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TOWANDA:

Wednesdan Morning, Wecember 28, 1849.

THOSE EYES THAT WERE SO BRIGHT, LOVE. BY THE LATE THOMAS HOOD.

Those eyes that were so bright, love. Have now a dimmer shine:
But what they've lost in light, love, Was what they gave to mine. was what they gave to mine.
And still those orbs reflect, love,
The beams of former hours;
That ripened all my joys, my love,
And tinted all my flowers.

Those locks were brown to see, love, That now are turned to gray:
But the years were spent with me, love,
That stole their hue away.
Thy locks no longer share, love, The golden glow of noon:
But I've seen the world look fair, my love,
When silvered by the moon.

That brow was fair to see, love, That looks so shaded now;
But for me it bore the care, love, That spoilt a bonny brow. That spoilt a bonny brow.
And though no longer there, love,
The gloss it had of yore,
Still Memory looks looks and dotes, my love,
Where Hope admired before.

From Godey's Lady's Book. THE STEP-MOTHER.

BY GRACE GREEKWOOD.

The villagers of N— well remember the sail morning when the bell tolled for the death of Emma, the once beautiful, lovely, and beloved wife of Indge Aliston. Many a face was shadowed, many a heart was in mourning on that day; for she who had gone so early to her rest, had endeared herself so many by her goodness, gentleness, and the beauty of her blameless life. She had been declining for a long time, and yet she seemed to have died suddenly at last, so difficult, so almost impossible it was for those who loved her to prepare their bearts for that fearful bereavement, that im-

Mrs. Allston left four children-leabel, the eldest, an intellectual, generous-hearted girl of seventeen, not beautiful, but thoroughly noble-looking: Frank, a fine boy of twelve; Emma, "the beamy" a child of seven, and Eddie, the baby, a delicate infant, only about a year old.

Judge Aliston was a man of paturally strong & quick feelings, but one who had acquired remark ble control over his expression, a calmness and meserve of manner often mistaken for hautieur and insensibility. He was along with his wife when she died. Isabel wearied with long watching, had 'addown for a little rest, and was eleeping with human tenement—the immortal rent its way forth still young and beautiful and lover, preserved his calmness through all; and when the last poinful breath had been painted out he had been supporting against his breast, gently down on the pillow-kissed the cold, damp fore then summoning an attendant, turned away and wrestled with the angel of sorrow-wept the swift wars of his anguish, and lacerated his heart with an the vr in regrets and wild reproaches of bereaved affection. But with the coming of morning, came serenity and resignation; and then he led his children into the silent chamber where lay their mother, already clad in the garments of the grave. There too he was calm-holding the fainting Isabel in his arms, and gently hashing the passionate eries of Emma and Frank. He was never seen to ween until the first earth fell upon the coffin, and then he covered up his face and sobbed alond.

Mrs. Allston was not laid in the village churchvard, but was buried, at her own request within an arbor, at the end of the garden. She said it rould not seem that she was thrust out from her hone, if the light from her own window shown par toward her grave; and that she half believed the beloved voice of her husband, and the singing of her daughter, and the laughter of her children would come to her, when she lay, with her favoric flowers about her, and the birds she had led and protected building their nests above her in the

When the stunning weight or sorrow, its first distraction and desolation, had been taken from the life and spirit of Isabelle Allston, one clear and noble surpose took complets possession of her mind. She would fill the dear place of her mother in the household—she would console and care for her poor father—she would love yet more tenderly her roung brother and sister, and bind up their bruised hearts, so early crushed by affliction—she would be a mother to the babe, who had almost felt the osom which had been its first resting place, grow cold against its little cheek, and hard and insensiwhich had hushed it to its first slumbers had sunk gone out in death.

