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Poetical.

THE SICK MAN'S PRAYER.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

Come, soft sleep!
Bid thy balm my hot eyes meet,
Of the long night's heavy stillness,
Of the loud clock's ceaseless beat,
Of the weary thought of illness,
Of the room's oppressive heat—
Steep me in oblivion deep,
That my weary, weary brain,
May have rest from all its pain;
Come, oh, blessedness again.
Come, soft sleep!

Come, soft sleep!
Let this weary tossing end,
Let my anguished watch be ceasing,
Yet no dreams thy steps attend,
When thou bring'st from pain releasing.
Fancies wild to rest may lend
Sense of waking misery deep,
Calm as death, oh, on me sink,
That my brain may quiet drink,
And neither feel, nor know, nor think.
Come, soft sleep!

I HAVE SOMETHING SWEET TO TELL YOU.

BY MRS. OSGOOD.

I have something sweet to tell you,
But the secret you must keep;
And remember, if it isn't right
I am "talking in my sleep."

For I know I am but dreaming,
When I think your love is mine;
And I know that they are but seeming,
All the hopes that round me shine.

So remember when I tell you
What I cannot longer keep,
We are none of us responsible
For what we say in sleep.

My pretty secret 's coming!
Oh, listen with your heart,
And you shall hear it humming
So close 'twill make you start.

O, shut your eyes so earnest,
Or mine will wildly weep;
I love you! I adore you! but—
"I am talking in my sleep!"

Miscellaneous.

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS.

BY MRS. E. N. SKYMOUR.

"The school ma'am's coming, the school ma'am's coming," shouted a dozen voices, at the close of a half hour's faithful watch to catch a glimpse of our teacher. Every eye was turned toward her with the most scrutinizing glance—for the children as well as others always form an opinion of a person, particularly of their teacher, at first sight.

"How tall she is!" exclaimed one. "Oh, don't she look sweet?" cried another. "Ho, I ain't afraid of her, not a dozen like her," cried the "big boy" of the school. "Nor I either," cried the big boy's ally, "I could lick her easy enough, couldn't you, Tom?" "Yes, and I will, too, if she goes to touch me." "Hush, she will hear you," cried one of the girls. By this time she had nearly reached the door, round which we were clustered, and every eye was fixed upon her face with an eager, yet half bashful gaze, uncertain, as yet what verdict to pass upon her.

"Good morning, children," she said, in the kindest voice in the world, while her face was lighted with the sweetest smile imaginable.—"This is a beautiful morning to commence school, is it not?"

"I know I shall love her," whispered a little pet in my ear.

We all followed her into the school room, but Tom Jones and his ally, who waited until the rest were seated, and then came in with a swaggering, noisy gait, and a sort of dare-devil saucy look, as much as to say, "who cares for you?"

Miss Westcott looked at them kindly, but appeared not to notice them further; after a short prayer and reading a chapter in the Bible, she passed round the room, and made some inquiry of each one in regard to themselves and their studies.

"And what is your name?" she asked, laying her hand on Tom's head, while he set with his hands in his pockets, swinging his feet backwards and forwards.

"Tom Jones," shouted he at the top of his voice.

"How old are you, Thomas?" she asked.

"Just as old again as half," answered Tom, with a saucy laugh.

"What do you study, Thomas?"

"Nothing."

"What books have you?"

"None."

Without appearing to be at all disturbed by his replies, Miss Westcott said, "I am glad I have one or two large boys in my school; you can be of great assistance to me, Thomas, and if you will stop a few minutes after school this afternoon, we will talk over a little plan I have formed.

This was a mystery to all, and particularly to Tom, who could not comprehend how he could be useful to any one, and for the first time in his life he felt that he was of some importance in the world. He had had no home training; no one ever told him that he could be of any use or do any good in the world. No one loved him and of course he loved no one, but was one of those who believed he had got to bully his way through the world. He had always been called the "bad boy" at school, and he took a sort of pride and pleasure in being feared by the children and dreaded by the teacher.

