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BURIESS ADVERSERIBING DEFARITEENT.

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A WOMAN'S QUESTION

From "Legends and Lyrics," a new volume just published in London, by Adelaide Anne Proctor, (daughter of Barry Cornwall.)

Before I trust my fate to thee, Or place my hand in thine, Before I let thy future give, Color and form to mine Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul To-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel A shadow of regret:
Is there one link within the past
That holds that spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free as that
which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost, oh, tell me before

Look deeper still. Ift hou canst feel. Within thy inmost soul,
That thou has kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole:
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in true

mercy tell me so. Is there within thy heart a need That mine cannot fulfil? One chord that any otler hand

Could better wake or still Speak now-lest at some future day my whole life wither and decay. Lives there within thy nature hid The demon spirit change, Shedding a passing glory still On all things new and strange?

It may not be thy fault alone—but shield my Could'st thou withdraw thy hand one day And answer to my claim, That fate, and that to-day's mistake, Not thou-had been to blame;

Some soothe their conscience thus, but thou. O, surely, thou wilt warn me now. Nay, answer not-I dare not hear, words would come too late

Yet I would spare thee all remorse, So, comfort thee, my fate; Whatever on my beart may fall, remember, I would risk it all.

WILL SHE MARRY?

When Milford Brightly died, he left his young and pretty widow in a predicament. To be sure, the Widow Alice remained in charge of the Pelican Hotel, which he had rendered popular, and which was considered a valuable piece of property, still bidding fair to do a thriving business, but no sooner had her husband departed; than Mrs. Brightly found herself the chief topic of the town-the object of vigilant and curious speculation; among the boarders and frequenters of the Pelican, and the neighbors generally, as to the pros pect of her marrying again, when, and to

A question arose as to whether she had really loved her husband, who, though good and affectionate, had been much older than she. This question was decided by the gossips in the affirmative.-Then a question followed as to whether she now loved any body else; and on this there was much doubt and much positiveness, and a wide difference in opinion.-The theme was so interesting and prolific that it sprouted under much care, and the branches grew from it.

One branch was, whether in a moral, re ligious, and sentimental point of view, she ought to marry. Very juarrelsome chatterers and twitters perched upon that branch, and agitated themselves in the breeze. A branch from this branch was whether, if the widow was justified in marrying, within about what time it would be perfectly decent for her to do the same; and a twig on this branch was, what her own judgment might be on that particular point. Then there was another grand branch, viz: whe her Mrs, Brightly wanted to marry again: and this was perhaps the most important branch of all; because, if she should hal pen not to want to marry, no power on earth could force her to do so, and she would remain a widow-and there would be an end of all discussion.

But there were yet other branches, which claimed careful attention. One of these. quite melancholy and romantic, was whether Mrs. Brightly could marry again, and *not violate her husband's dying wish; for there was a report, of uncertain authenticity, however, that Milford Brightly had been so fond of his wife, that he charged her, as she valued his memory, to remain a widow forever, and come to him in hea

ven without incumbrances. Some said, if this was true, it might not deter the widow: but then here a nowerful branch grew out, in the shape of another report, which insisted that the lamented husband had left the principal part of his property to her, conditionally upon her never marrying again. This seemed a kind of ugly branch, but it also seemed as strong as it was ugly, and commanded respect, because its leaves on one

side were golden. But the eyes of many refused to contemplate this branch. They stood entirely on the other side of this tree of discussion, and delighted to dwell upon yet another and more agreable branch, which took the shape of an interrogation, as to whom Mrs.

she chose, and could marry at all. This was the most popular and fruitful branch of all; it waved over a variety of eligible heads, and bore many opples of accord and discord; but all the town agreed upon one point, which was the soil which gave growth to this tree. They agreed that

of the Pelican, would be a good match for almost any man in the village; and they also agreed that they would watch her actions, so as not to be taken by surprise by anything which was coming. On her part, the youthful widow was fully conscious of being thus closely watched: and she kept her eyes and ears open, and her mouth closed, in conformity with her own ideas of discretion. She superintended the house-affairs with her custo-

mary dignity and grace; her natural animation tempered by her loss, though none the less hospitable to all; and her fortitude and resignation were well supported by the youth and strength of her constitution. She wore her weeds calmly and without ostentation of grief, and resolved to be circumspect and taciturn regarding her intentions and affairs.

