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"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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## TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, April 5, 1860.

### Selected Poetry.

#### GERMS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful—  
By the way-side let them fall,  
That the moss may spring by the cottage gate,  
And the vine on the garden wall;  
Cover the rough and rude of earth  
With a veil of leaves and flowers,  
And mark, with the opening bud and cup,  
The march of summer hours.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful  
In the holy shrines of home;  
Let the pure and the fair and the graceful here,  
In the loveliest lustre come;  
Leave not a trace of deformity  
In the temple of the heart;  
But gather about its hearth the germs  
Of Nature and of Art.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful  
In the temple of our God—  
The God who starred the uplifted sky,  
And flowered the trampled sod;  
When he built a temple for Himself,  
And a home for the holy race,  
He reared each charn in symmetry  
And covered each line with grace.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful  
In the depths of the humble soul;  
They shall bud and blossom and bear the fruit,  
While endless ages roll;  
Plant with the flowers of charity,  
Hope, the portals of the tomb,  
And the fair and the pure about thy path  
In paradise shall bloom.

### Selected Tale.

[From Chambers' Journal.]

## HUSBAND AND WIFE. IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

When at length Isabel was sufficiently composed to return with me to the drawing-room, we found Mrs. Vivian at the piano, and her brother listening to her fine voice with evidently extreme enjoyment. I felt vexed to see them thus engaged, for Isabel had no musical talent herself, and I feared, under present circumstances, the effect of the smallest injurious comparison. As I sat and watched Mr. Lorimer following note by note with critical enthusiasm and affection for the accomplished singer, I regretted still more that this subtle way of reaching her husband's heart was closed against Isabel. Mrs. Vivian rose, however, as soon as she had finished her song, saying: "I won't bore Mrs. Lorimer with my loud voice; I know she does not care about music," and the piano was closed, for neither host nor hostess challenged her assertion. Mr. Lorimer began to talk kindly and pleasantly to me, informed me of his departure for Scotland, and mentioned incidentally that he must start early that he must breakfast by six o'clock in the morning.

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Vivian, "I shall be up to pour you your coffee; there is nothing so cheerful as to set off on a journey with no one to see that your great coat is buttoned, and to wish you 'God speed!'"

I looked anxiously toward Isabel, for I could see she was trembling with suppressed indignation; she commanded herself, however, admirably, and spoke quietly enough.

"Pray do not disturb yourself so early, Caroline; I have made my own arrangements for the morning, and propose to breakfast with my husband alone."

Mrs. Vivian shrugged her shoulders, expressive of scornful acquiescence in this new caprice, and Mr. Lorimer appeared too intent on the *Bradshaw* he had taken up to hear the remark.

About half-past five on the following morning I was awakened by Isabel standing already dressed by my bedside. She wished me to get up, and join her and her husband at the breakfast-table.

"I do not know what I may be tempted to say to him, Aunt Sarah, but I feel as if I could not let him go away in his present estrangement, especially when I fear he has such serious business for his object. I have thought for some time past he must take me to his heart again—speak to me kindly!"

"But, my dear child, had you not better be alone?"

She thought not; if I were present, I could judge for myself, and I should be no restraint upon her. I thought how lovely she looked presiding at the table in her simple white gown, and felt persuaded her husband must think so too when he came in. But when he did, after a few civil speeches to me, he seemed too hurried and pre-occupied to notice anything. He swallowed his breakfast in five minutes, and then rose at once and rang the bell impatiently for the carriage to come round.

"I must be off immediately," he said, looking at his watch; "I would not miss the train on any account. Good-by, Isabel."

What could be done in the way of remonstrance or entreaty under such circumstances? A man under fear of losing the train is scarcely tolerant of conjugal embraces, much less of conjugal reproaches. Isabel had timed her appeal badly. She stood irresolute, her eyes downcast, her brow clouded. I saw Mr. Lorimer had made a movement toward her, as if to kiss her, but turned shortly from her on remarking her attitude. He evidently misunderstood her, for he compressed his lips with an expression of such bitter feeling, though it was but transient, that I felt how deep a current of suffering and disappointment ran beneath his calm and ordinary manner.