Miss Westcott at once comprehended his whole character, and began to shape her plans accordingly. She maintained that a boy, who at 12 years old made himself feared among his school fellows, was capable of being made something of. Heretofore all influence had conspired to make him bad, and perhaps a desperate character by bringing opposite influences to work upon him, and to effect this, she must first gain his confidence, which could not be done in a better way than making him feel that she placed confidence in him.

When school was out more than half the scholars lingered about the door, wondering what Miss Westcott could be going to say to Tom Jones. He had often been bid to remain after school, but it was always to receive a punishment or severe lecture, and nine times out of ten he would jump out of the window before half the scholars were out of the room; but it was evidently for a different purpose that he was to remain now, and no one wondered what it could be more than Tom Jones.

"Don't you think, Thomas, that our school room would be a great deal pleasanter if we had some evergreens to hang around it; something to make it cheerful?" inquired Miss Westcott.

"Yes'm, and I know where I can get plenty of them."

"Well, Thomas, if you will have some here by eight o'clock to-morrow morning, I will be here to help you to put them up, and we will give the children a pleasant surprise; and here are some books I will give you, Thomas; you may put them in your own drawer, they are what I want you to study."

"But I can't study geography and history," exclaimed Tom, confused. "I never did."

"That is the reason why you think you cannot," replied Miss Westcott. "I am quite sure you can, and you will love them I know."

"Nobody ever cared whether I learned or not before," said Tom with some emotion.

"Well, I care," said Miss Westcott, with earnestness, "you are capable of becoming a grand and good man; you are now forming your character for life, and it depends upon yourself what you become. The poorest boy in this country has an equal chance with the wealthiest, and his circumstances are more favorable for becoming eminent, for he learns to depend upon himself. I will assist you all I can in your studies, Thomas, and I know you will succeed; remember that I am your friend, and come to me in every difficulty."

Tom Jones had not been brought up, he had come up, because he had been born into the world and couldn't help it; but as for any mental or moral training, he was as fruitless of it as a wild bramble brush of a pruning knife. His father was an intemperate, bad man, and his mother was a totally inefficient woman. At home he received nothing but blows, and abroad nothing but abuse. His bad passions were therefore all excited and fostered; and his good ones were never called out. He always expected that his teachers would hate him, so he whetted anew his combative powers to oppose them, and he had made up his mind to turn to the "new school ma'am" out of doors. When, therefore, Miss Westcott declared she was glad to have him in her school, he was amazed; and that she should manifest such an interest in him, and give him a set of new books, was perfectly incomprehensible to him. Miss Westcott understood his position and character, and determined to modify them. She felt that he was equally capable of good and bad actions, though the bad now predominated. She knew that his active mind must be busy; one might as well think of chaining the lightning as bending down by force that wild spirit to his books. She would give him employment, but such as would call out a new set of ideas and thoughts. He must feel that he was doing good to others and for other's sake, and that he was not guided alone by his own wayward will, and yet there must be *appearance* of restraint upon him, he *must choose* to do good.

Tom Jones went home that night with a new feeling in his breast; for the first time in his life he felt that he was capable of rising above his present condition, and becoming something greater and better than he was. His mind became inundated with new and strange emotions, and like a mighty river turned from its course, his thoughts and energies from that hour sought a new direction.

The next morning he was up with the dawn, and when Miss Westcott arrived at the school house she found Tom Jones there with his evergreens.

"Good morning, Thomas," she said kindly, "and so you are here before me; you must have risen early, and have found some beautiful evergreens; and now if you will help me hang them, we will have all the room arranged by nine o'clock."

"I have brought a hammer and some nails," said Tom: "I thought we should need some."

"Yes, so we shall; I am glad you thought of it," replied Miss Westcott.

