

THE ANGEL OF OUR HOME.

BY C. H. RITCHIE.

This is not an angel added to the Host of Heaven but one who dwells on earth in those that love it.

STAND LIKE AN ANVIL!

Stand like an anvil, when the stroke of adversity falls on thee; stand like an anvil, when the storm of adversity blows on thee.

HOME.

Home is not a mere house, but a heart; home is not a mere place, but a peace.

THE FALL OF LEAVES.

The autumn winds are blowing, and the leaves are falling; the trees are bare, and the earth is cold.

MOTTO ON THE BRIDAL RING.

A young man and woman are standing before the altar; the minister is speaking, and the people are listening.

TALKING WITH FINGERS.

The female operatives in some of the mills "down east," being prevented by the unceasing noise and clatter of the machinery from indulging in the indispensable amusement of the gentler sex, have resorted to a new mode of telegraphing.

PAY YOUR MINISTER.

BY MRS. H. C. KNIGHT.

"Has Mr. Scott's bill been sent over lately?" asked a grocer, gruffly.

THE SUMMER IS ENDED.

The time of Song and Flowers has come and gone, and the gentle breezes of Autumn are heard sighing o'er the withered beds of decaying flowers.

Since last our cheeks were fanned by the cooling winds of Autumn, what a change has come over the domestic hearths of many of us!

For more than three months its poisoned shafts were fixing their envenomed points in the hearts of thousands!

To such as have felt the fatal touch of this terrible disease, autumn has an unwelcome sound. The ripened fruit and golden grain will be unheeded by these "sorrowing ones."

"My dear, you will be so cold; have you nothing to wear on you now but this?" said he, taking the corner of a thin kerchief in his hand.

"I should be very glad to have one," said the minister, with a slight dependence in his tone, "but we cannot have anything that we want in this world, Mary."

Let your dress be modest, and consult your condition. Play not the Peacock by looking vainly at yourself.

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THE POLITE LAIRD.

OF ONE OF HIS OLD ANCESTORS, JAMES EARL OF BALCARRES, WHO WAS A GREAT AGRICULTURIST, AND DIED IN 1708, LORD LINDSAY, IN HIS "LIVES OF THE LINDSAYS," JUST PUBLISHED, RELATES SOME PLEASING ANECDOTES:—

"Walking one day in a field of turnips, he surprised an old woman, a pensioner of the family, busily employed in filling a sack with his favorites. After heartily scolding her—to which she replied only in silent eloquence of repeated curses, he was walking away, when the poor woman called after him, 'Eh, my Lord it's unco heavy! wad ye no be so kind as help me on wi'?'—which he did, and, with many thanks she departed."

QUAKER PUNISHMENT.

A Long Island Quaker, who had a very unruly negro boy living with him, and whose disposition he had tried for a long time to bring under the control of the peaceful influence of Quakerism in vain, tried a new species of punishment, that is related thus:—

Tired of moral suasion, the old Quaker was about giving up in despair, when a thought struck him. "I will punish the lad," said Aminab to himself. "I will not strike him, for he is one of God's creatures on which men should not lay their unworthy hands. Josiah," said he, addressing the boy, "come here."

"That is the place, boy," continued the Quaker in a solemn tone, "and there I must take thee, Josiah."

"Get thy hat, Josiah, get thy hat and come with me, I can hear no words from thee." The boy got his hat and followed the Quaker to the railroad depot, where they took the cars for Brooklyn.

"Taking the cigar from the mouth and snuffing the ashes from the end, is a conclusion of a paragraph."

Never begin a story with a half-smoked cigar; for to light another while conversing is a breach of politeness.

SINGULAR MODE OF KEEPING FRESH FISH ALIVE.—Those worthy individuals who take delight in Israh' Walton's art, and who, moreover, are in the habit of sending the result of their sports to their epicurean acquaintances, must learn an indispensable piece of information, viz, how to keep fish fresh. This may be done by soaking the soft part of bread in brandy, and inserting it into the gill of the fish, while it is yet alive, and afterwards sprinkling it over gently with brandy.

YANKEE UNQUITT.—The London J.

chronicles indulge, in a bit of pleantry over the ubiquitous qualities of the Universal Yankee nation. "No land is too far—no nook too dark for their research.

If a taste for copper should lead you to the bottom of a Cornish mine, there will be found one of the sovereigns of the great Republic; should a cool morning tempt you to the top of the grand Pyramid, the oasis of Siwah, the Dead Sea, the Chilian mountains, Beloochistan and Timbuctoo all know his visits, and have beset of the glory of his native cities. Should the north-west passage ever be discovered, the Yankee will probably be found there scuttled on a stranded iceberg; and some fine day we expect to hear that M. d'Abbadie has come upon a camp of Yankee Arabis picnicing at the sources of the Nile.