After this, it was, miced, beautiful to see Isabel her home. There she seemed to live many hives in one. She superintended all domestic af him and household arrangements with admirable courage and judyment. Her father never missed any I his accustomed comforts, and her brother and eister were as ever nearly dramed, and well 'aug'it and controlled. But on the habe she lavished most of her attention and loving care. She look him to her own bed : she dressed and bathed, and fed him, and carried him with her in all her walks and rides. And she soon richly rewarded

not stout or remarkably vigorous indeed, but quite healthful and active. The child was passionately fond of his " mamma;" as he was taught to call sabel. Though rather imperious and rebellious towards others, he yielded to a word from her, at telligence which it contained was received with any time. At evening, she could summon him blank amazement and troubled silence. This was cool, guarded summon him blank amazement and troubled silence. This was from the wildest play, to prepare him for his bath first broken by the pussionate and impetutous little er, though she often met those soft, hazel eyes fixand bed, and afterward would twine his little arms | Emma, who exclaimed, with flashing eyes and ed upon her, with a half pleading, half represental about her neck, and cover her cheeks, lips and gleaming teeth, "I won't have a new mother! I look, which she found it difficult to resist. Frank forehead with his good night kieses, then drop his won't have any mother but Isabel. I hate that Cosunny head on her shoulder, and fall aslesp, often with one of her glossy ringlets twined about his thing! I won't let her kiss me, and I won't kiss at the stranger lady, who sought in an anxious illsmall, rosy fingers. At the very break of day, the papa if he brings her here. Oh, sister, don't mak little fellow would be awake-striding over poor Isabel, as she vainly strove for one hour's brief delicious doze-pulling at her long, black eyelashes and peeping under the drowsy lide, or shouting ing into her half-dreaming ears his vociferous good morn ng !"

And Frank and Emma found ever in their sinter-mother ready sympathy, patient sweetness, and the most affectionate counsel. They were never left to feel the crushing neglect, the loneliness and desolation of orphanage; and they were happy and affectionate in return for all dear Isabel's goodness and faithfulness. Yet were they never aught to forget their mother, gone from themneither to speak of her always with sorrow and solemnity. Her name' was often on their young lips, and her name kept green and glowing in their tender hearts. Her grave, in the gardenarbor-what a dear, familiar place! There sprang the first blue violets of spring-there blowed the last pale chrysantheums of autumn-there sweet sabbath-hymns and prayers were repeated by childish voices, which struggled up through tears-there morning after morning, were reverently laid bright, fragrant wreaths, which kept quite fresh till far ino the hot summer day, on that shaded moundand there innumerable times, was the beloved name kissed in sorrowful emotion, by those warm lios, which half shrank as they touched the cold marble, so like her lips when they had kissed

Thus passed two years over that bereaved family -over Judge Allston, grown a cheerful man though me still marked by great reserve of manner-over as noble daughter, Isabel, happy in the perfect performance of her whole duly-and over the whole children, the good and beautiful children whom an angel-mother might have smiled upon from heaven.

It happened that this third summer of his widowhood, Judge Allstor, spent more time than ever before at the city of S---, the county seat, and the place where lay most of his projectional dutica. But it was rumored that there was an unusual attraction in that town-one apart from, and quite independent of the claims of business and the the children—and the mother, even in that hour, pursuits of ambition. It was easid that the thoughtenderly caring for them, would not that they ful and dignified Judge had sometimes been seen should be waked. The last struggle was brief, but walking and riding with a certain tall and slender terrible: the spirit seemed torn painfully from its woman, in deep mourning, probably a widow, but

bel, and informed her, with moch delicacy or tress of that elegant mansion. Isabel advanced circumilocation, of the prevalent rumors; thus give on the still are of midnight, he laid the clear head into the first tukting of a state of affairs, which must have a serious bearing on her own welfare ries concerning the journey, and then proceeded to and happings her first intimation that she might assist the bride in removing her bonnet and shawl. head and still line of the love; of his youth, and soon be called upon to resign her place to a stranger-a step-mother ! This had been her secret fear: sought his room, where alone, and in darkness, he to guard against the necessity of this, she had struggied with grief and weariness, and manifold dis- in both of hers, bent down and kissed her, smiling confragements had labored uncomplainingly, and prayed without ceasing for parience and strength.