But though she might keep people from

knowing, she could not prevent them from thinking and talking. Possibly she did not wish it. Certain it is, that she learned that among her suspected suitors were no less than eight men, who had been acquaintances of her husband. There was the Rev. Mr. Sable, a young clergyman of thirty, at whose church she now attended more regularly than before; Mr. Greenmore, a rich gentleman-farmer of sixty, still hale and hearty; young Mr. Torrence the handsome barkeeper of the Pelician : Dr. Valerian, a physician in the meridian of life; Mr. Vicegage, a real estate broker in the city; Mr. Bullock, an extensive dealer in cattle: Mr. Carver, the thriving furniture dealer; and Mr. Flood, the whole-

sale dealer in wines and liquors. These all were among the frequent visitors at the hotel-from some plausible cause or other apart from any matrimonial purpose; and these all, equally with each other, but more than all others. appeared to enjoy a suspectable share of the widow's confidence. They were known to have many little separate chats with her in private; but who was to tell what was the purport of these interviews?-Openly she seemed to regard them with a charmingly impartial partiality-charming for its adroitness, but perplexing from its uniformity. Mr. Torrence might be thought to have the advantage of the other seven, as he was the barkeeper, and was almost always in the house; but then, it was optional with the others to have the favor of her society while he was engaged down-stairs.

For several months, notwithstanding her strict caution, and close observation, Mrs. Brightly remained in doubt as to the intentions of these several male acquaintances. She had, it is true, her occasional and growing suspicions, but her uncertainty arose from their studied evasive-

ness. And she soliloquized thus: "All of these men visit me with a kind of timidity I cannot fully understand .-They look almost as if they approached me by stealth, and were ashamed of it -It may be that they all mean marriage, but are in doubt as to the existence of rivals. Perhaps they think it too soon for them to begin to make overtures. But though they have made none yet, I can perceive a disposition in them to sound my sentiments as to a second marriage, and to inquire about each other, as if they hoped thus to learn more of each others' relations towards me, and my opinions of them. I may be wrong, but whether they persist or not in keeping me in doubt, I shall certainly keep them in that condition, till such time as I think it politic to throw off all disguise."

A discretion like this might well have been approved by the lamented himself, and perhaps so even if he knew the motive for it. But her uneasinese kept these eight men ignorant of this resolution; and this resolution was the cause of much perplexity to these eight men.

And well might they be perplexed .-Here they were-they came and wentirregularly but frequently-all, to be sure, with plausible claims for some worthy woman's hand, and all, to be sure, equally solicitous for hers; but circumstances had conspired to place them in a great state of doubt

In the first place, they were in doubt as to the decency of thus running after a widow before her weeds were rusty. This of itself caused them to feel rather sheepish, and look so on approaching her.-They felt that their object was suspected, and might be held in reproach by others besides her; they might be thought unfeeling, or mercenary, or both. Then, what if the widow should still adhere to an exclusive love for the departed landlord of the Pelican! What-and that was quite as bad for them-what if Mrs. Alice Brightly had already set her affections upon another, and had promised him both her hands, with her heart and soul in one and all the perplexity in the other! This would be a grevious piece of information to find out, just at the moment of refusal

It was best to be careful in this matter. Time might show. But time was long in waiting. It was a precarious state of mortifying suspense. What if they should wait too long, and the widow should get tired, and some more impulsive being should step in, and set their doubts at rest forever in the black ditch of despairs fringed by the golden fruition of his nup-

tial hopes? Here was not exactly a "widow-bewitched," but a widow so besieged, that if her predicament had not been peculiar, and her temperament extraordinary, there is no doubt she would have held out a sign of truce, and surrendered at discretion to somebody. But though so much was said and thought about her, much remained to be told, and she did not choose tell it.

Was there some fearful mystery connected with her remarkable reticence?-Was she heart broken and had a strange power of concealing it? Was she pleased

Brightly would be most likely to marry, if | in thus being an object of constant remark and curiosity? Could it have inflated her vanity, or amused her sense of the ludicrous, to know, as she did, that the ordinary fréquenters of the house, and the neighbors round about were evermore busying themselves with conjectures as to the precise meaning of her out goings and were-goings, and in comings and what-doings; of her casual remarks and chance glances; her purchases of whom and what; the state of her health, what she wore, with whom she corresponded, and for what particular person she did have a positive preference, and if any, how much, and within what bounds re-

It might or it might not; but she conducted herself as if ignorant of these circumstances; and she moved among them all, a seemingly careless paragon of wonder, still bearing enough of the insignia of widowhood to show she had not forgot ten it; and yet diversifying the black, from time to time, with such gayer colors as made perplexity do extra penance for the wearisome inquisitiveness of its fertile researches

Matters regarding Mrs. Brightly and her eight evasive and undecided suitors remained in much the same state for about ten months after the Pelican had lost its landlord, when the said suitors concluded to make a change in the programme of Pelican affairs, as far as they ere concerned.

