NO NIGHT BUT HATH ITS DAWN.

There are times of deepest sorrow,
When the heart feels love and sad,
Times when memory's spell of magic
Have in gloom the spirit clad;
Would'st thou have a wand all potent
To illume life's darkest night?
'Tis the thought that e'er in nature
Darkest hours precede the light.

When the world, cold, dark and selfish,
Frowns upon the feeble flame,
Lighted from the torch of genius,
Worth has kindled round thy name;
When thy fondest hopes are blighted,
And thy dearest prospects fade,
Think, oh, lone one, scouned and slighted,
Sunshine ever follows shade.

The Infidel and the Little Girl.

Hume, the great historian, was once dining at the house of an intimate friend. After dinner the ladies withdrew, and in the course of conversation Hume made some assertion which caused a gentleman present to observe to him—"If you can advance such sentiments as those, you certainly are what the world gives you the credit of being—an infidel." A little girl, whom the Philosopher had often noticed, and with whom he had become a favorite, by bringing her little presents of toys and sweatmeats, happened to be playing about the room unnoticed, however, she listened to the conversation, and, on hearing the above expression, left the room, went to her mother, and asked her,

"Mamma, what is an infidel?"

"An infidel! my dear," replied her mother, "why should you ask such a question? An infidel is so awful a character that I scarcely know how to answer you."

"Oh, do tell me, mamma," replied the child, "I must know what an infidel is."

Struck with her eagerness, her mother at length replied,

"An infidel is one who believes that there is no God, no heaven, no hell, no hereafter."

Some days afterwards Hume again visited the house of his friend. On being introduced to the parlor he found no one there but his favorite little girl, he went to her, attempted to take her up in his arms and kiss her, as he had used to do, but the child shrunk with horror from his touch.

"My dear," said he, "what is the matter? do I hurt you?"

"No," she replied, "you do not hurt me, but I cannot kiss you, I cannot play with you."

"Why, not, my dear?"

"Because you are an infidel!"

"An infidel! what is that?"

"One who believes there is no God, no heaven no hell, no hereafter."

"Are you not very sorry for me my dear?" asked the astonished philosopher.

"Yes, indeed, I am sorry!" returned the child with solemnity; "and I pray to God for you."

"Do you, indeed? And what do you say?"

"I say, O God, teach this man that thou art."

A striking illustration of the words of sacred writ, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and avenger.

Wisdom from the Mouth of Babes.

The Albany correspondent "Boz" of the Syracuse Courier gives us a little instructive incident:—

The greatest rebuke I ever heard given for profane swearing, was administered to a New Yorker, by a little candy boy, at the Delevan House, yesterday. As several of us Syracusians were in conversation at the Delevan, an Albany boy about seven years came up to vend his candies. His intelligence and remarkable precociousness of manner attracted our attention, when a prominent New Yorker came up and said, "Bub, by——, if you will come home with me, I'll educate you." The child looked up in the New Yorker's face with extreme contempt and replied, "Sir, I would not go or live with any gentleman who uses profane language." The cutting rebuke drove the New Yorker from the room with a crimson face, when the little christian received a profusion of quarters from the astonished spectators who had heard with satisfaction the moral retort from the lips of an innocent child.

A Baltimore correspondent says:—"The following actually occurred at the "general delivery" of our post-office. A genuine Irishman approached the window, and handing the clerk in attendance a letter, remarked, in the richest brogue:

"'Plase, Sir, and will you send this lethur to brother Tim, who lives beyant the Relay House?"

"The clerk taking the letter, replied that he would send it to the post-office at that place.

"'Sure, Sir, how will brother Tim get the lether if you send it there? Don't I tell you that he lives two miles beyant the Relay House.

"The clerk smilingly answered that as there was no post-office nearer to him than the Relay House, he would be compelled to send it there. The Irisher still appeared to be bothered and dissatisfied; but, after scratching his noddle awhile, a bright idea seemed to strike him, and approaching the window with a beaming countenance, says,

"'I have it now, sir! Write on the back of it Brother Tim will please call at the Relay House and get this lethur.

A Pretty Riddle.—A gentleman who was paying his addresses to a young lady, at length summoned up courage to ask if they were agreeable to her, and whether he might flatter himself with a chance of ultimate success? The lady replied, "*Stripes*," telling the gentleman to transpose the letters so as to form another word, which was her answer. The reader who can find out the word need never fear being nonplussed by a lady.—Those who cannot decipher it must either wait until they overcome the difficulty or may give up all hopes of wooing.

Of little human flowers, death gathers many. He places them upon his bosom, and he is transformed into something less terrific than before. We learn to gaze and shudder not, for he carries in his arms the sweet blossoms of our early hopes.

Reader, whether you are old are young, you have [illegible] moment in your heart a wilder [illegible] than was ever written.

Did [illegible] charity prevail, earth would be a heaven and hell unfeasible.

Too Good to Keep.

