

descended and placed a golden crow head. Before the throne was a column of burnish ed cold, on the top of which was a golden dove. Mr. Slocum was not educated in a university, which held in his beak a volume bound in silver. of Israel. It is further related, that on the approach of waked persons to the throne, the lions were wont to set up a terrible roaring, and to lash thair tails violently; the birds also began to bristle up. their feathers ; and the assembly also of demons ? them no person dared be guilty of talsehood, batconfersed their crime. Such was the throne of Solomon, the son of David." A BEAUTIFUL young lady having invited a plain. elderly gendeman to dance with her, he was astonished with the condescension, and believing that she was in love with him, in a very pressing manner, he desired to know why she had selected him from the rest of the company. "Because, sir,", replied the lady " my husband commanded me to select such a partner as should not give him cause

m man! But nobody dreamed of this, and when ish the gentle being at his side; and I knew he buried deep beneath the waters; everything had been swept away but the stars which he had lear had gone to him with the boorder as he looked down foully upon her that idge, and promised him respectability and em? the winds of heaven should not visit her face too ed by name, perhaps in the tent of his grandfather, porment if he would sign it; and others-well roughly." And then my father would tell us of a Methuselah, who remembered Adam. And he telt meaning men too-had rated him soundly for his home made very bright by watchful affection and himself at home. Now my young friends, a deluge will never the ways and he had turned a deal ear to all these that the dark-eyed boy and fair-haired girl who came,

such a look of agonizing remore and honeless

despair, that she shuddered to behold it. Wide,

"Even for all this there is redemption, and you

" I will !" said old Bill, and he brought down

his hand with such force on the table, that its then.

matic limbs with difficulty maintained their equi-

the lady placed before him, and when he returned

them to her, the name of William Strong lay in

There was an expression, Indicous from its in-

tensity of curiosity, and the bar-keeper's physiog-

nomy, as the lady passed quietly through the shop,

after her long interview with old Bill ; and he ex-

broad legible characters upon the paper.

I ask you-will you sign the pledge ?"

Strong "

he benefit of their labors. in the second and the second

hings, and gone back with blind pertinancy to his after a while to gladden it; and then, you know, up again, everybody said old Billy Strong's case he removed to the west, and lost sight of you, Mivis a hopeless one.

Once again the tady paused, for the agony of the As ! none" of these had patiently groped their my op the heart's winding staits and read the instrong man before her was fearful to behold ; and stiplion on the hidden door there. But while the when she spoke again, it was in a lower and shappy man sat by the pine table that morning, by bar-keeper suddenly entered, followed by a la mournful tone. that if ever 1 visued his nativo State Is would seek of with a pale, high brow, mild hazel eyes, and a magely winning expression on her pensive face out his old triend. But when I inquired for you, Incold man looked up with a vacant stare of asthey unfolded a terrible story to me, Mr. Strong unshment, as the bar-keeper offered the lady a They told me of a broken and desolate household . chair, and pointed to the occupant of the other, say of a dark eyed boy that left his home in disgust

ng: "That's Billy Strong, ma'am," and with a lingering glance of curiosity, teft that genite woman alone white astonished and now thoroughly sober map. The soft eyes of the lady wendered with a sad, sad story thave heard of my father's old friend " Pring expression over Billy's features and then in low, sweet voice she asked :

"Am I rightly informed ? Do I address Mr them I' said old Bill, in a voice hoarse with emotion, as he I field his head from his clasped hands. William Strong ?" and looked upon the lady, every leature wearing

Ah! with those words the lady had got further to the winding stairs, nearer the hidden door, than Il who had gone before her.

"Yes, that is my name, ma'am," said old Bill. wide open stood the door then, and the lady hasta he glanced down at his shabby attire and actuened to pass in. A small, fair hand was faid on ily tried to hide the elbow which was peeping out his arm, and a sweet voice murmured : atherest, for it was a long time since he had been addressed by that name, and somehow it sounded well know in what manner. In the name of your dying wite and of the child that sleeps beside her. very pleasant to him.

" lam very glad to meet you, Mr. Strong," said the lady. "I have heard my father epeak of you to olien, and of the days when you and he were boys together, that I almost feel as if we were old acquaintances. You surely cannot have forgotten librium, and then eagerly seized the pen and pledge Chailes Morrison "

" No ! no ! Charlie and Jused to be old cronics," aid old Bill, with sudden animation, and a light in his eye, such as had no i been there for many a day, except when rum leat a fitful brilliancy.

