

Poetry.

A NEW SONG BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Thank God for pleasant weather! Chant it, merry hills!

Thank God of Good the Giver! Shout it sportive breeze!

Thank God, with cheerful spirit, In a glow of love,

Select Cate.

ANNA LEIGH; OR, SELF SACRIFICE.

"I am sure you will like her; she is a sweet girl, far nicer-looking than any of us."

This encomium on an absent sister was addressed by Anna Leigh to her lover, Charles Taylor, as they sat together one fine summer evening on a green bank in Mr. Leigh's garden.

"I am sure I shall not think her nicer-looking than some one I know," replied Charles Taylor, gazing admiringly into Anna's face, which, usually somewhat too pale and still, was now rosy, and sparkling with animation, as she anticipated the return of her beloved sister.

"I shall still think my Anna the best and handsomest," again whispered the lover, as he drew his betrothed closer to him.

The twilight was closing stilly and softly around the youthful pair as Charles said this, and soon the moon looked down from above the old elm trees upon their lengthened interview, as they lingered in happy converse, unmindful that the dew was falling heavily, or that Mr. Leigh would be expecting his eldest daughter in doors, to superintend that pleasantest of all meals an early family supper.

"Sister Anna! sister Anna!" called a young voice from the house, "where are you? Supper has been on the table these ten minutes, and father is quite impatient."

Anna and her lover obeyed the call, and the social meal was merrily despatched. Then came music and pleasant chat, and after "one last song," which Charles Taylor begged for, and Anna gave in her happiest style, the young man departed for his not very distant home.

"Selina Leigh! indeed," he muttered to himself, previously to jumping into bed. "A Frenchified, coquetish miss, as I dare say she is. Give me a truehearted, gentle modest English woman, like my Anna."

It has been one of the happiest evenings that Anna Leigh had ever passed, one of those unalloyed periods of our existence, when love, and youth, and blissful prospects, and a splendid sky and balmy air, and soothing sounds, and sweet odors, and moonlight, combine to bestow upon us for one or two short hours a glimpse of an early paradise. Yet, as the betrothed maiden in her return retired to rest a cloud was upon her spirits, and she felt a heavy, though vague, presentiment of approaching evil. Can it be that a true and deep affection endows us for the time with a species of clairvoyance?

"Sister Anna," called out little Lucy Leigh the evening following that on which our story begins, "do just come here. How strange the sky looks!"

Anna rose, and went to the window. "There is an awful storm approaching," she said; "and Charles is to be here again to-night. I do trust he will be safely housed before it begins!"

The sky grew darker and darker, save at one single point, which bore that peculiar lurid hue indicating the localizing of an advancing tempest. There was a fearful stillness over all things, as if nature held her breath with apprehension. The very leaves of the elm trees participated in the general hush; then a sudden rustling stirred them.

"Oh! what a vivid flash," exclaimed Anna, covering her eyes with her hand. "There is the thunder-pearl. The storm is very near, almost over the house. Don't cry little Lucy, but come and sit upon my knee, out of the way of the window. Wait! I must close the sash."

As Anna was doing so, she heard the sound of carriage-wheels, and waiting a moment to see what it was—for a sudden fluttering of the heart told her that perhaps her anxiously-expected sister had arrived—she perceived Charles Taylor approaching the garden gate. At the same moment a vehicle drew up before it, and the young man stopped. The coachman said something to him, and Anna beheld her lover hastily look in at the coach window, then hurriedly threw open the door, while the driver was slowly dismounting. There was a short pause; Charles bent forward into the coach, and re-appeared, bearing a slender female form in his arms. Anna stood transfixed for a moment, and then ran out into the storm, heedless of the vivid flashes that darted their blue forks hither and thither over the garden.

"Oh! Charles, how glad I am you are come! And is this my own dear Selina? But, good gracious!" exclaimed the affectionate girl, as she caught sight of the pale face that drooped over the young man's shoulder. "Oh, Charles! she is not—"

"No, not seriously injured, my sweet Anna," replied he, extending his hand towards his betrothed who appeared ready to faint herself. "Here! lean on my arm. I can manage you and your sister both. She has been dreadfully alarmed by the storm; that is all. And no wonder. Mercy! what a crash!"

The three hastened into the house, and it was time, for the rain began to pour down in torrents. The poor coachman, who followed to the hall to demand his fare, which had been forgotten in the hurry, was wet through in an instant. While Charles was settling with him, Selina, who had been laid gently upon a sofa, opened her large blue eyes, and gazed around with a look of bewilderment.

"Dearest Selina," said Anna, who was bending over her, and crying heartily between the pleasure and the fright, "my own sister you are safe at home, with those who love you."