That day every scholar looked amazed to see Tom Jones actually studying his book, and to hear him answer several questions correctly, and they were still more confounded, when at recess Miss Westcott said:

"Thomas, you will take care of those little children; will you not, and see that they do not get hurt? You must be their protector." One would as soon have thought of setting a wolf to guard a flock of lambs, as Thomas Jones to take care of the little children.

"Well," exclaimed Sam Evans, "I never saw such a school ma'am in all the days of my life; did you Tom?"

"No, but I wish I had, and I would have been a different boy from what I am now, but I am going to study now, and learn something. Miss Westcott says I can, and I am determined to try," replied Tom.

I was astonished to observe the effect that Miss Westcott's treatment of Tom had upon the scholars; they began to consider him of some importance, and to feel a sort of respect for him which they manifested, first by dropping the nickname Tom, and substituting Tommy, which revealed certainly a more kindly feeling towards him.

In less than a week, Miss Westcott had the school completely under control, yet it was by love and respect that she governed, and not by any iron rule; she moved among her scholars a very queen, and yet she so gained their confidence and esteem, that it did not seem to them submission to *another's* will, but the prompting of their own desire to please. One glance of her dark eye would have quelled an insurrection, and one smile made them happy for a day.

Julia Westcott taught school with a realization of the responsibilities resting upon her, and she bent her energies to fulfill them. Carefully and and skillfully she unlocked the soul's door and gave a searching glance within, in order to understand its abilities, and then shaped her course accordingly. The desponding and inactive she encouraged; the obstinate she subdued; to the yielding and fickle she taught a strong self-reliance. She encouraged the one rain drop to do all the good it could, and the rushing torrent she turned where it would fertilize rather than devastate.

There are in every school some dormant energies, which if aroused, might shake the world. There are emotions and passions, which if let loose, will, like the lightnings of heaven, scatter ruin and blight; but if controlled, may like the element become the messenger of thoughts to the world. In that head you call *dull*, may lie slumbering passions like some pent up volcano; open that closed crater, and see if there does not belch forth flames which your own hand cannot stop.

* * * * * * *

Julia Westcott understood human nature. She made it a study, as every teacher ought to do.—She rooted out error and prejudice from the minds of her pupils, showed them the evil of sin and beauty of virtue, the advantages of education, and the consequences of ignorance; taught them their own capabilities and responsibilities, and she adapted her instruction to capacities and necessities. And thus she went on, year after year, scattering good seed into good ground, and she reaped an abundant harvest. From many a happy home and high place come a blessing upon her, and there is no one who breathes her name with a greater reverence, or remembers her with more grateful affection, than "Tom Jones," who has filled with ability one of the highest judicial offices in the Union, and who freely acknowledges that he owes his present character and position entirely to her treatment and instructions.

Truly "he that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR.

There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a great number of things. He had a sister who was a child too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and power of God, who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another, sometimes, supposing that all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the waters, and the sky be sorry? They believed they would be *sorry*. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers; and the little playful streams that gambol down the hill sides, are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks, playing at hide and seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more.

There was one clear shining star, that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the grave. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at a window. Who ever saw it first cried out "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends of it, that, before lying down in their beds they always looked out once again to bid it good night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say—"God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night, and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came, all too soon! when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face upon the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves not there before! and when the star made long rays down towards him, as he saw it through his tears.

Now these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shinning way from earth to heaven, and when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the air; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that, lying in his bed, he wept for joy.

But there were many angels that did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face, that once had lain upon the bed, was glorified and radiant, and his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people hither—

"Is my brother come?"

And he said "No."

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried "O, sister! I am here! Take me!" and then she turned her beaming eyes upon him, and it was night, and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears.

From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as upon the home he was to go to when his time should come, and he thought that he did not belong to earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel before.

There was a baby born to be a brother to the child, and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched his tiny form out on his bed and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one, but another."

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "O, sister! I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him, and the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old servant came to him and said:

"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son."

Again at night he saw the star, and all the former company.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said: "Thy mother."

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the stars because the mother was reunited with her two children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "O, mother, sister and brother! I am here! Take me!" And they answered, "Not yet," and the star was shining.