"I hope you will not find the country very dull," he said to me; "Isabel must do her best to amuse you during my absence; it is very kind of you to come and stay with her. Take care of the children, Isabel."

He turned and was going. I touched Isa-

bel's arm, and she sprang suddenly forward so as to intercept his way to the door.

"You will write to me?" she asked eagerly—"you will let me know your movements? Are you likely to be long absent?—a month?—six weeks? Lorimer, speak kindly to me kindly before you go away?"

I saw the color rise angrily to Mr. Lorimer's face.

"Why have you reserved your tender appeal till the last moment?" he said. "Were you anxious for a witness to your protest against my neglect? I shall write to you duly. Don't attempt to delay me another moment."

He spoke in a hard, severe tone—but her gently on one side, as she blocked his passage—and was gone. A moment after, we heard the carriage roll from the door. Isabel clasped her hands.

"Am I not a blundering fool?" she cried, passionately. "I never make an attempt to heal but I widen the breach. He thinks, now, I am playing a part—wanting to convince you I am a neglected wife!"

She walked restlessly up and down the room. I had not much to say in the way of consolation. I had felt from the first that it was impolitic to have insisted on my presence during the interview, but she had overruled my objection; and I was deeply grieved to see matters were worse between them than I had thought. I had hoped last night that Isabel had exaggerated or mistaken her position.

"And it does not seem so very long ago," continued she, gloomily, "that he never left me for a few hours without a tender farewell. I never came into the room but he smiled and gave me a seat near him. He could scarcely pass me without a touch that was a caress; and now—"

"Oh, child," I said, "you have acted very ill!"

"Have I not told you so?" she returned bitterly; "and do I not suffer for it?" He never loved me as I love him now. What long patience he had with me—blind to my selfishness, indulgent to my vanity, giving me so much with such an ungrudging lavishness, and only asking me to acknowledge it and love him! Can I blame his sister that she helped him to discover how unworthy I was?"

"I fear," I said, "she still does you harm. She will not be here when your husband returns. I cannot believe, Isabel, that when left alone to exercise a judicious influence, you will not regain the place you have lost. There must be some tenderness left for you in his heart; your love must reanimate it."

She shook her head. "No; I despair of it. His love and pride have both been too deeply wounded. He does not believe that what I feel is love, but caprice—the desire to regain power and influence lost. He does not think I love my children; but we cannot continue to live like this. If there is no change for the better on his return, we must part—"

The entrance of Vivian arrested the conversation; she appeared in a most elaborate morning toilet, and apparently in superabundant spirits.

"It was cruel of you to forbid my wishing my brother good-by, Mrs. Lorimer," she said gaily. "I tried to hail him from my window; but the noise of the wheels, or his grief in parting from his Isabel, made the effort vain. I wish my engagements permitted my staying a day or two longer with you till your spirits had rallied."

This was intended for sarcasm, for, of course, poor Isabel was doing her best to appear cheerful and untroubled, and, as she had always succeeded so well in this doubtful race as effectively to deceive her husband as well as her sister-in-law. Mrs. Vivian chatted on while taking her leisurely breakfast, until the effort of repartee became too much for Isabel, and she left the room under the excuse of going to her nursery. Left thus alone with the stranger guest, a sudden resolution seized me. I had been studying Mrs. Vivian's countenance for some time attentively, and I came to the conclusion that though her manners might not please me, there was no indication of want of heart or intelligence in her physiognomy, and that I, in my turn, would be able to excite herself for leaving me, to make her final arrangements for her departure, I begged her to remain a few moments longer, as I had a matter of importance about which I was anxious to consult her. She repeated herself immediately, with an air of undisguised surprise; then, on a sudden, her brow clouded.

"It is about your niece?—about Mrs. Lorimer and my brother. Do not let us speak of it, my dear Madam. I should be really grieved to hurt your feelings on the subject; but it is one on which I cannot trust myself to speak calmly."