They all thought it was high time something should be done. The slowest people, when fairly aroused, are sometimes the very quickest; and whereas, before, they had striven to keep out of each others' sight and knowledge, they now met frequently about the hotel, and did what they could to give each other to understand that there was a certain attraction at the house which each considered it his privilege to try to possess against all comers: and that it would be indelicate, not to say dangerous, for all other comers any longer to interfere. Shrugs, coughs, looks, and tones of antipathy between them served to convey this intimation but failed to produce the desired result. Each man found seven stubborn stumbling blocks in his way; and this induced another change of tactics.

They came by degrees more courteous, interchanged mutual self-introductions, and beginning with the weather, ended with the widow. It was of 'no use, they now frankly acknowledged, to disguise their object any longer. They were all after the widow, and they had not yet ascertained her mind, though it must be that she understood theirs, by implication, after such long evidence of anxiety on their part. Now, therefore, it was resolved, that, as they had not singly been able to remove her evasiveness, one of their number should go to her, and in the name of all, entreat her to declare her preference between them.

Lots were drawn, and the chosen delegate to the lady was Mr. Bullock the cattle dealer. And it may be regarded as a proof that that gentleman had a high reputation for his transactions in cattle, that all seemed perfectly satisfied that the lot had fallen upon him, when he was thus intrusted with a mission pregnant with such vital importance to their happiness and his at the same time. Mr. Bullock pledged his honor that he would take no advantage of his opportunity as a delegate to edge in a word, or tip even a wink for himself, and repaired at once to the widow, leaving them in intense anxiety, in a sitting-room below, for the space of fifteen

At the end of that time, he came down. with a blank visage, and they asked the

"She simply says she has no preference between us. She appears very frank

"Between us" they cogitated. "Then we are on even grounds. But she may have a preference for somebody else-though who he can be, who knows? Go up now, Bullock, and ask her, point-blank, as she is so communicative to-day, and to set our minds at rest, if she intends to marry any

"I'll do that, but of course she does." Up went Bullock, and down he came

again. "And now what?" "She says, No. She don't intend to

marry anybody else." Again they discussed the reply, and Bullock was once more sent up, to solve a long mooted doubt, whether her husband's wish and will left her free to marry

again, if she should choose Down came Bullock, and brought this

"She was left free to marry, without any restriction: and says that she will not marry anybody else. Now, for God's sake, gentlemen, don't send me up again. All our hopes are blasted, and I should think that would satisfy you." But the others refused to consider

themselves blasted. As the widow was free, and had no choice between them, each secretly determined to do what he could to change her intention in his favor. They separated in that hope; and it was increased, a few days afterward, when each received an invitation to a family party to be given by her, when, as she stated in the note, "she intended to astonish him."

"Perhaps to accept me," each thought and all attended, looking their prettiest. The widow, they thought, never looked magnificent before, but she did now, and they had a gay time. But when supper was served, a demure and unobtrusive gentleman of middle age, was noticed seated next to her, at the head of the tahle He had been introduced to them. in the course of the evening, as Mr. Amos

"Ladies and gentlemen before I pour out the tea," remarked the bewitching hostess, with sparkling eyes, that outrivalled the glitter of the gilt sprig on her chins, "I am going to make a short speech, and astonish you as I promised Permit me to introduce to you again Mr. Amos Early. He is my husband."

Here all the old bachelors and widowers knocked their knees against the table.