He grew to be a man whose head was turning grey, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader:

"Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter."

And the man who had been the child, saw his daughter newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and said:

"My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet is the baby of old time, and I can hear the parting from her, God be praised!"

And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing around, he cried, as he had cried long ago, "I see the star."

They whispered to one another, "He is dying!"

And he said, "I am; my age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And O, my Father! now I thank thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me!"

And the star was shining, and it shines upon his grave.—*Household Words.*

Jewels.

The possession of superior talent creates more wishes than it gratifies.

He overcometh the strong enemy that overcometh his own anger.

It is better to live remote from fear and bondage, with but one freeman, than to be with multitudes a slave.

Vanity has many silly tricks; despotism, many cruel devices; love, many strange ways; but folly is constant.

From the Ontario Repository.

TROUT FISHING.

A benevolent Providence has bestowed upon man a variety of capacities and powers, in the proper exercise of which a vast amount of happiness may be indulged. There are many objects upon which the powers of man may be severally employed and produce happiness to him. There is one which combines the exercise of all the faculties of the mind—the moral powers of the soul and the affections of the heart. This is trout fishing. The reasoning powers are employed in selecting the proper time and place to seek the trout, in choosing the best way of approaching them without being observed, and in presenting the kind of food most attractive to their taste. The imagination is exercised in a sufficient degree—for what fisherman ever caught as many fish as he imagined he would? The energy and steadfastness of purpose of man's nature are displayed, for what fatigues are not ready to be borne, and has not the patience of a fisherman passed into a proverb? The benevolent feelings of the heart find an opportunity of being called into action; for next to the pleasure of taking the trout the fisherman finds a pleasure in giving them away to his friends. The conscience is brought into requisition and finds a satisfaction in the reflection, that in as much as it is known that the largest trout eagerly devour the smaller ones, by withdrawing some of the former from the stream, the lives of many of the latter are spared, and the crime of *piscacide* is avoided. And the affections are constantly kept alive, for the heart of the fisherman yearns over the trout, as the heart of a mother yearns over her only son—it clings to them with a devotion which defies all change of circumstances, season, or place, which

"No age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow."

The injunction of scripture which requires us to love our neighbor as ourselves is more than fulfilled, for every fisherman who resides in the vicinity of a trout stream loves his neighbors more than himself. Trout fishing then is an employment which has nothing of an evil in it, and is productive only of good to man and his fellows. It is a pleasure ranking among the highest of earthly enjoyments, and which will not admit of a wrong while the man is thus employed. If Adam could have been engaged in trout fishing on a certain occasion, and his wife near by holding bait or carrying the basket, *that mischief* never would have been done. A terrestial paradise can scarcely be conceived of, which should not have a fish pond filled with trout in it. That of itself would constitute a paradise to some men, and all the glories of earth if gathered together would not make one without it. Mahomet made a great mistake in the formation of his. It is evident he had never visited Caledonia, or Kettle Creek, or Hamilton County, for if he had, the great counterfeiter would as soon have omitted his Harem as his haunts for trout.

Poets have sung, painters have sketched and novelists have dilated upon the beauties of nature in its loftiest and lowliest aspects. But they have never said one word of a fish pond. The loviest object in nature, which ever brightened the eyes or gladdened the heart of a fisherman, is a collection of a clear cold water at the foot of hills, so high that the sun can reach it only at ten in the morning and leaves it at two, and those hills covered with pines whose branches cast a dark and perpetual shadow upon the still waters below. On one side of the pond, the banks should be high and terminate abruptly, and the deep green water below should be the dashing place of those trout that have become venerable for their age and size. At one end of the pond there should be a dam and at the end of that an old *saw mill*, which don't go. The sight would be the loviest upon which the eye could rest. The falls of Niagara may be grand, and we have stood at their base and looked upon the great cataract with a feeling akin to that of awe; we have cast our eyes upon the clear green waters below, and a feeling of delight was awakened, because we believed the speckled beauties were lurking in their bosom. But when we discovered a huge sturgeon, borne upon the shoulders of a man who'd just captured it, that feeling of pleasure was destroyed, for we know that no trout were to be found there. The trout constitute the aristocracy of fish, and it is not on speaking terms, nor does it have a visiting acquaintance, with a sturgeon.

