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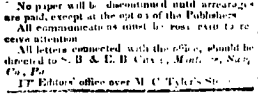

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[WRITTEN FOR THE DEMOCRAT.]

THE BRIDAL TOUR.

There is a pleasant gathering, and young hearts
Are lightly beating, as the swift moments
Of the bridal hour speed on. No rude laugh
Or ill-toned jest is heard, yet every face
Is wreathed in smiles, while from each to other
Passes the cheerful greeting. There are looks
Of pleasing expectation, with the eyes
Chastened, as though they glistened dimly through
A bright cup
And yet behind the fashion for the hour
There merely, each of the whispering groups,
There lies a forth-reaching to the deep
Among them. Now, but to-morrow
Is hushed and lifeless—and how very near
Seems all of this!

We launch the bark
On our fair-mantled ocean. Way deep with
Load
As thickly be

Maybe, in the glow
She only sees a sunny youth
On whose arm she leans, his every care
Before her with whole heart to share, and the word
That one little word, but many a question has—
Encroaches her upon the chosen Power
Firmly pronounced—to speak "now."
And lifting up his hand to Heaven, he begs
Its richest blessings on the pure one kneel
By his devotion. How fearfully and fast
Young girls throw and forget their coldness
And oh, in bride, no more fearful spot on
For others as down their Path, than the
Without a
Beginning

The same group anon,
And a pale and to us unknown Woman
Of the
The young bride before
Why is get round her
Her glance is bent
Is left the impress of a mother's
And on her heart it
Gracer

[WRITTEN FOR THE DEMOCRAT.]

How often the
Of Memory
When
By
Which
That
Of cause from the
That bubbles forth
And o'er the
Meandering down the
The golden
Unless within the
Too vast of beauty
Delightful
They b
And break
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Nantucket, Mass. EDITOR.

From Arthur's Home Gazette.

THE STRANGE PROVIDENCE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

'A strange, said Providence!' sighed one of a company of mourners, assembled to pay the last tribute of respect and affection to a departed sister, who had been cut down in the very flower of womanhood, and at a time when a thousand of the tenderest ties were binding her to the earth. 'What a strange, and, mysterious Providence.'

'Strange and sad enough,' was the sober response. 'Ah me! the ways of Him who sitteth amid clouds and shadows are dark and impenetrable. She was a thoughtful, loving mother.'

'None could have been more so,' answered the first speaker.

'And her little ones need her care now, perhaps, more than they will ever need it again. Tender, innocent lambs! the chilling winds will blow too roughly upon them.'

'Ah me! it is strange! very strange!' added the other. 'I cannot comprehend it. Why should God remove a true-hearted mother from the guardianship of her children?'

'Often and often have I asked myself that question; but there has come no satisfactory reply.

Her, while these friends of the departed one are vainly striving to penetrate this mysterious Providence, let us glance back a little, and see if some incidents in her life will not throw light up in the subject.

It was an evening in early spring. The day was warm for the season, so warm that the lingering fires of the departed winter oppressed the atmosphere, and the wide-wood doors were, in consequence, thrown open to admit the fresher air without.

It was early in the evening, and Mrs. Carlton, a bride of a few weeks, had seated herself at the open window, with her work-basket at her side, and a part of her home-band to be on-pressing air, that came in cool, and looked with a pleased

'Why, Clara!' exclaimed Mr. Carlton, on entering the room, and seeing the exposed position of his young wife, 'you are not exercising prudence in sitting there.'

'Oh, don't scold it was, dear!' interposed Clara. 'The air is so refreshing.'

The reproachful look with which she spoke, which was perceived by her husband, went effectually toward closing the window, more than any words could.

'It is wonderful how one yourself in this way, Clara, dear,' said he, taking her hand. 'I am sure you will take cold if I leave you to yourself.'

Mr. Carlton spoke seriously, and Clara looked grieved.

'Oh dear, no!' lightly remarked the young husband. 'I am not so fond as that. Fresh air will never kill me.'

'No, not that, perhaps. Having upon your hands and face. But, to exercising for some length of time, I can't suggest you have thrown your handkerchief from your neck. Already I can perceive that you have taken cold!'

Mr. Carlton touched his wife's throat, and laid the back of his hand upon her forehead, and then kissed her cheek. Clara was startled by the fear expressed in her husband's manner, and the tone of voice in which it was uttered. She had been so happy in the love of her husband, that the thought of danger to him had never occurred to her mind. Now, however, it came with a force that was painful. She looked up into his face, and saw that it was pale with anxiety. Her own heart began to throb with a quicker motion, and her cheeks to grow pale.

'Why, Clara!' said Mr. Carlton, in a low, tender voice, and a cold sigh fled from her lips. 'What's the matter?'

She laid her head upon his bosom, and burst into tears.

'Clara, my dear wife, what is it?' Mr. Carlton spoke