She was going, her tactics of retreat evidently corresponding with those of Mrs. Lorimer; but I intercepted her boldly.

"Do let me speak," I urged. "I am so thoroughly convinced that Isabel is misunderstood, wronged by both of you; unconsciously, of course, but still wronged. A little explanation—"

But I had chosen my expressions ill.

"Wronged!" Mrs. Vivian repeated with flashing eyes—"wronged!"

"I beseech you to be patient," I said, half smiling. "I am but a bungling old woman, but I love my niece as my own child, and I cannot witness her unhappiness without some attempt, however awkward to arrest it. Do you imagine she is happy, Mrs. Vivian?"

"Yes, or at least I imagine her to have a constitutional guarantee against the reverse," was the reply; "an entirely unmitigated heartlessness. Oh, my dear Madam, you touch a sore place by your appeal! I cannot contain myself when I think how my brother has sacrificed himself to that girl! Wise men are the greatest fools in love," she pursued rapidly; "and when they married, he doted upon her shadow. Nothing he could give her was too good for her, or rather he never considered how much he gave her. I never liked the marriage; but I would have held my peace, and

received her as a sister, had she loved him.—But she cared nothing for him! How dared she sell herself thus? and except not only his wealth and position, but his true noble affection as mere tribute to her puerile attractions, without having anything to give in exchange—not even a heart? What did she reckon herself worth? and, good Heavens! how long the man was befooled!"

Mrs. Vivian paused, exhausted, and I tried to seize my opportunity. "Granted that she was guilty of marrying him without loving him," I said; "consider the great temptations offered, not by his position chiefly, but by the ardor of his own passion; and at least she was free from the greater guilt of loving any one else. Ah, I understand your sneer, Mrs. Vivian, but I repeat you wrong Isabel. She may have been selfish, weak, and vain, and have had her young head turned by flattery—her husband's flattery more than any other—but she has a heart; she feels deeply, passionately; she repents the past; she loves her husband now."

Mrs. Vivian shook her head scornfully. "She deceives you, perhaps she deceives herself. She repents the loss of his love I doubt not because it involves the loss of her power; she may even, in the spirit of coquetry, be anxious to possess herself of it again. But love—that is, unselfish affection—is beyond her. I think it probable she may dread the consequences of this alienation, but she need not be afraid; my brother is so chivalrous that, did he feel her a heavier burden than he does, he would not shake her off at the expense of her own humiliation."

My cheek flushed. I felt too indignant to find words. Mrs. Vivian perceived it, and continued more gently: "We view this matter very differently, of course; but you must remember I have this advantage over you—I have been a witness of their married life—of his devotion, patience, and blindness, of her egotism, vanity, exigence, and selfishness. But it is over now; she can never delude him again.—From the moment he became convinced all his love had been wasted—that there had never been a moment's response to his disinterested affection—that, in fact, she had married him for his money—the enchantment was dispelled. What he has suffered, God only knows. I imagine I heard the tone of his voice now as when he said to me: 'She never loved me, Caroline; she deceived me from first kiss; and can you wonder that my indignation is so strong?'"

I was silent. I felt it would be vain to protest.

"I must go," she said, rising. "We will not quarrel over this matter—you and I," and she held out her hand with a smile.

"Only one word more," I said, retaining it. "If you may admit it as a possibility—if there should ever be a hope of reconciliation, you will not mar it? I mean, you will not use your influence against the wife?"

"Impossible!" she said; "but my impurity succeeded in winning the promise from her."

When Mrs. Vivian came down stairs to take her departure, Isabel was, standing in the hall, waiting to bid her guest farewell. Little Lily was clinging to her side, timid, tender, and silent as seemed her wont. The sight of the fair mother and child thus linked together seemed to touch Mrs. Vivian. Yielding to what was evidently a sudden impulse, she went up to Isabel, and took her hand.

