart around me
Thus was tried, but still loved on,
Thus its hopes were chilled and withered,
But still new ones bloomed anon.

And I learned her gentle lesson,
To her gentle tones gave heed,
Sought with careful, strict endeavor
By her bright light to proceed.
So I found that life was ever
Filled with pleasure pure and free
For the man who strives in living
As in joy, in grief to be.

L. M. S.

COMMON SENSE.

BY J. T. FIELDS.

She came among the gathering crowd,
A maiden without pretence,
And when they asked her humble name,
She whispered mildly, "Common Sense."

Her modest garb drew every eye;
Her ample cloak, her shoes of leather;
And when they sneered, she simply said,
"I dress according to the weather."

They argued long and reasoned loud,
In dubious Hindo phrase mysterious,
While she poor child could not divine
Why girls so young should be so serious.

She knew the length of Plato's beard,
And how the scholars wrote in Saturn;
She studied authors not so deep,
And took the Bible for her pattern.

And so she said, "Excuse me friends
I find all have their proper places,
And *Common Sense* should stay at home
With cheerful hearts and smiling faces."

TO AN ABSENT WIFE.

BY PRENTICE.

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

'Tis Noon—a calm, unbroken sleep
Is on the blue wave of the deep ;
A soft haze, like a fairy dream,
Is floating over wood and stream,
And many a broad magnolia flower,
Within its shadowy woodland bower,
Is gleaming like a lonely star,
But I am sad—thou art afar !

'Tis Eve—on earth the sunset skies
Are printing their own Eden dyes ;
The stars come down with trembling glow,
Like blossoms on the wave below,
And like an unseen spirit, the breeze
Seems lingering 'mid the orange trees,
Breathing its music round the spot ;
But I am sad—I see thee not !

'Tis Midnight—with a soothing spell—
The far-off tones of ocean swell—
Soft as the mother's cadence mild,
Low bending o'er her sleeping child ;
And on each wandering breeze are heard
The rich notes of the mocking-bird,
In many a wild and wondrous lay ;
But I am sad—thou art away !

I sink in Dreams—low, sweet and clear,
Thine own dear voice is in my ear ;
About my cheek thy tresses twine—
Thine own loved hand is clasped in mine,
Thine own soft lip to mine is pressed,
Thy head is pillowed on my breast :
Oh, I have all my heart holds dear,
I am happy—thou art here !

THE CONTENTED MAN.

Why need I strive and sigh for wealth?
It is enough for me
That Heaven hath sent me strength and health,
A spirit glad and free ;
Grateful these blessings to receive,
I sing my hymn at morn and eve.

On some, what floods of riches flow !
House, herds, and gold have they ;
Yet life's best joys they never know,
But fret their hours away.
The more they have, they seek increase ;
Complaints and cravings never cease.

A vale of tears this world they call,
To me it seems so fair ;
It countless pleasures hath for all,
And none denied a share.
The little birds on new-fledged wing,
And insects, revel in the Spring.

For love of us, hills, woods, and plains,
In beauteous hues are clad ;
And birds sing far and near sweet strains,
Caught up by echoes glad.
"Rise," sings the lark, "your tasks to ply ;"
The nightingale sings "lullaby."

And when the golden sun goes forth,
And all like gold appears,
When bloom o'erspreads the glowing earth,
And fields have ripening ears,
I think these glories that I see,
My kind Creator made for me.

'Then loud I thank the Lord above,
And say in joyful mood,
His love, indeed, is Father's love,
He wills to all men good.

Then let me ever grateful live,
Enjoying all He designs to give.

LINES.

☞ The Louisville Journal says :— We defy any taste-ful lover of poetry to read the following lines, without exclaiming—“How beautiful!”

My soul thy sacred image keeps,
 My midnight dreams are all of thee ;
 For nature then in silent sleeps,
 And silence broods o'er land and sea ;
 Oh, in that still, mysterious hour,
 How oft from waking dreams I start,
 To find thee but a fancy flower,
 Thou cherish'd idol of my heart.
 Thou hast each thought and dream of mine—
 Have I in turn one thought of thine ?

