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LONGING.

Of all the myriad moods of mind... Longing is God's fresh, heavenward will...

Two Fair Deceivers.

What do young men talk about when they sit at the open windows smoking on summer evenings? Do you suppose it is of love? Indeed, I suspect it is of money...

friend Mr. Cleve Sullivan. Do you know him, Clementine? "No, I am quite sure I never saw Mr. Cleve Sullivan. I don't fall in love with the name, do you? But pray accept the offer for both gentlemen, Fan, and write this morning, dear."

and John was desirous of not suffering in Clement's eyes by any comparison with the other gentlemen who would be there. Scarcely had they entered the drawing room when the ladies appeared, the true widow Clare no longer in the unassuming toilet she had hitherto worn, but magnificent in white crepe lisse and satin, her arms and throat and her pretty head flashing with sapphires and diamonds.

Good Manners. More than one wise man has observed that "Manners are the state." Without some thought upon the subject one would hardly realize what is involved in the common courtesies of life.

A Starting Calculation. It requires ten directed blows with an ordinary boot-jack to kill the average cat; and at the distance of a foot, the chances are ten to one that you will miss the cat. If you don't believe it, try it. Secure the cat by a string one foot long, so as to give the cat plenty of play, and after a week's practice you will consider that a scant estimate for the cat. Therefore, at a distance of one foot, it will require one hundred boot-jacks. But your chances of killing the cat decrease as the square of the distance increases. This is an axiom in natural philosophy, and a fundamental truth of felology.

Scriptural Antiquities. Many rude instruments have been collected by modern travelers, and are but little changed from their ancient forms. The drum or tabor, of iron or of thin baked clay, something in the shape of a bottle, with parchment stretched over the wider part. On being struck with the finger, it is instrument makes a remarkably loud sound. These relics are lodged in the London Scriptural Museum, and are all ticketed with the texts they serve to illustrate.

While Sir Michael Seymour was in the command of the Amethyst frigate, and was cruising in the Bay of Biscay, the wreck of a merchant ship drove past. Her deck was just above water, her lower mast alone standing. Not a soul could be seen on board, but there was a cub-house on deck, which had the appearance of having been recently patched with old canvas and tarpaulin, as if to afford shelter to some forlorn remnant of the crew.

During the late rain storm in North-western Pennsylvania, Mr. George Randall, whose house was upon the bank of the creek at South Springfield, Erie county, suffered the loss of all his earthly possessions, which, though not large, yet like the "widows mite," constituted all his living, and narrowly and almost miraculously escaped with his life. Mr. Randall's family consists of a wife and child about two years of age. At about 3 o'clock Mr. Randall was awakened by the rushing of the waters, and on arising and drawing on a pair of overalls lying near, he commenced packing up things from the floor, and placing them on the table, to protect them from the water which had commenced to enter his house.