Pale and still listened Isabel, while her zealous friend went on, warming momently with her subject i commenting severely on the heartless machinations of "the widow," who, though only poor music teacher, had set herself, with her coquetish arts, to ensuare a man of the wealth and station and years of Judge Aliston. Isabel was silent; but she writhed at the thought of her tather, with all his intellect and knowledge of the world becoming the dope of a vain, designing woman. When her riviter had left I habel flow to her own room, flung herself into a chair and covering her face with her hands, wept as she had not wept since the first dark days of her sorrow. Isabel had grown up with a deep, peculiar prejudice against step-mothers; probably from knowing that the childhood and girthood of her own idolized mother had been cruelly darkened and saddened by the harshness and injustice of a step mother; and now, there were bitterness and sharp pain in the thought that those dear children, for she cared little for herself, must be subject to the "iron rule" of an unloving and alien heart.

of feeling, as she would fain keep her trouble to Judge Allston, who with the glow of happiness from the children while there still remained a blessed uncertainty. Yet she sleet little that night. but folded Eddie, her babe, closer and closer to her breast, and went over him, till his light carls were heavy with her team.

The next morning, which was Tuestlay, while Isabel sat at breakfast with the children, a letter was brought in, directed to her. It was from her the to its " waxen touches:" now, that the voice father at 8...... Isabel trembled as she read, and at the last grew very pale and leaned her head on on, faltered and grown still forever, and the kind her hand. As she had feared, that letter contained es which first shone over its awaking—the stars a brief and dignified announcement of the aplove's heaven-had suddenly darkened and prowhing marriage of her father. There was no natural embarrassment exhibited; there was no apology made for this being the first intimation to his family of an event of so great moment to them; such things were not in his way-not in character. He wrote:

"Cecilia Weston, whom I have now known searly two years and of whom you may have heard nearly two years and of which, the only one I have ne speak, is a noble woman, the only one I have need whom I considered tolly competent to we were seen whom I considered fill your dear mother's place. are to have a strictly private wedding, on Saturday me to have a strictly private weating, on section, morning next, and will be with you in the evening. To you, Isabe, my dear child, I trust I need give no charges to show towards Mrs. Allston, from the first, if not the renderness and allection of a daughby seeing little Eddie recome from an exceedingjumil, fragile infant, a well-sized, blooming boy, your lather. This, at least, I shall exact from all somewhat troubled, but said nothing.

my children, if it be not, as I fervently hope it will be, given willingly and gracefully."

When Isabel found strength and voice to read this letter of her father's aloud, the unexpected in- dignities of domestic authority. her to take off her things when she comes, and maybe she won't stay all night!"

"Hush, hush, darling?" said Isabel, "I think it probable you will like her very much; I hear that she is a very beautiful woman."

"No. I won't like her! I don't believe she is pretty at all; but a cross ugly old thing, that will of dresses, and maybe cut off my curls!"

This last moving pixture was quite too much for "beauty," and she burst into tears, covering her ringletted head all up with her inversed pinafore.

Frank, now a tall, noble spirited boy of fourteen. ras calm and manly under the these trying circumstances, but expressed a stern resolve, which he clinched by an impressive classical oath, never. never to call the unwelcome stranger "mother." "Mrs. Allston" would be polite; "Mrs. Allston" would be sufficiently respectful, and by that name. and that only, would be call her. Isabel said nothing, but inwardly resolved thus herself to address the young wife of her-father.

During this scene, little Eddie, who only understood enough to perceive that something was wrong. some trouble brewing, ran to his mamma, and hiding his face in her lap, began to cry very bitterly and denairingly. But Isabel soon reconciled him to life, by administering saccharine consolation from the sugar bowl before her.

It was, finally, with saddened and anxious spirits, the little affectionate family circle proke up that

With the bostle and hurry of necessary prepar ations the week passed repidly and brought Saturday evening, when the Allstons, with a few family friends, were awaiting the arrival of the Judge and his fair bride.

There were not many marks of festivity in the nandsome drawing-room; there was somewhat more light, perhaps, and a few more flowers than usual. Isabel, who had never laid off mourning for her mother, wore to-night a plain black silk, lace cape, and with rose-buds in her hair; Emma was dressed in a light blue bareze, with her pet curls floating about her waist.