"Ah!" sighed Selina, and then she muttered a few words in Italian. But, dearest Anna," she resumed, languidly, "how you are crying, and what a figure you will be! Where is papa? Is he at home? And is that Lucy? Come here, child. How you are grown! But you are not so pretty as you were."

Anna dried her tears, and Lucy withdrew her little hand from Selina's careless grasp. Both of them felt chilled and repulsed by their travelled sisters words and manner. An awkward pause ensued, and it was a relief when Charles Taylor re-entered the room, and had to be formally introduced. Anna looked at Selina as she expressed her thanks to her late cavalier, and confessed to herself that she had never seen a more beautiful girl.

"But how coldly she takes our reunion!" thought the affectionate sister. "She seemed more intent on our appearance than anything else. And how carelessly she inquired for papa! She shows none of the pleasure so natural at meeting again after a long separation. But I must not judge her too hastily. She can be vivacious enough, too, I see, when speaking to Charles."

And Anna Leigh, continuing to observe her sister, felt a vague pang shoot athwart her heart as she noted her lively, foreign manner, and its fascinating effect upon Charles. She strove hard to repress the feeling, but it returned many times that evening, accompanied by another still more bitter. This other expressed itself mentally in the following manner: "What a contrast am I, with my pale face and plain manner, to this brilliant sister of mine, gay and graceful as some splendid butterfly! I have but a loving heart to place in the balance, against all these natural and acquired fascinations. Has Charles discernment enough to appreciate the treasure?"

Poor Anna! the barbed arrow is already ranking in thy magnanimous soul. Hast thou mortal strength to withdraw it; even though its exit be followed by thy life's blood?

A week passed away, and Anna Leigh began to feel at her heart's core that the beautiful Selina had indeed stepped between her and the lover to whom she had modestly, humbly but most devotedly and entirely given the unsullied treasures of her maidenly heart. To be supplanted had been hard enough in any case; but that it should be by the young sister whom she had tended in past years with a mother's care, this was indeed an added pang that rendered the burden almost impossible to be borne. Night after night did poor Anna lay her aching head on her pillow, with almost a prayer that daylight

might not return, to bring the whole weary routine over again.

And Selina, how did she receive Charles' increasing attentions. Why, she laughed, and chattered, and talked sentiment, and alternately played the languid beauty, dying with heat, or fatigue, or delicacy, and almost unable to rise from her couch, where she took care to recline in the most graceful attitude possible, or the feeling, sensitive enthusiastic beauty, with a smile one moment and a tear the next, tremblingly alive to a melody, an odor, the fleeting glories of the firmament, or the changing tints of the earth. This latter phrase of affection it was that had chiefly fascinated the fickle lover of Anna; and he dwelt on the beautiful and skillfully varied countenance of his new entrailer, until it was almost with aversion that he turned to gaze on the still, pure, but, as he now chose to term it, monotonous expression of his betrothed.

"No," he said to himself, as he paced the garden walk in the absence of the sisters, one morning that he had called earlier than usual, "no, I do her no wrong. She is incapable of the ardent love that I require to make me happy in a wife. The mortification of seeing herself supplanted once over, she will go on just the same as ever, until a lover more suitable to her cold temperament."

The young man's reflections were interrupted by the appearance of Selina from the house, arrayed in a white muslin pique, according to one of the foreign habits she had brought with her into her father's simple abode. Her auburn tresses were gathered carelessly back from her fair, oval visage, her blue eyes were half shaded by their long lashes, while a moss-rose, with which Charles had presented her the evening before, and which she had placed in her bosom, and the delicate bloom of her complexion and lips, made her as fair a nymph as ever left an early breakfast to salute the morning sun. Charles hastened to her; never had she appeared so fascinating. The young man forgot their brief acquaintanceship, forgot his engagement with another, and that other her own sister, and in agitated accents poured forth his tale of love over the little hand that struggled but feebly within his manly grasp.

"Dearest, loveliest Selina—"

But we will not attempt to paint a lover's rhapsody. Long ere it concluded, a light step was heard behind them, and a gentle face, pale as death, but firm with a fixed and noble resolve, bent forward and kissed Selina's blushing, downcast forehead.

"Fear nothing, dearest Selina; if you love him, he is yours. And you, Charles, look me in the face. You see I do not suffer;" yet the compressed and pashy lip quivered even as she spoke. "Take her, take my beautiful sister. She will suit you better than I. I am well content to break off our engagement."

"Is this true, Anna?" asked Charles, after an agitated pause. "Can you really act so nobly, so—"

"No more words, I have said it," replied Anna, in a voice so unlike her own, that the others started. And then in a moment she was gone.

