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APOTHEOSIS OF LOVE.

BY ANTHONY EARLE.

There is no heaven but love,
All things that live and move
Are upheld by its breath,
And it is master of the hands of death.

It makes the weak heart strong,
The soulless path with song,
And spreads the stars with flowers,
And builds enchanted palaces and bowers.

It claims for its own
Each lovely day and scene,
And makes the beauty seem
The semblance of its own delighted dream.

And vocal to its ear,
Dumb stars and forms of spheres;
Its muffled music comes
In grandeur, rushing like the roll of drums.

It hears the angels sing,
And their glad the winds of heaven,
Through all the azure skies
And domes of heaven's illuminated pines.

It sees a mystic scene,
A language deep and true,
And floods of glory o'er the silent meads,
And hails the angels' feet.

It makes woman's eyes
Macabre, mystic, true,
And in celestial bliss
Arrays their loveliness of form and mien.

It decks the virgin bride,
Painting her brow with red,
With odorous pangs, which start
To blazon unto all her throbbing heart.

That faint on her cheek,
Doth light her cheek,
And heavenly halos spread,
Like clouds of glory round her head.

All things fall well it knows,
And where'er it goes,
Music and flowers attend,
And dance and forms of spheres and call it friend.

It makes the darkness light,
And light more grand and bright;
The wilderness doth bloom,
And still the call the dead come from the tomb.

All the great works of man
Are built upon its plan;
It paints, and carves the stone,
It breathes on every chimney doth own.

The poet in his dreams,
Transfigured by love's beams,
Sings his golden song,
And floats on every vision of the dawn.

It breathes through every prayer,
And makes the sufferer bear,
The noble martyr die,
And conquer, like God, their agony.

Religion, holy-eyed,
Goes to the heart,
Looking through faith to Him,
In solemn temple and cathedral dim;

Or, in the secret heart
Whispering a prayer,
Through all the march of time
And love's helpers of its plan sublime.

And every evil life,
Through all the march of time
And love's helpers of its plan sublime.

And love one day shall reign,
O'er hill, and vale, and plain;
And all the land shall be
Shall own the triumph of its sovereignty!

(Home Journal.)

TO MY COAT.

FROM THE PEN OF A BENEVOLENT.

Though hardly worth one penny coat,
Thou art dear to me, my poor old coat,
For full ten years my friend thou hast been,
For full ten years I've brushed thee clean,
And now, like me, thou art old and wan,
With both the looks of a good man,
But worn and shabby as thou art,
Thou and the poet shall not part.

I've not forgot the birthday eve
When first I donned thy glossy sleeve,
When joyful friends, in glistening wit,
Drank joy to me, and I to mine,
Our indignance let some despise,
We were as even in their eyes;
And for their sake, old as thou art,
Thou and the poet shall not part.

One evening, I remember not,
I'm coming, blushing, to thy little cot,
She stole her lover to retain,
Who had just left her in the train,
Dear girl, she did her best endeavor,
And patched thee up as well as ever,
But worn and shabby as thou art,
Thou and the poet shall not part.

Never, my coat, has thou been found
Beating thy shoulder to the ground,
From any coat, "Lord" or "Grace,"
To beg a pension of a place,
Wild fowls, like a monarch's dove,
Adorn thee most button-hole;
If but for that, old as thou art,
Thou and the poet shall not part.

Poor though we be, my good old friend,
I go to bed, and thou art my friend,
Hast amid temptations past,
We will be honest to the last;
And more I prize thy virtuous rage,
Than all the lace a courtier brings;
And, while I live and have a heart,
Thou and the poet shall not part.

DON'T PROPOSE IN THE DARK.

BY MISS MITFORD.

The pretty square farm-house, standing at the corner of Kibbles lane, (for the first phrase, although giving by far the closest picture of the place, does it, must be confessed, look rather Irish,) and where the affable brook winds away by another lane, until it spreads into river-like dignity, as it meanders through the sunny plain of Hartly common, and finally disappears amidst the green recesses of Perge wood—that pretty square farm-house, half-hidden by the tall alms in the flower before it, which with the spacious garden and orchard behind, and the extensive barn, yards and out-buildings, so completely occupies one of the angles formed by the crossing of the lane and the stream—that pretty farm-house contains one of the happiest and most prosperous families in Aberleigh—the large and thriving family of Farmer Evans.

Whether from skill or from good fortune—or, as is most probable, from a very lucky mixture of both—everything goes right on his great farm. His crops are the best in the parish; his hay is never spoiled; his cattle never die; his servants never thieve; his children are never ill. In spite of all this provoking and intolerable prosperity, everybody loves Farmer Evans. He is so hospitable, so good-natured, so generous, and so homely.

