



POETICAL.

TO MOURNING FRIENDS

Oh weep no longer for the dead,
Ye mourning hearts and sad:
They sleep now in that lowly bed,

SONG FOR THE CHILDREN.

Come stand by my knees, little children:
Too weary for laughter or song;
The sports of the daylight are over,

MISCELLANY.

"The benevolent man loves mankind; the
courteous man respects them. He who loves
men will be loved by them; he who respects

When Caesar was advised by his friends to
be more cautious of the security of his person,
and not walk among the people without

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

[The message of President Johnson being too
lengthy for our columns entire, our readers
must be content with the following synopsis
of the interesting document.]

hesitate to sanction any measures for the
relief of soldiers or their wives who have
assisted to preserve our national existence.

The President next turns to the foreign
relations of the country, which are treated
delicately and succinctly. He refers to the
nations with which we are in friendly

Don't Spare the Seed.
A young farmer had his field nicely
plowed and harrowed, and was about to
put in the seed.

GOOD-BYE, OLD ARM.

A HOSPITAL INCIDENT.
The knife was still, the surgeon bore
The shattered arm away:

LITTLE OIL WELLS.

SINNING AND SORROWING.
There are persons who go through life
sinning and sorrowing—sorrowing and

THE STRONGHOLD.

To believe that God is Love, and to hold
fast to that as a man holds on to a rock
with a desperate grip when the salt surf and

IT IS FINISHED!

The way in which our Redeemer contemplated
this life was altogether a peculiar one.
He looked upon it, not as a place for

Cool Procedure.

The Peoria (Ill.) Democrat, says, not
many weeks ago, a man in good business
and well known in the lower part of the

Answer to a Child's Prayer.

A marked answer to prayer occurred a
very few years ago in Essex Co., Mass.—
A pious mother died in very afflicting

Old Virginia.

An Illinois suoker took a great dislike to
a foolish young Virginian who was a fellow-
passenger with him on one of the Missisippi

"Well, stranger," said the suoker, "do
you know that is another queer thing allus
puzzle me, and it's this: I never seed a

A Dutch Advertisement.

Runday or sholen, or shtraid—mine
pig pack horse, about fourteen or fifteen
hands and six inches high. He ish got

Sound as young Timber.

Once on a time, not long ago, a good-
hearted man and his long-tongued, style
talking wife attended a social party. Almost

"Now, gentlemen," said Sheridan to his
guests, as the ladies left the room, "let us
understand each other. Are we to drink like