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Original.

THE CHRISTIAN'S GRAVE. BY DILL A. SMITH. Professor Caldwell, of Dickinson College, a short time before his death, said to his wife, 'You will not, I am sure, lie down upon your bed and weep when I am gone...

'You will not mourn when my bed is made. In the church-yard, 'neath the shady tree, No weep you sorrowing tears for me. When peacefully you rest I'll be laid.

'And when you come, as I know you will, To visit where my ashes lie, Choose not a time when the evening sky Is draped with clouds, and all is still.

'But come, when in the crimson'd East The morning sun reveals the Word—The brightness of the cherubim; Breaks on a world to joy allied, And you to the marriage feast.

'Come, when from glowing meads and fields The odors of the young spring flowers, Like holy incense break in showers, And free their fragrant riches yield.

'Come, when the daisy in the grass Is sprinkled o'er like fishing gear; When the blue anemone ditions Each tomb, as the sun's shadow pass.

'Come, when the gossamer's busy web Hangs gaily from each pond-side bush, When through all nature's a beery web Steals, like the ocean's mystic ebb.

'Where, through the lawn, beneath fastidious bark, The sunbeams glint in golden lines, And the very shadows of the pine Beam radiant with a million stars.

'Come, when with violet dulcimer The mock-bird from the maple tree Mimics the oriole's minstrelsy, And all the vocal world's a choir.

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Select Case.

MARION WILMER. 'I declare I don't quite like this,' spillo- quired Mrs. Wilmer, a wife of three months, as she walked up and down her tastefully furnished parlor, one pleasant summer afternoon.

She was a little, graceful woman, with a face that owed most of its charm to its brightness and vivacity; for though her mouth looked like a cleft rosebud with an astringent tincture...

She was a warm-hearted, impulsive young woman, who loved her husband with all that strength and devotion which makes a woman cling to a man through good and bad, sacrificing and suffering for him to the end of her life.

Thus Marion Wilmer loved her husband. But she had been tenderly cared for and petted in her childhood; she was accustomed to receive homage, but to give none, and, though full of beautiful impulses, her mind had never been educated, and she was not in the habit of analyzing her own feelings.

Frederick Wilmer was a proud and happy husband, loving his young wife almost to idolatry, and never dreaming that she might be at times a little exacting and selfish in her demands on his love.—Now, it is certain that a heart that has room for only one affection cannot be a very large one, and notwithstanding women would do well to remember this.—A wife's should, of course, have the first place in her husband's heart, the chief seat at his table, the best room in the house, and the prettiest furniture; but there should be seats and rooms, too, for other; and that love which ignores every other lie, demanding all for itself, is pure selfishness. There are other gems beside the diamond; and this may not lose any of its worth or brilliancy because it is set in the midst of them.

There was a shadow on the brow of Mrs. Wilmer that day, as she walked up and down the parlor, with richly carved sofas on the one side, and crimson cushioned chairs and marble tables on the other. It was the heaviest shadow that had been there since that morning when she turned away from the altar with Frederick Wilmer, a newly made wife.

'I think it's too bad that Charlie Stevens,' continued the lady, swinging absently in one hand a locket containing her husband's likeness and fair, 'should take up so much of Fred's time. Now, they're gone off on this fishing frolic, I shan't see any more of him till night, I suppose. I know Fred is very fond of fishing, and it's the first time he has gone out since he was married, but then, Charlie takes him once a week to the association, and he's always something coming on—some meeting, or supper, or nobody knows what. I think after a man is married he belongs exclusively to his wife, and that his friends should understand this and let him alone. I can't have others to set up their claims to Fred beside mine, that's certain; and I do just wish I could devise something to keep Charlie Stevens away from us. Fred has got me, (bless his heart!) and that ought, of course, to satisfy him.