"I was married to him just one month after Mr Brightly died. Married in private. I should not have been so hasty, but he wished to be sure; nor so secret, only that I wished to escape reproach till idle curiosity had been diverted from me, and the exact period of the marriage should not be too closely inquired into.-Neither should I now have had it known, had I not at last become worn out with attentions, scrutiny, and gossiping remarks on every side. My husband's recent return from abroad where he has been absent during the interim, affords me a good opportunity to make this agreeable disclosure, and ought to be also a good proof that I do not intend to marry again. I would also state," she added, scarcely able to suppress her laughter at the various looks of wonder which greeted her, that my husband, Mr. Early, will enter upon the discharge of his duties as landlord of the Pelican to-morrow; and any renewed pledge of your patronage which you may be pleased to extend, will be gratefully received by us both. And here,

Sally, pass round the tea." Whatever feelings of hope deferred and now annihilated might have agitated the bosoms of the baffled eight, they were concealed, and in the course of the glee which ensued, as they had not been outdone by each other, they all wished No. 9 joy of his being No. 1; and the Pelican Hotel is going on swimmingly.

A STORY FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS

The Student in the Mill

FROM THE GERMAN. There were two students who were making a foot excursion through the mountains. They were gay, lively boys, and seldom troubled themselves about any of the cares of this life. One day they came to a great mill, which was kept in motion by one of the rushing mountain streams. They came around on one side and looked at the big wheel, and then they went inside and saw the huge millstones grinding corn an dwheat. They inquired of the miller if that was the way to the town, which they called by name.

"No my children," answered the grayhaired old man; "you are ten miles from that place, and it is now nearly sunset .-You have lost your way, and it would be impossible for you to find it again so late as it now is.'

The students looked at each other, and were astonished to think they had missed the way. What could they now do?-They were very hungry and tired, and this was the only place where they could out of doors. The old miller was very kind-hearted, but was very particular about the mill. He was afraid to have anybody go through it and intefere with the machinery.

Seeing the difficulty in which the students were placed, he said to them, "I never like to have strangers in my mill My family live in one corner of it, where have three or four good comfortable rooms. I have been miller here for thirty-four years, and no accident has ever happened since I have been in the mill. The proprietor says that I shall have the place until I die, unless I neglect my business. I will not ask you to stay all night without you promise to do just as I tell you. Sleep where I put you, obey every word I say, and you will go away to-morrow morrow morning happier than when you came. Do you think you can do as I say? I know that boys are often very meddlesome and troublesome. They are very apt to wish to attend to their own business and somebody else's too. What say you? Will you obey my rules for the night? Depend upon it, you will not suffer if you do as I tell you."

"What kindness!" exclaimed the students. They were delighted to think they had a kind friend when tired and hungry and without a place to sleep in .-Of course they were very willing to submit to any rule he might lav down for them. So they consented to obey him, if he would only keep them in the mill through the night.

The old miller's wife soon got them a good supper—fresh milk, cheese, bread, and some venison! How they enjoyed it! They were as happy as they could be. They ate all they wanted, and thanked

the miller, for supplying them so liberally. "Don't thank me, my children," he replied: "I am not the one to whom you should be grateful. It is God who has blessed you. I am only the instrument of his mercy. Now when you retire to bed you must thank him. Your bed is ready. I will give you a little room near by the place where the water falls. It will be noisy all night, but you are tired, and I think you will sleep very well."

The students thanked him for his kindness. When he gave them a little lamp and opened their bed-room door, he said to them; "You must not enter a closet which you will find in your room. You have all you want to eat; your bed is soft and comfortable; you shall have your breakfast in the morning, if God pleases to spare our lives. Another word I have to say to you; and that is that you must not come out of your room to-night. You are in perfect safety here, and you must not venture out. The reason why I never like to entertain people is that they will not obey our rules. A mill is a bad place for company. Good night!"

And the students said "Good-night" to the old gray-haired miller. When he had left them, they commenced conversation about their host. He was a very plainlooking yet a very wise old man. They seemed to be inspired with great respect

"How comfortable is this little room!" said Herman to Heinrich. "Oh, yes, comfortable enough," replied

Heinrich, "but I am in the habit of sleeping in a much larger one at home.-Then this is nothing but a very plain pinewood bedstead, while my own bedstead is made of rosewood. This is only a common husk mattrass, and I am in the habit of sleeping on a hair matrass. Look.

too, at this old stone pitcher and bowl!-My bowl and pitcher are of the finest china ware, and have beautiful pictures all round them "

"Well, but this is much better than" sleeping out of doors? How very kind the old man is to give us even a shelter for the night. A barn would be better than nothing, and certainly this is a much better place to sleep in than a barn."-Thus spoke Herman, who was a grateful boy, while a great fault of his companion vas ingratitude.