At length rather late in the evening, a carriage was beard coming up the avenue, and soon after Judge Alleion entered the drawing-room, with a slender lady leaning on his arm. Shrinking from the glare of light, and with her head modestly howed. Mrs. Aliston entered more as a timid and immediately to be presented; offered her hand sione, but that contially; made some polite inqui-She then called Emma, who advanced shily, eying the energy askance. She extended her hand, in a half-defiant manner; but Mrs. Allston, clasping in as she did so, on the lovetiness of her face. The blood shot to the very brow of the child, as she turned quickly and walked to a distant windowseat, where she sat, and looked out upon the garden. It was a moonlight night, and she could see the arbor and the gleaming of the white tombstone within, and she wondered sadly if her mother, lying there in the grave, knew about this women, and was troubled for her phildren's sake

Frank was presented by his father, with much apparent pride, to his young step-mother, who looked searchingly, though kindly into his handsome, vet serions face

It was some time before Isabel found the opporinnity close'y to observe the person and manner of her father's bride. Mrs. Atlaton was, as I have said, tall, but would not have been observed so, perhaps, except for the extreme delicacy of figure. She was graceful and gentle in her movementsnot absolutely beautiful if face, but very lovely, with a most winning smile, and a sort of samest sadness in the expression of her soft, hazel eyes; which lashel recognized at ours as a spell of deep power; the spell which had enthralled the heart of her thoughtful and unsusceptible father. She look-But she soon resolutely calmed down the tumult | ed about twenty-five, und did not look unsuitable lighting up his face, and sparkling from his fine, dark eyes appeared to all far younger and handnomer than usual.

> leabel felt that her father was not entirely satisfied with the reception which his wife had met from his children; but he did not express any disextisfection that night or ever after.

It was a happy circumstance for Isabel, in her emburrassed position, that the next day was the Sabbath, as going to church and attending to her household duties absorbed her time and attention; thus preventing any awkward title-a-titles with one whose very title of step mother had arrayed her heart against her in suspicion and determined. though, unconscious, antagonism.

On Sunday afternoon, about the sanset hour Judge Allston had been wont to visit the grave of their mother, but this Subbath evening, I need hard-

ly say, he was not with them there. How cool and shadowy looks that ashor, at the and of the garden, where Mise Alleton and the children are! Let us join them dear Charles, said Mrs. Allston to her husband, as they two sat at the pleasant south window of their chamber, Judge Allegon hegitated a moment, and then said, "That arbor, dear Cecities is the place where my Enima ties buried." The young wife tooked startled and his confidence, and he could not thrust trupon you. a year, she was laid beside father and very near to Genius, like the sun upon the diel, gives to somewhat troubled, but said nothing.

Affined. She died, and left me alone—alone in the human heart both its shadow and its light.

er over the house; resigned into her hands the and without station, or high connections," house keeper's keys, with all the privileges and . "No," replied leabel, coldly; " on the contrary

Day after day went by, and Isabel preserved the cilia Weston, and I'll tell her so, the very first baby," constitutionally timid, would scarcely look assured way, to win its love and confidence. As little Addie shrank from those delicate, inviting hands, and clung about Isabel, she would clasp him yet closer to her heart, and kiss his bright head with passionate fondness.

On Friday afternoon, Miss Aliston's piano arrived. This was a great event in the family, for Isabel did not play though she sang very sweetly, and scold me and beat me, and make me wear frights Frank and Emma had both a decided taste for music. Mrs. Allston was gifted with a delicious voice, which she had faithfully cultivated, and she played with both skill and feeling.

All the evening eat Judge Aliston, gazing proudly and tenderly upon the performer, and listening with all his soul. Isabel was charmed in spite of her fears and prejudices, and the children were half beside themselves with delight.

The next morning as she came in from her walk hearing music in the parlor, Isabel entered, and found her step-mother playing and singing the " May Queen," with Emma close at her side, and Frank turning over the leaves of the music. The touching words of the song had already brought tears, and when it was finished, Mrs. Allston anddenly dashed off in a merry waltz, and presently Frank was whirling his pretty sister round and round the room, to those wild, exhilerating notes When the playing ceased "Oh thank you, mother !" said Emma, going up to Mrs. Allston. In a moment, the step-mother's arms were about the waist. and her lips pressed against the lips of the child.-That name, and the glad embrace which followed, struck the foreboding heart of Isabel. Her eves involuntarily sought the face of Frank, and she was not displeased to remark the lowering of his browand the slight curl of his lip.