Trout fishing is an employment which commends itself to men of every condition in life, of every age and of every sect. Are you young and has nature been bountiful in the bestowment upon you of the graces of person, seek frequently the "still brooks" and you will find that the healthful exercise shall add an elasticity to your limb, a glow to your cheek, and a fire to your eye.

Are you a lover, and has the idle of your affections mocked your prayer, and spurned contemptuously from her the offering of your heart? Grieve not at this unexpected turn to your affairs, but repair straightway to the forest and woo the beautiful nymphs of the waters, and you will find a consolation and a joy to which you have hitherto been a stranger. You may find the nymphs coy and shy at first, but you will, by continued efforts win their regards, and draw them toward you with the strong cords of affection. You will be richly repaid for all your toil, and will value your prize the more because it has been difficult to win. You will soon learn to forget the first idol of your affections which you lost, in the second which you have won; and if beauty of person had attractions, you will have no cause to regret the change. The sweet nymphs of the waters will turn their large black, winkless eyes, liquid with expression upon you, and they will bestow upon you smiles which shall betray the possession of teeth rivalling the pearl in whiteness; not set upon the gold plate of the Dentist, but as the hand of nature formed them, and which the infernal implements of dentistry never have touched.

Are you a henpecked husband, and does the wife of your choice, but manhood's aversion, diversify your life with alternate fits of "silent thunder" and Candle showers? Bear your head meekly, and in silence to the storm, and "return not railing for railing," for beside their being scriptural authority against it, the chances are that in a conflict with such weapons you may be beaten, from an inferiority of skill and want of practice. Let the storm rave on, and as soon as it has subsided betake yourself to the trout streams and you will soon forget that you ever had a sorrow, if not a wife. What if a recurrence of these visits but increases the violence of the storm? You can bear it, and can console yourself with the reflection that though your bank is at home, your antidote is by the brook side. Adjure your home entirely you cannot, for you have sworn to protect one who lives there, but you have not sworn to stay there all the while, nor have you sworn you would not seek a relief from your troubles. And there by the streamlet, with your feet in the water, and the rain pouring upon your head, and the musquitoes biting at your cheeks, you will find a balm for all wounds, and in the fulness of gratified enjoyment you will feel that there is nothing in the future to hope for, or the past to regret.