"Good-by, Mrs. Lorimer. I cannot help feeling a kind of pity for you, in spite of your conduct—in spite, too, of your contemptuous disclaimer," she added, smiling, for Isabel had winced at the expression, and drawing up her graceful neck, looked haughtily down upon the sympathizer. "Have you any idea," pursued Mrs. Vivian, after a moment's reflection, "what business it is that takes your husband to Glasgow at this particular time? No? I hardly think Lorimer is right to leave you unwarned that there is a fearful chance of your losing all that you value highest. The shock may be too much for you."

I feared an ebullition of passion from Isabel but she had learned many a lesson of self-control since I had known her as a girl, and she only looked contemptuous.

"My husband's absence constrains me to bear his sister's insults in silence," she replied, with an air of dignity; "and I wish to know nothing that he chooses to keep back from me. Kiss your aunt, Lily, and bid her good-by." And so parted the sisters.

It was not entirely a melancholy time that Isabel and I passed together during the protracted absence of her husband. The country was so beautiful, and all the elegant appliances of enjoyment which we had at command were so pleasantly new to me, that I found it impossible to resist external influences. Besides I have a passion for children, and even had I not, I must have loved Isabel's Baby Bella was a paragon of infantile vigor and beauty, and Lily had all the exquisite tenderness and sweetness of a child destined to but brief probation. To Isabel it was a great relief to have some one with her to whom she could confide all the incidents, faults and disappointments of her married life, and who never wearied of speculating with her on her chances of reconciliation and happiness. Besides, she was free to follow the bent of her feelings; she had no part to play, no spurious pride to maintain. Mr. Lorimer's letters were not of a cheering character; they were cold and reserved in style and spoke of his business engagements as of a momentous and disastrous character, without farther explanation. Isabel seemed strangely indifferent on the subject, except as it might affect her husband's happiness; but I confess I was not so unworried. I wrote to my brother, and requested him to let me know what rumors were afloat in London respecting the firm of Glitter & Co. The answer I received alarmed me. Hitherto, I had never heard Robert express anything but the most extreme admiration for the vast extent, financial management, and unlimited credit of the establishment; now he wrote as if it had been from its commencement a huge swindle. He said its solvency doubted, its credit shaken, its immense wealth a delusion. "I believe Lorimer is the only moneyed man of the batch, and when

the crash comes, as come it will, as far as his means go, he will have to pay the piper. Had he been the prudent man and affectionate husband I thought him, he would have settled that fine estate of his on Isabel and her children at the time of his marriage. If he has not taken the precaution of entailing it, which I very much doubt, he and everything must go to the dogs." The followed unreasonable and selfish regrets for his daughter "who might have done so much better," which I spare the reader.

This letter made me miserable. I dare not tell Isabel, for I did not feel at liberty to do so, when her husband kept her in ignorance of his affairs, added to which, I knew not what measure of belief to yield to my brother's statements. There was nothing for it but to wait; but every proof of wealth, every sign of luxury around me, became irksome and intolerable. Poor Lily's tiny pony chair, with its miniature steed, to procure which from its native island, no expense or trouble had been spared—even the very baby's lace robes—assumed a melancholy and sinister aspect to my morbid vision. Isabel's costly dresses, of which she was so careless, distressed me; the daily elegance of the table appointments gave me a pang. I went about under a cloud, or rather under a painful illumination which I dared not shed on my companion. The ordeal, however, was not destined to last very long.

One morning, about a fortnight after I had heard from my brother, Isabel dropped her husband's bi-weekly letter with a sudden exclamation. I looked up, frightened, yet half relieved at the sight of her pale face and excited manner. Had the crash come? Had he told her? I perceived she had stretched out her hand eagerly for the morning paper, which still lay unopened on the table; but her agitation bewildered her. She took it up aimlessly, then put it down, and turned again to the letter, which her trembling hand could scarcely hold.

"Isabel, my darling, my poor child!" I cried, going up to her and kissing her with fervor—"is—is Mr. Lorimer well?"

She put the letter in my hand. "Read it; give me a few minutes, and then come to me, Aunt Sarah," and she left the room.

