

POETRY AND MISCELLANY.

WINTER.

Bye not that the earth is dreary,
When have flowers the summer hours;
That the bright and beautiful
Have faded with the flowers.

THE TWO FUNERALS; OR, Benevolence versus Hypocrisy.

From sites that selected the people's blood—
And did descend—leaving to their need
A world of misery to range away.

and learn what we can of the deceased—his merits or demerits—his vices or his virtues.
Do we inquire of the rich? They speak of him as having been a man of immense fortune; living in ease and luxury; the envied of those beneath him who coveted the position he occupied; and the adored of those who make money their God.

At two o'clock that afternoon, to see that there was no cheating done at the sale of her furniture.
As he turned his eyes from the clerk to whom he had been speaking, he saw three gentlemen who had just entered the store and were making their way toward where he stood, whom he at once recognized as the pastor and two of the leading members of the church of which he was a member.

treasure of more value than all the gold and silver that filled the coffers of the man who had just refused her the small favor she had craved.
She did not know it was a rich legacy bequeathed to her by her dying mother. She did not examine it closely enough to see the bow of promise it contained. Yet she clasped it tightly, and when again she opened her hand to see the little jewel, there was nothing there—her soft flesh had drunk it in.

There was a beautiful scene—was that sick chamber, where lay a wasted form of that poor woman, her eyes closed in silent heart-devotion; and that little guileless child—without father—having neither brother nor sister—and her mother lying upon a bed of languishing, and perhaps of death, down upon her knees, pouring out her soul in earnest, agonizing prayer, and asking a blessing upon that cruel, hard-hearted man, who had refused to do them a kindness, even though it cost the poor woman's life.

THE MIND.
Of all the noble works of God, that of the human mind has ever been considered the grandest.
It is, however, like all else created, capable of cultivation; and just in that degree as the mind is improved and rendered pure, is man fitted for rational enjoyment and pure happiness.

SONG OF THE GOLD DIGGER.
Dig—dig—dig—
To dig for the golden ore,
Dig—dig—dig—
Till you sweat at every pore.

THE FATE OF THE "FOREIGN LEGION."

The morning of the 5th of September broke clear and calm over the dark and frowning battlements of the castle of Chapultepec.
The flag of the Mexicans streamed proudly from the ramparts, and waved in all its gorgeousness in the gentle breeze which swept along the plain.