# om "Poems of Hope and Action." THEE PERESS.

BY. WM. OLAND BOURNE

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A million tongues are thine, and they are heard Speaking of hope to nations, in the prime Of Freedom's day, to hasten on the time When the wide world of spirit shall be stirred With higher aims than now—when man shall cal Each man his brother—each shall tell to each His tale of love—and pure and holy speech Be music for the soul's high festival!

Thy gentle notes are heard, like choral waves, Reaching the mountain, plain, and quiet vale—Thy thunder tones are like the sweeping gale Bidding the tribes of men no more be slaves, And earth's remotest island hears the sound That floats on other wings the world around.

### SPEAK KINDLY TO THE POOR.

BY MAD'LLE AMILIE.

Speak kindly to the poor!

One little word, if timely said,
May tend to soothe a thousand cares—
May dry the tear by sorrow shed.
Let no reproaches from thy lips
Be breathed, which thou might's not endure
Oh, give of that which nothing costs!
Speak kindly to the poor.

Speak kindly to the poor!

And not be hasty to depart;

Beneath those homely garments throb
Full many an honest heart.

Thy smile may shed a heaven of joy;
A sunlight world of hope ensure;
Oh, turn not then in scorn away!

Look gently on the poor!

Be friendly to the poor! To such the promise has been given;
Despised and scoffed at here on earth,
They shall inherit peace in heaven:
But ah! how sad will be thy fate! Thou com'st to enter at the door; And find'st no banquet there prepared For any save the poor!

# The Dying Child's "Good Night."

In Bath, Maine, a child of Dr. Shaw, two years of ago, died, after a sickness of six hours, from eating cobalt; prepared for flies. When her eyes began to grow dim with death, she fancied it was night, and she was going to sleep, and she died with her customary "good night, mamma!" good night, mamma!" many times repeated, on her templifier live trembling lips.

rembling lips.

In the casement's cooling breeze,
The happy mother sat at rest;
A little child stood on her knees,
Gazing towards the glowing West!
Her eyes grew large and very bright,
As the great Sun went out of sight,
And when she found her pretty star,
She cried with joy—"Good night, man

The solemn night had flung its shade
Around the cradle where she lay;
And when she saw the brightness fade
Her little hands forgot their play;
She felt her quiet hour was near,
And whispered while there fell a tear,
Watching the crimson clouds afar—
Good night, mamma!—Good night, ma

She heard the sparrows sing morn
And climbed her chair to watch them well:
And see the mist rise off the corn,
The bee come out of the opening bell;
But on her cot she lies again
And a laden cloud is on her brain:
The moon grows dark as evenings are;
Truthful she breathes, "Good night, mamma!"

Trathal she breathes, "Good night, mann The Angel Death stood by, and smiled; His shadow rested on her eyes; He'd come to lead the wondering child. Up the long pathway, through the skies; Her purple lips are moving still, Tho' almost scaled in silence chill; And murmuring, as they stand adjar, "Good night, mamma!—Good night, mamm

Lines taken from the margine of a hynok at Christ Church:

at Christ Church;
I look in vain—he does not come;
Dear, dear! what shall I do?
I cannot listen as I ought,
Unless he listens too!
He might have come as well as not!
What plagues these fellows are!
I'll bet he's fast asleep at home,
Or smoking a cigar.

Theodore Parker compares most men who grow suddenly rich to cabbages growing in a riolet bed; they smother the violets, but after all hey are nothing but cabbage heads.

The motto with every one in the civil rela-tion ought to be "principles and men," because this is according to order, it is uniting the soul and the body, the essence and the form together.

The happiness of life, like the light of day, onsists not of one brilliant flash, but in a series

An English writer says "Victoria is Quee of England, but Public Opinion is King,"

If you wish to prosper and become rich, et married. When was honey ever made with get married. When

From Sartain's Mag

# A WIFE'S FIRST GRIEF.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

Who that has sat down in measureless conter Who that has sat down in measureless content, and enjoyed the pleasures which full gratification supplied, has not at times felt rising in the mind the painful inquiry, "How long will this last?—What will occur to disturb the happiness which is now vonchasfed?" I never had an animal to which I was particularly attached—and I never had one from a cat to a horse to which I was not strongly attached—that I did not occasionally pause in my use or caresses of it, and ask, "What will occur to deprive me of it—accident, escape, or death?"