For ever thine my dreams will be,
 Whate'er may be my fortunes here,
 I ask not love—I claim from thee
 Only one boon, a gentle tear ;
 May e'er blest visions from above
 Play brightly 'round thy happy heart,
 And may the beams of peace and love
 Ne'er from thy glowing soul depart.
 Farewell! my dreams are still with thee,
 Hast thou one tender thought of me ?

My joys like summer birds may fly,
 My hopes like summer blooms depart,
 But there's one flower that cannot die,
 Thy holy memory in my heart ;
 No dews that one flower's cup may fill,
 No sunlight to its leaves be given,
 But it will live and flourish still,
 As deathless as a thing of heaven.
 My soul greets thine, unasked, unsought,
 Hast thou for me one gentle thought ?

Farewell ! farewell ! my far-off friend !
 Between us broad, blue rivers flow,
 And forests wave and plains extend,
 And mountains in the sunlight glow ;
 The wind that breathes upon thy brow
 Is not the wind that breathes on mine,
 The star-beams shining on thee now
 Are not the beams that on me shine ;
 But memory's spell is with me yet—
 Can'st thou the holy past forget ?

The bitter tears that thou and I
 May shed whene'er by anguish bow'd,
 Exhaled into the noontide sky,
 May meet and mingle in the cloud ;
 And thus, my much-beloved friend, though we
 Far, far apart must live and move,
 Our souls when God shall set them free,
 Can mingle in the world of love.
 This was an ecstasy to me—
 Say—would it be a joy to thee ?

A SONG.

Give me an eye, a swimming eye,
To meet my ardent glances—
A sunny eye to gaze upon
When pleasure in it dances.
Give me an eye to mingle beams
When mirth and joy have bound me ;
Give me an eye to mingle tears
When sorrow's clouds are round me.

Give me a cheek, a soft, soft cheek,
Warm roses blushing o'er it,
So bright, so pure, so angel like,
'Twere sinless to adore it.
Give me a cheek to press to mine
With that calm holy feeling,
That lulls the soul as music does,
When o'er the senses stealing.

Give me a lip, a balmy lip,
Sweet smiles around it wreathing—
A dewy lip, carnation like,
Of love and fondness breathing,
Give me a lip to kiss when all
Or few, or none caress me—
A full red lip to dream upon,
A seraph lip to bless me.

Give me a hand, a snow white hand,
To tremble when I press it—
A fairy hand to hold in mine,
A little hand to bless it.
Give me a hand to kiss and breathe
O'er it my soul's devotion—
A hand to hold and press mine too,
With deep, unfeigned emotion.

Give me a heart, a gentle heart,
With warm affections breathing—
A heart to flutter with delight
When lip with lip is meeting.
Give me a heart to call my own,
To cheer my path when dreary—
A pure, a guileless, constant heart,
To lean upon when weary.

[FOR THE FREE PRESS.
TO ELLEN.

I'd rather own a name like thine—
Such fame as flows to thee—
Than have renown to herald mine
To all posterity,

I'd rather win such genial love,
As to thy portion falls,
Than, as a worshipped idol, move
Through pleasure's ample halls.

I'd rather hold thy social sway,
O'er neighbor, home, and friends,
Than be the pageant of a day
Where worldly homage bends.

I'd rather claim the smile that greets
Thy welcomed course abroad,
Than be the theme of crowded streets,
Approved by Fashion's nod.

I'd rather have such accents bless
My deeds, as blessing thine—
The grateful voice of soothed distress—
Than history's boastful line.

I'd rather trust such humble prayer,
As wafts thy name on high ;
To find for me acceptance there
Than all proud wealth can buy.

I'd rather come before my God,
To hear my record read ;
From such pure paths as thou hast trod,
Than from the mighty dead.

[From the Cincinnati Commercial.]

GENTLE BLUE-EYED HAIDEE.

BY L. J. CIST.

Way down in Sangamonna county,
Where Sangamonna river flows—
When Summer comes in all her bounty,
Ripe with each fruit and flower that blows—
All up and down the wild, wide prairie,
Ten thousand blossoms scent the air,
Twas there I loved a charming fairy,
Herself the sweetest flower there!

Gentle blue-eyed Haidee!

Loved Nature's child;

No flower so sweet and fair you'll meet

In all the prairie wild!