Reader, did you ever, when a child, have a home in the country, where a mountain stream flowed hard by, filled with the speckled beauties? Go to that spot after the absence of years, and when the cares and sorrows of life have gathered their snows upon your head and strewn their weeds around your heart. Seek not the old familiar faces of youthful companions; you will find them gone or changed. Seek not the habitations of men once frequented by you, these too you will find removed or destroyed—but go the mountain stream, for the hand of time which presses heavily upon man and the works of man, glides harmlessly over the face of nature, and you will find the stream leaping along as joyously as it used to leap. As you approach the banks, you listen for a moment for familiar sounds strike your ear. It is the same sweet, silver music of falling waters, which many years ago was so grateful to your heart; for the waters have not grown old, though you have, and they dance along as gladly and as merrily as they did when you listened to them "in Life's morning march when the bosom was young." You approach the stream about midway from the source and its termination in a mill pond, and there you reach the spot where the largest trout ever taken by you in that stream, or any other, at that time, was caught. There is the very log and the same root remaining still. It was by a tree which had fallen across the brook, the roots of which were in the water and a deep hole underneath. You remember how carefully you approached that spot, and after spitting upon your bait, (that was a delusion of childhood but it was common,) you threw your hook into the stream close by the root and let it sink down beneath. You saw the great grey fellow dart out, seize the bait and take it under the log. You waited a little while for him to take it and then you began to pull. At first the resistance you met with was so great, you thought the log, and not the fish, had got your hook, but a sudden jerk assured you that the trout was hold of it; and then the struggle began. You brought him to the top of the water, and as you saw how large he was, and how savagely he floundered, your heart leaped into your mouth and you felt the blood tingle through your veins to your very fingers' ends. You succeeded in bringing him ashore, when you eagerly seized him with both hands, removed the hook from his mouth, placed him on your willow string, (the luxury of a basket was then unknown,) and then he was safe. As you now step upon that log and shake it, you see two or three trout dart out and run down the stream; one of them stops, turns around, looks and laughs at you. Think not you ever saw that trout before; he is the lineal descendant through many generations of that one which you sought but failed to win, but whose parents and brothers you slew. As he looks upon you, he unconsciously to himself, but not to you, metes out a kind of retributive vengeance; for as you slew his ancestors, he now stands there in all the pride of fishhood and the vigor of youthful strength, and mocks at your bended form, your whitened head, and worn out face. A little further down the stream you come to another spot which was the scene of an interesting event. There was a log lying across the brook (it is there still) partly covered with brush, and above it a tree whose branches hung down nearly to the water; it was a capital hole for trout, and you knew it. You threw out your line and it became entangled in the branches of the tree; with great difficulty you detached it, when it caught again upon the brush below. This, too, at length you unfastened, and the hook sank in the very spot you wished. In a moment a large trout seized it, and at the same moment you pulled—brought him to the top of the water, when he fell off. Your hook caught in the log and broke, and it was the only one you had. When you found the trout was gone, your hook broke, and you had no other, perhaps you did'nt swear some? If you did not, there was a trial and triumph of your virtue over temptation. Perhaps you were a pious boy but did swear; if so, it is well that you visit that spot and repent of the sin, and have one less to answer for. A little further down you come to the place where the stream makes into the pond—and there lies the log extending into the pond on which you used to run, to throw your line as far as possible into the water. Once the waters had risen, and loosened the log from its moorings, but this you did not see; and in your eagerness you run out, when the log rolled over, and accoutred as you were you plunged in, and narrowly escaped drowning. As you traverse those familiar places you call to mind a visit you once made in search of trout upon the occasion of the sickness of a beloved member of your family—perhaps a mother. It was her last illness, and her delicate appetite could relish only the sweet flesh of the trout. You took your rod and sought to obtain some, but the fallen rains had swollen the streams so that they would not bite. You traversed the stream up and down, threw your hook into the accustomed places where you had never failed before, but you could'nt get one. You remained there till dark, trying the places again and again in the vain hope of getting at least one trout—even a little one for her who loved them so well, and who needed them so much; and then with a sad heart and a weary limb you wended your way homewards, and when you had arrived there, you did not, as when successful, throw down your rod at the door and run in to display the trophies of your skill, but you carried it around and put it in its wonted place by the *woodshed*, and then you came in and, with a faltering accent, said you could not get any to-day, but that you would go again when you hoped you would have better luck.