In the midst of social enjoyment, when the duty In the midst of social enjoyment, when the duty of sustaining the amusement or the conversation has devolved upon another, how often will the in-quiry arise, "How long will this last?" No sign of rupture is presented, no token of dissolution is observable; but there must be a rupture, there will be a dissolution. How will it come, and

I confess that such anticipations are not always

when?
I confess that such anticipations are not always
the evidence of a well balanced mind; too often
they come from a morbid state of feelings, that
frequently produce the very evils they suggest.—
The anticipation of evil is not so much the result
of unhappy experience, as the consequence of a
want of self-sustaining power.
Years ago it was my chance to be near a young
woman at the moment in which she was taking
leave of a lover. She stood a moment and watched his departure, until by turning a corner he
was concealed from her sight.
"Can it last?" said she to berself, "And why
not? If he loves me now, when my station and
consequently my manners are less desirable than
his, surely he must love me more when I have had
the advantage of his association, and have constantly improved by that intercourse." She passed onwari. I heard no other words, but her
steps indicated a heart at case, or if disturbed, it
was the commotion of inexpressible pleasure.

ch his departure, mult by turning a corner he was concealed from her sight.

"Can it last?" said she to herself. "And why station and concequently my manners are less desirable than always and the control of the succession of th

"But you—you, my dear wife—"
"It will not." said she, "essentially affect me; it will not add to my labors or my anxiety. I must look after the household affairs whether we have on farm or two."

The wife shed no tears. She was sorry that her husband should lose that social distinction consequent upon some property more than others possessed; but it was a partonable feeling in her, that the loss of property placed her more upon his level, and removed something of the appearance of difference between them.

This then was not much of a grief.
"It lasted yet."

The sudden death of the first-born child, a beautiful boy, was the next disturbing cause. I was not in the house during the short sickness of the child, but I attended the funeral, and followed the body from the antique house of mourning to the church-yard. When the clods fell upon the coffin, I thought the heart of the mother would have burst. She leaned over to look down into the resting place of her child, and the arm of a friend seemed necessary to preventher from "going unto him,"

And I said "It lasts no longer."

ing unto him,"

And I said "It lasts no longer."

The friend and neighbor led her back to her husband. The gentle look of affectionate sympathy which he gave her as he placed her arm within his, and drew her towards him, that she might lean on his manly strength, showed me my mistake.

The mother had suffered, but the affection, nav

The mother had sunered, out the anection, may the happiness of the wife was complete.

Could a mother be happy returning from the yet unsodded grave of her only child?

Death had softened her heart, and fitted it for the ministration of new affection. The father had suffered in the death of the boy as well and as unclease, he and yet at the moment of deepest. nuch as she, and yet at the moment of deepest nguish he had hushed his own grief that he might

sof the country, had been adjourned to that neighborhood—but the way of the husband on his return did not lie in that course. The wife had
gone out frequently to watch for his approach and
to meet him with a smile of welcome—that smile
which makes home delightful, which attracts and
retains. She looked anxiously to the left, and
States named.

dishonored by the unerring tokens of ingratitude and infamy, and the confiding, the consoling, the truthful wife becomes the witness of the destruction of her domestic peace, despuir sweeps over the heart, like the blastings of the simoon; ame then all the unmentioned sufferings of the woman all the cherished sorrows of the daughter, all the poignant anguish of the mother are lost in overwhelming torrent of—"The Wife's First Grief."

## Rest of the Sabbath.

Whether we look at the Sabbath as a day of rest from the common toils of life, or as a day hallowed and consecrated to the worship of God. manowed and consecrated to the worship of God, we are alike struck with the wisdom and mercy of God displayed in this institution. Man and beast require relaxation, that the energies expended in the labor of six days may be renewed, and each prepared for the efforts of another week. No doubt remains but that one window.

the labor of six days may be renewed, and each prepared for the efforts of another week. No doubt remains but that our physical nature can accomplish more in the space of a year's toil, by resting one-seventh portion of our time, than if the whole seven days were employed. And then it forms a kind of holliday period to which the mind looks forward as a pause in the busy scenes of life, and gives relief even by anticipation. One constant, unbending round, would so weary the body and mind as to reder toil intolerable, and make the hours to a laboring man burdensome and gloomy. But look at the Sabbath as a day of worship.—The very idea of going to the house of prayer with equipage neat and clean, suitable to a decent worship of the God of order, promotes civilization, and tends greatly to promote the health and happiness of those who live in Christendom. And then, the very fact that the mind is called off from carthly pursuits, and directed to those objects that are of a holier character, has a tendency to elevate the thoughts and feelings of our nature, and camont fail to sublinate and refine society. With what cheerfulness does the mind of the devout worshipper address itself to its weekly task, after the rest of the Sabbath, and the devout exercises of worship in God's holy sanctuary. Viewel in every per address itself to its weekly task, after the resiof the Sabbath, and the devout exercises of worship in God's holy sanctuary. Viewed in every light, goodness and wisdom are displayed in the institution of the Sabbath, and he is both ungrateful and profune who disregards the law of God companding by the total comp

day holy.