Straight as an arrow, tall and slender,
All lithe and graceful was her form,
Meek, as a child's, her spirit tender,
Her soul with rich affections warm;
Bright, as an angel's wing, her beauty,
Fair, as the round full moon, her face;
To her a pleasure seemed each duty,
And every motion was a grace!

Gentle, graceful Haidee!

Fair Nature's child;

No flower you'll meet that's half so sweet

In all the prairie wild!

Thus, through the summer brightly blooming—
Glad'ning the sunshine and the air,
How could I dream of frosts entombing
Her, my sweet wild-wood blossom fair?
But when the flowers she'd loved and cherished,
Touched by chill autumn, drooped and died,
With their last fading bloom she perished,
And there I laid her by their side!

Loved and parted Haidee!

Dear Nature's child;

You'll never meet with flower more sweet

In all the prairie wild!

For the Free Press.

TO MISS

BY LUIS.

Thou hast broken the troth fondly plighted,
And pained where thou should'st have relieved ;
The heart that was thine thou hast slighted,
And left it half broken, bereaved.

Why raise it's confiding aspirings—
If but to embitter it's lot ?

Why lure on it's honest desirings—
If thus 'twas to have been forgot ?

But 'tis done ! All my fond hopes are blighted,
I trusted again in a vow ;
I know that I've loved unrequited,
Misfortune is powerless *now* !

But the world shall see naught of my sorrow,
My laugh shall seem lightest of all ;
Gay pleasure shall light up each morrow,
And music my spirit enthral.

But the heart thou hast widowed can never
Forget thee ; but when on the sea
Afar, each soft evening zephyr,
Will waft a fond prayer up for thee !

COME ROSY SPRING.

Come rosy Spring, and with thee bring
Thy vernal train in bright array,
Sweet Love's bright hours and golden flowers,
And song bird's tuned with silver lay.

Thy tints of shade to paint the glade,
In floral life of varied hue :
While daisies play in wanton way,
With violets of heavenly blue.

Spread wide thy sheen of living green,
Earth's earliest garb the first was given ;
Thy glories shed—revive the dead,
Bring Paradise 'twixt earth and Heaven.

King Winter cold is waxing old,
His tyrant reign will soon be o'er,
At thy glad voice the poor rejoice,
The rich thy beauty feign adore.

Then hasten love to every grove,
Thy charms are cherished far and near,
Libations free we'll pour to thee,
Queen Season of the changing year.

KEEP THE HEART LIGHT AS YOU CAN.

We have always enough to bear,
We have always something to do,
We have never to ask for care,
When we have the world to get through ?
But what, though Adversity test
The courage and vigor of man,
They get through misfortune the best,
Who keep the heart light as they can.

If we shake not the load from the mind,
Our energy's sure to be gone ;
We must wrestle with care, or we'll find
Two are loads less easy than one !
To sit in disconsolate mood
Is a poor and profitless plan ;
The true heart is never subdued,
If we keep it as light as we can.

There is nothing that Sorrow can yield,
Excepting a harvest of pain ;
Far better to seek Fortune's field,
And till it, and plow it again !
The weight that exertion can move,
The gloom that Decision can span,
The manhood within us but prove !
Then keep the heart light as you can.

UNTOLD LOVE.

Oh, Love by many an idle token
Is shown—for guard it as we may—
The hidden thought we have not spoken,
Some trifle will at times betray.
The lover's eye interprets well
The mysteries of a loving heart ;
Though lips another tale may tell,
The truth will triumph over art ;
In vain the cold and wintry look,
That freezes o'er the cautious brow,
'Tis but the ice upon the brook,
Whose tide more warmly runs below ;
And vain the simulated frown,
To veil the tender truth from sight,
As clouds across the sky are blown,
While all above is clear and bright.

AN IMITATION.

FROM THE WASHINGTON SENTINEL.

If thou hast crushed the rose
Whose graceful contour charmed thee,
Its sweets will still return
In perfumed air around thee;
But hast thou trampled on
Affection's pure devotion,
No sweets will bless thy path
Upon life's wintry ocean:
Nor canst thou think to win again
Love's diadem to crown thee;
Dost seek it mid gay pleasure's depths?
Waves of despair will drown thee!