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The young man looked up with a question on his lip, but his friend was gone. 'I must have been an overlight on all sides, or else it's all his wife's doings,' mused the young clerk, as he slipped his pen into the breast, and ran up the line—'I guess on the book for the tenth time, although the sum involved no rule but that of simple addition: 'It struck me the last time I was there, that the lady was not very cordial'—his brow here lowered. 'Well, there is one thing, if they have treated me to such a marked slight as this, I shan't trouble them very soon again, that's certain. But, then, there's Fred; it will go hard—very hard to give him up. Hang the whole race of women, I say!—and yet if he deserves me, my best resources I'm thinking, will be to take one of them for better or worse!'

'Well, haven't I had a good time, Fred? And the young wife threw herself down by the side of her husband, and surveyed with real pleasure the disorderly parlor, and the tables confusedly scattered over with heaps of broken pieces of china, and fruit, and cream.

'Yes, a most delectable one; and do you know what I thought when you stood at the table, Marion? Looking down, and smiling with the dark eyes in her face, she replied— 'No; something I shall like to hear, I know.'

'That, though there were a great many lovely women around me, none after all could compare with a certain Marion Wilmer.' 'Oh, Fred! did you think that?' And she looked doubly beautiful now, with the smile coming up into her blue eyes, and the blush into her fair cheeks.

'I did most assuredly, dear. But—absolutely changing the subject—'It's very strange Charlie Stevens wasn't here to-night. I missed the old fellow all the time.' Perhaps he's ill, I must go round to the bank to-morrow morning, and see what's the matter.'

Marion blushed again—not from pleasure, this time—and for a moment she wished that she had asked her husband's friend to the party; but the truth must come out now.

'Fred, you remember you told me I might give out all the invitations to this party?' 'Yes.' 'Well, I didn't invite Charlie Stevens.' 'Didn't you love him, Marion?'

'I think it's too bad that Charlie Stevens,' continued the lady, swinging absently in one hand a locket containing her husband's likeness and fair, 'should take up so much of Fred's time. Now, they're gone off on this fishing frolic, I shan't see any more of him till night, I suppose. I know Fred is very fond of fishing, and it's the first time he has gone out since he was married, but then, Charlie takes him once a week to the association, and he's always something coming on—some meeting, or supper, or nobody knows what. I think after a man is married he belongs exclusively to his wife, and that his friends should understand this and let him alone. I can't have others to set up their claims to Fred beside mine, that's certain; and I do just wish I could devise something to keep Charlie Stevens away from us. Fred has got me, (bless his heart!) and that ought, of course, to satisfy him.

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found a large addition had just been made to the party, and among them, was his old friend, Charles Stevens.—They met cordially, of course, with mutual expressions of surprise and pleasure, which were interrupted by the hurried preparations to embark.

The sailing boat was not large, and when all the ladies were seated, the boatman thought it unsafe to put off with so large a company. 'Of this account some of the gentlemen volunteered to take a small boat that lay on the shore near them, and among these were Charles Stevens and Frederick Wilmer.'

It was a beautiful day when the two boats swept from the shore—the one riding over the waves with her white sails leaping to the wind and green sides breasting the blue waves, and as she knew and rejoiced in the proud manhood and womanly loveliness which she carried.

The small boat was quite filled with the six gentlemen on board of her, who, waving their hats to the ladies, plied their oars right bravely, as they followed in the wake of the larger vessel.

Again the heavens grew black with great masses of clouds. The wind freshened. The two boats had separated long before this; but now both were turned homeward. Fearful and fierce grew the wind, madly hurrying up the 'waves; and the boats, now far apart, rocked and quivered as they ploughed through the white foam.

Frederick Wilmer and Charles Stevens were the only two on board the smaller boat who understood perfectly how to manage her, and she was by no means well constructed to ride against the wind.—Two of the gentlemen thoughtlessly standing up in it, grew dizzy, lost their equilibrium, and in attempting to regain it, fell to one side, nearly capsizeing the boat. In Fred's alarm, the oar fell from his hand into the sea. He leaned over, making a quick, blind motion to secure it; the boat dipped again, and when she righted a second time, Frederick Wilmer was in the sea.

He was not an expert swimmer, and, after battling for a moment with those wild waves, he went down, and there was none to save him.