Then there was silence for some time The boys got ready for bed. But Heinrich began to think about the old man's command not to look in the closet, and not to go outside of the door all night.-Still he did not tell what he was thinking about to Herman. He knew if he spoke of it to his friend, he would be answered in some such way as this: "Let us do all the old miller says. We promised to obey him. He has his reasons for the orders he gave us. We are dependent on him for our lodging and breakfast, and it is the least we can do to obey him and go to sleep." So Heinrich did not tell his thoughts to Herman.

Now I will tell you what Heinrich thought about when he went to bed: "I will now lie down here until Herman gets to sleep; then I will get up, light the lamp, and try to open that closet. It may be that there is something very valuable in it, and how badly I would feel to be told when I leave here that there was a great deal of money in the closet and I failed to get it. Besides this, I want to go through the mill and look at the machinery. I never saw a mill before. I have often heard of them, but never knew how to grind corn and wheat. But I have only seen a little of this one, and I think it is much better for me to go all through it, and then I shall know all about mills

hereafter. I am sure there is no danger. With these thoughts he determined that he would find out what was in the closet, and then go all through the mill. Herman was soon fast asleep. He slept as calmly as he had ever done before. He had no bad thoughts in his mind, and was determined to obey the miller. As soon as his companion found him asleep, he arose and lighted the lamp. He turned down the wick very low, so that he would not be in danger of awakening any one by the light. Then he silently put his clothes on. He looked at the closet door and found it was locked. Something seemed to say to him, "Now, Heinrich, go to bed again. You have no need of anything. Why should you disturb the old miller's closet? If you find anything very valuable you might be tempted to take it. Go to hed again. It was his conscience speaking

He held the light and wondered what to do. He wanted to know what was in the closet, and yet he knew it was most honorable for him to go to bed. There he stood deliberating. It was a bad moment in his history. He had better have been sleeping out of doors than hesitating whether to enter that closet or not. Fi nally he concluded that it might be very much to his advantage to get in it. But where could he find the kev? He looked in every corner of the room but could not find it. Finally he tried his own bunch of keys, but not one of them would fit the lock. What should he do? So he said: "I will see if Herman has not a key that will fit it." That was a bad thing for him to think, even, but he no sooner thought it than he strove to carry out his resolution. He quietly lifted up Herman's pantaloons, put his hand in the pocket, and took out his bunch of keys without making them jingle.

"As sure as I live," he inwardly said, that one fits the lock of the closet as well as if it had been made for it!" The door opens and creaks a little as it comes back. Herman turns over in his bed, but does not wake up. Suddenly Heinrich sees on the highest shelf a silver box about as large as a cigar box. It shone very bright and when the light of the lamp came against it the reflection was very strong. The key was in the box, and Heinrich opened it. It was almost full of gold!-His heart beat quick. "Now, what wealth have gained by my getting into the closet! Suppose I had gone to sleep as Herman has done, I would never have been so well off as I now am."

He then began to empty the box. He put much of the gold in his knapsack; then a good share of it in his pockets; but finding these places not large enough, he cut a hole in the lining of his coat and put the balance in there. Not finding anything more of value in the closet, he locked the lid of the closet door, then put the key back in Herman's pocket.

He had succeeded well thus far. The question was now to get a good look at the mill. So he quietly opened the door, and began to walk through the great rooms where the grain was, and up the high stairs. He went to the most danger ous places, and it was only by the mercy of a kind Heavenly Father that he was preserved from falling and losing his life. He had gone through nearly every part of the mill, and as he was about returning to the room again, he put his hand upon a little beam, and, behold! the wheels began to roll around and the mill-stones to revolve. There was a noise and rumbling all through the mill. He did not know that what he had touched with his hand was the spring that sets the mill going. He was now frightened very much. He usually had much presence of mind, but the other act that he had done took away his calmness, and he ran off to his room as fast as he could. Soon he was in; the light was put out, and he was in bed. Herman roused up a little, but did not know what was going on around him. "What is the matter?" said he to Heinrick, who was beside him.

"Oh, nothing, I think, unless the old miller has taken the notion to grind corn and wheat while other people are fast asleep." So replied the boy whom Satan had tempted to sin. Soon the old miller was up. He did not know what was the trouble. He was very much agitated and so he said to his wife: "I fear we have

taken bad boys with us to-night." He went off to the place where he usually stopped the mill when in motion, and finding the crank turned the wrong way he pulled it right. Soon all the wheels went slow, and by-and by they stood still as the mountains around.