Hast thou the maple pierced,
Its honied story revealing?
It pours its fountain forth
To enrich thine humble shealing!
But if to one true heart
A shaft of pain thou'st driven,
No honey thence will flow
To heal the gem thus riven:
And Nemesis will pay thee back
With interest secure,
Each bitter pang of misery
That heart was made endure.

Hast caused the tears to flow
From eyes with fondness beaming?
Love's light will form them in a bow
Thy careless word redeeming.
But if the soul's deep fount
Hath gushed forth at thy feet,
If thou hast sought the offering
To spurn it as unmeet:
Believe not earth will bring again
This coldly wasted treasure!
Thy hollow heart shall *ache* with pain
For love that knew no measure.

LOVE'S FAIRY RING.

BY GERARD MASSEY.

While Titans war with social Jove,
My own sweet wife and I
We make Elysium in our love,
And let the world go by!
Oh, never hearts beat half so light
With crowned Queen or King!
Oh, never world was half so bright—
As in our fairy ring,
Dear love!

Our hallowed fairy ring.

Our world of empire is not large,
But priceless wealth it holds;
A little heaven links marge to marge,
But what rich realms it folds!
And 'scaping from all outer strife
Sits love with folded wing,
A brood o'er dearer life in life,
Within our fairy ring,
Dear love!

Our hallowed fairy ring.

Thou leanest thy true heart on mine,
And bravely bearest up!
By mingling Love's most precious wine
In life's most bitter cup!
And evermore the circling hours
New gifts of glory bring;
We live and love like happy flowers
All in our fairy ring,
Dear love!

Our hallowed fairy ring.

We've known a many sorrows, sweet!
We've wept a many tears,
And often trod with trembling feet
Our pilgrimage of years.
But when our sky grew dark and wild,
All closer did we cling;
Clouds broke to beauty as you smiled,
Peace crowned our fairy ring,
Dear love!

Our hallowed fairy ring.

Away, grim lords of murderdom;
Away, oh Hate and Strife!
Hence revelers, reeling drunken from
Your feast of human life!
Heaven shield our little Goshen round
From ills that with them spring,
And never be their footprints found
Within our fairy ring,
Dear love!

Our hallowed fairy ring.

Lucy's Birthday.--(By *W. M. Thackeray.*)

Seventeen rosebuds in a ring,
Thick with sister-flowers beset,
In a fragrant coronet,
Lucy's servants this day bring.
Be it the birthday wreath she wears:
Fresh and fair, and symboling
The young number of her years,
The soft blushes of her spring!
Types of Love, and Youth and Hope,
Constant friends your mistress greet:
Be you ever pure and sweet,
Growing lovelier as you ope!
Cherished nursling, fenced about
By fond care, and tended so,
Scarce you've heard of storm without,
Thorns that bite, or winds that blow.
Kindly has your life begun,
And we pray that Heaven may send
To our flow'ret a bright sun,
A warm summer, a sweet end;
And, where'er her dwelling place,
May she decorate her home;
Still expanding into bloom,
And developing in grace.

THE SONG OF THE YEARS.

BY MRS. CELIA M. BURR.

Last night, as the snow flakes drifted,
Along in the silent gloom,
And the wind, with a plaintive murmur,
Came whispering through the room,
I saw in the paly starlight,
In a car of its silver beams,
A vision of wondrous beauty—
The Queen of the Isle of Dreams.

And she gathered aside the curtains
Of my bed with a gentle hand,
As softly she bade me follow
Her steps to the dreamer's land;
And there, as the night grew deeper,
We stood on a lonely shore,
Where the tide of a mighty river
Swept on with its ceaseless roar.

And a skiff at the land's edge lying,
Rocked dreamily to and fro;
Which I knew by an inward teaching,
Was the hearse of the years ago:
For a boatman sadly waiting,
Leant pensively on his oar,
And sang of the years departed,
The lost, that return no more.

And there, by the rolling river,
Proud turrets were lifting high
Their heads from a mighty castle,
Festooned by the starry sky;
Where lights from a thousand windows
Shone forth in the solemn gloom,
And the habitants of the Present,
Were fitting from room to room.

And anon, were the portals opened,
While the midnight slowly led,
With a muffled step and sadly,
As when we approach the dead,
An old man forth to exile,
Who painfully drew him near
Where the boat and the oarsman waited
The flight of the dying year.