Ah, the lady did not know, as pertisps the angels dil, that she had mounted the stairs, and was solily feeling for that unseen door ; so she went on :

1

pression was in no degree lessened when, in a few moments sher, old Bill followed her, without stop-"I almust feel as if I could see the old spot upon ning, as usual, to take a second glass. And he which your homestead stood Mr. Strong I have never passed over the threshold again. beard my lather describe it so often. The hill, Reader of mine, if you are of those whose true, with its crown of old oaks, at the back of your earnest souls bear ever about them one great dehouse, and the field of golden harvest grain that Tares in front. Then there was the green grass size to benefit their follow men-if your heart is plat before the front door, and the huge old apple yearning over some erring brother man, whom you the that threw its shallow across it; and the great, would gladly raise from the depths of degradation old fashioned portico, and the grape-wine that orept and misery, and point to the highway of peace and found pillars; and the rose bush that looked in at virtue-remember that somewhere in his heart the bed room window, and the brook that went must be a door, which, when rightly applied to;

sharing and singing through the bed of mint at the will open anto you, See to it that ye find it. ide of the house ." Cr A young Miss in a grammar school being " Many and many were the hours,"-so father

Tould say-" Wilhe and I used to pass under the usked how she would parse handsome young man, he was alive now ?" ejaculated Mike. andow of that old apple tree, playing at hide and naively replied, she would'n pass him at, all ; she "Be gorra," replied Pat, ' he'd say he was glad it, or fulling on the grass, telling each other the would take his arm if he wasn't married.

come again to bury out of sight this green, peopled world ; but storms will come, and winds will come and you may drift far away from the home of your childhood. And what makes that home? If all your relations and friends should go with you to be off lands, live with you there, would you not leave behind you a great deal of your home 3 Yes, you could not take with you the old homestead; the " I promised my father, previous to his death, elms and the oaks under which you played; the the hills climed in summer to see the sun go down in the west, or in the winter with your sleds; the brook that puried through the meadows ; the mountains that looked up in the distance like huge cushions of green velvet for the sky ; the fields of alterand despair, for one on the homeless sea : of the nate green and yellow and the tar off woods. But gentle, uncomplaining wife that went down with a being now to look up into this blue world above; prayer on her lips for her erring husband, brokento bring these glorious constellations into the circle hearied to the grave ; of the fair-haired girl they of your acquaintance; to call them by name, to asplaced by her side in a. finte while. Oh ! it is a sociate them with all the objects to which your home affections cling, and you may carry your "It was I ! It was I that did it all ! I killed

home with you the world over. O.iou, Arciurus, Bootes, Virgo, the celsial companions of Jub, Noah and David, will be yours in every condition; acquaintences, neighbors to your paternal homes. It may be your love to see but a little a space of the earth's surface; and to know but little more of the geography of the earth than what you learn from your map. But here you may study the geography of the heavens, and see every celestial ternory it door, your eye may travel over worlds that arithmetic cannot compute, nor geometry measure .--Your eye can do this, and when you have reached this extreme limit of their vision, your thoughts may go on forever into the world beyond.

THE ADVATAGES OF PRINTING -Mr. B., a well known metropolitan printing once told us that on one occasion and old woman from the country came into his printing office with an old Bible in her hand "I want," said she, " that you should print it over again. It's getting a little blurred sort of, and my eyes is not wot they wos. How much do you axe ?" fifty cents." " Can you have it done in half an hour ? wish you would-want to be getting home-live a good ways out of town." ' Certainly." When the old lady went out, he sent round to the office of the American Bible Society. and purchased a copy for fifty cents. " Lord sakes a massy !" exclaimed the old lady, when come to took at it. thow good you've fixed it! it's e'en a most as good as new ! I never see nothing so curious as what these printers is."

0.7 Two sons of Erin were moralizing over the fate election. · · · 2

"Bad news. Pat." says Mike. " Faith an' you're right there." responded Pat. What would old Gineral Taylor say to this i

he was dead !"

emn strokes. You spring to your feet. The laps are still-cold to your lips. The small hand has tillen back ; its touch grows icy. She is gone --She will never speak to you again on earth. You must bear that cold gaze that love so lately kindled

-and you tall weeping by her side. And every day that clock repeats that old story-Many another tate it telleth too-of joys past-o. sorrows shared, of beautiful words and deeds that are registered above. You feel-O ! how often, that the grave cannot keep her. You know she is in a happier world, yet that sometimes she is by your side an angel presence. You look a your innocent babe, and think that a reraph is guarding it. Cher. sh these emotions, they will make you happier.-Let her holy presence be as a charm to keep you from evil. In all new and pleasant connections, give her spirit a place in your heart. Never forget what she has been to you-that she has loved you. Be tender of her memory-so may you meet her with a soul unstamed-a bright and beau tiful spirt bride; where no one shall say more lorever, " she is dead."-Olive Branch.

Finely Caught.