Poor girl! she could not but feel it. Mr. Lorimer's letter began as follows: "I take great blame to myself, Isabel, that I have kept you ignorant of the state of my affairs until the public papers will announce my ruin to the world at large this morning; but I have hoped against hope that this calamity might have been averted, and your peace of mind undisturbed."

The *Times* of that morning curtly announced that Messrs. Glitter of London had stopped payment, and that their liabilities were supposed to be enormous. There was no comment; the public were to wait for detail and criticism.

When I joined Isabel, I found her walking up and down her dressing-room, holding her baby in her arms. She looked comparatively calm, but there was an expression of deep anxiety in her face.

I began at once to enter on the subject, for I wished to harden her for its discussion.

"Now the blow has fallen," she said, "I feel it deeply. I feel it chiefly for my husband, who, I imagine, has never contemplated the possibility of being poor. I cannot conceive how he will meet it. If there is any disgrace attending it, it will kill him, for he is a proud man. Aunt Sarah," she added passionately, "do you think this trouble will open his heart to me? Do you think he will allow me to love him and console him? There is not a kind word in his letter, not a relenting phrase. Oh! I know how he feels—more bitterly against me than ever, for he thinks he has lost all I loved or cared for."

"But now, dear child, you will be able to prove your love."

"How? Have I anything I can give him—any resource for bread-getting? Oh, it is hard! Lily, my tender flower, will never thrive as a poor man's child. And I—O aunt, I love wealth and ease dearly, dearly! Poverty will be bitter"—Her tears choked her.

"Too bitter a price to pay for your husband's love?" I asked.

I had no wish to blame her inconsistency, or reproach her for her lack of heroism. I knew she was showing me the conflict of her heart, and it seemed to me but a natural one. She was a disciplined, high-minded woman, but a passionate, disappointed girl, shrinking at first sight, from the trouble which I firmly believed she would, in the end, find strength and courage to endure and overcome.

"Ah! if I dared to hope that," she murmured, kissing her child, "I could bear anything. I shall soon know my fate. Oh! how shall I live till to-morrow!"

Her endurance was not exercised so long; for that evening Mr. Lorimer arrived unexpectedly by a late train. The day had been wet and chilly, and Isabel had ordered a fire in her dressing room, over which she and I were sitting in melancholy mood, wearied of the fruitless yet incessant discussion of chances at the time of his arrival. Isabel sprang up on hearing the sound of his voice in the hall.

"What shall I do?" she exclaimed, clasping her hands. "I am so afraid of injuring my cause by over-precipitancy, so afraid of being misunderstood—repulsed. How shall I persuade him that I love him?"

"My darling, it seems to me it has become a very easy task."

We heard his voice approaching in the direction of our room. "On no account disturb your mistress," he was saying to Isabel's maid; "she had no idea I should return to-night."

her face, the light fell upon his, and showed me the intent, searching gaze.

"Maurice, dare I give you a welcome?" She sprang forward and threw her arms around his neck. Is it possible that he can put her from him without a moment's return of the old love—an involuntary response to the thrilling embrace? Yes; he frees himself gently but coldly, and taking her by the hand, leads her back without a word into the room. He has her now in the full blaze of the fire-light, and he still keeps his hold of her hand—his scrutiny of her face. How altered has his own become; how pale and worn! When he spoke at length, the mingled restraint and anguish of his voice made my heart ache.—

"You have not received my letter this morning, Isabel? You are always a careless student of the newspaper? You do not know?"

"Here is your letter; there lies the newspaper. I am sorry, Maurice—I am deeply sorry. I love wealth, as you know; I dread poverty; but if it was the only price at which your faith in me could be bought, I am glad we are poor. I have not always loved you—but I love you now; I have not done my duty hitherto—I will try and do it now. Believe me—help me!"

He turned from her and covered his face with his hand.

"It is a woman's generosity!" he said; "the sex's passion for self-sacrifice!"

"It is a woman's passion, a wife's love," she answered, raising her glowing face.—

"Maurice, is it for me to plead?" She made as if she would have knelt before him, and threw her arms around his knees.