The adventures, energies, and powers of our cousin-giant grow quite alarming. "Rough and Ready" has extinguished Bonaparte; the march of Col. Doniphan into New Mexico has put down the retreat of the Ten Thousand; "Mardi" has forever eclipsed Marco Polo. Lieut. Wilkes has put down—but we must take breath—Time and space fail us before such an enumeration. An American has said of his countryman, that the genuine Yankee would not be able to repose in heaven itself, if he could go farther westward. He must go ahead. Prophecy looks forward to the time when the valley of the Mississippi shall overflow with this restless population, and Europe be subject to a new migration. "What do I consider the boundaries of my country?" exclaimed a Kentuckian; "why, sir, on the east we are bounded by the rising sun—on the north by the aurora borealis—on the west by the precession of the equinoxes—and on the south by the day of judgement!"

THE OUTRAGES IN ARKANSAS.—The Little Rock Democrat makes the following statement concerning the outrages in Marion county, referred to by us a few days since: "A feud has for some time existed between several families in Marion county, which resulted, a few days since, in the murder, by an armed party, of an old man, named King, and his two sons. A warrant was issued for the arrest of the murderers, but their friends mastered in such force that the whole posse of the county was not sufficiently strong to take them. Information of these facts was communicated to Gov. Roane, who has authorized Gen. A. M. Woods, of Marion county, to call out the militia, if the arrest of these murderers cannot be effected by the civil authorities."

RUSSIAN VENGEANCE.—"Behind the chapel was a rack, and on both sides of the rack were several rows of gallows some miles in length, and instruments of torture ready for the unfortunate victims. The punishments were in accordance with the degree of culpability and station in society of the rebels. In the first row of gallows the most guilty were executed; after being subject to the rack they were quartered alive. The leaders had their hands and legs cut off, and afterwards impaled on long spikes, and left to their horrible fate. Their groans were heard for miles, and their bodies feasted the eyes of the panic-stricken population. In the second row of gallows they were only quartered, and their sufferings were, at least, shorter. In the third row the parties were simply beheaded. In the fourth row they were merely hanged. In the fifth they ran the gauntlet and the knout. All the ecclesiastics were burned. There were separate gallows for women, married and maiden. Even children of thirteen years were subjected to great cruelty. Married couples were occasionally hanged on the same gallows, as well as whole families. During the space of 3 months, 13,000 human beings were executed in presence of Dolgorouki. Among the female prisoners was a handsome nun, who over her female garments had a male attire. She commanded a corps of seven thousand men, gave more than one proof of extraordinary courage and great ability in the field, and inflicted terrible losses on the Russians. When summoned before Dolgorouki, she displayed a firmness and presence of mind difficult to describe, and said, if every one under her command had done his duty as she had done, Dolgorouki, instead of erecting gallows, would have taken to his heels. For a nun in Russia to run away from a monastery is a capital offence, and she lay down quietly upon her funeral, and was burned to ashes. The dangling dead bodies of so many thousands veterans brought many crows and ravens, which devoured the corpses. From that time that suburb is called the suburb of hell.—The Cossacks of the Ukraine.

THE PLACE FOR MILDNESS.—An Australian paper states the following fact, which shows that settlement to be almost as free a market for marriageable commodities as California: "Out of fifty orphan girls who were sent to Morton Bay, from the latest emigration ship, forty-nine were already married; the fifteenth, upon being asked why she remained single?" said "that although she had received an excellent offer, she could not be married, because there was not a bridesmaid left for her; but she was anxiously awaiting the next draft of immigrants, when that little devil, Satan, would be over." This is a fact.

LEAD HIS UP.—Are you an Odd Fellow? "No sir! I've been a tried for a week of Old Fellows?" "No no, I belong to the Order of Married Men."

MERCY, HOW DUMB! Are you a Mason? "No, I am a carpenter by trade."—Worse and worse; are you a Son of Temperance? "No, I am a son of Mr. John Gosling."—The querist went away.

TEMPERANCE.—How beautiful, in the Lord's Prayer, is the invocation of—"Lead us not into temptation." How much it expresses, and what a volume of thought it opens. "Lead us not into temptation." The will may be strong but the heart is weak, and in an evil hour the tempter sits before the tempter. Temptation is a little rill which forms at first drop by drop,—but follow its course, and it swells until it becomes a mountain torrent, which sweeps all before it.—Lead us not into temptation.—See from it as from a pedestal. Avoid it—for honor, happiness, all, all will be drawn into its vortex, and become a wreck upon the shores of time. "Lead us not into temptation."