"She looked very odd," remarked Charles; and then the young couple forgot the noble self-abrogation that had left them free, and thought only of each other.

Meanwhile, Anna was kneeling in her own little chamber, her face buried in her clasped hands, and the bitter sobs of anguish coming thick and fast.

Oh! woman, woman, love's own martyr upon earth, surely the peculiar greatness of martyrdom consists in the secret endurance of its pangs. But an hour elapsed, and Anna Leigh, with a blanched, yet perfectly tranquil face, passed from her chamber, and resumed her usual active superintendence of the household affairs.

"Then you cannot forgive, Anna? you cannot take me back again to your heart, bitterly repentant as I am?"

Anna gazed calmly and kindly upon her former lover.

"I forgive you, Charles, but the past can never be recalled. Think not of breaking your vows a second time. Selina is young and thoughtless; you must excuse her folly, and endeavor to acquire a salutary influence over her. Everything can be done, Charles, by patience and love."

"But the patience of a Potarch could not last it out! Only see how abominably she flirts with that James Stewart! You, Anna, never looked at another during our engagement."

Anna smiled sadly.

"I know it; and you see I could give you up when it became necessary."

"Yes, I believed you cold, but I have thought differently since."

Anna started, and a flush of pain passed across her tranquil brow.

"Whatever you may have thought, Charles," she said, with some reserve of manner, "you are mistaken in your present application. You cannot play at fast and loose with me. I repeat it; forgive poor Selina, and endeavor

to acquire a saving influence over her. She needs a rational, judicious husband."

Anna's disinterested pleadings were not without their effect. Besides advising Charles, she seized a moment when Selina was in one of her more natural humors, to beseech her to lay aside a course of conduct that would only end in her own disgrace and her lover's misery; and the beautiful, but vain and artificial girl, promised amendment.

After many vicissitudes of feeling, many quarrels and reconciliations, the latter generally brought about by Anna's watchful affections, the young couple at length were married, and went to reside within a couple of miles from the house of Anna's father. But they were not thoroughly happy. Selina, even as a wedded wife, could not forego a flightiness of manner, which however passable in the gayer circles of society, endangered her reputation, and won her many an evil opinion among her country neighbors; and her husband, when the fascination of her beauty had passed away, sighed inwardly as he thought how he had exchanged a pure English heart for the meretricious attractions of one corrupted by foreign travel. For liberal and benevolent as we may wish to be to our continental neighbors, it is very certain that modes and thought of action obtained abroad that injure the delicate bloom of a British maiden's feelings; and any careful English mother has had cause to rue the day when, for the sake of a little foreign polish, she expels her daughter from the purifying influences of her own fireside.

But how did Anna Leigh endure the loneliness that was thenceforth her lot? for we could scarcely say, that a heart like hers could never love again. Why, she became the benefactress of the village, the prop of her father's declining years, the loving and beloved aunt and instructress of her beautiful sister's neglected children. And when little Lucy Leigh, in her turn, found a home of her own, her husband affirmed that he had been first attracted towards the merry little maiden by the knowledge that her mind and manners had been trained by her noble eldest sister—the patient, steadfast, self-sacrificing old maid, Anna Leigh.

MAKING A NEEDLE.

I wonder if any little girl who may read this ever thought how many people are all the time at work in making the things which they every day use. What can be more common, and, you may think more simple, than a needle? Yet if you do not know it, I can tell you, that it takes a great many persons to make a needle; and it takes a great deal of time, too. Let us take a peep into a needle factory. In going over the premises, we must pass hither and thither, and walk into the next street and back again, and take a drive to a mill in order to see the whole process. We find in one chamber of the shop is hung round coils of bright wire, of all thicknesses, from the stout kinds used for cod fish hooks to that for the finest cambric needles. In a room below, bits of wire, the length of two needles, are cut by a vast pair of shears fixed in the wall. A bundle has been cut off, the bits need straightening, for they come off from coils.

The bundle is thrown into a red-hot furnace; then taken out and rolled backward and forward on a table till the wires are straight.—this process is called "rubbing straight." We go down into the basement and find a needle-point seated on his bench. He takes up two dozen or so of the wires, and rolls them between his thumb and fingers, with their ends on the grind-stone, first one end and then the other. We have now the wires straight and pointed on both ends. Next is a machine that flattens and gutters the heads of ten thousand needles an hour. Observe the little gutter at the head of your needle. Next comes the punching of the eyes, and the boy that does it punches eight thousand in an hour, and he does it so fast that your eyes can hardly keep pace with him.—the splitting follows, which is running a fine wire through a dozen, perhaps of these fine needles.