But the evening of the very next day, Isabel, on entering the parlor, found Frank atone with his beautiful step mother, sitting on a low ottoman at her side, as she half reclined on the sofa, and leaning his head against her knee, while her soft, white fingers were threading his wavy, luxuriant hair .--Isabel giving one startled glance at the two, who were chatting pleasantly and familiarly together, crossed the room, seated herself at a table, and took up a book. Presently, Frank rose, and came and stood by her side. She looked up and murmured, with a slightly reproachful smile, " El tur Burte." The boy colored, and soon after left the room

Thus the days went on; Isabel feeling her treasjealous hold of her heart; sorrowing in secret over cv. her child, dear little Eddie, closer and closer to ther breast.

One afternoon, when the hont came for their daily ride, she missed the child from her room. After looking through the parlor, kitchen and hall, and calling through the garden, she sought Mrs. Allston's chamber, from whence as she knocked at the door, she heard the sound of singing and laughter "Come in!" said a light musical voice. She ppened the door hastly, and there sat little traitorous Eddie, in his step-mother's lap, playing with her long, unburn ringlets, while she sung him merry songs and nursery-rhymes. "Eddie !" exclaimed Isabel, somewhat sharply, "you must come with mamma, and be dressed for a ride" "No. no," cried the perverse child, "I don't want to ide-I'd rather stay with my pretty new mamma, and hear her sing about "Little Boo pep."

"No, my dear, you must go with your sister, said Mrs. Allston, striving to set the little fellow down. Isabel advanced to take him, but he buried his face in his step-mother's lap, and screamed. "Go away, go away; I love this mamma best-I won't go to ride with you.

Pale as death, Isabel turned hurriedly and pass ed from the room. She almost flew through the house and garden; to the arbor, to the grave of her mother. There she flung beneff upon the turf, and clasped the mound, and pressed her poor, wounded heart against it, and wept sloud.

"They have all left me!" she cried-" I am robbed of all love, all comfort—I am lonely and desolate. Oh, mother, mother !"

. While thus she lay, somowing with all the terness of a new bereavement, she was spailed by a deep sigh, and looking up, beheld Mrs. Allston standing by her side. Instantly she sprang to her foot, exclaiming. " Have I then no refuge! Is knell. not even this spot sacred, from officious and unwel-

"Oh, forbeer, I intrest!" exclaimed Mrs. Allston, with a sudden gush of tears. " Fray do not speak thus to me! you do not know me. I seek to lave you, to be loved by you—this is all my

Isabel was softened by those tears, and murmurred some half articulated apology for the passionare feeling which she had exhibited.

" Dear Isabel." said her step-mother, hear my little history, and then judge whether have erred in assuming the relation which I now bear towards you 1"

Isabel bower her head in ament, and Mrs. Allston scated herself in the arbor; but Isabel temained standing, with a firm-set lip and her arms folded

"I fear," bugan Cecilia, " that your father has not been as communicative and confidential with

I wonder must that you, so young end richly en-dowed by nature, could prefer a man of the years and character egery father. I know not what there is in him for a beautiful woman to fency."

"Ah. Isabel." said Mrs. Allston looking up re proachfully, "I never fincied your father, it is with a worthier despet, holler feeling that I regard my sorrow had gone by, and he came to me in the him T

Isabel sat down on the rustic seat near her stepmother, who continued, in a low but fervent tone, "Yes, Inabel: I love your father, dearly love him; he is the only man I have ever laved." a What's exclaimed latel f " were you no

then a widow when you married him ? "Why no, dear. Why did you suppose it." "I heard so-at least, I heard that you were in

deep moarning. "That was for my mother," replied Mrs. Allnot been out of mounting for many; many years. I have seen much sorrow, Isabel."

The warm-hearted girl drew nearer to her stepmother, who after a brief pause, continued-

"My father who was a lawyer of Same died while I was quite young-a school girl, away from home, already pursuing with arder the study of music. He left my mother very liftle besides the house in which she lived. My only brother, Ale fove me and confide in me-lean upon my bean, fred, a noble boy, in whom our best hopes were centered, had entered college only the year before father died. Then it was that my mother, with the courage of a true heroine and the devotion of a martyr, resolved to remove neither of her chikiren family-parlor, weiting the return of Judge Allston from their studies, but by her own unswisted labor. from his office. Isabel was holding little Eddie on to keep me at my school and Alred in college.