I waited just one half moment to assure myself, with an old woman's love of demonstration, that she did not plead in vain. I saw him raise her in his arms, saw the passionate kiss that sealed the renewed truth, and instinctively heard, as I lifted away through the dim corridor, the tones of his voice tremulous with more than a lover's fervor.

Three months later, Mr. and Mrs. Lorimer sailed for Montreal, where the former had a brother established as a merchant. There were not many tears shed by either, for in that time their love and mutual dependence had grown so strong and intimate that no grief seemed interable which they shared together. In the arrangement of his affairs he had been actuated but by one motive—to satisfy every claim as far as the most scrupulous honor dictated, even to the last fraction of his estate. Three hundred a year had been affixed to Isabel by marriage-settlement, but by some legal inadvertency, the deed proved invalid, and her little fortune went in the general wreck. Mr. Lorimer regretted the loss, but I know Isabel was glad of it. Her last words, as we parted on the deck of the vessel, were to me: "We shall not come back to Old England again," she said gaily, "till we have grown rich enough to buy back Morton Leas; so don't fail to let us know when it is in the market."

This was said ten years ago, and now my old heart beats with the hope of seeing them once more. To-day I received my periodical letter from Montreal, and what says Isabel? "We are coming home, Aunt Sarah, to realize my prophecy. Morton Leas is in the market, though you have kept a treacherous silence; nay, it is doubtless our own already. Tell my father that Maurice says there shall be no delay in making a rigorous entail of the estate; and how proud shall you and I be, my beloved aunt-mother, to watch our boy flying his kite over his inalienable acres."

THE EMBLEM OF SCOTLAND.—The following is related as the origin of the use of the thistle as the national emblem of Scotland; When the Danes invaded Scotland they availed themselves of the pitch darkness of night to attack the Scottish forces unawares. In approaching them unobserved, and marching barefooted to prevent their tramp being heard, one of the Danes trod upon a large prickly thistle, and the sharp cry of pain which he instantly uttered suddenly apprized the Scots of their danger, who immediately ran to their arms and defeated the foe with great slaughter. The thistle was therefore adopted as the national insignia of Scotland.

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—Beautiful is old age, beautiful as the slow drooping mellow autumn of a rich glorious summer. In the old man, nature has fulfilled her work; she loads him with the fruits of a well-spent life; and surrounded by his children, she rocks him away softly to the grave, to which he is followed by blessings. God forbid we should not call it beautiful. There is another life, hard, rough and thorny, trodden with bleeding feet and aching brow; a battle which no peace follows this side of the grave; which the grave gapes to furnish before the victory is won; and strange that it should be the highest life of man. Look back along the great names of history, there is none whose life is other than this.—*Westminster Review.*

A HEART.—What a curious thing a heart is—is it not, young lady? There is as much difference in hearts as in faces. A woman's heart is a sacred thing, and full of purity.—How proud a man ought to be to have it placed in his keeping—to have a pretty girl love him so well that she will give it to him, and tell him that it was his more than any other! Isn't it a curious thing, ladies? We might say of the heart as the old woman did of the first rabbit she ever saw: "La, how funny!"

A DOUBLE FOOL.—A woman is either worth a great deal or nothing. If good for nothing, she is not worth getting jealous for; if she be a true woman, she will give no cause for jealousy. A man is a brute to be jealous of a good woman—a fool to be jealous of a worthless one; but is a double fool to cut his throat for either of them.

## Here and There.

"The far of morning-bells swing down their voices like a sweet, solemn under chorus to the tune of my heart; soft and sweet as the cradle songs of a new mother—now melting down into a deep, low wail, that is a blank groan of misery, anguish—death."—V. E. TOWNSEND.

The hills loom up blue in the distance, over the river, and the wind surges through the tall pines with a shivering wail, while down the valley the water gurgles and ripples, drearily on, between the icy banks. Anon, the night shadows come pressing in the window, and the firelight glimmers and dances merrily on the wall.