And gathering close about him,
The shreds of the robe he wore,
He stepped from the beach where never
His footfall may echo more.
And the boat and the oarsman glided
From the castle beside the stream;
While a song that the old year chanted,
Came back like a mournful dream.

SONG OF THE OLD YEAR.

When buds are swelling on the forest boughs,
And wild birds singing;
When sunbeams quiver on the mountain brows,
A glory flinging;
When Spring time pours into the earth's green
vales,

Her dewy store;
And fans the hill tops with her perfumed gales,
I shall be there no more!
When Summer sits beneath the leafy shadows
Of forest aisles;
And on the blossoms in the fragrant meadows
The morning smiles;
Where young free voices are with gladness ring-

ing,
In hall and cot;
A brighter blessing to the bright earth bringing,
I shall behold them not.

And when the shadow of the evening faileth
On hill and dale;
And household laughter to the roof-tree calleth,
While moonbeams pale
Fall like a blessing on each truant comer,
Each loving heart;
I in these greetings, and the glorious Summer,
Shall have, alas, no part!

And pensive Autumn, clad in gentle graces,
Shall come with greeting,
To Summer's orphans in their lonely places,
And hush to sleeping
The crushed and weary whom the storm has
broken
And dimmed with tears;
While of my presence there will be no token,
In all the coming years.

The song on the air was dying,
When over the waters blue,
A tiny boy in a tiny boat,
Like a bird in the springtime flew;
And I knew by the fresh lipped blossoms
That lay in his shining hair,
By the smile on each dimpled feature,
Undimmed by single care;
By the buds of a brighter promise,
That blushing about him lay;
That the boy was a baby monarch,
Crowned king of the world to-day.
And again was the castle opened,
And a throng of his vassals came
To pay their court, and to crave a boon
In the old year's hallowed name.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

O! smile on us gently, and treat us not harshly,
For grief on our spirits hath lain;
And we pray that thy morrow bring nothing of
sorrow,
To shadow our hopings again.

Our hearts have grown weary, our pathway is
dreary
With the burden of years that are fled,
And remembrance is keeping a watch o'er the
sleeping,
The loved ones that sleep with the dead.

Oh! deal with us gently, and smile on us kindly,
And lay on each sorrowing brow,
Throughout thy dominion, as soothing a pinton,
As that which is fanning us now.

And many a blessing and gentle caressing,
Thou'lt meet as thou'rt passing away,
And star beams shall quiver for eye on the river
That brought the good king of to-day.

WASHINGTON.

PATER PATRIÆ.

High over all whom might or mind made great,
Yielding the conqueror's crown to harder hearts,
Exalted not by politicians' arts,
Yet with a will to meet and master Fate,
And skill to rule a young, divided State,
Greater by what was not than what was done,
Alone on History's height stands Washington;
And teeming Time shall not bring forth his mate.
For only he, of men, on earth was sent
In all the might of mind's integrity:
Ne'er as in him, truth, strength and wisdom blent:
And that his glory might eternal be,
A boundless country is his monument,
A mighty nation his posterity.

THE CLOSING SCENE.

BY T. BUCHANAN REED.

The *North British Review* pronounces this poem the best that has ever been written by an American author:

Within this sober realm of leafless trees,
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air,
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns, looking from their hazy hills
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed farther, and the streams sang low;
As in a dream, the distant woodman hew'd
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

Th' embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On slum'brous wings the vulture tried his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hill-side crew;
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before—
Silent till some replying wanderer blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay within the elm's tall crest
Made garrulous trouble round the unfledged young;
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest
By every light wind like a censer swung;

Where sang the noisy masons of the eves,
The busy swallows circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year;

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reapers of the rosy east
All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croak'd the crow through all the dreary gloom;
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this—in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine sheds upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
Firing the floor with his inverted torch—

Amid all this, the centre of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread
Plied the swift wheel, and, with her joyless mien
Sat like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known sorrow. He had walked with her,
Of supped, and broke with her the ashen crust,
And, in the dead leaves, still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned, and she gave her all,
And twice war bowed to her his sable plume;
He gave the swords to rest upon the wall.

Re-gave the swords—but not the hand that drew
And struck for liberty the dying blow;
Nor him, who to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmurs of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped, her head was bow'd;
Life drooped the distaff through his hands serene;
And loving neighbours smoothed her careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

POETRY.

HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS.

'Tis home where the heart is,
Where'er its loved ones dwell,
In cities or in cottages,
Through haunts or mossy dell;
The heart's a rover ever,
And thus on waves and wind,
The wanderer with her lover walks,
The mother with her child.

'Tis bright where'er the heart is;
Its fair spells can bring
Fresh fountains to the wilderness,
And to the desert—spring.
There are green isles in ocean,
O'er which affection glides,
And a heaven on each sunny shore,
Where Love's the star that guides.

'Tis free where'er the heart is,
For chains nor dungeon dim,
May check the mind's aspirations,
The spirit-feeding hymn!
The heart gives life its beauty,
Its glory and its power—
'Tis sunlight to its rippling stream,
And soft dew to its flower.

"I THINK OF THEE."

I think of thee—'twere vain to tell
How oft I think of thee;
Since blest with every thought of mine
Is thy loved memory.

I gaze upon the face at night,
Upon her star-gem'd brow,
And thoughts of thee, and hush'd bliss,
O'er my lonely spirit flow.

I ree o'er scenes which Nature's hand
Hath decked, all brightly fair;
Her loveliness is blent with thine,
I trace thy presence there.

I pierce the haunts of solitude,
The wild wood's shadowy glen,
I am not lonely—thoughts of thee
Gladden my wandering then.

I listen to soft shelling tones,
To music's sweetest sigh,
And still thy voice breathes o'er mine ear
Its gentle harmony.

I look upon the world of flowers,
In autumn hues arrayed;
Thine are the fair hands which twine them oft
As hand a flowing braid.

As hand a flowing braid
Within thy beauty's rays.

In vain I know that thou art to me—
My heart will fondly cling
To thee, with all the yearning love
Which knows no withering.

Fair half—through every hour of life,
My thoughts will turn to thee—
No change can shake, nor time can dim,
My heart's deep constancy.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Saturday Evening Post.

THE DOCTOR'S BILL.

BY MRS. M. A. CHANDLER.

'Tis very cold to night, mother,
said a young girl, whose dress betokened
extreme poverty.

'Yes my child,' answered her mother
with a shiver, as she looked upon the
dying embers, and we have but little
wood, and few comforts to protect us
from the wintry blast; but God is merciful,
he will provide for our necessities.

'Mother, do you never think it strange
that God should afflict us so severely in
taking away father, and stripping us of all
our earthly blessings?'

'Hush, my Anna, let not my daughter
question the acts of her heavenly Father.
Doubtless he has some good purpose
in view in thus afflicting us. His ways
are not as our ways.'

'Oh, mother, when I think of our beautiful
house, its rich furniture, and the many
happy hours which we have spent in it
and contrast our present situation with
what it then was,—I almost repine at
Providence—and the daughter wept.

'Hope in the Lord, Anna; he will sustain
us,' replied the mother, as she pressed
the child to her heart.

Mrs. Melville was the widow of one
who had formerly been an extensive merchant
in the city of Baltimore; but having
made several unfortunate speculations,
he became a 'broken merchant.'—
With his family he retired to a small and
uncomfortable house, plainly and scantily
furnished. Mrs. Melville and her daughter
Anna, then about thirteen years of
age, took in fine sewing; while Mr.
Melville was engaged as clerk in a store
at a salary which afforded a bare support,
for besides Anna, they had four children,
two boys and two girls.

Mr. Melville's health began to decline
daily under the weight of his misfortunes,
and soon he was confined to his bed. During
his protracted illness Mrs. Melville
spent her last dollar, and when he died
was obliged to sell part of her furniture
in order to defray his funeral expenses.
Then came the Doctor's bill. To meet
this they were unable, all was sold but
one table, half a dozen chairs, a few articles
of colliary use and some crockery
of the most common kind.

'You will have to wait for the money,
Doctor,' said Mrs. Melville with a sigh,
but with God's assistance I will pay you
all.'

Dr. Ridgely was a young man of tender
feelings. He had known the Melvilles
in their affluence and as he looked
upon that family, once surrounded with
everything to make them happy, now so
desolate, he inwardly resolved never to
present them his bill again.