"She opened a large boarding house in Syears longer at school, when a locrative situation ly of a wealthy southern Senator. I parted from set down the baby-boy, and going up to her, saidmy mother, and dear Alfred, and went with the Ashtons to Georgia. There I remained, year after year, ever toiling cheerfully in the blessed hope of smile. returning north, with the means of restoring my beloved mother to her formal escial position, and of freeing her from toil and care for the remainder of sageher days. This was the one constant desire of my heart-the one great purpose of my life. I thought not of pleasure-Feared not for distinction, or admiration, or love. I thought only of her; my patien, self-sacrificing, angel mother."

Here isabel drew nearer, and laid her hand in that of her step-mother, who pressed it gently; as she continued...

"Brother Alfred, immediately on leaving college, commenced the study of 'law. I shall ever fear that he confined himself too closely and studied too intensely. His constitution was delicate. nres wrested one after another from the fond and like his father's; and, after a year or two, his health, never vigorous, began to fail. Mother fithough, she added, perhaps her affection for the bethough, she added, pernaps nor acceptant. Yet I was loved one made her needlessly fearful. Yet I was Gives one a kiss, another an embrace,

Takes this upon her knees, that at her feet; my engagement had expired. I had then been absent five years; but I had seen Mother and Alfred once in that time, when they had met me on the sea-shore.

> "It was a sultry afternoon in Angust when reached S...... I shall never forget how wretchedly long and weary seemed the last few miles, and how eagerly I sprang down the carriage steps at last. I left my baggage at the hotel, and ran over to my mother's house alone. I entered without knocking and went directly to my Mother's little private parlor—the room of the household. I onened the door very zently, so as to surprise them. At the first glance I thought the room was empty: but on looking again, I saw some one extended on the familiar, chintz-covered sota. It was Alfred. asleep there. I went softly up and looked down upon his face. Oh! my God, what a change! It was thin and white, save a small red spoton either cheek. One hand lay halt buried in his durk, chestnut corts, which alone preserved their old great bell ceases to toll; then all is life and activibeauty, and that hand-how alender and delicate it had grown, and how distinct was every blue roin, even the smallest! As I stood there, heartwrong with sudden grief, my tours fell so fait on his face that he awoke, and half-raised hisseelf. looking up with a bewildered expression. Just then, dear mother came in, and we all embraced one another, and thanked God out of the overflowing follows of our bearts. As I looked at Alfred then, his aye was so bright and his smile so glad i -so like the ald well - I took courage again; but be suddenly turned away and conghed slightlybut such a cough! It smote upon my heart like a

"When I descended from my chamber that ever ing, after laying saids my travelling-dress, I tound a gentleman, a stranger, sitting by Alfred's side go shead; I carry grave-stones." reading to him, in a low, pleasant voice. That stranger, Isabel, was your father-Aifred's best, most beloved friend.

" I will not pain your heart by dwelling on great sorrow, as we watched that precious life, the bens come mit dere ears split, and tolder day two treasury of many hopes and much love passing away. With the fading and falling of the leaf. with the dying of the flowers, he died !"

Here Mrs. Aliston paneed, and covered her face with her hands, while tears slide slowly through her fingers, and she wept not alone. At length she continued-

"I have since felt, that with "poor Alfred's lest. dving kiss, the chill of death enfored into dear nother's heart; for she never was, well after that night. Though she sorrowed bitterly for that only son, so good and so beautiful, she said she wished gentle way might have the world at their feet. you as he should have been. I heard from him to live for my sake. Yet vain was that meet this morning, with much surprise, that he had told wish-vain were my love and care-vain the congroup yery little concerning me and our first acquain stant agonizing pleading of my soul with the Given tance. "He said that you never seemed to with for of life. She failed and drooped daily, and within

On Monday, Isabel, after showing her stepmoth- | loved father could choose a woman like me-poor | wide world | Oh, hew effen, dess Janbel, have 2, like you, cried on with that exceeding businers of of the orphan, "Ob, mother, mother!"