The men in the boat sat horror bound. None of them, except Charles Stevens, could swim well, and the shore was at a distance; it would have been certain death to have committed themselves to the waves.

Frederick Wilmer rose again, and Charles Stevens saw that will, while uplifted faces, the face that had been up along his path from boyhood into manhood—and his heart stood still for pity.

A moment more, and he had thrown down the oar, and sprang into the water. He clutched the young merchant by his long hair, and beat out for the shore. It was a fearful struggle for life. Frederick was completely exhausted, and soon little more than dead weight upon his friend; but courage and skill triumphed at last, and, thoroughly exhausted himself, Charles Stevens drew his friend on shore.

'My husband—my husband! Is he drowned?' 'While as the dead were Marion Wilmer's lips as she asked this question, while she stood upon the wet sands, with the wind and the rain beating through her long, unbound hair.

The storm had roused her from her sleep, and she had rushed out on the piazza, straining her eyes for the large vessel, which was not in sight, and in which she fully believed her husband had sailed with the party. She observed the smaller boat, and thought it was filled by a company of fishermen, who would understand managing it well enough. But her eyes were bent in another direction, and she was not till the swimmer nearly reached the shore, that they attracted her attention.

Suddenly a change came over her face. She grasped the railing of the piazza, and gazed with distended eyes and quivering lips on the two boats that one moment rose, and the next were buried under the spray.

It was some distance to the shore, and the young man reached it before she did, though she rushed almost like a spirit over the sharp rocks and wet sands.

'No, he'll revive soon; don't be alarmed!' said Charles Stevens to the frightened wife, and then fell down on the ground, overcome by his long struggle with the waves.

There was help at hand, and the two young men were conveyed to the hotel, and in a short time, both were restored to consciousness.—to learn that the storm had abated, and that both the boats had, after imminent peril, reached the shore.

'I was evening, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilmer, with Charles Stevens, sat together in one of the chambers of the hotel.

'Charles, my dear old fellow, to think I owe my life to you!' said the young merchant, lifting up his pale face from the hand that rested on the arm of his chair, for he had not yet regained his strength.

'There are debts too great for a man to cancel; there is a gratitude too deep for words, Charles, what shall I say to you?' 'Nothing at all, Fred. It is enough of reward to me to think that I saved you.'

'And to-night, if it were not for you, Charles, I should never have called him Charles before—'instead of alighting here by Fred's side, a happy happy wife, I should have been—'

'The lady could not finish the sentence, for the tears that sprang up from her heart into her eyes—then eyes that bent down on the young man, from their blue depths, a glance of gratitude that he thought repaid him fully for all he had done. He smiled lightly.

'You would have made a charming widow, certainly, Mr. Wilmer; but notwithstanding, I had rather see you a loving wife, and then the memory of their recent neglect of Charles Stevens smote the heart of both husband and wife; but Marion felt it more keenly of the two. She was an impulsive life woman, and in her gratitude for the life more precious than her own, which she had saved, her pride entirely vanished, and she determined to confess the wrong she had done the preserver of her husband's life.

'I am very much ashamed of it, but I can't help it back now,' she said, turning round her face, and washing up, through the tears, the young man's face; 'but I was really—'

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jealous of you, Charles, and—and when I gave my last party, I just didn't invite you, because I thought my husband would care less for me, if he loved you so much. For this feeling and God has punished me: for 'very wicked; but still if you know what a young wife's tenderness is for her husband, you would not find it so hard to—to do what, with these tears of penitence and shame, I ask you now to do—' forgive me.'

'To be sure I will,' answered the hearty tones of Charles Stevens, as he lifted the little hand Marion Wilmer had presented to him to his lips. 'I will never speak of it again and stopped towards them— He took the hand of his wife, and the hand of Charles Stevens, and clasped them both together.

'We have been brothers all our lives, Charles, he said, and it is right now I should bring you a sister. It is the best, the only reward that I can bring you.'—And Charles Stevens drew his arm around Marion Wilmer.

'Marion, my sister!'

'Charles, my brother!'