A woman, with a little anvil before her, files between the heads and separates them. They are now complete needles but rough and rusty, and what is worse they easily bend. A poor needle, you would say? But the hardening comes next. They are heated in batches in a furnace, and when red hot are thrown into a pan of cold water. Next they must be tempered, and this is done by rolling them backward and forward on a hot metal plate. The polishing still remains to be done. On a very coarse cloth needles are spread to the number of forty or fifty thousand. Emery dust is strewn all over them, oil is sprinkled, and soft soap rubbed by spoonfuls over the cloth; the cloth is then rolled up hard, and with several others of the same kind, thrown into a sort of wash pot; to roll to and fro for twelve hours or more. They come out dirty enough; but after a rinsing in clean water, and a tossing in saw dust, they look as bright as can be, and are ready to be assorted and put up for sale. But the sorting and doing up in papers, you may imagine, is quite a work by itself.

The Gathering at the Evening Board.

Morning in the family is the season of active occupations,—the mothers beginning with the sun. She cannot intrust to other hands the charge of her baby, she must make her own toilette while the little creature sleeps, bathe and dress her when she wakes, and superintend the elder in his proud self-help. Silent interchanges of affection, the acts which seem to appeal to her husband's appreciation meeting kind answering looks from him, are all that the time allows; save perhaps as the morning paper intervenes ere the breakfast is served,—the wife as she listens to a paragraph rearranges her husband's hair, or fortively plucks a silver thread from among the dark locks. When the meal is ended, there must be a few words of counsel together, that each may keep through the day an amulet, and the husband goes out to congregate with men. Would that all whom he meets might carry with them the self-respect and the difference to others which the relations of husband and father impose! Who can doubt that God deals with his creatures instrumentally through the affections; that men are incited to purify their thoughts and to elevate their aims by the consciousness of a wife's confiding trust; and that clear religious convictions often follow the simple question of a child? That gleam of morning light is not forgotten; perplexities and harassing cares may and will come with the intervening hours, but the memory and the hopes which underlie them all and an earnest of what awaits the close of the day. With the wife, how truly are her thoughts entering to that period! Are her children more than usually lovely; has her boy learned a new lesson, or repeated an old one with more alacrity; has he shown unwonted tenderness or any new development of mischief; has the baby a new tooth or has she ventured her first unaided step how delightfully these incidents are hoarded up for the returning one! Other experiences, too, the first deep trial which come to the mother's heart, the necessity laid upon her of subduing the temper of her child, make her long for the father's return, that by taking council together and of Him who hath said, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice," they may be enabled to find a way whereby even such waywardness shall be led pleasantly captive. The minor trials, the social enjoyments, the delicious thought coming to her from the page of some old book, as perchance she finds only time to glance lovingly beneath as she dusts its covers even her own conscious short-coming in the fulfilment of some manifest duty are themes which, coming from the heart, find the way to the heart by a ready sympathy.

As day declines, and the shadows lengthen; what if weariness press upon either one the moment is at hand when the perfect social bliss of a reunion shall compensate for all.—There is no enjoyment in the home like that which sits at the evening board. The fair wife attires herself for her daily guest and he who it may be has striven with foes deadly foes to his peace, commends himself as he crosses the threshold to the ministrations of her refining influence. What mutual confidence springs up in the sense of seclusion which this occasion brings! The phases of character which have been presented to the husband during the transactions of the day, the magnanimity of the meanness of those with whom he has had to deal, are delicately drawn out; and the experiences of each, so diverse, and yet in their deductions so full of harmony, are the delight of the evening meal. Household cares, the homely offices pertaining to each day's needs, are dignified and made occasions of gracious ministration of love in proportion as mental service is dispensed with. In such a home the morning and the evening make the fullness of each day's joy.

MARRIAGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—The Philadelphia Inquirer tells a good story about a young man and a stylish-looking shop-girl, who went to church to get married, a few days since, in that city. While waiting the arrival of the minister in the porch, the tailor stepped up to the bridegroom and presented a bill for his wedding coat. The bill must be paid at once or the coat returned, but as the poor fellow had not a dollar beyond the minister's fee, there was a bright prospect that he would be compelled to get married in his shirt sleeves. A friend however advanced the needed, and the twin were "made one flesh." Hardly had the parties left the altar, when a stout, coarse woman made her way up to the bride and presented her bill for the wedding dress! The friend again advanced the money, and the couple departed. We call this getting married under difficulties.

AN EXORCISMS says:—How young men can sent to loaf about the corners as they do when a good dose of arsenic can be purchased for a sixpence is really surprising.

An incorrigible wag, who lent a minister a horse which ran away and threw his clerical rider, thought he would have some credit for his aid in spreading the gospel.