What are these things that I see?" said the old miller, as he stooped down and picked up two pieces of gold money which lay on the floor near where he stood. He recognized them as some of his own property-a portion of his hardearnings. That silver-box was a present from his father, and the money in it was all the profits that he had gathered through life.

He was troubled, but he went to bed again. He thought he would let the students sleep, as they had walked a great distance that day. But Heinrich slept little. His two mean acts took away sleep from his evelids.

Next morning at the breakfast-table the old miller asked a blessing on the food, and prayed the Lord to bless all who sinned, whether young or old. It touched Heinrich's heart, and he could not sit still with any composure to himself. Then when the two students turned their plates up, behold a piece of gold under each one! Herman looked astonished and smiled as he saw it. But when Heinrich saw the piece that was under his plate he blushed all over his face. Even his ears were almost as red as blood. Any body could see in a moment that he felt condemned. The old miller saw his blushes, and so did his wife, but they said nothing.

After breakfast the miller said to Heinrich, "I need not tell you about the sin you committed last night. You remember it well enough yourself. Why should you try to wrong an old man as you have wronged me? Have I ever injured you? Let me urge you to turn your back upon your sins. I wish my money restored at once, or you shall be placed in the common prison. There must be no delay."

The money was all given up, save the pieces he had lost when going through the mill. Herman was astounded when he saw how guilty his companion was. He could hardly believe his own eyes. As they went of together they conversed about the matter. It was then that Heinrich confessed that the beginning of his sing was in getting up and standing before the closet door and deliberating over the matter. His error was in harboring the first thought of sinning. When Satan suggested that wicked thing to him, he should have immediately thought about something else. Then he would soon have fallen asleep, and the temptation would have passed off.

The old miller forgave him, and God fterwards forgave him too; but memory of that sin was bitter all through life. Now if there is one of my young friends who wishes to live with a clear conscience, and have the world's esteem when he gets old, he must not encourage bad thoughts. Think about something better, and ask God to give you power to overcome it.

A rum suggestion-calling a man gin-

Because you can't get all you want, don't neglect what you can get. Squeeze out of the world all the juice there is in it A myrtle among nettles is still a myr-

When the shepherd is angry with the sheep, he sends them a blind guide.

Be very lowly, humble in spirit; for man is a worm, and his ambition vanity. There are four kinds of readers,-the sponge, the funnel, the strainer, the sieve The sponge sucking up all; the funnel taking in at one end and letting out at another; the strainer separating the wine from the lees; the sieve dividing the bran from the fine flour.

We do not die wholly at one death; we have mouldered away long before. Faculty after faculty, interest after interest, attachment after attachment disappear; we are torn from ourselves while living; year after year sees us no longer the same, and death only consigns the last fragments of what we were to the grave.

SLEEP.

God bless the man who first invented sleep! So Sancho Panza said, and so say I; And bless him also that he didn't keep His great discovery to himself; or try
To make it -as the lucky fellow might A close monopoly by " patent right

Ves-bless the man who first invented sleep, Yes—bless the man who arist invented sleep,
(I really can't avoid the iteration;)
But blast the man, with curses loud and deep,
Whate'er the rascal's raffle, or age, or statio
Who first invented, and went round advising,
The artificial cut-off—"early rising!"

Rise with the lark and with the the lark to bed,' Observes some solemn, sentimental owl Maxims like these are very cheaply said But ere you make yourself a fool or for Pray just inquire about their rise—and fall, And whether larks have any beds at all? The "time for honest folks to be abed"

Is in the morning, if I reason right;

And he who cannot keep his precious head Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
Is up—to knavery; or else—he drinks! Thomson, who sung about the "Seasons," said, It was a glorious thing to rise in season;
But then he said it—lying—in his bed
At ten o'clock A. M.—the very reason

He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is, His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice 'Tis, doubtless, well, to be sometimes awake-Awake to duty and awake to truth— But when, alas! a nice review we take Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth, The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep, Are those we passed in childhood, or—asleep!

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile, TIS beautiful to leave the world swine,
For the soft visions of the gentle night;
And free, at last, from mortal care and guile;
To live, as only in the angels sight,
In sleep's sweet realms so cosily shut in,
Where, at the worst, we only dream of sin! So let us sleep, and give the Maker praise.
I like the lad who, when his father thought

To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase Of vagrant worm by early songster caught, Cried "Served him right! it's not at all surprisin The worm was punished, sir, for early rising." [John G. Saxe INITED STATES STAMP TAXES IM

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