'Certainly, madam,' said he, 'you shall
have your own time to pay it in.'

'Thank you, Dr.—may God bless you,'
exclaimed Mrs. Melville.

The tears sprang to the eyes of the
young physician, and he hastened away;
but he had seen Anna Melville, and she
was not one, when once seen, to be easily
forgotten. It had been four years since
the father of his patients—and she—
seventeen years of age. We will not attempt
a description of her, for her's was loveliness
that cannot be described; suffice it to say,
that she was beautiful in person, in heart,
and in mind.

'What a pity,' thought Dr. Ridgely, af-
ter seating himself in his office, 'that such
a beautiful flower should pine in obscurity.
And her mind—what intelligence is there!'

A day or two after, as Anna was taking
a bundle of work home, she met Dr.

Ridgely on the street. She involuntarily
blushed as she saw his eyes resting upon
her bundle.

'Good morning, Miss Anna,' he said,
blandly, 'how is your mother this morn-
ing?'

'Tolerably well, I thank you,' said she,
blushing, and passed on.

'Poor girl,' said Dr. Ridgely, 'she feels
the difference between our circumstances.
What if I should raise her in society once
more? Suppose I were to offer my hand
and heart? But, do I know that she
would listen to my proposal? She has
pride, and might not be willing to be a
portionless bride. Yet stay, would she
be portionless? No, the love of such a
girl as Anna Melville, would be sufficient
portion. I will try and win her,—and
he did win her, for, after a few struggles
between love and pride, she consented to
become his bride.

It was a short time after the engage-
ment, as they were sitting together when
Anna said.

'Charles, what will the world say of
Dr. Ridgely—the rich and admired Dr.
Ridgely—when they find out that he has
married a portionless girl?'

'Anna, dear, do not say portionless,
the qualities of your heart and mind are
not to be compared to the paltry trash of
this world's goods. I care not what the
world shall say; neither do I care for the
wealth I possess, but as it will enable me
to lavish it on you, and to ameliorate the
condition of the distressed around us.'

'Oh! Charles, where could I find—'

But he playfully laid his hand on her
mouth, and prevented her finishing the
sentence.

One month afterwards they were pri-
vately married. 'In that old house?'
some of my readers may ask. Yea, in that
old house; but there was now a cheerful
the hearth, and cheerful

As their engagement had been kept a
profound secret, the fashionable circle in
which Dr. Ridgely moved, heard of the
marriage with astonishment. The morn-
ing after the ceremony, a lady entered a
splendidly furnished parlor, where were
seated some four or five of her acquaint-
ances.

'Have you heard the news?' she breath-
lessly enquired.

'No, what is it?' they exclaimed.

'Dr. Charles Ridgely was married last
night.'

'Dr. Ridgely? To whom?' they cried
in a breath.

'Ah, that is what I cannot find out. Her
name is Anna Melville, but who she is, I
cannot tell.'

'Can it be the daughter of old Robert
Melville, who failed some four or five
years ago?' asked one.

'Yes,' said another, 'it must be she; I
remember now, he did have a daughter,
whom they called Anna. What in the
name of wonder possessed Dr. Ridgely to
marry that girl?'

After conversing upon this subject a
short time they separated, each to repeat
the story they had heard.

'Have you received an invitation to Dr.
Ridgely's party?' asked the same lady, a
few days afterwards of her friends.

'Oh yes; they say it is to be a grand
affair; and Mary Ashton has called on
the bride, and says she is very beautiful.'

'Well, I suppose she must be,' to captivate
such a man as Dr. Ridgely.'

The night of the entertainment arrived;
the parlors of the young physician's house
were crowded with the young, the gay
and the beautiful; but Anna Ridgely
shone the brightest star amongst them all.
The color had resumed its wonted place
on her fair cheek, her eyes sparkled with
happiness, and her husband gazed on her
with rapture.

'How did you enjoy yourself last evening,
Emma?' said Virginia Elmoro to
Emma Hamilton; the morning after the
party.

'Exceedingly—and is not the bride a
lovely woman?'

'Indeed she is, one of the most beauti-
ful women I have ever seen—and so mod-
est and retiring. Here will be a happy
lot.'

'The doctor pleaded so urgently, they
say, that Mrs. Melville was obliged to
yield to his solicitations—and she sends
her children to the best schools, and pro-
vides for them every comfort.'