While I listen to the mourning wind, and listening, dream, there comes a tiny footfall, and a low, warbling voice calling—"Brother," and dainty little fingers caress my hair, but, when I stretch out my arms with the longing cry "Little sister, little sister," I hear only the wailing night wind and the "memory-bells" down in my heart, swinging, swinging to and fro; echoing the peals of childish laughter, and clear and silver as though a score of years had not pressed the damp earth down, down over those tenderly curled lips, chilling that warm, loving heart.

A score of years! There were no gray locks in the brown hair she crewlike caressed; no care or pain in the heart against which she nestled every twilight, while I listened to her birdlike prattle, and fondled the shining hair that floated off from that sweet spiritual brow; or sang old familiar hymns till her calm eyes veiled themselves in sleep. Every twilight she rested in my arms, and I dreamed of the future for that precious one, so tenderly cherished, noting no change; yet, while I dreamed, there was a change; for the fragile form grew slighter, the little arms clasped my neck closer, and there was a yearning tenderness in her fond caresses.

Why should I linger over those sad, yet inexpressibly sweet hours? As the dew drops exhale, as the sunbeam fades, so she glided from me into the unseen. Yet I know the last words those wet lips murmured were—"Sing to me, brother."

Ah, little sister; my voice cannot reach thee out on that eternal sea where thine ear listeth to the "choral singing!"

And there was a grave made, down by the river side, where the water gurgles and moans so mournfully to-night, and every spring the violets grow up over that shining head below; every summer the birds warble in the boughs over head, answering to the water's ripple.

They told me she was gone, lost to me forever on earth; but she is ever a living Presence to me. Those calm eyes guard me from evil, and when I mingle with the gay and pleasure-seeking, there is a tiny hand clasped close in mine that leads me aright; while the echo of that voice, death stilled so long ago, keeps my heart pure.

And I know that I lie down that long, dreamless sleep by the river side, and my soul goes over the returns river, I shall know the voice that greets me first, and she will never glide from my arms there.

WHAT HAS HE BEEN.—What is that to you? It is of no consequence if he has been one of the most abandoned of men. He is not so now. We care not what evil a man has done, provided he has heartily repented, and now lives an upright, consistent life. Instead of looking back a dozen or twenty years to know what a person is you should inquire, "What is he now? What is his present character?" If you find that his reformation is sincere, and that he laments his past errors, take him cordially by the hand and bid him God-speed in his noble purpose. We are no friends to those who would take up past sins and vices to condemn one who is resolved to be upright and virtuous. Many a person is driven back to the paths of vice, who might have become an ornament to society, but for the disposition too common among men to rake up and drag to the light long forgotten inquiries. We always admired the reply of a daughter to her father, who was asked respecting a young man of her acquaintance.—"Do you know where he comes from?"—"No," replied the girl, "I do not know where he comes from, but I know where he is going."

LET no one suppose that by acting a good part through life he will escape slander.—There will be those who hate him for the possession of the very qualities that ought to procure esteem. There are some folks in the world who are not willing that others should do any better than themselves.

SELF-SEARCH.—Read not books alone, but men, and among them chiefly thyself; if thou findest anything questionable there, use the commentary of a severe friend, rather than the gloss of a sweet-flipped flatterer; there is more profit in a distasteful truth than deceitful sweetness.

—We can well pity the "pheelinks of the stranger who was sent up stairs in a Western hotel to sleep with a back woodsman, who gave him this welcome: "Wail, stranger, I've no objection to your sleeping with me—none in the least; but it seems to me the bed is rather narrow for you to sleep, comfortable, considering how I dream of shooting and scalping Indians. At the place I stopped night before last, they charged me five dollars extra, 'cause I happened to whistle up the headboard with my knife while I was dreaming. But you can come to bed if you like; I feel kinder peaceable to-night."

COLLOQUY ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—"Boy, who do you belong to?" asked a gentleman as he stepped on board of a steamer of a "dacky," leaning on the guards.

"I did blong to Massa William, sir, when I come aboard; but he is in de cabin playing poker wid de captain, and I don't know who I blong to now?"