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Select Poetry. WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I live for those who love me. For those who smile above me. For the heaven that smiles above me.

Don't be afraid. In our every day anxieties and cares, there is a great amount of fearfulness connected with and engendering from the many little annoyances incident thereto.

Select Miscellany. A GAME DINNER.

Shortly after the war with Great Britain, an aristocratic English gentleman built a residence in the vicinity of Fort George, on the Niagara frontier.

One day this chap took the small boat that lay moored at the foot of the walls of the fort, and crossed over to the Canadian shore to have a hunt.

The Englishman took the gun and stepped back a few paces, and then broke forth in a tirade of abuse, concluding with an order to stoop down and take a bite of the crow or he would blow into his brains.

There was a shot in the Englishman's eye; there was no help for it, and the stuttering soldier stooped down and took a bite of the crow.

The next morning, early, the commandant of Niagara was sitting in his quarters, when Colonel was announced. "Sir," said Colonel.

Tracing a Pedigree. Some men are boastful of their ancestry, while others are entirely devoid of all pride of birth.

Johny Moor is the name of a bright-eyed, jolly faced lad, twelve or fourteen years of age, whose invalid and widowed mother, living on Morgan street, helps to support by the sale of newspapers and such errands as he may chance to fall in with.

While he was meditating on the sudden riches he had amassed, and which he had stid into a capacious pocket, or perhaps racking his youthful mind whether to seek for the owner or conceal his good fortune, a gentleman rushed by him in an anxious hurry.

Mr. Thomas hardly seemed to know which to feel most relief on the recovery of his money and papers, or gratitude to the lad and admiration of his honesty.

Happy is the man who has a little home, and a little angel in it, of a Saturday night. A house, no matter how little, provided it will hold two or so—no matter how humbly furnished, provided there is hope in it; let the winds blow—close the curtains.

Why do Children Die. The reason why children die, says Hall's Journal of Health, is because they are not taken care of.

Never Trifle With a Man You Love. It is a dangerous experiment for a woman to play the coquette with a man whom she loves and who loves her in return.

At a recent country wedding, on the minister's asking the bride. "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" without waiting for the completion of the sentence, she replied, dropping a courtesy, "Yes if you please, sir."

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It is not what people eat, but what they digest that makes them strong.

Home and Wife. Happy is the man who has a little home, and a little angel in it, of a Saturday night. A house, no matter how little, provided it will hold two or so—no matter how humbly furnished, provided there is hope in it; let the winds blow—close the curtains.

What if they are calico, or plain white border, tassel, or any such thing? Let the rains come down; heap up the fire. No matter if you have a candle to bless yourself with, for what a beautiful light glowing coal makes, rendering clouding, shedding a sunset through the room; just enough to talk by, not loud, as in the highways; nor rapid, as in the hurrying world, but softly, slowly, whisperingly, with pauses between, for the storm without and the thoughts within to fill up.

Then wheel the sofa round before the fire; no matter if the sofa is a settee, unadorned as that, if so be it is just long enough for two and a half in it. How sweetly the music of silver bells from the time to come falls on the listening heart then. How mournfully swell the chimes of "the days that are no more."

A Touching Anecdote.—Hon. A. H. Stephens, of Georgia, in a recent address at a meeting in Alexandria, for the benefit of the orphan asylum and free schools of that city, related the following anecdote:

"A poor little boy, in a cold night in June, with no home or roof to shelter his head, no paternal or maternal guardian or guide to protect him on his way, reached at nightfall the house of a rich planter, who took him in, fed, lodged, and sent him on his way with his blessing. These kind attentions cheered his heart, and inspired him with fresh courage to battle with the obstacles of life. Years rolled round; Providence led him on; he had reached the legal profession; his host had died; the comments that prey on the substance of man had formed a conspiracy to get from the widow her estates. She sent for the nearest counsel to commit her case to him and that counsel proved to be the orphan boy, who years before welcomed and entertained by her deceased husband. The stimulus of a warm and generous gratitude was now added to the ordinary motives connected with the profession. He undertook her cause with a will not easily to be resisted; he gained it; the widow's estates were secured to her in perpetuity; and, Mr. Stephens added, with an emphasis of emotion that sent its electric thrill through the house, that orphan boy, before you."

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Advertisement for various medicines and products, including 'New Book Store', 'LIVING PILL', 'WORMS', 'PILLS', 'DRUGS', 'SPECTACLES', etc.