Men Imperfect in Society.

Social progress and material civilization lead, of necessity, to a great variety and subdivision of pursuits. The struggle for subsistence is so keen, that a man consents to do but one thing, in order that he may do that in the best manner. The whole stream of his activity runs through his hand, his eye, his tongue, or his brain. The king of the Sandwich Islands is said to wear, on state occasions, a cloak made of feathers, of which only two are found in the bird that produces them. In like manner, civilization flutters in decorations which have occupied only a fragment or a fibre of a man. The weaver is an animated shuttle; the seamstress, a living needle; the laborer, a spade that eats and The weaver is an animated shuttle; the seamstress, a living needle; the laborer, a spade that eats and sleeps. To find a perfect man, we must take a a brain from one, senses from another, a stomach from a third, and a conscience from a fourth—Hence arises a new and important relation—the relation between a man and his work. That which we do, shapes and colors that which we are. Very few of the occupations by which men earn their bread are directly conducive to spiritual and intellectual growth. Most of them are a best but neutral in this respect, and few of them are free from certain dwarfing or deforming tendencies, which a man sedulous of self-culture will foresee and guard against.

### High Farming.

miny properly are readering their land more valuable for future crops.

We are tired of learing those who have neither tried nor investigated the truths of high farming assert that "it costs too much." Those who have tried it know better; the excess of profits are always many times greater than the excess of expenses. A manufacturer who requires one horse power to turn his machinery, might as well do it by hireing men enough to perform the whole labor instead of using the steam engine, as for a farmer of this day to refuse the lights of science as applied to agriculture.

We have visited many farms during the last three years, and advised modes of manuring, culture, &c., based on the chemical constituents of the soil, and we venture to assert that in every case the improved profits of any two acres would have paid our whole charge for services. Nor is in eccessary that we should be employed; for every farmer who has an analysis made of his soil, and reads "The Working Farmer" attentively, is capable, without the advice of any one, to farm with

able, without the advice of any one, to farm w wrofit. We should be glad to publish the Engl rticles on this subject, but at this time they are

profit. We should be glad to publish the English articles on this subject, but at this time they are so much mixed up with the local politics of the day, in which our readers have no interest, that we cannot use them.

We last year hired a piece of ground in our own neighborhood, which was worn out and refused corn. Last winter we made an analysis of the soil, and found it short of chlorine, phosphate of life, soda, potash, and ammoniacal matter. We manured it this spring with a compost costing one dollar and thirty-one cents per acre. The chlorine and soda were supplied by common salt, the phosphate of line, potash and ammoniacal matter by Peruvia-guano, and the volatile matters of the compost retained by the use of charcoal dust and plaster of Paris. We have now a crop of corn standing on this land which will yield certainly more than fifty bushels of shelled corn per acre; and after measuring, we hope to be able to report a much larger crop, and think too without the proper preparation of the ground by subsoil plowing, &c., as on our own farm. We invite our readers to visit us and see this field for themselves,—The Working Parmer.

Hints for Young Ladies.

If a young woman waste in trival amusements, the prime season for improvement, which is between the ages of sixteen and twenty, they regret bitterly the loss, when they come to feel themselves inferior in knowledge to almost every one they converse with; and above all if they should ever be mothers, when they feel their inability to direct and assist the pursuits of their children, they find ignorance a severe mortification and a greal evil. Let this animate their industry, and let a modest opinion of their capacities be an encouragement to them in their endeavors after knowledge. A moderate understanding, with diligent and well directed application, will go much farther than a more lively genius, if attend ed with that impatience and inattention which too foften accompany quick parts. It is not for want of capacity that so many women are such trifling, insipid companions, so ill qualified for the friendship and conversation of a sensible man or for the task of governing and instructing a family; it is often from the neglect of exercising the talents which they really have, and from omitting to cultivate a taste for intellectual improvement; by this neglect they loss the sincerest pleasures, which would remain when almost every other forsakes them, of which neither fortune nor age can deprive them, and which would be a comfort and resource in almost every possible situation in life.—Mrs. Chapone.

MAINE FACTORIES.—The Augusta Journal says:—"We understand that it is decided to con-

MAINE FACTORIES.—The Augusta Journa says:—"We understand that it is decided to continue about 200 looms in opperation for sommonths longer at least. But a reduction in wa ges of about 8 per cent, is made. This was considered the only alternative to an entire stoppage. The whole number of looms in the mill is about 300."