By this stream you recall the plans for the future there formed by you—for that was the era of hope, and the intervals of trout biting seasons were seasons of meditation. You pictured to yourself the attainment of desirable objects at certain periods of life. You now look back and see the whole pathway strewn with those hopes unattained—or if realized, they came at a period of life when you had survived the capacity to enjoy them. You may have obtained wealth, but it came at a time when you had outlived the ability to enjoy it, or the luxuries which it could bring. You may have received the applause of men, but it came when you had become in a measure indifferent to their opinions and when those for whose sake then you chiefly desired it, were gone and you were solitary and could not impart even the pleasure it did bring. You may have loved and possessed the object of your love; but it was not her who had been the starlight of your boyhood, and it was at a period when the freshness and fervor of youthful feeling had passed away forever, when the poetry of young days which cast its witching charm around everything, had ceased to be; it was a love measured by prudence; controlled by discretion.—Here, too, you trace the outline of the history of your youthful associates. Some of them whom at that time you deemed your inferiors have outstripped you in the attainment of desirable objects of life; others who were then deemed your superiors "the glory of whose noonday career sunk in dim eclipse," and many of them you find gone to their resting place. You stand upon that spot surrounded as it were, with the graves of those you knew, almost the only survivor of a generation that has passed away. One sad cold word comes back, like a knell, responsive to your call—dead, dead, dead. The old familiar faces which greeted you on your way to and from that spot, are to be seen no more. Your face, as you now see it reflected in the water before you, is not the face the waters looked upon when you were young. It is well that you have visited this spot and recalled these reminiscences of youthful days. You have had a sermon more eloquent than ever fell from the lips of man—more impressive than the pages of inspiration may have been upon you. You have been baptised into a communion with sacred feelings. You have gathered in a harvest of holy thoughts—and henceforth for a little while at least, you will go on the journey of your life a wiser, but not a gayer man.

TIMING IT.—A minister in the Highlands of Scotland found one of his parishioners intoxicated. Next day he called to reprove him for it.

"It is very wrong to get drunk," said the parson.

"I ken that," said the guilty person, "but I dinna drink as merkle as you do."

"Why, sir, how is that?"

"Why, gin it please ye, dinna ye av take a glass o' whiskey after dinner?"

"Why, yes, Jommy, I take a glass of whiskey after dinner, merely to aid digestion!"

"And dinna ye take a glass o' whiskey toddy every night when ye are gangin' to bed?"

"Yes, to be sure, I take a little toddy every night to help me sleep."

"Well, continued the parishioner, that's just fourteen glasses a week, and about sixty every month.—I only get paid once a month, and then if I'd take sixty glasses, it wad make me dead drunk for a week. Now ye see the only difference is that ye time it better than I do."

In youth, study to live well, in age to die well; for to die well is to die willingly.

Why is a sermon like a kiss? Because it only *two heads* and an *application*.

Home and Women.

If there has ever been a more touching and eloquent eulogium upon the charms of home, and its dearest treasure, woman, than is contained in the following extract from the Christian Enquirer, it has not been our good fortune to meet it:

"Our homes, what is their corner stone but the virtue of woman, and on what does social well being rest but our homes? Must we not trace all other blessings of civilized life to the doors of our private dwellings? Are not our hearth stones guarded by the holy forms of conjugal, filial, and paternal love, the corner stones of church and state, more sacred than either, more necessary than both? Let our temples crumble, and our academies decay; let every public edifice, our halls of justice, and our capitals of state, be leveled with the dust; but spare our homes. Let no socialist invade them with his wild plans of community. Man did not invent, and he cannot improve or abrogate them. A private shelter to cover in two hearts dearer to each other than all in the world; high walls to exclude the profane eyes of every human being, seclusion enough for children to feel that mother is a holy and peculiar name—this is home; and here is the birth place of every virtuous impulse, of every secret thought. Here the church and the state must come for their origin and their support. Oh! spare our homes! The love we experience there gives us our faith in an infinite goodness; the purity and disinterested tenderness of home is our foretaste and our earnest of a better world.—In the relations there established and fostered, do we find the chief solace and joy of our existence. What friends deserve the name, compared with those, whom a birth right gave us? One mother is worth a thousand friends. One sister truer and dearer than twenty intimate companions. We who have played on the same hearth, under the lights of the same smile, who date back to the same scene and season of innocence and hope, in whose veins runs the same blood, do we not find that years only make more sacred and more important the tie that binds us.—Coldness may spring up, distance may seperate, different spheres may divide; but those who can love anything, who continue to love at all, must find that the friends whom God himself gave, are wholly unlike any we can choose for ourselves, and that the yearning for these is the strongest spark in our expiring affection."

Caught in the Act.