Here Isabel Sung her arms around her stop moth er, and pressed her lips signing her cheek.

"In all this time," passed Cocilia, " my chief adviser and consoler, was the early friend of my mother, the generous picton of my brotherwison: father, Imbel. And when the first fearful days of ioneliness and desolation of my life, and strove to give me comfort and correspondelling me at fast that he needed my love, even the love of my poor crushed heart—then I felt that in loving him and his i might hope for happiness even more. But, ah! if in loving him-in becoming his wife, I have brought unhappiness to those near to him, and darkened the fight of their home. I am, indeed, miner ble 177

"Oh, do not say so-the not say so !" exclaimed Isabel. "You have won all our hearts. Have ston with a quivering lip; "yet, until now, I have you not seen bow the children are drawn towards you weven little Eddie, my babe! I have not yet called you by her name-I do not know that I can so call you here, but I can, and will love you, and we shall all be very happy; and by God's bein, kindly affectioned one to another!"

"Alr, my dear girl," replied Mrs. Aliston, with a sweet smile, "I do not ask you to call me be a name of so much sacredness and district ; only to and let me be to you as an elderly sister."

The evening had come, and Mrs. Allston, feebel, and the children were assembled in the pleasant her knee. The child had already repeatedly begged pardon for his naughtiness, and was as fuff as principally for gentlemen of the bar; and, almost ever of his loving demonstrations. Cecilia was as from the first, was successful. I remained two usual, seated at the piano, playing half-unconsciously, every now and then glancing impatiently out was offered me as a teacher of music, in the fami- of the window into the gathering darkness. Isabel

"Will you play the " Old Arm-Chair" for me ?" "If you will sing with me," replied Cocilia with

The two began with voices somewhat tremplone, but they sang on till they came to the pas-

"I've sat and watched her, day by day, While her eyes grew dim"-

here they both broke down.

Cecilia rose and wound her arm about habet's waist, and Isabel Isaned her head on Cochinis as shoulder, and they wept together. At that moment, Judge Allston entered, and after a brief. pause of bewilderment, advanced with a smile, and classed them both in one embrace. He said not a word then: but afterward when he bade Isabel goodnight, at the foot of the stairway, he kissed her more tenderly than usual, saying, as he did so, "God bless you, my daughter !"

Just as a mother, with sweet, pious face, Yearns towards her little children from her seet,

And while from actions, looks, complaints, pretences She learns their feelings, and their various will, To this a look, to that a word dispenses,
And whether stern or smiling, loves them still i

So Providence for us, high infinite,
Makes our necessities its watchful task: fearkens to all our prayers, helps all our waste, And even if denies what seems our right, Either denies because twould have us ask; Or seems but to deny, or, in denying grants:

RELIGIOUS CUSTOM .- There is a custom that has long been prevalent throughout Peru and Chili. which to the stranger is quite imposing. It is this at nine o'ctock in the morning, at noon, and at six in the evening, the great bell of the cathedral is tolled for one minute; during this time all business is suspended, every one takes off his hat, is expected to kneel, cross himself, say his prayers, and the more devout to kiss the pavement. In the street, shop, private dweling, and hotel, all butiness, all motion, all conversation, is suspended, until the ty again; the bogles at the palace gate and the convent bells sound merrify; and business and convereation are resumed at the point where they were dropped.

"Mother," suid Jemima Spray to her mir relative. "Barn Flint wants to come a counting item to pight."

"Well, what did you sell him?" "Oh, I told him he might come. I wanted to sar how the fool would act f

THE ORDER OF PRECEDENCE -- A Tanker Poller, with his cart, overtaking another of his class on the reads, was thus addressed: " Halla! what do you carry !" " Drugs and medicines," was the renix. "Good!' returned the other, "you may

"Shon," said a Dutchman, "you may say what you please bout bad neighbors; I had the worst neighbors as never was. Aline pigs and mine of them come home missing."

He that hath a good wife, bath an angel by his side: he that hath a bad one hath & devil at

Pride may comutimes be a useful spring to the aspiring soul; but is much more frequently a stame bling block.

It is well for men, that women do not know what trants they might be by being meek and

As gold which he cannot spend, will make no man rich, so knowledge which he cannot apply,

will make no man wise.