'And so there was "peace" between them. "And now you may take Fred to the club, and the association, and to all the fishing and hunting frolics in Christendom, for all I care," laughed Marion.

'Look here I don't know but that the tables will be turned, and I shall be jealous of you, Charles, Marion is so willing to turn me off to her. Wilmer changed her hands in her own dainty, graceful fashion, and laughed a laugh so full, and sweet, and frolicsome, that both the listeners could not close but join in it.

But Marion's bright face grew sober again as she said—'I shall never forget the lesson which the last three weeks have taught me.'—And she did not; she was never jealous of Charles Stevens again.

DR. DODDRIDGE'S DREAM. Dr. Doddridge was on terms of very intimate friendship with Dr. Samuel Clark, and in religious conversation they met many happy hours together. Among other matters, a very favorite topic was the intermediate state of the soul, and the probability that at the instant dissolution was not introduced into the presence of all the heavenly hosts, and the splendors around the throne of God. One evening after a conversation of this nature, Dr. Doddridge retired to rest with his mind full of the subject discussed, and in the visions of the night, his ideas were shaped into the following beautiful form: He dreamed that he was at the house of a friend, when he was suddenly taken dangerously ill. By degrees he seemed to himself to grow worse, and at last to expire. In an instant he was sensible that he had exchanged the prison-house and suffering of mortality, for a state of liberty and happiness. Embodied in a splendid aerial form he seemed to float in a region of pure light. Beneath him lay the earth, but not a speck of matter, or a village, the forest or the sea was visible. There was naught to be seen below save the melancholy group of his friends weeping around his lifeless remains.

Himself thrilled with delight, he was surprised at his happy change, but by some mysterious power utterance was denied; and as he anxiously gazed over the mourning circle, gazing fondly upon them, and endeavoring to speak, he rose silently upon the air, their forms became more and more distinct, and gradually melted away from his sight. They sang upon golden clouds he found himself swiftly mounting the skies with a venerable figure at his side guiding his mysterious movements, and in whose countenance he remarked the lineaments of youth and age were blended together with an intimate harmony and majestic sweetness. They travelled together through a vast region of empty space, until at length the battlements of a glorious edifice shone in the distance, and as its form rose brilliant and distinct among the rays of shadows that fitted athwart their path, the guide informed him that the palace he beheld was, for the present to be his mansion of rest. Gazing upon its splendor he replied that while on earth he had often heard that the eye had not seen, nor had the ear heard, nor could it enter into the heart of man to conceive the things which God had prepared for those who love him; but, notwithstanding, the building to which they were then rapidly approaching, superior to anything which he had actually beheld before, yet his graudeur had not exceeded the conceptions he had formed. The guide made no answer; they were already at the door and entered. The guide introduced him into a spacious apartment, at the extremity of which stood a table covered with a snow white cloth, a gold on top, and a cluster of grapes, and then said he must now leave him, but that he must remain for the Lord of the mansion, and that during the interval before his arrival the apartment would furnish him with sufficient entertainment and instruction. The guide vanished, and he was left alone. He began to examine the decorations of the room, and observed that the walls were adorned with a number of pictures. Upon nearer inspection he found to his astonishment that they formed a complete biography of his own life. Here he saw upon the canvass that angels, though unseen, had ever been his familiar attendants, and sent by God, they had sometimes preserved him from imminent peril. He beheld himself first represented as an infant just expiring, when his life was prolonged by an angelic being breathing into his nostrils. Most of the occurrences here delineated were perfectly familiar to his recollection, and unfolded many things which he had never before understood, and which had perplexed him with many doubts and much uneasiness. Among others, he was particularly struck with a picture in which he was represented as falling from his horse, when death would have been inevitable had not an angel received him in his arms, and broken his fall.—These merciful interpositions of God filled him with joy and gratitude, and his heart overflowed with love as he surveyed in them all an exhibition of his goodness and mercy; and beyond all that he had imagined. Suddenly his attention was arrested by a group at the door. The Lord of the mansion had arrived—the door opened and he entered.—So powerful, and so overwhelming, and withal of such singular beauty was his appearance, that he sank down