We saw a funny spectacle the other day. A dozen omnibusses, with their live freight, were about starting on a pic nic, when a young woman ran hastily up and said to a gentleman of the party, who had just seated himself cosily by the side of a pretty girl:

"Here, sir I want to know what right you have to be going to pic-nics, and your wife and child at home?"

"Hush, Mary," whispered the gentleman, hastily getting out of the omnibus, "hush, the people will hear you."

"Who cares if they do? Why didn't you think of the people, or of me, or your child, instead of running off to pic-nics, with other women?"

"Well—there—now—don't—"

"But I will though! And as for you, Miss, if you ever dare to look at my husband again, I'll—"

"I don't look at him, ma'am," tremblingly replied the poor girl; "I thought he was a single man when he asked me to go on a pic-nic with him."

"So you have begun your didoes, have you, my lark?" exclaimed the wife, "you have begun your didoes, have you? So, so, I'll give you a lesson, which you will remember—(taking him by the ear)—now walk home with me!"

The poor fellow writhed and implored, but his better half kept her hold and walked him off home, the laughter and jeers of the whole party ringing in his ears at every step.

We wouldn't have stood in that poor fellows boots that day, no not for the privilege of listening to the best sermon ever preached.—*Spirit of the Times.*

The editor of the New York Mirror having hinted that the editor of the New York Herald is not a beauty, the latter offers to bet a thousand dollars that he is handsomer than the Mirror man. Bennett says:

"We mean to take this bet—that we will come nearer to the great statue of the Apollo Belvidere, in the judgment of twelve of the best artists in New York, than our contemporary, who calls us an "Ogre"—an "Ogre"—daily, weekly, and monthly. And in order to make the bet more complete, and as it has been lately introduced in Barnum's hotel to be stripped to the naked truth to make philosophical experiments, we are perfectly willing to go before a committee of these twelve artists, selected as a jury, to be stripped side by side with Hiram Fuller, to test which of us comes nearer to the great model of Apollo, and that the one who does come nearer shall have the money, to be distributed among the poor of New York. Will he accept our proposition?"

This is a fair proposition, but if it be accepted due notice should be given in order that people might have time to leave the city before these knights of the quill were "unrolled."

Losing and Winning.

The Albany Journal—the organ of Senator Seward—has a somewhat lengthy article admitting that there is "alienation and estrangement" between him and President Fillmore, and threatens not to support his administration unless he adopts with the office to which he has fallen heir, the measures of the Galphin Cabinet, and vindicates the Taylor policy; otherwise that Journal does not hesitate to admonish Mr. Fillmore by allusion to "the perfidious course and ignominious fate" of John Tyler. The State Register—the anti-Seward paper at Albany—copies the whole from the Journal, and very coolly remarks that

"The following article from a contemporary, expressing distrust of President Fillmore—one of the longest tried and truest Whigs in the nation, and foreshadowing hostility to his administration—we doubt not will strike our readers, as it has us, with no little surprise."

The Register remarks further, that it has no doubt the high powers with which Mr. Fillmore is clothed will be "discreetly used to restore peace and harmony, and compose the unhappy differences that now unfortunately divide and distract the Union. Without surrendering his own judgment, he will call to his aid the wise counsels of the great and good men, of whom, fortunately, there are not a few at hand, in shaping his course of action."

We shall see what we shall see. The two wings of Federal Whiggery—the Fillmore wing, and the Seward wing—are now looking daggers, points at each other on account of the spoils, and an open rupture may be anticipated before a great while. This is the state of the case—the losing and winning game—in New York, and here in Pennsylvania we shall have the same scene between the Johnston and Cooper factions—or else we are greatly mistaken in our reckoning.

Time will determine whether we are right or wrong in our prediction.—*Lancaster Intelligencer.*

"There is something in the misfortunes of our best friends that is not disagreeable," said a French philosopher. An English one says: "For one man who sincerely pities our misfortunes, there are a thousand who sincerely hate our success."

A tea drinking watch took place at Seaconbe recently, and the woman who won the prize disposed of no fewer than 19 cups.