300."

§ 37 A duellist who fancied himself insulted by a Yankee who had won the affections of his lady love, left the room with ominous words; "You'll hear from me, sir!"

"Well, do so," replied the Yankee; "glad on't; write once in a while; I should be glad to hear from you as often as you have a mind to let me know how you're gettin' along."

CUBAN ANNEXATION.—In the U. States Senate on Tuesday, Mr. Baldwin, of Arkansas, presented a petition in favor of the acquisition of Cubasky the United States.

Attention to Personal Appearance.

rid of.

Do not think that the mention of such small discrepancies is unnessary; it is not so.—A thousand little nameless things, which every one feels, constitute an ill or well-bred person; and many a sensible and meritorious man has lost ground by neglecting the minor graces; while many a one, by attention to them, has passed well in general society, though less deserving.

### Fruits of Virtue.

your youth, and expect the fruits of age will be a good constitution, elevated affections and holy principles? If you desire a various and happy life, in youth you must shape your character by the Word of unerring wisdom, and plant in your bosom the seeds of holiness.

Education.

The following instructions were given by a wise parent to the tutor of his son:

"I value the instilling of a single principle of goodness or honor into the mind of my dear child, beyond all the wealth that the Indies can remit.

"First be it your care to instruct him in morality; and let the law precede the gospel—for sich was the education which God appointed for the world. Give him, by familiar and historical instances, an early impression of the shortness of human life, and of the nature of the world in which he is placed. Let him learn, from this day forward to distinguish between natural and inaginary wants and that nothing is estimable, or ought to be desirable, but so far as it is necessary or useful to man. Instruct my darling, daily and hourly, if possible, in a preference of manners and things which bear an intrinsic value, to those which receive their value and currency from the arbitrary and ficklo stamp of fashion. Show him, also, that the same toils and sufferings, the same poverty and pain from which people now fly as from a plague, were once the desire of heroes and the fashion of nations; and that thousands of patriots, of captains and philosophers. Unough a love of their country or of once the desire of heroes and the fushion of nations; and that thousands of patriots, of captains and philosophers, through a love of their country or of glory, of applause during life or distinction after death, have rejected wealth and pleasure, embraced want and hareship, and suffered more from a voluntary mortification and self denial, than our church seems to require in these days, for the conquest of a sensual world into which we are fallen, and for enticing us to a crown in the kingdom of eternity.

# Brevity in Woman.

Brevity in Woman.

We find in a California diary the following gloriteation of a quality we should like. "A man of few words" is very well, but, "a woman of few words" is a matter open to argument:
Tencountered to-day, in a ravine, some three miles distant, among the gold washers, a woman from San Jose. She was at work with a large wooden bowl by the side of the stream. I asked her how long she had been there, and how much gold she averaged a day. She replied "three weeks and an ounce," Her reply reminded me of an aneedotte of the late Judge B——, who met a girl returning from market and asked her, is "how deep did you find the stream? what did you get for your butter?" "Fup to the knee and ninepence," was the reply. "Ah!" said the judge to himself. "She is the girl forme; no words tott there;" urmed back, proposed, was accepted, and married the next week, and a more happy couple the conjugal bonds never united; the nuptial lamp never waned; its ray was steady and clear to the last. Ye who paddle off and on for seven years, and are at last capsized, take a dimension of the judge. That "up to the knee and alcason of the judge. That "up to the knee and alcason of the judge. That "up to the knee and alcason of the judge. That "up to the knee and alcason of the judge to That "up to the knee and alcason of the judge. That "up to the knee and alcason of the judge. That "up to the knee and lates on the judge to the lates the proposed was accepted." The proposed was accepted and clear to the last. Ye who paddle off and on for seven years, and are at last capsized, take a dimension which is the proposed was accepted. The proposed was accepted to the last. Ye who paddle off and on for seven years, and are at last capsized, take a dimension which is the proposed was accepted. The proposed was accepted to the last was a proposed was accepted to the last was a last capsized, take a dimension which was a proposed was accepted to the last was a last capsized. The proposed was accepted to the last was a last capsized, take a di nepence" is worm an ...

There is said to be but one guide-board in the whole State of Rhode Island, and that points the wrong way—and if a man asks directions, they set the dogs on him.

The hardest thing to hold in this world is an unruly tongide. It beats a hot smoothing from and a kicking horse considerably.

This said there are 400,000 feathers upon the the wing of a silk worm noth, and any one doubting the truth of the statement can satisfy himself by counting them.