An afflicted lady, according to her own account, had, a year before, during the performance of her toilet, taken into her throat one of the bristles of her tooth brush. This bristle had stuck in the top of the gullet, and set up an irritation, which, she was convinced was killing her. She had been from one surgeon of eminence to another, and everywhere in Lodon and in the country the faculty had assured her that she was only the victim of delusion—that her throat was in a perfectly healthy condition—that the disturbance existed only in her own imagination. "And so they go on, the stupid, obstinate perverse unfeeling creatures" concluded the poor lady, "saying there is nothing the matter with me, while I am—dying!" "Allow me my dear," said the adroit surgeon, in reply, "to inspect for myself—carefully—the state of your throat." The inspection was made gravely, and at much length. "My dear Miss———," resumed the surgeon, when he concluded his examination, "you are quite right, and Sir Benjamin Bodies and Sir James Clark are wrong. I can see the head of the bristle low down, almost out of sight; and if you will allow me to run home for my instruments, I'll forthwith extract it for you." The adroit man retired, and in a few minutes returned to the room, armed with a delicate pair of forceps, into the teeth of which he had inserted a bristle taken from an ordinary tooth-brush. The rest can be imagined. The lady threw back her head; the forceps were introduced into her mouth; a prick—a loud scream! and 'twas all over; and the surgeon with a smiling face, was holding up to the light, and inspecting with lively curiosity, the extracted bristle. The patient was in raptures at a result that proved that she was right, and Sir Benjamin Bodie was wrong.

She immediately recovered her health and spirits, and went about everywhere sounding the praises of "her savior" as she persisted in calling the dextrous operator. So enthusiastic was her gratitude, she offered him her hand in marriage and her noble fortune.—The fact that the young surgeon was already married was an insuperable obstacle to this arrangement. But other proofs of gratitude the lady lavishly showered upon him. She compelled him to accept a carriage and horses, a service of plate and a new house.—Unfortunately, the lucky fellow could not keep his own counsel. Like Samson with Delilah, he imparted the setret of his cunning to the wife of his bosom; she confided it to Louise Clarissa, her especial friend, who had been her bride maid; Louise Clarissa told it under the vows of inviolable secrecy to six other particular friends; and the six other friends—base, unworthy girls!—told it to all the world. Ere long the story came round to the lady herself. Then what a storm arose! She was in a transport of fury. It was of no avail for the surgeon to remind her that he had unquestionably raised her from a pitiable condition to health and happiness. That mattered not. He had tricked, fooled, bamboozled her! She would not forgive him, she would pursue him with undying vengeance, she would ruin him!—The writer of these pages is happy to know that the surgeon here spoken of, whose prosperous career has been adorned by much genuine benevolence, though unforgiven, was not ruined.

To Unmarried Ladies.

The following items of advice to the ladies remaining in the state of single blessedness, are extracted from the manuscript of an old dowager:

"If you have blue eyes, languish.

If black eyes, affect spirit.

If you have pretty feet, wear short petticoats.

If you are at least doubtful as to that point, wear them long.

If you have good teeth don't forget to laugh now and then

If you have bad ones you must only simper.

While you are young, sit with your face to the light.

When you are a little advanced, sit with your back to the window.

If you have a bad voice, always speak in a low tone.

If it is acknowledged that you have a fine voice, never speak in a low tone.

If you dance well, dance seldom.

If you dance ill, never dance at all.

If you sing well, make no puerile excuses.

If you sing indifferently, hesitate not a moment when you are asked, for few persons are competent judges of singing, but every one is sensible of the desire to please.

If in conversation you think a person wrong, rather hint a difference of opinion than offer a contradiction.

It is always in your power to make a friend by smiles; what folly to make enemies by frowns.

When you have an opportunity to praise, do it with all your heart.

When you are forced to blame, do it with reluctance.

If you are envious of another woman, never show it but by allowing her every good quality and perfection except those which she really possesses.

If you wish to let the world know you are in love with a particular man, treat him with formality, and every one else with ease and freedom.

Another Specimen of Rebel Humanity.—A Mr. Showers, who was an unoffending citizen of Fairfax county, Virginia, and a Union man, owning a fine farm, where he he has been residing for many years, about half way between Fairfax Court House and Vienna, was taken by the rebel troops, about the time they were evacuating Centreville, and forced to march on foot with the same rapidity with which they beat their retreat on horseback. So rapid and exhausting was the march, that he began to falter, when the inhuman savages, with a brutality which would have done justice to the wild Indians, spurred him on, at the point of the bayonet, until the poor man *dropped dead in the road*. We obtained these facts through a person who recently escaped from the clutches of the rebels, and who knows these to be the facts of the case. Mr. Terry, a relative of the deceased, has been down as far as our lines extend in order, if possible, to obtain the body of his murdered friend, but failed in his efforts. He learned that the body was buried near the road side, between Manassas and Gondonville, but he was warned not to go to the place, as the rebel pickets were still lurking near the spot.—*Washington Rep.*