"Some two miles up the river from St. Johnsburg. Vermont, there is a primitive sort of a little village called " The Centre." Here not long since, the rustic youth of the vicinity congregated for " a dance," " and dance they did." said our informant " with an unction unknown to your city belles and beaux." One young men having ' imbibed' rather describes. Without going a mile from your father's | too freely, became ' fatigued' in the course of the evening, and wisely concluded to ' retire' for a short rest. A door ajur near the dancing had revealed, invitingly, a glunpse of a comfortable bod. of which he took possession with a prospect of an undisturbed ' mouze ' It so happened, howbeit that this was the tadies' withdrawing room, and no

sooner had he closed his eyes, than a pair of blooming damsels came in from the hall, and began to adjust their disordered ringlets, the dim light of the candle rot disclosing the tenant of the bed. They had tongues. (like most of their 'sex') which ran on in this wise: "What a nice dance we are hav ing! Have you heard any body sily any thing about me, Jane ?" " La, yes Sally ! Jim Brown says he never saw you look so handsome. as you lo to-night: Have you heard any body say any thing about me ?" " About you! why sartin; I heard Joe P. Flint tell Sam Q Jones that you were the prettiest dressed girl in the room." Whereap on the dear things chuckled, " fixed up a little

more, and made off towards the ball-room. They had hardly reached the door, when cur half couscious triend raised himself upon his elbow, and quite intelligibly, though slowly inquired. "Ha'

you heard anybody say any thing about me girls ?" Phaney their pheelinks' at this junctore ! They fled with an explosive scream ."-Knickerbocker. The best cough drop for young ladies is to

in the night air.

"The Paper Don't Say."

and his walk in life has been in by paths and out of In this book were written the Psalms of David; the way places. His mind is characterised by ht- and the dove having presented the book to the tleness rather than a complehensive grasp of great King, he read aloud a portion of it to the children subjects. Mr. Slocom can, however, master a print ed paragraph by dint of spelling the hard words in a deliberate manner, and he manages to get a few glimpses of men and things from his little rocky farm, through the medium of a newspaper. It is quite edifying to hear him reading the village pa- and genii to otter horrid cries, so that for icar of per aloud to his wife af er a hard day's work A few evenings ago, father Slocum was reading an account of a dreadful accident that had occurred at a factory in the next town, and which the village editor had described in a great many words. " I declare, wife, that was an awful accident over a the mills."

"What was it about, Mr. Slocum ?" " I'll read the count, wife, and then you wit know all about it."

Mr. Slocum began to read-4. Horrible and fatal Accident -It becomes our painful duty to record the particulars of an acciden | for jealousy. that occurred at the lower mill, in this village, yesterday afternoon, by which a hurman being in the

prime of life was hurned to " that boume from travéller returns 7 " Du tell ! ' exclaimed Mrs. S.

" Mr. David Jones, a workman, who had but few superiors this side of the great city of New York, sorts of colors." (Whose boy are you? " When, was engaged in adjusting a belt upon one of the large drums---

14 I wonder if it was a bass drum, sich as has "E Pluribus Unum" printed on it ?" said Mrs. Slowas drawn around the doum, and finally his whole body was whitled over the shaft at a leastul rate .--When his situation was discovered, he had revolv- a five acre lot."

ed about fifeen minutes, his head and arms striking a large beam a distinct blow at each revolution " " Poor creature, how it must have burt him." "When the machinery had been stopped, it was found that Mr. Jone's arms and legs were macera ied to a jelley."

"Well did it kill him ?' asked Mrs. S, with m. creasing interest.

" Portions of the doramater, corebrum, and cere bellum, in confused masses, were scattered about the floor-in short the gates of eternity had opened upon him." Here Mr. Slocum paused to wipe his spectacles

and the wife seized the opportunity to press the question-

" Was the man killed ?" of I don't know-havn't come to that yet ; you'll know when I've finished the piece." And Mr Slocum continued his reading : ti was erident, when the shapeless form was

taken down, that it was no longer tenanted by an drop the practice of dressing thin when they go out immortal spirit-that the vital spark was extinct." |. Louis Napoleon is creating free baths in Paris "Was the mun killed ? that's what I want to I out of his own funds.

"My young friend," said a minister to' a boy at camp Meeting, ' do you, ever think of a future which," as the immortal Shakespeare said, " no arate?" " No, I unver meddle with State aflaire, the' my brother John is a polititioner." (Do your ever think of dying ?? 'No but Eguess our Sally did when she had the measles, for the turned all any body axes you that, tell 'enryou don't knowt

0.7. A raw Jonathan, who had been grzing at a garden in the city, in which were several mrrble : cum ---- when he became entangled. His aim statutes, exclaimed ' Just see wat a waiste! Here's. no less than six scare-crows in this little ten fort putch, and any one em would keep the crows from

> AWFUL WASTE -The New York Sunday Allan, in speaking of the "awful waste" of twenty-five ca-ks of liquor popred upon the ground in Maine, says representally, that such an amount of liquor · property distributed," v ouid have carried the primary elections in two or three wards of that city.

A Hand Hir -A gentleman at the Astor House table asked the person sitting next to him, if he would please pass the mustaid. "Sir," said the man, " do you mistake me for a waiter ? " On ! no," was the reply, " I mistook you for a genteman."

for There are various modes of preventing colds-Mrs Sourby uses a rawhile. For keeping boy's 'out of the wer,' she says there is nothing like it. People who believe in butter cauly, will please

notice.