There, after all, lies the charm. Riches have not only not spoiled the man, but they have not altered him. He is just the same in look and way, and what he was thirty years ago, when he and his wife, with two sorry horses, a cow and three pigs, began the world at Dean Gate, a little bargain of twenty miles off. Ay, and his wife is the same woman!—the same frugal, tidy, industrious, good-natured Mrs. Evans—so noted for her activity in tending and limbering her good looks and her plain dress, as frugal, as good-natured, as active, as plain dressing is Mrs. Evans at forty-five as she was at nineteen, and, in a different way, almost as good-looking.

The children—six "boys," as Farmer

Evans prominently calls them, whose ages vary from eight to twenty, and three girls, two grown up, and one the youngest of the family—are just what we might expect from parents who are so simple and so good. The young men, intelligent and well-schooled; the boys, docile and promising; and the little girl, as pretty a little curly-headed, rosy-cheeked pup as ever was the pot and plaything of a large family. It is, however, with the eldest daughters we have to do.

Jane and Patty Evans were as much alike as north or south, for, in the matter of twin children, there has been a series of puzzles ever since the days of the Dioscuri. Nearly of age, (I believe at this moment both are turned nineteen, and neither has reached twenty,) exactly of a stature, (so high that Frederick the Great would have coveted them for his tall regiment,) with hazel eyes, large mouths, full lips, white teeth, brown hair, clear, healthy complexion, and that sort of nose which is neither Greek nor Roman, nor aquiline, nor *à la pètit nez*, that some persons prefer to their "bill," but a nose which, modestly prominent, and sufficiently well shaped, is, as yet, as far as I know, anonymous, although it is, perhaps, as common and as well looked a feature as to be seen on an English face. Altogether they were a pair of tall and comely maidens, and being constantly attired in garments of the same color and fashion, looked at all times so much alike, that no stranger ever dreamed of knowing them apart, and even their acquaintances were generally at a loss to speak of them as the separate individuals Jane and Patty. Even those who did pretend to distinguish the one from the other, were not exempt from mistakes, which the sisters—Patty, especially, who delighted in the fun so often produced by the unusual resemblance—were apt to favor by changing places in a walk, or slipping from one side to the other at a country tea-party, or playing a hundred tricks, to occasion at once a grave blunder and a merry laugh.

Old Dinah Goodwin, for instance—who, being rather purlined, was jealous of being suspected of seeing less clearly than her neighbors, and had defied even the Evanses to puzzle her discernment—seeking in vain on Patty's hand the cut finger which she had dressed on Jane's, ascribed the incredible cure to her own incomparable sense; and could be hardly so successful, even by the exhibition of Jane's glove and the exhibition of the lacinated digital sewed round by her own bandage. Young George Kelley, too, the greatest beau in the parish, having bet at a Christmas party that he would dance with every pretty girl in the room, lost his wager, which Patty had overheard, but that saucy damsel's slipping into her sister's place, and persuading her to join her own unconscious partner; so that George danced twice with Patty, and not at all with Jane. A bantering piece of malice, which proved, as the young gentleman (a rustic exquisite of the first water) was pleased to assert, that Miss Patty was not displeased with her partner. How little does a vain man know of woman-kind. If she had liked him, she would not have played the trick for the mines of Golconda. In short, from their school-days, when Jane was chidden for Patty's bad work, and Patty slapped for Jane's bad singing, down to this, their prime of womanhood, there had been no end to the confusion produced by this remarkable instance of family likeness.

And yet nature—who sets some mark of individuality upon even her meekest production, making some unnoted difference between the lambs dropped from one ewe, the robins bred in one nest, the flowers growing on one stock, and the leaves hanging on one branch, and not left these maidens without one great and permanent distinction—a natural and striking dissimilarity of temper. Equally industrious, affectionate, happy and kind, each was kind, happy, affectionate and industrious, in a different way. Jane was grace; Patty was gay. If you heard a laugh or a song, be sure it was Patty; she who jumped the stile, when her sister opened the gate, was Patty; she who chased the pigeons in the garden, as merrily as if she was running a race, so that the pigs did not mind her, was Patty. On the other hand, she who so carefully was making with its own ravell'd threads, an invisible darn in her mother's handkerchief, and was hearing her sister read the while; she who so patiently was feeding, one by one, two broods of young turkeys; she, too; that so pensively was watering her own bed of delicate and somewhat rare flowers—the pale hues of the pink, or the alabaster bloom of the white evening primrose, whose modest flowers, dying off into a bluish, resembled her own character—was Jane. Some of the gossips of Aberleigh used to assert that Jane's sighing over the flowers, as well as the early steadiness of her character, arose from an engagement to my lord's head-gardener, an intelligent, sedate and sober young Scotchman. Of this I know nothing. Certain it is that the prettiest man in the garden, as merrily as if she was running a race, so that the pigs did not mind her, was Patty. 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