The union thus formed was one of un-
clouded felicity.

'Did I not tell you, dear Anna, that
God was merciful?' said Mrs. Melville to
her daughter, some weeks after her mar-
riage.

'Yes my dear mother—and he is mer-
ciful, much more so than we deserve; may
he give us thankful hearts,' replied the
happy wife.

Mrs. Ridgely did not forget the days of
her poverty; but in her, the distressed
and afflicted always found a willing and
cheerful helper and friend.

Some years after Anna's marriage, her
mother received a legacy from a distant
relation, which made her independent.

'And now, doctor,' said she smiling, 'I
can pay the doctor's bill—'

'Never mind, dear mother,' he said
smiling, 'you can give that to some other
person to pay the doctor's bill.'

Many years did Mrs. Melville live to
enjoy her daughter's happiness—and see
her young children comfortably settled in
the world.

Eleanor S. Haire

PARKERSBURG — Eleanor Scollay Haire of 1325 Market St. died at her home early Tuesday.

She was born at Parkersburg to the

Rev. Dr. S. Scollay and Anne Isaacs Moore. Dr. Moore was rector at Trinity Episcopal Church at Parkersburg from 1888-1923 and rector emeritus from 1923 until his death in 1935. Mrs. Haire was a member of Trinity Episcopal Church.

Survivors include a brother, S. Scollay Moore of Nassau in the Bahamas; a sister, Elizabeth L. Moore of Parkersburg; a nephew, Lowell Chamberlain of Columbus; and a niece, Anne Chamberlain Brown of Marietta.

She was preceded in death by her husband, Melvin J. Haire in 1950; three sisters and a half-brother.

Services will be 11 a.m. Friday in the Vaughan Funeral Home at Parkersburg with the Rev. Kenneth L. Price Jr. and the Rev. G. T. Schramm officiating. Burial will be in the Riverview Cemetery at Juliana and Ann streets, Parkersburg.

Friends may call at the funeral home from 2 to 4 and 7 to 9 p.m. Thursday.

two elev
some of the
devoid of men
dash handling.
of the 40 cent ar
leisure in doing artistic
they may or may not be
The others bring in a steady
and keep the pot boiling."—New
leans Times-Democrat.

TRUTH AND A TRUNK.

Look Out For Baggage if a Woman Tells You It Isn't Heavy.

I know a woman who travels around the country with a trunk as big as a house. Protests of husband and friends are of no avail, and it seems to me the case is a perfectly proper one for the Anticruelty society. When I mentioned this to the lady with the trunk, she said, "But they are only to look after children and animals."

"Perhaps they can twist their constitution to get the baggageman under the ho— animals and prosecute

Wife of Ohio Writer Dies In Marietta

Mrs. Julia Chamberlain, wife of Dudley Chamberlain, columnist for the Columbus Citizen, a Scripps Howard newspaper, died of cancer Tuesday night at the Mrs. Edward Neill Nursing home, Marietta, where she had been cared for since last March. She was 65.

Mrs. Chamberlain's long illness attracted nationwide attention in July when it was revealed that a national magazine, The Ladies Home Journal, had broken a long standing policy so she could complete a serial story before her death.

Since the serial, John Marquand's "Melville Goodwin, U. S. A." was scheduled to run until November, the magazine consented to send galley proofs of the story to her husband so he could read them to her in White Cross hospital at Columbus.

Mrs. Chamberlain was born in Richmond, Va., the daughter of an Episcopal minister. She moved to Parkersburg as an infant with her parents, the Rev. and Mrs. Scollay Moore, her father becoming rector and later rector emeritus of Trinity Episcopal church here. In 1915, she was married to Dudley Chamberlain and had spent the past 32 years of her life in Marietta.

In addition to her husband, she leaves three children. Mrs. Anne Chamberlain Brown, Williamstown, whose book reviews appear each Sunday in The Parkersburg News, and John Dudley, Jr., and Lowell M., both of Columbus; four sisters and a brother, Mrs. Melvin J. Haire and Frances D. Moore, both of Parkersburg, Mrs. Jean D. Blankenship, Marietta, Dr. Elizabeth L. Moore, Oxford, O., and Scollay Moore, Panama.